

Oregon Emerald

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An Appeal To Common Sense

TODAY and tomorrow droves of Oregon students will migrate to Portland for the big California-Oregon game. By train and by automobile students will travel completely in mood for one swell, exhilarating time.

It is not particularly difficult to enlist seriousness of students in matters that are of intense interest to the University. In the past students have been alert and willing to fight things that have threatened the well-being of the school. The important factor in gaining support of students is the concreteness of the difficulty. In other words if a tax-limitation bill, or a Zorn-McPherson bill arises before the students, something that they can read, something that they may see in black and white, they are spurred into action and respond enthusiastically and effectively.

The problem of conduct in Portland during the rallies and during the football game is just as pressing and real as one that directly affects the physical and material properties of this campus.

The student must realize that in spite of his desire for independence, in spite of his confidence in his ability to adequately govern his own affairs, that he is not an isolated individual. The student of the University has a responsibility to older, more judicious people, a responsibility to people in the state that make his education possible.

The situation is analogous to employer-employee relationship. Any college man or woman who, upon accepting a job, utterly ignores the wishes of his employer for the careless fulfillment of his own caprice is definitely a "wrong guy."

The students at the University of Oregon will realize the effects on people of the state of gentlemanly conduct and will certainly observe the necessary conventions while in Portland. Those that do not belong elsewhere.

To say that these students are not a credit to their school is not a true picture of the whole situation. They are manifesting the actions of the immature child, who, lacking in experience and maturity, just doesn't know any better.

No Sunday Dancing

FOR several days there has been, on the campus, a seething undercurrent of resentment against the recent request from the dean of women's office that there be no organized group dancing in the living organizations on Sunday.

Perhaps a word of explanation will clear up the present misunderstanding of the ruling. According to the dean of women, no moral question is involved. It is not a matter of "if it's all right to dance six days a week, why not on Sunday?" The office has no objection to student dancing, ever, in fact it recognizes its values and benefits, but the ruling that there be no organized dancing on the seventh day of the week, that is, dancing at the customary invitational teas, has come about "out of respect for other people's Sundays"—chiefly the residents around the living organizations who have slightly different ideas of observing Sundays than the college students. Those people are as much a part of the community as the University, the dean of women points out, and their rights should also be respected, if a harmonious atmosphere and attitude is to be maintained between the two groups.

Also, the dean of women's office is not making a ruling against something which has been an Oregon custom, or tradition, neither does it object if members of the individual houses dance within their group. The organized Sunday tea dances have never been sanctioned, and according to the office, "just sort of crept up." Their discontinuance has been requested out of consideration for others.

Oregon maintains a generous social program, with dancing as one of the chief means of student entertainment. The dean of women's office reminds us that it has always been generous in granting special "hour" privileges when "big" orchestras come to town, and has cooperated with the students in their quest for enjoyment, and feels that one concession on their part is not too much to ask.

Oregon State Slips Behind

BY an announcement in the Oregon State Barometer of last Wednesday, it is found that progress in the drive for membership in that school's student body has been sluggish. By Wednesday, October 9, 1138 student body cards were sold. Because of an increased enrollment, bringing this year's total to nearly 3000, this report is particularly depressing.

At Oregon, by the same date, over 2050 cards

had been sold to a student body approaching 2700. The Oregon State percentage of sale, amounting to only 38 per cent is in marked contrast to Oregon's encouraging mark of 77 per cent.

Last year the situation was quite in reverse with the college leading the University in the student body race.

It is regrettable that students at Oregon State do not find it expedient to support their student body.

Oregon State students should realize that this unfavorable reaction to the purchase of student body cards will eventually place them at a disadvantage in the enjoyment of the manifold activities made possible by a successfully financed program.

Other Editors' Opinions

THE college editor should make a slight distinction between himself and his job. The job is important; he is not. The editorship is as responsible a position, in its potential power to help or harm the university, as the presidency of the university.

The editor, unless he is a child prodigy, must proceed thoughtfully and with due regard for the errors of his predecessors if he is properly to fulfill that responsibility.—The Daily Illini.

WHEN "Al" Smith received an honorary LL.D. from Harvard University, he told the Harvard alumni that the country was safe so long as the constitution was respected, the decision of the majority faithfully accepted, and education available from bottom to top to every lad who could prove his ability to use it. To curtail freedom of teaching at any level or to build up agencies of propaganda outside the schools and colleges as a means of preventing freedom of discussion of political and social questions would not square with such advice.—Harvard Alumni Bulletin.

EVENTUALLY the public may learn to evaluate colleges upon their deed, and not upon the reams of press matter that are sent forth from some of our higher institutions.—The Cornell Daily Sun.

Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler

WE walked over the hills to Ebnath, across fields green with fall rye or brown with fallow. We strolled past wayside crucifixes, through subtly quiet forests of firs, over springy, moist soil, whitened with lime spread by peasants from hand baskets, and it was a joy to look down into the valleys where villages slumbered as they had for centuries, to see oxen silhouetted against the blue sky, across which light clouds swept endlessly on their way, to hear the creak of wooden axes and the shout of a lad to his team as he drove them along the twisting road a mile below.

All was utterly calm, except for the cheerful singing of the field larks that lifted straight up into the sky, and the faint long-drawn-out whistle that reached our ears from the struggling engine laying back a cottony streamer of smoke as it labored up the mountainside; lovely, gentle, simple Bavaria.

Fichtelberg is a town of 4000 people. In winter, when the snow lies 10 feet deep on the sides of the Ochsenkopf, tourists flock in with their skis; in summer they come also; in spring there are none. Off the highway, connected with the modern world by three little battered coaches that chug hesitantly up and down the hills to the main line, it is an admirable place to view the pastoral life of Germany, which is principally an agricultural country. It rests in a valley, somnolescent to look at, but a hive of activity within; for in this, the poorest district of Germany, there is no letting up in the grim struggle for life.

The average farm is five acres of rocky brown soil sown to rye, oats and potatoes, and from the intensive cultivation of these plots the peasants fed three or four oxen, a few pigs, chickens and geese. Horses are an unknown quality as work animals, as there are but two of them in the district. The great, gentle, oxen in their wooden yokes do all the labor. Seeding is done in the Biblical way, and the scythe is the reaper, as women work in the fields beside their men.

The food is simple but substantial: back-wurst, wiener schnitzel, sauerkraut, and good rich rye bread. There is no butter. It isn't profitable when farmers get 20 cents a quart for milk. But no matter how straightened his finances, Mein Herr can always have a few pfennig for at least one evening a week at the inn, where he may sip for two hours at a stein of beer, pull thoughtfully on his meerschaum, and discuss politics with Neighbor Schmidt.

No more lovable people have I ever met. Their hospitality is amazing. No one knocks at doors, but stranger or friend walks in and presents himself. With my big, jovial German-American friend as interpreter, I visited several homes in this meager district, and always they brought out their best wine, cigars, biscuits, coffee, always rejoiced in being able to set something before visitors, although it is difficult to ascertain their means of livelihood, or how they can rear the large families of sturdy youngsters they do.

After the children were sent off to bed, and as Fraulein Babo worked in the kitchen, my host Anton drew up a chair to the fire, lit his pipe, and between deliberate puffs, gave me his opinion of Hitler.

"That is a good man, I tell you," he said nodding wisely. "He don't let nobody tell him what to do. He just does what he thinks best. And he'll show 'em too."

"Things are better in Germany, don't let nobody tell you different. All this blood spilled don't get back here of course. We live purty much as always. But Der Fuehrer looks after us."

And Herr Babo's remark as I was about to leave is typical of Bavarian hospitality: "Of course I won't take nothing. You was my guest."



Innocent Bystander

By Barney Clark

We god a code id the hed.

Anyone who says the University of Oregon is not a closely-knit group should take a glim at the tidal wave of coughs, sneezes, sore throats, and bronchial barkings that have spread over the campus like wildfire the last few days. We certainly live in each other's laps all right, and we're glad that nobody in school has poison oak.

"Dirty rushing" is the ominous whisper that runs from group to group as the Phi Deltis come swinging down the street, trailed by their docile pledges. Interfraternity council G-men, hidden under the Phi Delt trophy cups during rush week, are reported to have seen a continuous stream of rushees led to the window of Ed "Jumbo" Farrar, who indicated the excavations for the new libe with a sweep of the arm, exclaiming proudly, "The new Phi Delt house, my boy! It'll be the biggest and best on the campus!"

"Doc" Hoblett, Kappa Sig dance maestro, and Carmen Curry, songbird of Alpha Phi, have together created a ballroom masterpiece. Un-named as yet, it combines all the finer features of the Carioea and a ride on a ferris-wheel.

This enchanting dance step has been further improved by the smooth teamwork of Cosgrove LaBarre and Hannah Crossley, and reaches its peak in the undulating rhythm of the Craig Finley-Helen Skillern vaudeville team. Close observers have declared that this new creation will sweep the campus by storm, if once given a demonstration. However, it is feared that the originators will withhold their secret in hopes of an offer from Hollywood or the Continent.

This wispy little pome is respectfully dedicated to Over-Emphasis-In-Athletics and the departed spirit of Mr. Carnegie.

TERSE VERSE
"Joe College rises from the dead
When football rears its ugly head!"
"Sorry—I thought it was my room."

Objector's Plea

To the editor:

Yesterday's stories in the Emerald seemed to imply that my fight for exemption is simply a personal affair, but the truth is that my cause is only a part of the great national fight to abolish ROTC training in institutions of learning, in institutions which alone have the true opportunity to train and educate the human mind; that war, no matter what kind, can only bring harm and inestimable injury to society, not alone in bloodshed and anguish to millions of individuals but in social and economic maladjustments which

take generations to re-establish.

I sincerely believe that both compulsion and militarism are anti-social in most cases and especially in the case of obligatory drill in the arts of murder. Required militarism is unpatriotic in my mind since this nation adopted the Kellogg Peace Pact and the recent neutrality bill as measures to insure peace for the United States. Compulsory training of college men is quite comparable to the child conscription in Italy which is part of a large organized fascistic plan to rob the people of their natural, inalienable rights and to propagandize them into a potential war. The difference is only in degree.

There are many more on this campus, I feel, that think exactly as I do, and I hope that they can contribute later this term in a pacifist movement aimed at placing the question of compulsory training before the state board of higher education, where the final authority rests.

Sincerely yours,
Gordon M. Connelly.

Campus Exchanges

By Bill Marsh

It seems that there was once a freshman. This freshman was having one helluva time finding the room where his English comp class was being held. A senior directed him to the room. The frosh entered. A teacher was reading a composition about the blossoming of a beautiful romance on a moonlit night in Venice. The frosh got up and started to leave. "Where are you going," the teacher asked. "I'm trying to find the English comp room," the lad replied. "This is it," the teacher said. The freshman resumed his seat. "Beg your pardon," he mumbled. "I thought it was animal biology or something rests."

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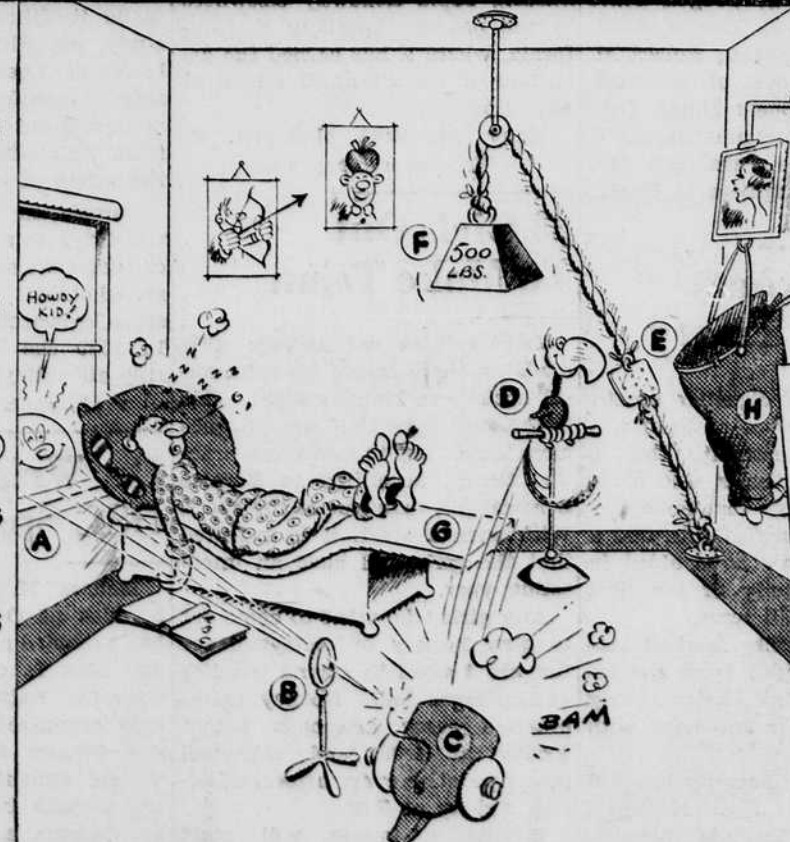
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Radio of the Air
By Woodrow Truax
October 14—October 18
Monday—Ned Gee as vocal soloist, accompanied by Chuck French.
Tuesday—The Co-ed quarter hour presents University Co-eds.
Wednesday—Sportcast by the Ducking reporter.
Thursday—Quarter hour of classical piano music, featuring Harold Ayres.
Friday—Greater Oregon Rally committee and Dads' Day committee to advance into more fire thatter.

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