

Oregon Daily Emerald Editorial Page

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An Open Letter to Colonel John Leader

Dear Colonel:
We were mighty glad to receive your letter. Of course, we were grieved to hear of your head-cracking trip, but as long as you are safe in the hands of the Bobbies and the Reds we know all will be well. We hasten to assure you that you are still the Emerald's foreign correspondent and that you did very well in your first dispatch. We shall anticipate with pleasure further special news notes from you.

By the bye, Colonel, have you seen Colin and Mrs. Dymant any place over there? They are loose with only a couple of bicycles and we are wondering how they are getting along. If you see them, tell them to come home, or at least drop us a card.

You say England is frankly Red. Well you haven't anything on us. We are Red and Blue and Green and Yellow and Pink and all the rest of the pigments personified. It's the thing nowadays to bedeck yourself in brilliant colors; and he who doesn't put himself in a screaming slicker or flaming "sweate or perspiration shyrte," as the Seers say, is sadly out of things. At the moment I have on a white "shyrte" but shall have it dyed red this week end. With my new Stetson flat-topped sombrero which the Seniors have recently adopted, I'm sure I shall be quite irresistible and quite broke.

To tell the truth, Colonel, we've been so busy with Stetsons and Frosh presidents and football and the rest of it that we haven't had time to worry about trifles like unemployment in England or moral degradation of which you speak; in fact we haven't even realized that the fall term is precisely one-half over.

Speaking of moral degradation—next week-end is Homecoming. From all that we can gather, it's going to be a grand celebration. James Leake is chairman of the affair. Under his direction several new features are being introduced, among them a pajamrine parade with brilliant torches and green and yellow pajamas. He who doesn't own a lemon-yellow nocturnal dress suit is going to feel as lonesome as the person with the sweate shyrte.

The slogan this year is "Back—to Back our Oregon," but I've heard fraternity people say that it would be more truthful if it had been, "Back to Back—Our Oregon."

Dope has it that O. A. C. is going to take the Homecoming game. However, I'm not worrying about any dope on that game, and I'm of the opinion that Oregon will carry off the honors. We're dreadfully sorry you can't be with us this year, Colonel. There's going to be a huge crowd on hand. We have a fine new grandstand, you know.

And mention of the "new" reminds me of the Frosh. Certainly they are a very presentable group of young people, although I believe the new men have the edge over the first year ladies in that respect.

But I must cease. Thanks again for the letter, Colonel, and pardon the extravagant rambling. I'll try to be a bit more profound next time.

Sincerely,
THE EMERALD EDITOR.

From Colonel Leader

3, Whitehall Place,
London, S. W. 1.
23rd October, 1925.

The Editor
"The Emerald."
Dear Sir:
Yesterday I received the first number of the "Emerald" which acted on me like a ray of sunshine on a murky day. I give my permanent address above, for the benefit of Oregonians who propose coming next year to this island of mist. It is recalled to my mind that some years ago Art Rudd created me foreign correspondent of the "Emerald" so I will endeavor to resume my painfully neglected duties.

We had rather a hectic journey back to England, Near Ottawa the Trans-Canada Express, doing sixty miles an hour, hit another train face on, in the grey dawn, and as my head rebounded from my drawing room partition the first words I heard were those of my Oregonian son, now aged three, who betrayed his low origin by ejaculating, "I've cracked my G—D—Cocoanut" (I am trusting to the Editor to put this in more lady-like language). My three sons are now being trained in the three elementary duties of our caste, viz., fox-hunting, fishing, and shooting. My eldest son started his shooting career well by getting his grandmother and one of the gardeners with a right and left; however, neither were clean kills and apparently he badly frightened the pheasant he fired at, so all was well.

I have not yet got over the reverence that everyone coming first to England acquires, for the London policeman, affectionately known as the "Bobby." He is quite the most efficient thing in the world and I reckon that the Almighty made him in his image. In my kaleidoscopic career the most efficient classes of men I have ever served with were the cowpunchers of the West, the "Red Riders" of Canada, and the British subaltern, but all those are efficient in a tight place, the London Bobby is always efficient—even in his sleep, I guess.

England is now most frankly Red and bodies of British Fascisti are forming everywhere. I dined recently with two members of our Government and told them that when I was in the Government I proposed adopting Napoleon's idea that "the only cure for Radicalism was a whiff of grape-shot." They asked me what I would suggest at present, or perhaps I volunteered the information first, that we should ask the U. S. A. to administer us as a Territory until we were fit to govern ourselves or secondly, that we should let Italy off her war debt on condition they let us have Mussolini as dictator of England for a year. Neither of my suggestions were received with enthusiasm. Nobody wants to work, as out-of-work doles are paid up to 55 shillings, equivalent to about 30 dollars in America, and as the ordinary wage is only a dollar a week more, England may now be called a Loafer's Paradise. Education is now costing England over \$400,000,000 dollars a year and it is a regrettable fact that this country, the mother of mass education, is beginning to more and more to realize that mass education instead of fructifying the desert has only overwhelmed the oases.

To a student of history, especially that of the decline of great empires, the most distressing sign of all is the growth of "Intelligentsia" clubs at the Universities. They are popularly and very suitably known as "Offal" clubs, and are composed of young men whose mental level is one attained about 35 years ago, and whose physical standard one hopes not to sink to—about 35 years hence. Here callow "Cognoscenti" gather together and discuss the Red rubbish of Marx and Rousseau and Voltaire, the heavy platitudes of old Plato, the sour atheism of Anatole France and the frank sewerage of the discredited Freud and the equally uninformed of Dreiser and Dostoyevsky, writers who pour their inky souls on paper with the exultant gestures of an exuding cuttlefish. In an age which stands out as the most brilliant in the world's history for contemporary literature the main modern fiction read by our youth are writers of the Arlen school portraying the degradation of immoral and neurotic but otherwise uninter-

SEVEN SEERS

The results of this week's limerick contest

First Prize
We all know the man Eddie Miller
Whom women all fear as a killer,
When you say that he's rough,
You're not saying enough,
FOR HE'S THE OLD-FASHION GORILLER.

Evidently the person who signed his mark to this bit of lyric is ashamed of it, for he wrote C. Henri S. and let it go at that. Will the gentleman please step forward to the Emerald editor's office Monday and receive three (3) passes free (FREE) to the McDonald theatre for Monday or Tuesday?

Second Prize
HE SURPASSES THE LATE MR. VILLA
Robert Jackson, who won the first prize last time is again a lucky man. (Note: Please employ Southern pronunciation to make rhyme.)

Third Prize
Third prize goes to Margaret Thompson, who likewise has a southern accent:
He's a rough as the tough Armadiller

G Hosafat wishes know who the brookly boys are who port the nifty waffle hats of model 1920, high school variety. It is whispered they're the boys of sigma Alpha Epsilon (Sig Alph').



W. S. C., Pullman, Wash., Nov. 5, 1925.—Because of the cold weather many professors are permitting students to scratch during class hours this week. However, it must be understood that this little favor will cease as soon as the students becomes accustomed to their red flannels.

THE DEBATE
Ladies, Gentlemen, and Faculty Members: I red my unworthy opponent's speech, which he rote in to the Seers, and I think he has a small mined or something, or he wud not so disgrace the nobull cow but comparing the same with the equine. He sed the hoarse was the herow of Oregon. Maybe so, but the cow is not only the national sherow of O. A. C., but if it had not bin for this most nobullest of animals, the grate instushun of O. A. C. wud never have bin found. There wud have bin nothing for the stewdents to do.

Mr. rivall spoak about the use of the hoarse at Oregon. Over at O. A. C. the fellers do with a cow what none of yew cain't do with yure old hayburner. They milk their cow befor breakfast, and then ride her to wurk. They wurk her all day, ride her home, and then milk her again. When she gits two old fer this, they kill her, and sell the meat to the hamburger joint fer more kale than they give fer her in the first place. When yew git a hoarse that yew kin do all this with, I'll buy a couple or so.

My opposer cast reflexshuns on the name Cowmen. What name cud be niser? I doant think he ever gazed into the soft brown eyes of the bewtiful Holstine, or herd the melodius voice of the Guernsey heffer. He cud not, and tak the side that he has.

Hoping to win, I shall rest till next week. Yures expectantly,
HIRAM CORNCRUELLER.
POPULAR BALLADS
So we took the fifty thousand bottles
And sold them to the Sigma Nus.
SEVEN SEERS.

esting young women. Hughes, the Australian premier once said to me that "Maggots only hurt a moribund body, a healthy body can throw them off"—what England needs now is a bit more of the "Mill-Race" spirit of dealing with decadents. If Bob Mautz was not handieapped by a clean mind, he could buy cheap translations of these alleged classics and easily acquire the jargon of complexes and reactions, but I never met an "Intelligentsia" yet with brains enough to captain a football team. Arthur Rosebrough is spending next week-end with me.

Yours optimistically,
JOHN LEADER.

Campus Bulletin

All freshman girls are invited to the Wwama tea which will be given this afternoon at Alumni hall in the Woman's building from 4:00 to 6:00.

Mazamas—All members in Eugene meet in Room 110 of Administration Building, next Sunday afternoon, Nov. 8th, at 5 p. m.

Graduate Student meeting Tuesday November 9, at noon at College Side Inn. Important business to be discussed.

Intra-Mural Athletics—Monday's game. Sigma Nu vs. Kappa Delta Phi, 4:15 o'clock. Men's gymnasium.

Alpha Phis must have their pictures taken today, Saturday, at Kennel-Ellis studio.

Mu Phi Epsilon meeting Sunday afternoon at 3:30 in the music building.

CAMPUS Y. M. AND Y. W. WILL BRING SPEAKERS

Noted Foreign Secretaries Will Be On Program

A number of speakers will be brought to the University this year by the United Christian Work, with the active co-operation of the campus Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., it has been announced, and a tentative schedule has been arranged. This is in accordance with the policy that has been followed by these organizations for the past several years.

Hubert C. Herring, of Boston is the first of the speakers that will appear on the campus this year, and he will speak on "The High Price of Hate," Tuesday, November, November 24 at Alumni hall.

It is hope dto bring a number of foreign secretaries to the campus to visit the different groups of foreign students, and the first of these will be Mr. Paul Mung, a highly educated Chinese, who will come some time in January, the exact date being as yet undecided.

Mr. Charles Harry, one of the very strongest of the international secretaries of the Y. M. C. A., will also be on the campus some time in January. He represents the Friendly Relations committee of the Association, which looks after the welfare of the foreign students who are studying in our Universities.

It is also probable that the Honorable J. Still Wilson, former mayor of Berkeley, but now devoting his entire time to lecturing, will be here for one assembly and special meetings in the early part of April.

ANNOUNCEMENT
Tau Nu announces the pledging of Roberta Wright of Portland.

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Tonite
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Norman Kerry in
"LORRAINE OF THE LIONS"
with
PATSY RUTH MILLER
REX COMEDY
INTERNATIONAL NEWS
Continuous 1 to 11:30
REX THEATRE

RIALTO THEATRE
Junction City Sunday
THOMAS MEIGHAN
"THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF"
With VIRGINIA VALLI
A Paramount Picture
Booth Tarkington's high-tension story of a man who went to jail for another man's crime, and of how he came back and settled old scores.
CARL JAQUET ON THE WURLITZER
Two Shows, 7:15 and 9:15 p. m.
Regular Prices, 10c and 30c

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