

Oregon Emerald

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'Thanks'—giving for What?

NOVEMBER is a month set aside for observing two equally futile events—Armistice day and Thanksgiving. The must of years has covered, more or less, just what Thanksgiving day means. No one quite remembers whether it was to observe the first plowing-under of a surplus turkey crop or a day marking the end of the Puritans' football season. Provincial though we may seem, to us it means vacation. And nothing more.

Like a governor taking off for a summer cruise with an empty brief case we think anxiously from the first day of fall term to Thanksgiving day whence we depart for the haunts of family ties and mince pies. But this, sadly, is secondary. The primary significance is that we shall surrender the world of theses and dull lectures for a good long weekend of late-morning arising and stuffed stomachs. One-tenth of one per cent of us will pause to reflect, and in reflecting we shall be disillusioned.

IN Europe we have seen the brazen theft of sovereignty of a tiny nation too weak to protect itself alone, the weak-kneed diplomacy of democratic "justice," and the official sanctioning of twentieth-century inhumanity—Jewish persecution. In Asia, the despoiling of a nation just getting organized for the first time in generations by a militaristic minority government is front-page news. In the Holy Land we see the destruction and desolation brought by racial segregation and neighborly butchering between two peoples for the cause of what?

In these, our United States, we see daily attempts to foment revolution with organizations formed by foreign sympathizers, and the impotence of the labor class made more impotent by their inability to behave in orderly manner. We nowhere approach perfection, but we are not alone. The scythe cuts bad grain along with the good.

OUT of the unruly mess we give thanks. Thanks for what? That we are civilized? We aren't. That we abide, nationally, internationally, and personally by the precepts of the Golden Rule? We don't. That we live in a world of peace? We don't...

Thanks for a vacation.—V.G.

Oh Well, In Five Years . . .

THE University's private "highway" connecting Eleventh and University streets has again come into the attention of students. It has come into rather forceful attention, as any one who cares to may discover, if he will take his life in his hands and ride over this "road."

Authoritative statements from the city hall indicate that the city will do no more than grade the road, taking out the chuck holes temporarily. They did just that about a month ago, and in two weeks the condition of the "thoroughfare" was even worse than it was before.

Sometime this week, if possible, the city grader will smooth out the holes again. By the time students return from Thanksgiving vacation and a few good rains have fallen the "road" will again be full of holes.

UNIVERSITY officials decried conditions of the road, admitting it is on school property, but pointing out lack of funds, and proposed plans for the new highway which would make this "road" unnecessary. In the meantime the road which is not a road continues as an eyesore, a bother and a hazard.

The campus must continue going bumpy, bumpy, bump along until at some future time when the highway commission approves a new highway into Eugene. After approval by the commission the bumps probably won't jolt so hard, because everybody will know that in a year or two the new road will be completed.

Every time we drive over the "road" we think of how when we return for Homecoming in about five years it will all be fixed up.

At this time of the season there is always the fellow who laid four bits on Oregon to win by two touchdowns—right after the UCLA game. And then there is also the Oregon State man who laid a buck on the Beavers—after the Stanford game.

Emerald Reader: Turkey and dressing and cranberries and stuff tomorrow. "Civil war" battle with Oregon State Saturday. Parties and celebrations before and after the game. School Monday. We hope you survive!@!?!?&&@!;||

Round 'n About.....

WITH WEN BROOKS

Whoops! Today's the last day of classes for another week and am I crying? Well, not so's you'd notice. Fact is, I feel rather good though I'm sure that fact makes not one whit of difference to the world at large. Anyway, this morning I feel an urge to tell a little story about a columnist who graced . . . or disgraced, be that as it may . . . the columns of the daily gem some years ago.

This gab-gatherer had an uncanny faculty for poking his nose into things that did not always give off the healthiest of odors. Perhaps that's why he usually "aired" his findings in the paper. At any rate, one balmy winter day he came out in his column with a little item about a certain girl who was going steady with a certain member of the beef-trust but was secretly wearing another fellow's pin all the while. This little item provoked the football player. It did more than provoke him. It made him mad! It was a lie!

Well, for several weeks the columnist found it healthier to walk down dark alleys and in general stay out of the light. In due course of time everything calmed down and the columnist thought all was forgiven, if not actually forgotten. But what's this? An invitation to dine at a certain fraternity. The columnist is over-come. Thoughts of a free meal usually overcome an embryo journalist and we find the would-be Winchell accepting with alacrity . . . in other words . . . in a hurry.

Came the night of the dinner and the columnist is enjoying a sumptuous repast at the fraternity house. Now all the food has been done away with and the president of the tong is rising, clearing his throat. "We will now have a little entertainment for our . . . a . . . distinguished guest."

The gentleman in question smelled a rodent . . . but too late! And he was being escorted by most popular request to the banks of the mill-race where the usual ceremonies followed.

The journalist went down, came up spluttering, "Help! I can't swim!" And the fellows all laughed. The writer went down again, came up a second time . . . still spluttering . . . and down again. The third time! Fellows exchanged anxious glances . . . do you suppose? And three boys dived into the race, retrieved one half-drowned columnist.

In the Mail

LEATHERPUSHER SPEAKS

To the Editor:

A new intercollegiate sport is growing into near major eminence this year. The embryonic boxing and wrestling team is coming into its own. However there is a noticeable weakness in the featherweight (129-pound) and lighter divisions due to lack of competition. As a matter of fact there are only two men in the featherweight division and none in the bantam division (119-pound). This applies specifically to the boxing team. I prefer to let the wrestlers speak for themselves. I wish to suggest that a mob of hopefuls in these weights would be welcome. Don't let this turn away anyone in other weights. They might do well to speak to Gale Ferris or Smokey Whitfield as to boxing, or to Dale Peterson for wrestling.

At present there is only one featherweight boxer who will be eligible next year. We enter stiff competition this year and hope to make an impressive showing. If you have a sound heart and are too small for football why not try your hand? You don't have to be Celtic you know.

A Leatherpusher,
W. B. Hughes.

Coeds are outnumbered by men in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, freshman class by a ratio of 164 to 1.

Breen Tells Frosh Of Social Sciences

Explains Purpose And Methods of Studying

Departing from the usual platform style of speaking Dr. Quirinus Breen, assistant professor of history, appeared before the freshman men as a "regular Joe" last night when he explained the purpose and method of studying social science in a meeting sponsored by the Frosh commission of the YMCA.

Dr. Breen divided the purposes of study of the course into four main points: the orientation of the sciences; the producing of a unity among the sciences, without placing emphasis on any one; scientific method in regard to sciences and how to apply them; and the connection of the problems of social science in relation to everyday life.

To make the course more interesting Dr. Breen and his assistants have been considering presenting the students with problems in so next term will be put on correlational science to be solved. Emphasis between the lectures and the reading requirements.

Outlines of Dr. Breen's lectures will be handed out to his classes before the final exams in December.

Dr. Breen's speech was the first of a series of talks to be presented by the commission, Foster said. Bob Hill was in charge of the meeting.

Washke, Boushey Head South Today

Paul R. Washke, professor of physical education, and Earl E. Boushey, assistant professor of physical education, will leave Eugene today to attend the sixth annual convention of the Pacific coast section of the American Student Health council at Stockton, California.

The convention is for the purpose of considering student health problems, Professor Boushey said.

Place your order for the Emerald now!

CAMPUS CALENDAR

Orides-Yeomen dance will be held tonight in the AWS room in Gerlinger hall at 8 o'clock. Members will be admitted free, non-members will be charged 10 cents.

Library Handbook Released for Sale

A new handbook to provide University students with information concerning their library is now off the press and on sale in the checking room of the library for 10 cents per copy, it was announced last week by Head Librarian M. H. Douglass.

The pamphlets will be a required auxiliary textbook in several freshman English courses, in which library work is involved.

When the new handbook, giving a summary of University library rules and privileges, was first sent to press, it was hoped that it might be issued free of charge to all students, but publishing costs were so high that free issuance was impossible, Mr. Douglass said.

Dr. Clark Elected To English Society

Dr. R. C. Clark, head of the history department, has been elected to the Hudson Bay record society in London, it was learned last week.

The society is under the general management of the Hudson Bay company. It was established for the purpose of publishing the records and archives of the government and company of adventurers of England, trading into Hudson's bay.

Dr. Clark spent the summer of 1936 working among the company records, taking notes on those pertaining to the Oregon country, he said.

GYM, POOL TO CLOSE

The gymnasium and men's pool will not be open over the Thanksgiving vacation, according to the announcement of Dr. Leighton, dean of the school of physical education.

Classified Ads

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• Packard Roto

SEE THE PACKARD Roto Shaver at Keith Fennel's University Drug Store. Reduced from \$18.75 to \$12.50.

• Picture Framing

PICTURE FRAMING for all kinds pictures and certificates. Oriental Art Shop, 122 E. Broadway.

• Laundry

Mrs. Seals, 1600 Moss. Shirts 10c. AGENT, Red Anderson, Omega hall. Ph. 3300, ext. 275.

• Student Service

FELLOWS . . . Bring your car to Jim Smith's Richfield Station at 13th and Willamette for A-1 service.

• Lost

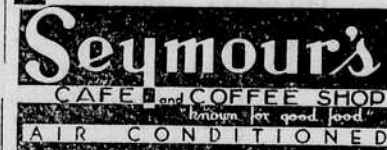
PAIR OF GOLD-rimmed glasses Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 16, between library and 20th and Potter. Reward. Call Emerald or Erros Penland. 1946-W.

• Wanted

PASSENGERS to share expenses to Bend and Burns for Thanksgiving. Phone Hayden 2612-J.

Thanksgiving Dinner

will be an event at Seymour's Cafe. We have searched the markets far and wide for unusual foods to make a grand Thanksgiving dinner. Roast turkey, goose, duck, and steak are offered for your choice, besides many other entrees. Make up a party and come to Seymour's. We have large tables for groups. Dinners 60c and 75c.



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