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more—it is learning promptness and thoughtfulness and every form of purity; it is mastering of mind and spirit, appetite and passion, thought, word, and glance. It is knowing that nothing but service brings worthy living. It is the implanting of good habits, the acquisitions of efficiency and the development of twenty-four carat character."

### Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler

FERNANDEZ will talk to you. Fernandez, the bull-necked, brass-voiced, booming Spanish-American taxi driver will tell you what is wrong with Spain from the observations of his twenty years in North and South America.

You are seated beside him in his big cab on a street corner of Vigo, Spain. It is cold, and Fernandez rubs his calloused hands vigorously, pulls his coat collar closer. He speaks.

The Spaniard (says Fernandez), he is smart but too slow.

The Spanish have no ambition. When he makes a little money, the Spaniard puts it in the bank. Here, there are no financiers, what you call "beeg shots." Corporations from America have all the markets.

The government too, does not do as much for the people as in your country. They tax us for this, they tax us for that, mi amigo, they tax us for everything. Look what you pay for automobiles. A new, six-cylinder car costs \$2,300, when you get the same thing in America for \$800. And tires, anywhere up to \$90. And gasoline! Ah, mi amigo, is it any wonder there are so many ox-carts on the road. A car for every 130 people, and nobody knows how many burros. (Here Fernandez pauses to shout, "Hola, bonita!" and a few other remarks at a comely senorita passing by. "Hola, bonita!" has its most approximate English translation in "Hello, beautiful!" so you inquire if the young lady is a friend. The husky taxi driver laughs loudly.)

No, no, senor, I have never seen her before in my life. But in Spain we speak to senoritas with no introduction. You are not in America now. Here, the man is still the boss.

I think maybe I get married sometime. I am getting old and want to settle down. Many Spaniards do as I. They go to America, make plenty money, come back to their home and buy a few houses. Then they live on the rents. They don't make much, just enough for sleeping and eating, and that's all the Spaniard care about anyhow. Me, I have this taxi, and do pretty good. Once I drove the Prince of Wales. You will put that into your paper senor? Good, I like to see it. Maybe you send me a copy?

You should know about the banks in Spain. Senor, they are lousy. In America you can get a million dollars in ten minutes; here, quite a lot, you wait all day for ten pesetas.

(You are interrupted by a lad who approaches Fernandez and offers him two small wrenches. The bargaining is short and mutually agreeable, the driver fishes in his pocket for a silver coin which he gives the youngster in exchange for the tools. His explanation is succinct.)

Another Spanish racket—he steals 'em and I buy 'em cheap. Muy bien.

I tell you a little while ago, mi amigo, how we talk to strange women. Now, don't get me wrong. The Spanish are very strict. Here, you never see a man and a woman together if they ain't married, unless they got a duenna along. When you go to the show you will see two women with every man. No, senor, he is not carrying a spare. You got to have a duenna, a chaperon, every place you go with a good girl. The Spanish are very practical. When they see a girl and a boy together without the old lady, they think, if not, why not?

### Other Editors' Opinions

#### A Fitting Ideal

PROBABLY in America more than in any other country in the world there exists the ideal of the "all around man." And it is not to be wondered at, for the schools, colleges and literature of the country tend to inculcate in the youthful mind an unreasoning disdain for "narrowness."

Princeton can by no means be considered the exception. Nearly every year the Senior Class officially prefers a Phi Beta Kappa key to an athletic letter, yet scholarship unaccompanied by extra-curricular interest is mentally recorded as the index of a "grind." The professor whose immersion in his subject is so great that he forgets his personal appearance is "queer."

The inescapable result of this powerful but intangible pressure of social sanction, acting upon every American student through his associates in school, in college and in the outside world is to develop in many undergraduates here an overwhelming ambition to be an "all-around man." The victims of this pressure are likely to engage themselves too heavily with an energetic extra-curricular program. Frequently the result is that by Junior year they have so many diversified interests that they are unable to do justice to any one. Such a program if carried on after graduation will place them in the danger of becoming dilettantes who know a little about everything and nothing about anything. And yet when examined in the most cursory manner, it can be seen that the dilettante is far less valuable to himself and certainly to society than is the popularly scorned "specialist." At least the specialist has learned the secret of the happy life—to lose himself in some subject or task, in which he is genuinely interested. And, as so often occurs, the fruits of his labors are of some benefit to the rest of humanity.

But there is an ideal which is higher than that of either the dilettante or the ultra-specialist. That is to devote oneself wholeheartedly to some fine endeavor, however narrow, while at the same time maintaining the interest of an amateur in other subjects. This philosophy has guided men of culture ever since Aristotle first promulgated the "Golden Mean" and is particularly applicable to the life of the scholar. It is a fitting ideal for college men.—The Daily Princetonian.

### History of Connelly Case

Editor's Note: Campus gossip seems to indicate that when Students read today that Gordon Connelly will have a new hearing on his military objection case they may well ask, "What's this all about? Why, who, what is this?" The Emerald here attempts to outline and interpret the case.

Gordon Connelly is a sophomore who took ROTC during his freshman year. As the end of the year drew nearer he began to feel that he must make a stand against the course. Returning to school this fall, he did not register for the class, but presented a petition, in the usual form, to the faculty committee on military education. When this objector first ap-

peared before the committee he had three bases for exemption: (1) military training is of no benefit to him, and has no part in his higher education; (2) he does not believe a course which gives only one side of a question should be compulsory; (3) military training does not warrant a position as a compulsory subject in the college curricula.

On these grounds the faculty committee refused to exempt him. "Mr. Connelly petitioned for something which neither the faculty, nor any committee has power to grant. The rules of the board of

higher education provide that military training shall not be optional. Failure to clear the military requirement places a student in the same position as failure to clear any other requirement . . . These were the words of Carlton E. Spencer, chairman of the committee.

Connelly, however, was firm in his conviction, and has refused to return to drill. Late last week he again appeared before Professor Spencer, asking for a rehearing on the grounds that he was willing to substitute for the drill re-

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**Air Y' Listenin'**  
 By James Morrison

#### Emerald of the Air

Apologies to Jacqueline Wong, pianist on yesterday's program. It was stated in this column that Miss Wong was to play some hot jazz solos, but it happened that she played some excellent classical music instead. Nevertheless, she can play both types equally well, and it is hoped she will appear again.

Today Willie Frager will conduct the Emerald Sportcast, interspersed with college songs by Chuck French at the piano.

#### Dance Bands

Duke Ellington's new Victor recording of "Accent on Youth" is a bit of all right. It's not often that the Duke sits down with his dusky lads and hashes out a characteristic arrangement on a popular tune, but on this smash hit of today he gets the smooth Ellington effect with all the trimmings.

Turning from the sublime to the ridiculous, have you heard the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra lately—the band that used to be so smooth? The boys are turning commercial on us, like Lombardo, only not so bad. They're reverting to the old Dixieland ruckety-chuck and Boom Charlie—Charlie of days gone by. Yet evidently plenty of people like that style of "jazz," because they're still making plenty of records for Decca.

The Dorseys had a split-up lately, Tommy having quit and started a new band.

Bob Crosby, Bing's "little" brother, has at last broken off his vocal engagements with the Dorsey Brothers and has acquired a band of his own. His style of playing, however, is far from original, and smacks considerably of Mrs. Dorsey's boys' latest tactics.

Imagine dancing to the music of Benny Goodman for only 70 cents! That's all it cost last summer in

the gigantic Palomar in Los Angeles.

**NBC-CBS Programs Today**  
 6:00 p. m.—John Charles Thomas, noted operatic baritone, will sing "Trees," by Rasbach, as his opening number. Other selections will be "Brown Bear" and "I Love Life," by Manna-Zucca; Verdi's "Eri Tu"; "Stuttering Lover," by Hughes, and Harrison's "In the Gloaming." Frank Tours' orchestra will accompany. KGW.

6:30—Warden Lawes in "Web of Crime." The story of a convict who begged to be transferred from one prison to another to keep him from committing another crime is a true story taken from one of Warden Lawes' own experiences. KPO, KFI, KGW.

7:00—Conrad Thibault, popular baritone, will star again in the Log Cabin Revue. He will offer "Double Trouble" and "I Live for Love," from the "Big Broadcast"; "I Found a Dream," from "Red Heads on Parade." He will also lead the ensemble in "Chloe" and "If My Love Could Talk." Harry Salter's orchestra will play "I Get a Kick Out of You," a beautiful 64-measure tune from the show "Anything Goes." KPO, KGW, KFI.

The sale of charms is one of the principal means of income for Chinese priests. One of these consists of drawing of a horse on a sheet of yellow paper, sold to parents who have sick children.

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