Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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PLACING THE BLAME

ON this page today is reprinted an article by a former editor of the Emerald, attacking those phases of the Hitler regime in Germany which have to do with the persecution of the Jews. Scarcely a day passes without a barrage of criticism directed by the press of the nations against Hitler's Reich. Although Nazi conduct merits the unfavorable comments showered upon Germany by the rest of the world, it is perhaps unjust to blame present day conditions in Germany wholly upon the people of that restless, embittered country. Those nations designated as the allies during the World war must bear their share of blame for the revival of militaristic sentiment in Germany.

Shortly before November 11, 1918, a socialist government replaced the Hohenzollern dynasty and extended its hand in peace to the allies. Prussian militarism was discredited throughout Germany, and army officers were mobbed in several cities. But the allies refused to clasp the extended hand. Socialist Germany received the punishment that imperial Germany perhaps deserved. The Reich was robbed of territory, saddled with tremendous reparations, and humiliated in every possible manner.

For a decade a liberal German government labored in vain to regain German prestige. Allied suspicion wrecked the plans of Stresemann and his successors. Disgusted at the failure of liberalism and enraged at Germany's lowly position in the council of nations the youth of Germany rallied around Hitler's banner. The inevitable result is seen in the intensive nationalism of Hitlerized Germany.

The exuberant spirit of German youth demands an outlet. Herr Hitler realizes that Germany is unprepared to strike back at France. He looks for foes. Voila—The Jews! The communists. The Socialists.

Many Jews fought for the Fatherland, and the majority of them are sober, honest, industrious shopkeepers and farmers a credit to any nation. But certain influential ones were war and post-war profiteers and German feeling can be aroused against them. As for communism and socialism, they are international in scope and are therefore detrimental to the nationalistic spirit Hitler aims to impregnate in Germany.

Hence we have the savage Nazi attacks on Jews, communists, and socialists. Hitler's idealism can hardly be defended. His methods cannot be excused. Yet the allies indirectly strengthened the Nazi party during the past decade by their policy of treating Germany as an enemy.

AS CLEAN AS POSSIBLE

"TELL them to keep it as clean as possible."

These words were used by the vice-president of the student body, who is in charge of the freshman elections tomorrow, in requesting that the Emerald help him in seeing that the yearling election is conducted fairly and honestly. They are mild words, but they show the misgivings with which student body officials contemplate the approaching contest as the enthusiastic but immature politicalites lock horns.

It is an odd but frequently observed phenomenon that the simple freshmen, uninitiated as they are supposed to be in the wiles of political log-rolling, usually manage to create a foul mess of mud-slinging, pre-election "promising" and shady dickering that far overshadows the efforts of the upperclassmen.

The present enfeebled A. S. U. O. constitution doesn't impose much restraint on freshman election activities. The vice-president of the student body has determined to put teeth in the election rules by declaring that any stuffing of the ballot box will result in the disqualification of the candidate whose supporters commit the offense.

The Emerald seriously doubts whether the constitution gives the vice-president power to disqualify a candidate because of corrupt election practices, but it is undeniably true that campus sentiment would be whole-heartedly in support of such a move. Student body officers are convinced that freshman elections must not be the near-riots that they have been in previous years, even if it means the usurpation of power that is not unquestionably theirs. Therefore, in spite of the fact that "keep it as clean as possible" sounds more like an admonition than a command, freshmen will be wise to keep their enthusiasm well within the bounds of fair play and decent tactics.

On Other Campuses

Socialistic Capitalistic Union

UNDER the caption, "Somebody stole my platform," the St. Louis Post-Dispatch carries a cartoon showing a man with a drooping banner labeled Socialist party. The man is looking at the one or two planks left of a platform.

Nobody in administration circles will permit the adjective "socialistic" to be applied to the recovery program of the Democrats, but it is plain that the word is fairly well descriptive of what is taking place in this country.

There is a wide gap between the laissez-faire policy of the past century and the fixing of hours, wages, volume of production and size of crops under the NRA. The new program certainly has many earmarks of socialism.

And yet it is not socialism, and Socialists cannot very well agree with the conception graphically embodied in the Post-Dispatch cartoon. The program is not socialistic. The political philosophy underlying it is capitalistic and not socialistic.

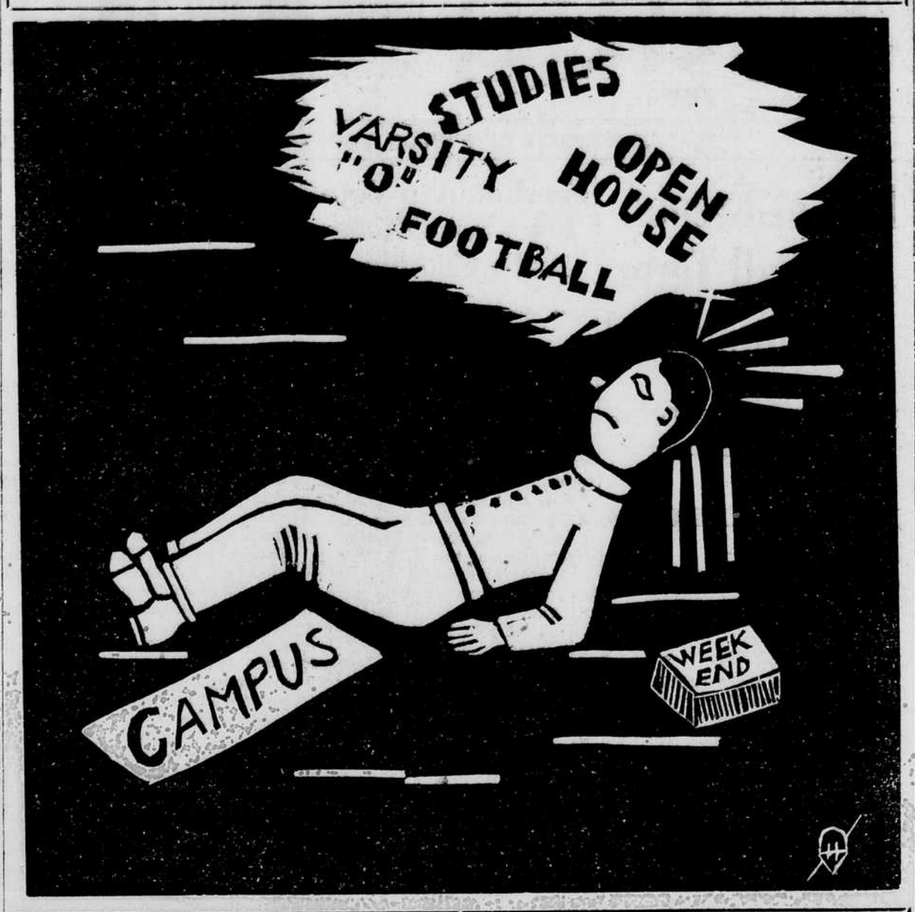
The phenomenon of the NRA is one of the most surprising paradoxes in history, seeking as it does to effect a marriage between government regulation and individual freedom. Whether or not the two can be made to lie in the same bed is unpredictable, but we can be rather sure that if they do everything will not be peace and happiness.—Oklahoma Daily.

Contemporary Opinion

A Corvallis View

ACCORDING to dispatches from Eugene, the fraternities and sororities have been added to the 2000 citizens already in Eugene and throughout the state to canvass for students for the university. That's the kind of a spirit we like to see. When Eugene publicly announced that it was organizing the state in a campaign for students, we tried to interest a few Corvallis people in the same idea. They were for it all right till they found it took money to do the canvassing. They were for it even then provided someone else would furnish the money. Eugene is collecting from her 2000 people and with the aid of the fraternities and sororities who also have much at stake, it may be possible to restore her student body to pre-depression proportions. It will do so, of course, at the expense of the college. College fraternities and sororities are as interested in student enrollment as is the university. They have to bear indebtedness too. Maybe they could induce selfish and indifferent Corvallis merchants and others to aid a movement to bring students here by a blue eagle campaign of our own.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

The Morning After - - By STANLEY ROBE



The New Germany

By RICHARD NEUBERGER

Editor's Note: Few magazine articles in recent years have aroused as much interest and dissension on the campus, as this description in the current issue of The Nation of Nazi anti-semitic atrocities. The author was editor of the Emerald last year, and traveled through Europe during the summer. He is the first Oregon student to write for the liberal weekly and one of its youngest contributors. It is reprinted by permission of The Nation; because of its length, the article will be divided into four installments. It is copyrighted, 1933, by The Nation, Inc.

"Visit the New Germany," the American tourist, reads in the advertising columns of Paris editions of American newspapers. Embellished with photographs of picturesque scenery and stately cathedrals, the advertisements strive to persuade the tourist that Hitler's "new Germany" is virtually identical with the old Germany of charm and Gemutlichkeit. That the advertising often appears in issues which carry front-page accounts of Nazi violence has been harmful but, surprisingly, not fatal to the purpose of costly displays. Despite a falling off in the tourist trade, foreigners return home frequently with tales of the peace and contentment that prevail under the Nazis. They stay at the Hotel —— in the larger cities and blandly report that "they saw no outrages," and pay tribute to the "new spirit" engendered by Hitler. Of this type is Mayor James M. Curley of Boston. It is more surprising, however, to find a supposed scholar like Dean Henry Wyman Holmes of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, who returned on September 10, reported by the Associated Press as saying: "I think the reports of Hitler's oppression of the Jews have been exaggerated. Some action may have been necessary"; "it is something Germany needed"; "Germany has regained self-respect." This noted educator, author inter alia of "The Path of Learning," arrived at these conclusions, he admits, in France and "from talking with people on the voyage home" (aboard the German liner Berlin), and without visiting Germany.

For a week in Paris I listened to tourists who described Hitler's Germany in rosy colors. On questioning, however, I found that they had visited only the places featured in the advertisements. Not one had strayed to a town off the beaten track. I determined to make a different sort of a trip to the "new Germany," and visit the hamlets and villages of the Black Forest and the Rhine country places where Americans are not expected. The officials at the border were courteous. On the main streets of the large tourist centers I too saw no violence. Then I left the tourist highway and headed for a little village in the hills west of the Neckar river. It was 30 kilometers from the railway. Only a twisting automobile road penetrated the hills and forests surrounding it. The inn, at which I was the only guest, was run by an old Catholic woman. She was easily led into conversation and told me how her little business had been ruined by the Nazis. It was not difficult to make a person of her political misfortunes my ally, and I persuaded her to introduce me to other victims in the little community.

In a ramshackle house near the outskirts of the hamlet I met a distraught old woman. Two nights before, a troop of brown-shirted Hitlerites had taken away her two sons, partly because they were Jews, partly because their political affiliations had been with the Social Democrats. "Say goodby to your mother, you may never see her again," ordered the Nazi leader. For 48 hours she had waited for word of her sons. They were her only kin. She had spent all of a small life-insurance policy educating one for law, the other for medicine.

It was not in my power to console this frantic gray-haired widow, but I tried to find some trace of her boys. The search did not last long. The next day the two young men, whose "crimes" had been their race and their belief in a government for the majority of the people, were sent home—in plain board coffins. The Nazis asserted that the boys had died of tuberculosis, though neither had been ill when taken from his home. Their mother was compelled to sign a paper agreeing not to open the coffins; the undertaker and the rabbi had to collaborate in this promise. "Otherwise," admonished the Nazi chief, "we will dispose of the bodies ourselves."

But in the village was a young Jewish doctor, a war veteran, and one of the few undaunted victims of the Hitler persecution whom I met. Despite Hitler's promise to exempt Jewish ex-soldiers from discrimination, the young man's entire practice had been taken from him by the burgomaster, and he had been beaten up the local "Brown House." But he was unafraid. He said to me: "I'll open those coffins if you will help me to get out of the country." I promised. (Today he is somewhere in France.) That night, by candlelight, he opened the oblong boxes. Every major bone in both bodies was broken. The flesh was terribly lacerated; the boys had suffered horribly before they died.

The next afternoon the young men were buried in the Jewish cemetery. Over their coffins the old rabbi, his bear blowing in the summer breeze, spoke a few words of praise. For the offense of eulogizing the two dead boys, the rabbi was beaten at the local Nazi headquarters, and the local newspaper—a mere bulletin—which printed some of his words, was suppressed for three months. The mother was sent to a sanitarium by the young physician, her mind clouded by the catastrophe. Thus was I introduced dto the "new Germany," the Germany advertised as "less expensive, but otherwise unchanged."

After that I was better prepared for what I saw and heard. I saw new mounds in virtually every Jewish cemetery, marking the resting places of victims of "Nazi tuberculosis." Still hoping they can fool their own citizens and the rest of the world, the Hitlerites camouflage their murders. The victim either "committed suicide," "was shot while trying to escape," or "died from tuberculosis." Announcements are printed in the newspapers accordingly. Always the bereaved families are compelled to promise that they will not open the coffin.

Before I left that little town I met the families of two Jewish girls, both of whom had been smuggled across the border to a hospital in Switzerland. Their parents spoke in whispers of a night when the Nazis had come for the girls. They had been stripped and beaten and made to dance naked before their tormentors. Under the threat of death to themselves and their families, they had been compelled to accept the advances of their captors. The girls were only eighteen. In the morning their families found them, bleeding and senseless, in a meadow near the Brown House.

Mannequin By PATSY LEE

AUTUMN, ahoy! With all this sudden, brisk weather comes the search for warmer things, and, sad to say, we regretfully lay away our summery, airy dresses. Winter is just around the block!

Knitted sports fashions are in the limelight. Whether you knit the gown, or buy it ready-made—it's the real dope. Knotty, knitted jumper dresses have attained real success in the sportswear world, and they are "oh, so smart!" with trim linen blouses of contrasting colors.

One-piece tweed knits are smart and extremely practical. The ribbed knits are also in the front line, but they must very simple in color and contour. The ribbing is decorative enough in itself without further flourishes.

Britain is renowned the world over for sports wear. The English have a certain flare for knowing what to wear for any sport occaeion, whether it be as a spectator or active participation. Hence, the new idea of twin sweater sets with tweed skirts has permeated this country until we are all frantically looking about for them. If you aren't one of these lucky people who really own a set, combine a cardigan with a high or crew necked sweater and the result is surprisingly sporty.

The late fall showings included all variations of the jumper and jacket dresses. Patterned woolens are destined for extreme popularity, and the contrasting skirts of large plaids are positively clever. Checked materials are running close seconds. Large or small, brown or black—it makes no difference, but your checkered vest must have that "racetrack" air about it.

Brown alone is the color of the day. Footwear must be brown, hose should be brown, and the contrasting color might be bright red, orange, or green.

What a lovely color—green! There are warm greens, cool greens, refreshing greens, dull greens, and joyous greens. Peggy Karper, candidate for All-American, is ravishing in green with her most lovely face and reddish tresses.

Good old open house is now completed for a spell, gals. After an intensified survey via the scientific method during the past few days, I have found that the average loss of weight per capita was five pounds per woman. (I instantly realized that there must be a real reason for this sudden drop in campus avoirdupois. Interview upon interview followed. The rat-racing Phi Delts were named as defendants in each and every case. Ho hum.

Emerald of the Air

An assortment of news shorts, squibs, oddities, edits (editorials to you), news flashes, keyhole reports, society gab, and sports blah are the offering of the ether department of the Emerald to its erudite listeners. The station is the one and only, the great KORE. The hour is 4:30.

Graduates Visit Here

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Murray, both Oregon graduates, are visiting in Eugene en route north on a pleasure trip. Their home is in Santa Monica, California. They plan to visit Mrs. Murray's parents in Portland and attend the Oregon-Washington game in Seattle.

Trips Taken by Class

Prof. F. P. Sipe's new class in field biology is now studying the various types of mushrooms. Each Wednesday from 4 to 6 o'clock the class goes on a trip to the surrounding country. According to Professor Sipe the students will spend three or four weeks more in the study of mushrooms.

A Decade Ago

Oregon Daily Emerald
October 10, 1923

JOURNALISM JAMBOREE, an nual get-acquainted party for journalism majors, is to come off Saturday night of this week.

* * *

Home to Oregon

A $5 prize has been offered for a 1923 homecoming slogan.

* * *

The annual underclass mix will begin at 10 o'clock Saturday morning on Hayward field.

* * *

Fair Warning

SENIOR GIRLS — Remember that open season for dates won't be declared until after the meeting. Dates contracted before this time will not be legal.

* * *

The annual fall election of Sigma Delta Chi took place yesterday noon at the Anchorage.

* * *

Houses His Hobby

One of the hobbies of President Campbell has been the encouragement of more living organizations among the students of the University.

* * *

At 3:30 today Oregon women will stage a rally at football practice on Hayward field.

"Patronize Emerald advertisers."

HUDNUT'S
NEW
MARVELOUS
COSMETICS
Ask us about the
Free Lipstick and Eye Brow Pencil Combination
KUYKENDALL'S DRUG STORE
870 Willamette — Phone 23

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

Bill Angel, the Saint of Spee, has a heart of gold, and we can prove it. Here's the deal. Bill went around the open house grind, and in the due course of time arrived at Westminster house, where he seized upon some helpless member of the independent group and dragged her manfully around the floor. During the dance he asked her if her sisters would mind if she stepped out on the porch.

"Sisters?" says she inquiringly. "Why, this is Westminster house. I'm an independent woman."

"Oh," says Bill, "that's too bad. Why don't you join a house?"

"I can't," retorts the gal, wistfully, "I haven't got the money."

"Don't let that worry you," comes back the Saint, gallantly. "I'll give you the money to join a house!" And he toddles off into the darkness, his good deed for the day all done.

* * *

The Pi K. A.'s have weird tastes when it comes to collecting objects d'art. This time they got away with the top of the newel-post at Westminster house.

* * *

Open house has a mighty odd effect on some guys. Witness the tale of the gentleman from Sigma Alpha Mu who proposed to the first red-headed gal he met in Zeta Tau Alpha. This was pretty far into the evening and he was tired or something (principally something).

Imagine Innocent Bystander's surprise the other day upon wandering into one of the gentlemen's washrooms on the campus to be confronted by a poster which read: "Hey, gals, get your man for the Varsity Ball!" Apparently the Order of the O doesn't leave much to chance!

* * *

OGDEN GNASHES
How does Simpson rheta
Kappa Alpha Theta?

* * *

We do our part!

The Emerald Greets —

The Emerald congratulates:
SULO AHOLA.
Working on the seining grounds around Astoria; now there's a new idea for summer vacations, and that's the way Sulo Ahola spends his. It's quite the thing in fishing centers to spread a salmon net from a sandbar and drag it in with horses. That is seining. Mr. Ahola is a pre-med major, a sophomore, and is 19 today. At the Theta Chi house they say he says some things in Finnish, which probably avoids a lot of trouble, as long as the boys can't understand it.
MABEL SOVERNS
DOROTHY JENSEN
VIRGINIA WAPPENSTEIN

Classified

LOST—Small, gold wrist watch with black cord band. F. L. G. engraved on back. Reward. Phone 485.

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

...you can count on good old Briggs!

When the Dean bites your head and your holiday off for cutting . . . find solace in BRIGGS. There's not a bite in a barrel!

BRIGGS is mellowed in the wood for years. It's smoother, better, than tobacco costing twice as much.

One puff of BRIGGS tells why it became a nation-wide favorite before it had a line of advertising. But let BRIGGS speak for itself . . . in your own pipe.

BRIGGS Pipe Mixture is also sold in 1-pound and ½-pound tins . . . and in 1-pound Humidor Kegs.