

COMMENT AND DISCOURSE

(Continued from Page Two)

ger from Colgate came pretty near to pulling the whiskers of the Long goat and it now remains for some bright, upstanding young man to administer the coup de grace.

We have no inside dope on the subject but it seems logical to suppose that prior to the L.S.U. game Mr. Wilderman will break into print with some communications back and forth with Huey which will be worth a million to Oregon publicity. Anyhow the Kingfish is no fool. Like some of the wrestlers who have graced local arenas, his meal ticket is his huge unpopularity around about the country. If it comes to the point he would most likely enter wholeheartedly into a libel-slugging contest with all comers. We nominate Sammy to arouse the Senator from Louisiana for the edification of the nation.

**TURKEY TALK:** What would our illustrious ancestors, the Pilgrim Fathers, think if they should happen to drop into one of the country's great stadia on Thanksgiving day? Our guess is that they'd sit through the first quarter bemoaning the desecration of such a solemn occasion and spend the rest of the afternoon howling "hold that line" and beating the chap in front of them over the head with the program booklet.

Who says we haven't something to be thankful for? We can thank our lucky stars the administration didn't decide to hold classes on Thursday too.

Hope the turkey we intend to wrap ourselves around is in a better state of preservation than the now famous one used by the Oregon State lads for sandwiches. It is considered quite legitimate for a turkey to show signs of deterioration when it reaches the hash stage but no self-respecting bird should consider sinking so low as to poison his consumers during the second or sandwich stage.

Thanksgiving day is an American institution; as typically American perhaps, as ham and eggs. As such we are privileged to observe it any way we jolly well please. The very fact that we do observe it any way we please is in itself an act of thanks giving for the blessing of being American. Here's a line or so we have clipped from remarks by William Lyons Phelps: "Gratitude may not be of any value to the one who receives it, but it is of enormous value to the one who gives it. . . It is like singing at one's work. Furthermore, the only way to preserve the spirit of thanksgiving is to spend it profusely, even carelessly."

Take it or leave it.

**NEWS ITEM:** "George Hobson, of Bolckow, Mo., is said to be able to tell within a few ounces the weight of a hog by its squeal"—American Magazine.

Looks like that guy ought to be able to build an independent fortune if he could apply his knowledge to political aspirants. This country could afford to pay well for such a service.

MASTER TERPSICHOREANS

Members of Master Dance at a recent meeting decided to hold try-outs Wednesday, December 5, at 7:30 in Gerlinger hall.

All girls interested in trying out must have had two terms of interpretive dancing or the equivalent.

BAND REHEARSAL

CONDUCTING CLASS MEETING TONIGHT

The band conducting class will hold a public rehearsal in the band room at the R. O. T. C. barracks Tuesday afternoon from 3 till 4. Bruce Senders of Albany, senior in business administration, will conduct, and anyone interested is invited to attend. Special invitations for all of these public rehearsals have been issued to members of the Eugene high and University high bands. The program is as follows:

- New Colonial March.....Hall
- Lustspiel Overture.....Keler-Bela
- Grand Selection from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
- Poet and Peasant Overture.....Suppe
- Don Quixote Suite.....Safrauek
- Pasadena Day March.....Vessillia

SPEECH BY DEAN REBEC

(Continued from Page One)

ture and perhaps our philosophy over to the ladies' clubs while our men profess to be "too busy."

"What price success" might be the title of this disregard within us. During the eras of rush-and-go we have been used to looking out instead of looking in. Don't forget that success has more than outward gain—it has inward being. A man shall first of all BE and after that he can go out for success if that is what his urges are for."

Dean Rebec talked on to explain that in spite of all this a man cannot ignore the public and the public needs. To realize his social self is to realize a vital part of himself."

Consult Yourself

"Forget morality and righteousness and all those other things and practice first of all psychic health. The road to mental health has the same rules as the road to physical health. As you plan your four years of college consult yourself carefully; we want a practical knowledge but there are more who really need to utilize their innate mental capacities. If they don't they will suffer a psychic anemina."

"Today's ideal is the saint's ideal. Dare to be great. Dare to have excellencies. Dare, venture, try to be. Be all that you can be, morally, religiously, aesthetically—it's all in the game of life!"

MUSIC RECITAL

The University of Oregon music school will present Miss Robin LeVee in recital at the Music building Tuesday evening, November 27, at 8:15.

Miss LeVee is a student of Mme. McGrew and will sing the following program:

- I
- Haydn .....With Verdure
- Clad (Aria from the Creation)
- II
- Mendelssohn .....Auf Flügeln des
- Desanges(On Wings of Song)
- III
- Schubert.....Wohin? (Whither?)
- Schubert.....Ungeduld (Impatience)
- Torelli.....
- Tu Lo Sai (Well Thow Knowest)
- Benoceni.....Per
- La Gloria D' Odorarvi (Though
- I Only Bow Before Thee)
- Pugolisi.....Tre
- Giorni "Tis Three Long Days
- IV
- Scott.....The Jasmine Door
- Spross.....Will o' the Wisp
- Woodman.....A Birthday

lent, must present an original dance composition, and be tested on dance techniques.

Dying Logan Elm



The famous Logan elm at Circleville, Ohio, believed to be the oldest living tree east of the Rocky mountains, was the scene of a recent gathering to raise a fund for its preservation. Its life is threatened but may be prolonged for perhaps another century if steps are taken without delay. Thousands of persons from all parts of the country visit the tree every year.

BOOK DISCUSSION By Root

**LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW,** by HANS FALLADA. Published by Simon and Schuster.

American writers of noble-and-courageous characterization are probably, and more than likely, arching an eyebrow over the success in this country of the German Fallada's frank account of two pathetically naive youngsters whose inconsequential tribulations and crib-ulations form the movement in "Little Man, What Now?", that novel the title of which so potentially suggests social and economic upheaval. For Author Fallada, whose easy style and genuinely fresh and unstudied humor make the book sparkle, has attempted nothing epic nor given his characters gilded boot-straps by which to pull themselves above the pit of industrial chaos and terror existent in their lives.

Hans Pinneberg, a young book-keeper with no claim to distinction except his "self respect," and Emma Morschel (called Bunny), only daughter of a German laborer, decide to marry when a well-known doctor, to whom they have gone for help, advises them that their baby is two months on its way and that they "can manage somehow, others have done it on less money." Hans, whose present position depends on his not marrying, soon loses his job when the truth is found out and, on the direction of Bunny, the couple goes to Berlin to Hans' mother, a genuinely humorous person whose Rabalaisian bawdiness and noisy "parties" force the couple to hide away in cheap rooms over a furniture store. Hans loses his clerk job in a department store; the baby is born; and, after a brave attempt to find re-employment, there is nothing left to face but loss of "self-respect" and slow degeneration.

Author Fallada acknowledges that Hans is weak. Face to face with his first major problem and disappointment Hans said, "We're poor people, Bunny and I. Probably I won't get any unemployment pay here, and what—what—suddenly he began to sob—"what in the world is to become of us?"

But perhaps it isn't weakness exactly. Perhaps it is because the wife, Bunny, has such a child-like sense of surety—of beneficent fatality. She says to a friend, "You see, the others steal wood for their fuel. I don't think it's so very wrong, you know, but I told the lad he wasn't to do it. He must not fall below himself, Jachmann, I won't have it. He must keep his

self respect. Luxury—yes, if you like, but its our only luxury, we must stick to it, and we'll be all right."

However there is nothing noble about Hans, who harbors deep resentments at every little slight, real and imaginary, until, at last he has nothing left but the 'strong mother-heart' of Bunny on which to rest.

Fallada has written consciously but extremely well. He deals with reality, and although he may approach the poetic he avoids it to keep consistent with an earthy relationship to the incestuous civilization of Europe. The book's key-note, brief and reserved, is struck in the first few pages: 'They sat in the kitchen, their backs against the cold stove. The door to the little kitchen balcony stood open, the curtain stirred faintly in the breeze. Outside—over a stifling yard, all asquawk with radios, hung the canopy of night, scattered with stars.'



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NORTHWEST SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

An invitation to present a paper before the Northwest Scientific association which meets at the Davenport hotel in Spokane December 28 and 29, was received yesterday by Dr. Warren Dupre Smith, head of the Oregon department of geology. Dr. Smith was invited to address the assembled savants on the subject of the origin of Crater lake.

Due to a ruling of the state board of higher education which prohibits out-of-state travel by faculty members during the school year, Dr. Smith was in doubt as to whether he would be able to accept the invitation.

Dr. Smith spent the past summer at Crater lake national park where he served in the capacity of ranger-naturalist.

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LYIN' LOW

By ROOT



Hel-lo, somebody!

There was a young co-ed from Nyssa Who wouldn't let college boys kyssa So she got her degree In three years—just three And I'm sorry to say we DON'T myssa!

News Note: The first Kampus Kognomen Klub held their first and last meeting on Tuesday last. The following officers were nominated by remote control: President—J. Doyle Pigg Vice Pres.—John Hogg V. Vice Pres.—Elizabeth Hamm V. V. Pres.—George Root.

We once "walked a mile" for a Camel But conditions and so forth do shift,

And now, from that very same mammal We find ourselves getting a "lift."

Alice Hult, speaking the language of the flowers—or somp-th'n, sez that if college girls are lilies they undoubtedly are callous lilies! And it follows, then, that our dramatic stars must be Guild-ed lilies.

Lines Penned in Passing—(Out!) Excuse me, but it amuses me To muse about the muses,—see! Confusedly I find my musing

Grows much less clear and more confusing.

If asked, I think I should refuse To say a word against a muse So as my weary thots confuse I sigh and ask me, "Wot's the use?"

Then as my cat gets under foot I give said beast and awful boot. And as she mews about her bruises I sit and muse about the muses. And thus the muses, so you see, Amuse me quite amusingly!

We are told by a more or less reliable source that "Polivka," translated literally, means "soup." The only unmitigated conclusion we can draw is that the young fellow is simply "Doug Soup!"

NO! Sez Sue Junior, those AREN'T the Senior Six parading around on the Libe steps this noon. They are the fellows who are ruining their amateur standings by joining the professional journalism honorary: Frankenstein Lucas, Ingagi Robe, Dracula Quille, Raspustin Raj, White Zombi Vernon, King Kong Root, and Quasimodo Lincoln. Nize boys, too—it's too bad, really!

Who WAS that husky, three-year letterman named Biff Nelson

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"Blind Man's Bluff"

Remember the game? A handkerchief over your eyes . . . your hands searching for someone, feeling blindly over features your eyes could so easily know. It seems foolish—deliberately to blindfold yourself and go searching. You wouldn't blind yourself deliberately when you start out in search of purchases that help make life a game.

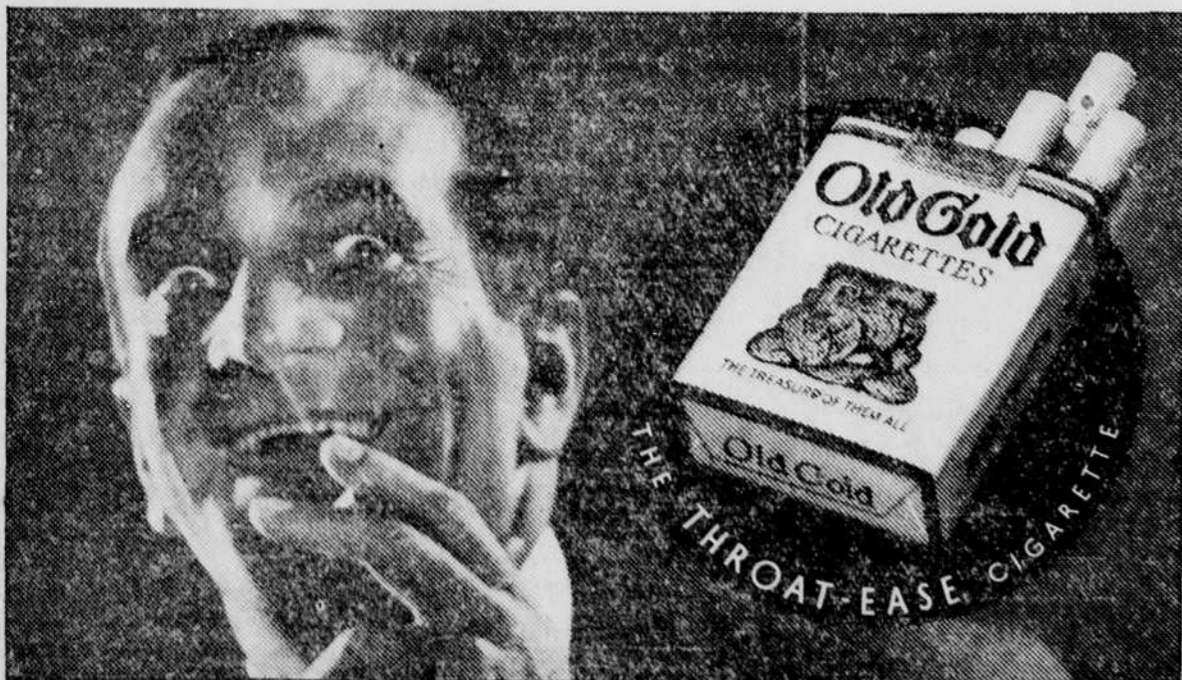
If you can read the advertisements first your are spared the doubts and mistakes. Advertisements take the handkerchief

off of your eyes. They equip you with keen vision. They lead you direct to the shaving cream that will give most freshness to your skin, to the most tempting clothes, to the sparkling drinks most pleasing. They put in your hands familiar good things guaranteed to please. You can't afford to buy under a blind man's buff. Read the advertisements to avoid the blindness—and the buff.

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