

Oregon Emerald

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Oregon

Robert W. Lucas, editor Eldon Haberman, manager
Clair Johnson, managing editor

EDITORIAL BOARD

Henriette Horak, William Marsh, Dan E. Clark II, Howard Kessler, Tom McCall, Fred Colvig, Bob Moore, Mary Graham, secretary to the board.

UPPER NEWS STAFF

Ed Hanson, editor-in-chief; Woodrow Triux, radio editor; Dan E. Clark II, news editor; Charles Paddock, sports editor; El Robbins, chief night editor; Mildred Blackburn, exchange editor; Miriam Eichner, literary editor; Marge Petch, woman's editor; Louise Anderson, society editor; LeRoy Mattingly, Wayne Harbert, special assignment reporters.

Assistant Managing Editor, this issue: Wayne Harbert

Day Editor, this issue: Darrel Ellis

Assistant Day Editor, this issue: Paul Deutschmann

Night Editors, this issue: Edgar Moore, Pat Frizzell

Assistant Night Editors, this issue: Dorothy Hutchens

BUSINESS STAFF

Dick Sleight, promotion manager; Walter Vestrom, circulation manager; assistant Toni Lucas; Betty Wagner, national advertising manager; assistant, Jane Slatky; Caroline Hand, executive secretary.

Advertising Manager, this issue: Reinhart Knudsen

Assistants: Kenneth Wood

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, Eugene, published daily during the college year, except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, examination periods, all of December except the first seven days, all of March except the first eight days. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates, \$2.50 a year.

Academic Adjustment Committee Has Some Job

MUCH valuable work can be accomplished in renovating the University advisory system, and it is with this object in mind that a student committee on academic adjustment has been formed on the campus to study the problem as it has been treated elsewhere, and make suggestions for changes here.

Today, many students waste a year or two of the precious few they have in University, trying to decide what to take and why, with but a foggy notion of the value a university education can be to them. They may leave at the end of four years or less, without ever having found out.

The advisory system as it is now at Oregon has several serious faults. Many of the advisors are ill-prepared to counsel students on the courses they should take in University, and for those who are capable, there is too little time in the rush of registration day to adequately advise each student. Advisors are prone to emphasize the good qualities of their own departments, or to pass over subjects form mere ignorance of their existence. And with little help available from his faculty advisor, the freshman often accepts suggestions of upperclassmen that may be detrimental to his University career.

Some schools have solved this by making it necessary for students to register a week or two before the beginning of the fall term, enabling each student to have two or three hours with a competent advisor. There have been many other successful and unsuccessful solutions, and it is the duty of the committee on academic adjustment to discover them and to suggest new ones. With such an objective, the committee will have its work cut out for it for months to come.

'Rebellion of the American Spirits' One Act Play

CHARACTERS: Three spirits and a grounds-keeper.
Scene: The Capitol grounds at Washington, D. C., shortly after midnight this morning—and an evil morning it is, with the lights of the Dome glowing wetly through a moving mist that swirls, smothering the shrubbery. The hoary ghosts of Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson are gazing at the great marble pile that houses Congress.

Washington: I wouldn't have known the place, Tom. 'Twas naught but a mud-flat when I last saw it.

Jefferson: It's changed a bit since my day, too, George.

Jackson: Well, tempus foogit, boys, tempus foogit!

Jefferson: The "g" is hard, Andrew. Tempus fugit!

Jackson: You're such a pedant, Tom. Really, it doesn't become your democratic reputation. You and George both always struck me as a bit snooty.

(Grounds-keeper comes onto the scene. Advances on the trio, menacing a club.)

Grounds-keeper: You stiffs will have to move on. PWA has a transient relief station out at the edge of town. Now git on with yuh!

Washington: P W What Hey?

G. K.: PWA, and don't act like you never heard of it. I'll bet you're all on relief.

Jefferson: Relief? I don't believe we know what you mean, my good friend. We're here to protest against

G. K.: Oh, you want your bonus. Well, that's already been fixed.

Jackson: Bonus?

All three spirits: Bonus?

G. K.: Then you're Townsendites. Hah. Well, I should have known it to look at you. Loaf all your lives and then expect to live off the fat of the land in your old age.

Washington: Loaf, my good fellow? Loaf! I must say, that is exactly what we have come to protest

Jackson and Jefferson: Aye, that's it!

Washington: We have come to protest against these political sorcerers who keep raising us up from the eternal sleep which our lives' labors have justly earned.

Jackson: Aye, we're tired of doing table-capping for these resurrection men.

All: We're heroes of the Republic. We've done our duty and earned our rest.

Washington: Our genius lay in seeing what

the situation in our days demanded and in acting accordingly. Speaking for myself, I led the fight against English mercantilism. I saw what the country needed and acted. That's why I'm a national hero.

Jefferson: I had the genius to see the rise of the common man. I understood his demand for political rights and I acted to secure them for him. That is why I am a national hero.

Jackson: I was a politician shrewd enough to fight the political battle for the men behind the mountains. I acted from a sense of what the changing balance of population in this country required. That's why I'm a national hero.

Washington: But we don't know a thing about the causes or the cures for all these woes that beset the country now, and we protest against the use of our spirits to sanctify the actions of today's political leaders. This isn't our day and age. Let today's leaders fight their own battles and leave us to our eternal rest.

Grounds-keeper: Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson, are yuh? Well, I'm Carrie A. Nation. Now git on with yuh, before I call the wagon! (Spirits vanish).

'A Curious Blend'

THE best efforts of congress to frame a bill to keep the United States from being drawn into war have been derided by John Bassett Moore, former justice of the world court, as "a curious blend of homicidal with suicidal mania."

Declared Moore: "The homicidal mania glares in the proposal to try to starve other peoples who engage in war; the suicidal mania gleams in the proposal to demoralize and destroy our commerce in order that peoples at war may not be nourished by what we produce."

Moore is quite an internationalist with all his concern for hunger-pinched belligerents. With "homicide" he indicts us if we refuse to feed and equip belligerent peoples. For "suicide" he scorns us if we turn down the profits of this lucrative trade in death.

Well, all we can say to His Honor John Bassett Moore is that there is such a thing as justifiable homicide, but we fail to see any justification for aiding and abetting a belligerent in the commission of that most inhuman form of homicide, modern warfare.

And, as for "suicide," if we are to appreciate Moore's use of the figure we must acknowledge that there are types and degrees of self-inflicted death, for there is on the one hand the economic suicide, which he derides, of refusing to profit from foreign war; and there is on the other hand the suicide of millions of our finest youth, laying down their lives—worse still, laying down their human feelings—for war profits.

Moore's critique of the neutrality bill is a "curious blend" in itself—a curious blend of blind greed and archaic morality.

Is it any wonder that the world court is not an effective instrument of peace, when such a man as Moore could have graced its bench?

A German Student's Germany

Carl-Gustav Anthon

THE Germans are skillful and restless organizers. Not only have they a great desire to lead and command, but they also have an innate desire to obey. Everyone wishes to "belong" to something—clubs, associations, armies. Hitler knows his psychology and he knows his Germans, and straightway he proceeded to give them what they desired. "Panem et circenses!" the cry of the Roman populace, the happiness of the mob and the foundation for a Caesar's throne—bread and circuses were given to the people and they like him for it. Hitler enjoys the support of 90 per cent of the people; he is satisfying their wants, he has given them a new purpose of life.

Uniforms and "playing soldier" appeal to Germans, and that a practical end can be achieved through play comes in handy indeed. The earning of a medal of superior merit, a golden star or two on the collar, a decoration on the epaulettes—these are indeed rich compensation for years of tense marching, of endless and senseless harassing. Hundreds of times I watched some troops assembling in the city center or in the market square, or under the village oak tree. Like a horde of men without will, they respond to the ear-bursting shouts of the commander, dreadful to watch, for they resemble madmen. They are acting under a spell, the spell of uniforms, of parades, of officers

But the working population, too, is organized to the last man. Anyone who is still "outside" is a second-rate citizen. There are organizations of guilds for the various professions and crafts, for business employees and storekeepers. It involves the payment of a monthly fee, the optional wearing of a uniform and the compulsory attendance at various political speeches and activities. The "Deutsche Arbeitsfront" (German Workmen's Front) is a giant organization uniting all employed and employing persons in Germany.

No musician is allowed to teach or to produce a concert, no actor permitted to perform, unless a member of his respective guild. A proposed musical program must be submitted to the Federal Music Chamber, under the effective supervision of the totally insipid Dr. Goebbels—sometimes referred to as "Wotan's Mickey Mouse." Mr. Goebbels can only sanction those works which he can understand, being naturally very few—usually those suggesting Germanic heroism or barbarism, to wit: Wagner and Horst Wessel. Excepting those incomprehensible ancients—Bach, Handel, Haydn—who are too great to suppress, music unknown to Mr. Goebbels, especially contemporary music, is bluntly branded "holshvezid culture." Hindemith and Stravinsky fall into this category.

The arts fare very unhappily in the crude soldier's hands of Hitler and Goebbels. One can only hope that the innate creative individuality of the German people will survive the temporary stampede of the "Storm Troopers."

The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

Comedians

So now it approaches that time when the air waves are constantly cluttered up with Senators, Congressmen and other orating politicians.

They say that Ed Wynn is going back on the air again in a week or so. But he had to lie to the big-wigs, telling the networks bosses that he was a Senator before they would let him broadcast.

Not such a bad idea at that. Senator Wynn. If he intends to go on with this clowning business, he might just as well be good and funny and have a name to go with it.

London: Barbara M. M. (much married) Hutton is determined that her baby shall not be born an American citizen . . . the Countess has taken a lease on a London home . . . she recently told friends that it was her constant harassment by American newspaper men and publicity agents that forced her decision . . . "I'm afraid," the comely Barbara quips, "that if I went to a hospital in America the publicity men would have the place wired for sound."

One more black eye for American publicity . . . the sort of publicity that respects no privacy at all . . . the sort of publicity that delves into the intimate details of people's lives and spreads them lavishly out for the entertainment of the great unwashed masses . . . the type of publicity which has little or no actual news value, but which has, nevertheless, succeeded in giving American journalism a bad smell which is not entirely deserved.

Shirley Temple is beginning to exhibit signs of artistic temperament. She absolutely refuses to wear any clothes or costumes that are not made with one, five, nine, or thirteen buttons.

Explanation: Remember your

childhood game of "rich man, poor man, beggar man, king"? Well, Shirley doesn't want to be a poor man, a beggar man or a king. She prefers to become a rich man. Cute?

Pass the Soap

To conserve time in her very crowded and congested life, the late Sarah Bernhardt used to receive callers while in her bath tub.

Well. Excepting Cleopatra, if any woman in history had enough charm and enough poise to be an attractive hostess in a bath tub, Sarah Bernhardt was it.

Slightly daffy. The latest campus pastime is riding on freight trains. The other day two nitwits drove out to a joint called Donna, parked their car and then came back to Eugene riding the rods of a local freight.

They love it. And the least you can say for the idea is that riding freight trains for fun is original.

Air Y' Listenin'?

By Jimmy Morrison

Emerald of the Air

Don Casciato will be your commentator on the Emerald Sport-cast today at 3:45. He is again pinch-hitting for Tom McCall, the regular sportscaster.

The Air Angle

The fourth anniversary of George and Gracie Allen on the air—four mad years coinciding strangely enough with the ripening of tomatoes, the invention of the cotton gin, the collapse of the fifth Inca dynasty (2857 B. C.) and the reported disappearance of Betelgeuse, largest star—will be observed with fitting sacrificial rites on CBS tonight at 8:30.

Ray Noble's novel settings of modern dance music mingled with the songs of Connie Boswell will be heard at "Refreshment Time" tonight. Noble will play several new

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

We've been saving this one about George Callas for a long time. It concerns the Black Beauty's try-out for the Polyphonic choir. Petri tried him all over the key-board. He wasn't a soprano. He wasn't a tenor. He wasn't a baritone. What was he?

Finally the maestro decided. Pointing his finger at the perspiring tyro he ejaculated tersely, "First bass."

"Shucks!" sighs Callas, "I wanted to play short-stop!"

Don't let that magnolia-blossom accent fool you. Kay Coney, fairest flower of the Old South, is just

so much dynamite! She throws things!

During the course of a short dinner the Bystander was on the receiving end of a continuous barrage of crackers, but the glass of water upset him, and to this day he bears on his brow a scar left by a viciously flung sugar cube! She's charming, all right, but you'd better duck!

Whenever B. Clark and B. Chandler get together at the Theta cave something drastic always happens. The other day they seized upon Jane "Frosh" (Please turn to page four)

numbers which have won favor on both sides of the Atlantic. Vocals will be done by Al Bowly and the Freshmen.

Ted Royal and his orchestra, a new radio dance band, made its debut over CBS from the Meadowbrook at Cedar Grove, N. J., last Thursday, replacing Frank Dalley's Meadowbrook band, which has gone on an extensive road tour. Royal will be heard Saturdays over KOIN at 2:00 p. m.

NBC-CBS Programs Today
3:00—Woman's Magazine. NBC.
6:00—Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra. KOIN, KSL.
6:30—Refreshment Time; Ray Noble's orchestra, Connie Boswell, Al Bowly, and The Freshmen. KSL, KOIN.
7:00—Vince Program. NBC.
8:30—Burns and Allen. KSL, KOIN.
9:00—Town Hall tonight. Fred Allen. KPO, KGW.

A Suggestion FOR THE Busy College Student

Let the Emerald be a daily reminder of you to those who expect too much correspondence from the busy student. During the remainder of this school year, you can have 67 newsy issues of the Emerald sent to them. The Emerald presents news and comments—including the many campus activities that tend to make the life of a student a busy one—all of which will be of real interest to those at home. Subscription rates: \$1.49 for the remainder of the school year or \$1.00 a term. Send the blank below to the Emerald Business Office, or phone your subscription to 3300, local 214.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Circulation Dept., The Oregon Daily Emerald, Eugene, Oregon. Please send the Emerald

() for the remainder of the school year

() for one term

to the following address:

Name
Address

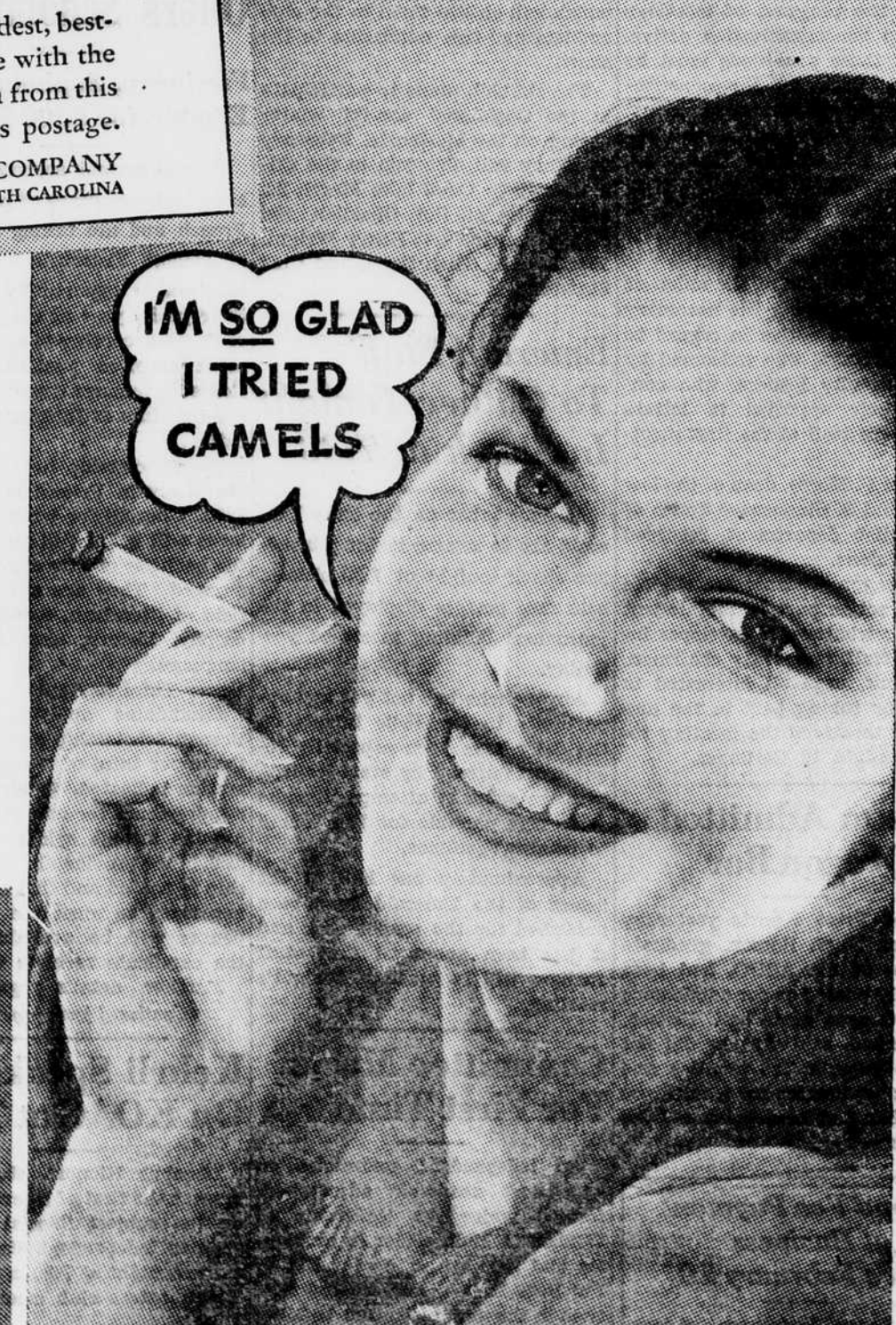
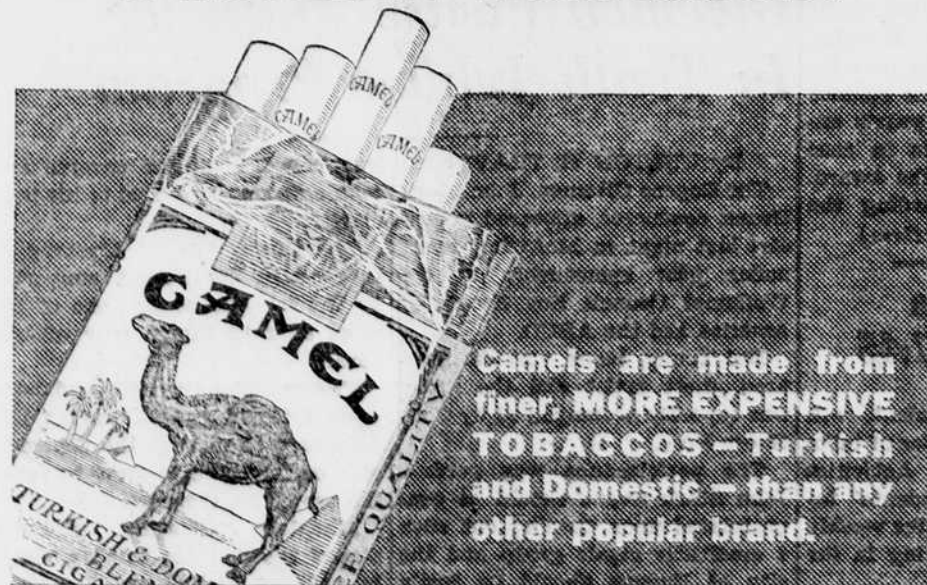
CAMEL'S "TRY 10" OFFER CONVINCES NEW THOUSANDS OF COLLEGE SMOKERS!

Read Our Invitation to You

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with this rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

{Signed} R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

Knowing the finer, more expensive tobaccos used in Camels, we make this offer . . . confident that you'll find your ideal cigarette in Camels. . . . For experience shows that people quickly sense the difference in Camel's COSTLIER TOBACCOS!



Camels must please you, or they cost you Nothing!