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In Appreciation of Ex-Navy Man Bryant

DIFFERENT, simple, and sincerely objective, yesterday's lecture of Lieutenant-Commander Stewart F. Bryant, U. S. navy retired, provided a stimulating experience for intellectually curious University students, and an experience that will be remembered here for a long time.

Little indoctrinated, always substantial and scientific in his approach, Bryant, although definitely left of center in his thinking, held the audience not by brilliance and color of speech, nor sensationalism of ideas. But rather his listeners were acutely aware of the surging under current of common sense, and the steady flow of facts, collected and presented with admirable clearness—devoid of the desperate, yet melancholy tone of many commentators on today's international situation.

"The peace of the future depends on whether or not the conservatives 'evolute' faster than the radicals 'revolute'."

Bryant is a plain man. Extremism is objectionable to him. He sees no immediate possibility for the complete abolition of war, nor does he see the wisdom of conceiving human beings as organisms that may be arbitrarily purged of the most consistent and powerful of human motives—the survival of the fittest.

To Bryant the abolition of war depends upon removing the cause for war. Most everyone agrees to this. But few have the courage, or insight, or tolerance to proclaim for Americans internationalism that demands sacrifice, rather than nationalism with retention of material advantages over the remaining world. Few persons have the firm conviction that to prevent conflict in this country, manifest in internal revolution or world struggle, the welfare of the Chinese, the Japanese, and all foreigners must be lifted to approach a parity with our own standard of living. And whereas in many instances such internationalism is mere unsound idealism, unsupported by reason, Bryant supports his version by figures, trends, and history.

This man's concept of world peace, or internal progress, is the concept of those who will adopt the scientific attitude of: first, determining what is wrong in this country; second, what can be done about it; and third, how to remedy the situation. Many persons have their ideas about any one of the above three steps. They constitute the reactionary, the conservative, and the radical.

But once in a while comes a man like Lieutenant-Commander Bryant, who is not uncompromising in his criticism of the status quo, who believes that remedy lies in vigorous and fearless education of the human mind and tolerance of its fundamental weaknesses, and whose program for change requires sacrifice but not excessive suffering. Furthermore, Bryant's all-pervading motive is an honest and consistent attempt to understand the causes that have brought about need for change.

He sees progress as the interplay of nations. He would not only gradually eliminate tariffs on materials so as to improve the physical well-being of all people through free exchange of trade,

but more important the free exchange of ideas, thus preventing unhealthy secrecy, ignorance, and suppression that is the toy of the yellow press—an anathema to the selfish.

His speech was meaty, objective, and comfortable. His ideas were liberal, and his inspiration genuine. That is what we have been looking for in this country for a long time. More of it please.

Interfraternity Council Should 'Examine' ASU

A FEW months ago a badly befuddled Interfraternity council climbed into the ring with itself, fought several preliminaries and a main event, and escaped after narrowly missing a self-imposed knockout.

The fight was not in vain. The council learned of its bad physical condition which included lowered vitality and an ailing constitution. It is now in intense training for a comeback. Earning failure of improvement in any phase of this training (which includes a relapse in President Tom McCall's "honky bronks") the council should improve fast. The constitution is in the hands of masseur Tex Thomason. The vitality, however, is something else.

A consulting physician might suggest that the council get more exercise.

Now if the fraternity men on this campus want to have some fun, they could look into this American Student Union organization. The organization presents an opportunity for student discussion and argument with persons who heretofore have been looked upon as "incorrigibles" by the campus at large. And the fraternity men will find that many of the so called "incorrigibles" are fine persons, with firm ideas but flexible minds. And these same "liberal" students will find that the fraternity man is a man also with good ideas and sound reasoning.

In short, there is an opportunity for getting acquainted, thrashing out difference of opinion, and above all, reaching a common ground of understanding among students who are different only in their way and place of living.

Should the Interfraternity council take up this little challenge, and stimulate attendance at the next ASU meeting, this movement for student discussion would soon assume a character to attract all students with a common purpose—intelligent examination of divergent opinions.

Experience in Love? How About Lion Taming!

S! "The person who learns by experience will make a better mate than the person who must be reformed or taught."

This is what Mrs. Cheryl Scholz, dean of women at Reed college, believes.

Now these Love and Marriage lecturers are undoubtedly authorities. And the scientific approach to said subjects are of exceeding great value.

But how about the poor guy who walks around the block five times before ringing the sorority house bell. Or the chap who, sitting next to some bundle of soft music, drinks the house mother's coffee in his nervousness. Or the timorous gent who calls up for a sparkling new date, waits for the girl to run down from the third floor to the first floor telephone, sits shivering like a tuning fork while the "little thing" is waiting downstairs, asks her for the next day's assignment in Oriental art, and hangs himself in the telephone booth.

Ah, yet, Dean Scholz, experience is a wonderful thing. But then experience also makes a good parachute jumper.

A German Student's Germany

GREAT significance is attached to the military education of students. Youngsters from 8 to 14 years of age are organized in the "Jungvolk" (Young Folks), where they are taught discipline and ethics of companionship, love of their country and respect for authority. Mothers are proud to see their little tots under the rigid rule of a stern commander, and to see them marching in file through the streets, shouting army songs at the top of their soprano voices. The lads themselves are enjoying their practices and are proud of their early masculinity. But by far the most important element for Germany's future is the "Hitler Youths," an organization having boys up to 18 years of age.

These constitute the backbone of the nation; these are the really idealistic, ardent, and wholesome element of the country, the blonde, athletic, heroic type, as they have descended from the Germanic barbarian ancestors. Under the vigorous leadership of young officials—distinguished by decorations on their uniform, or other merits—they are taught the principles of companionship and cooperation, in the best sense of the word. The motto: "Not personal gain, but common good!"

Every Saturday is set aside for students to take an outing or to participate in sports with their respective groups. They, too, wear uniforms—black shorts, brown shirts, an elaborate harness with shiny buckle—those of distinction wear daggers. You will see them marching, perfectly disciplined, happy faces, challenging and defying the world—young conquerors all of them.

In the universities, service in the Storm Troops is compulsory. Even in schools of music the students, not particularly athletic, students with tender hands and feet, and a passionate dislike of everything militaristic, are obliged to haul a knapsack with 30 to 40 pounds of sand for a twenty-mile hike every other week end. This, in addition to playing military musical productions for four or five hours a week. Prior to entering the university, however, they must have spent one year in the "Arbeitsdienst." These are the training camps where they are schematized into the proper National-Socialistic type.

The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

First of all, orchids to Marge Murdock. Genuine, unadulterated nuts, who do crazy things just for the fun of doing them are rare, even in the ranks of menfolk. They are even more rare among women.

So, to you, greetings and hail, Murdock, m'dear. Keep the sense of humor and you're stock will never sink below par with yourself or anybody else . . . especially Bachus.

College students are funny things. You take a high school kid, feed him into the maw, let him revolve around for four years and out he comes . . . but what a change.

Colleges are like washing machines. You get out just exactly what you put in . . . but you'd never recognize it.

Ego

Just a tip to professors . . . you've all seen them . . . who seem, somehow, to be laboring under the impression that they know everything and anything that anybody else says is wrong.

A student at Syracuse university knew that he was going to have to write a theme in English class without benefit of reference material. So he went to work and memorized an entire short article out of a magazine noted for the perfection of its literary style.

The student got his paper back, but instead of the expected A, he fell heir to a D, with the criticism that the article was "poorly constructed, poorly written and lacking in unity."

Well, what do you think?

I wonder why it is, that people

Air Y' Listenin'?

By Jimmy Morrison

Emerald of the Air

The Emerald Players are slated to present a radio play this afternoon at 3:45 via the KORE transmitter. It is "The Hermit Murderer" from the Oregon state police records.

Local Bands

Art Holman evidently isn't doing as well as he hoped to in Portland. Several unconfirmed reports have it that he's bringing his band back to the campus. He has been engaged to play the Sigma Chi winter formal next Saturday.

The Air Angle

Will Purvis, who was sentenced "to be hanged by the neck until dead" and actually strung up, will tell of his escape when he appears as Robert "Belive It or Not" Ripley on NBC Sunday at 4:30.

Sentenced to be hanged for murder in 1893, Purvis was swung from a rope according to law, but the noose slipped. He was returned to the jail to recover. In the meantime the actual murderer confessed the crime and Purvis was freed.

What won't they do next?

The Battle of the Fish Bowl has been moved to New York. The furious championship bout between the two Siamese fighting fish representing the cities of Tampa and New Orleans, which will be broadcast from the tankside next Thursday, will be held in the city's great fish battling center—the New York aquarium.

The fighting fish are in fine fettle, exponents of the sport mainly. (Please turn to page three)

Play By Play

Like the Land of the Looking Glass this venture into the realm of celluloid and shooting stars holds wondrous possibilities. With the potentialities of Harlow, the thrills of Gable, to draw from—ah, there's no limit. To realize these possibilities is another thing. God grant the manager will spare the rod, the intelligentsia of this fair college be not too critical, and the cynics not cynical. Far from professing to be a critic this humble body hopes to bring before you, play by play, the highlights in current movie fare—the most "gigantic, stupendous, magnificent" attractions which Eugene offers.

At the McDonald last times today is Frances Marion's emotional interpretation of life and love on the waterfront—any waterfront, anytime, anywhere. It's another one of those stories built for Harlow, with all the earthiness of "China Seas." Unassuming, I y'am what I y'am stuff, potent, emotional—and brimming over with action and tearjerking drama.

Harlow, minus the platinum locks, is at her best. Like Gales-worthy characters, she is caught in the web of passion, and can't do anything about it, and so goes through hell for her man. The man is supplied by Spencer Tracy, and a good performance he gives, too, as the tough guy, quicker with his fists than with his brain.

After so much preliminary bickering, the two get together and attempt to solve all troubles by getting married. Then the fireworks begin. Things get so entangled that both hero and heroine are seemingly put away for life. But it all comes out in the wash—Tracy reforming, his unbearable conceit flying out the window when the wolf comes

a-knocking at the door. Meantime, Harlow, the constant wife, is pining away in the woman's jail for stealing money from her greasy employer to help out friend hubby, the ungrateful wretch! And it's there (of all places) she has that baby you've been given gentle hints about. But you're wrong—the baby doesn't bring them back together.

Father knows nothing about it. With the heroine's escape, and Tracy proving his metal after all, things seem promising, and all ends tranquilly despite the fact that the girl must go back to serve out her time in the rendezvous for frisky females. It's a good show, notwithstanding its obvious attempts at jerking tears, and you'll enjoy the cast, even down to the juveniles. If you're a Harlow fan, don't miss "Riff Raff."

The other attraction is "Freshman Love." Need we say that it is another take-off on that college which, if it exists, is far, far away—somewhere in utopia. But then, everybody seems to realize that and takes the movie at its face value. Now it's good clean fun, kiddies, with lots of campus cuties, love in the spring, and the usual hotch raz-ma-tazz stuff.

Outside of the fact that the boat race is won, not much else happens, but the dialogue and performances of Patricia Ellis and Frank McHugh, with a promising supporting cast (who, by the way, can't sing, and seem to know it) make up for a meager plot. Light entertainment, and something the morons can enjoy along with the rest of the crowd. But we wonder—will they ever put out an authentic cross section of college life? Or would it be too dull to film?

Marian Bauer.

PLACES to Go and THINGS to Do

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