

# Oregon Emerald

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## Realistic Military Training

PROFESSOR C. G. Osborn's proposal that, so long as military training must be compulsory, we do a thorough job of it and show war in both its glory and its gory should find little dissent on the campus.

For ourselves, though we supported the optional ROTC initiative bill, we should have no qualms in doing an about-face, if there were installed on this campus a compulsory military course that showed the full horrors of war.

On the other hand, even our erstwhile opponents, the Oregon Liberty association, have gone on record in favor of such training. One of the principal arguments in their campaign for compulsory ROTC was that college youth should be compelled to learn the war method so that they might appreciate completely the filth, terror and brutality of war.

BOTH sides, then, are agreed that the military curriculum should treat of the horrors of war realistically, if the training is to have the generally-desired pacifistic effect. With this united front we should now be able to prevail upon the campus military establishment to install such a course. For, indeed, the system which the "optionalists" have been lambasting and which the "compulsionists" have been fostering does not at present provide this sort of instruction.

Military training as it is now presented at the University of Oregon, and presumably in other schools of the country, deals with neither the social nor the personal angles of armed combat, which, of course, are the only points of view from which the full horrors of war can be appreciated.

The existing ROTC course is utterly impersonal and unsocial. That is, on the one hand, the feelings of soldiers and civilians as they endure the discomforts and terrors of war are disregarded. And, on the other hand, war's brutalizing effect upon the social spirit and its destructiveness to the institutions of civilization receive no consideration.

HERE is where Professor Osborn's proposal comes in: establishment of a compulsory 4-year course in trench warfare. We can imagine the way it would work out. The colonel picks out the most unwholesome bit of terrain in the vicinity and has the cadets dig in. Of course they are not allowed to return to their warm beds at night. Good lord, no! They must shiver under a scratchy army blanket until, after three or four sleepless nights, they catch a few exhausted winks. Then rains come and mud gets deeper and deeper in the trench. And all this while they get nothing but hard-tack and corned willy to eat.

The bugs get something fierce. Cooties, lice and fleas. Sanitary facilities aren't so hot

and the place gets pretty bad. A few of the boys die ever once and a while, but this is good experience and necessary to appreciate the full horror of war. Every day or so one of the cadets is set up and splattered all over the map with a burst of shrapnel, so the rest of the boys can learn about death and get a familiarity with detached members of the body.

Then under the cover of darkness an artillery outfit is sent up to shell the new library. At the time they don't feel bad about it, because its pretty exciting watching the bricks fly as the missiles strike. But later they are taken with remorse and finally the valuable lesson of war's destructiveness begins to sink in.

ET cetera. Until finally, in the words of ROTC's most ardent supporters, Joe College becomes "acquainted with the horror and brutality of the war method" and gets "peace conscious."

Of course an approximation of this peace consciousness could be reached if the ROTC course contained even a hint that war isn't all milk and honey. The drive to make military training optional has failed, but its victorious opponents are bound by their campaign arguments to work for pacifism through the creation of a course in military training that doesn't shun reality, a course in military training that makes war genuinely repugnant.

## Campus Comment

(The views aired in this column are not necessarily expressive of Emerald policy. Communications should be kept within a limit of 250 words. Courteous restraint should be observed in reference to personalities. No unsigned letters will be accepted.)

### DEFENDS TOUCH FOOTBALL

Mr. Editor: Why all this fuss over touch football injuries? Anyone remembering bruises, bumps and breaks of previous years will find that there are few if any more than in previous years. Every year there are some victims of intramural sports wandering around the campus or in the infirmary. Probably a good many of these can be blamed on touch football. But not when it is properly supervised. I know of only two serious injuries in an official game this fall. A broken arm was one. Another serious injury resulted from a boy's running into a pole, but besides bruises and cuts I know of no others.

There are two other injuries blamed on touch football, Russ Cutler's broken cheekbone and Vernon Sprague's fractured skull and jaw. Mr. Cutler was injured in a gym class game. Sprague was hurt playing on the paved street in front of Phi Delta house in hob-nailed boots. Every noon and evening when passing this house you see these members playing in the street. One of the first things taught us when we are kids is to keep out of the street and there are University students playing in the street endangering their own and other's lives, when they could go half a block in either direction to a vacant lot.

Are we going to let some Morning News brand of crusading keep us from the most popular do-nut sport in recent years?

Jim Mountain.

### GUN MOLLS

To the Editors: I wonder how many of you noticed, over your third glass of Bromo-Seltzer Sunday morning, the picture in the "pink section" of the Sunday Oregonian of five young ladies playing soldier. The photograph was so conspicuous as to divert my mind for a moment from the "funnies" and cause me to ponder upon its significance. Scanning the explanatory material beneath the picture, I learned that these girls were a quintet from our own University representing a group of 105 "markswomen" who are being taught the use of firearms by Sergeant Harvey Blythe.

To many, perchance, the picture suggested only the fact that the young ladies, wearied by lucubrations, were out for a bit of sport. But it suddenly occurred to me that the movement represented by the girls in the picture might be symbolic of something else—the fact that the indomitable spirit of patriotic zeal which flames among us lads of the "monkey suit brigade" is really shared in all its intensity by those of the gentler sex.

I heaved a sigh of relief; for a disturbing question I had had in mind seemed to have an answer. The question was: "If, in the next fracas, an unexpectedly large number of us chaps are demised, who will carry on for God and country (and the DuPonts)?"

Incidentally, if you see me trotting around in shorts at drill next week and assuming threatening attitudes with my musket, you'll know that I think there's a man with a camera behind the next tree.

—Bob Knox.

## Tune'er Out...

By BOB POLLOCK

You may soon be able to flip the starting gadget on your living-room set and notice that your favorite tenor's tonsils have been removed, that the blond singer with the featured legs and husky tones really has peroxidized her hair, and that the hero in the big air melodrama has a fat pan and looks like he beats his wife. Friends, television is almost upon us . . . so says a press-release from NBC, anyway. Of course, up to now the maximum distance obtained has been 45 miles and it costs a lot of money, but radio was pretty terrible in its infancy, too.

All of which reminds us of the weak lad who, in a moment of weakness the other night, called on his babe and professed a violent and undying affection—for somebody else. 'Tis said, the lass crossed her right on him. And if we told you who it was, she might double-cross it on us. Besides that, there are the libel laws. . .

KGW at 6:30 this eve. Fred Astaire Johnny Green's orchestra, and Allen Jones, who made love to skinny Irene Dunne in "Show Boat," will all be there . . . and they toss in funny-man Charlie Butterworth, too.

Also try KGW about 9:30 if you'd like to hear "On the Trail" from Ferde Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite" . . . that's the tune with rhyme as alive and pulsating as the booming of the drums in "Boiero" . . . you'll also get Procy Roosevelt's much-publicized favorite, "Home on the Range" . . . it's sort of a celebration of Armistice day and the scheduled opening of the Frisco-Oakland bridge.

Edward Everett Horton, the guy who looks like a good speller for one of Hamlet's gloomier soliloquies has an air-conditioned kennel for his dogs . . . and it even has a shower . . . we mean he has a kennel for his canines and not for his feet, wise guy.

## Hop's SKIPS & JUMPS

By ORVAL HOPKINS

THE other evening I was strolling down the local rialto, upon mere pleasure bent, when whom should I happen to run into, as the saying goes, but an individual whom I shall call, for lack of a better cognomen, a friend of mine. Now this bloke had always been one of our deeper drinkers, as Ring Lardner once put it, and was always a person to be getting himself thrown in the clinks of various cities and towns. Well what does he do but invite me and my little friend up for a snort. I'll buy ye a drink by God he said and he did, a green one which I hope I never see another like it.

As I say, this gentleman, which he was not, was the champion drinker of several counties down in our state and had spent many days and months on the premises, board and room free, of several of our picturesque townships. The reason for this was usually that he had a habit of telling the police people where he thought they ought to go and to what use they could put sundry articles such as peace and the good name of their town.

RIGHT here I will say that I'm not telling how the individual, of whom I speak came to be in the charmed circle of my acquaintances, altho there are those who know. At any rate, he was a very good thief and could promote li-

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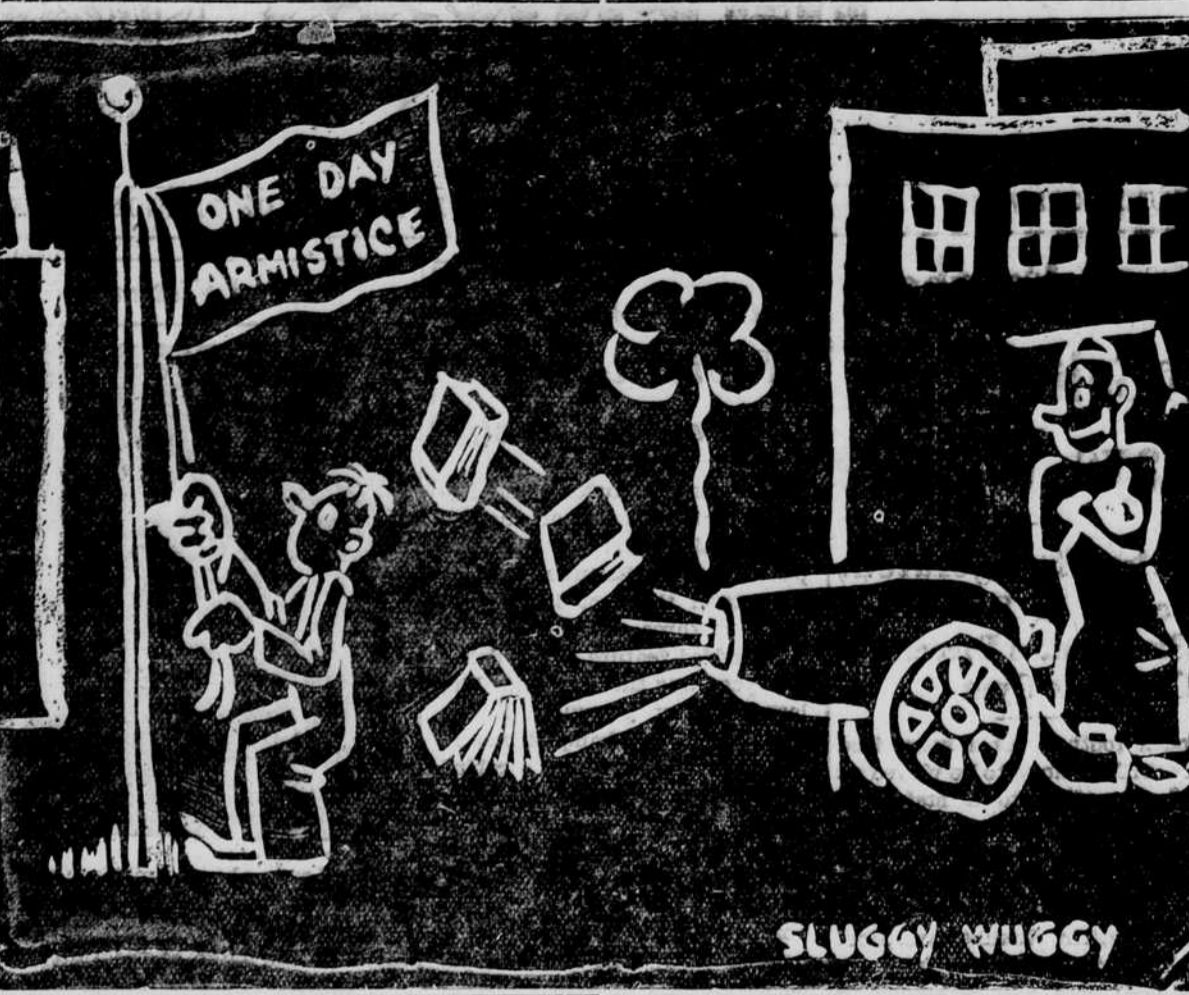
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## Extra-Verbal Barrage Lifted



quor practically out of a hat, so smart was he. Not only that but for a small fee, a nominal sum as they say, he would gladly walk up and whop some guy you didn't like, and that very much, with great dexterity and, I might even add, aplomb.

Blt I fear, alas, those days are but a part of history, and although the worm has not turned nor has there been any wholesale turning over of new leaves, there is now a job. In fact one of the first remarks my subject said was, after I throw out the profanity and a pity it is, "I've been up here eight months and I've only been in the clink once." Naturally I was surprised—shocked, I was.

And so I look back on those days, which I'm sure he never does, with regret. For he was one to always take advantage of the "pursuit of happiness" clause and he succeeded.

TO some, I almost said "to our," standards he is a downphiller, and maybe he is. I wouldn't want him in to dinner myself. That's not snobbishness. But everything tends to even up, even as Emerson said in that terrible essay on compensation. I say terrible; that's what it was to me in high school.

And he doesn't know a lot of things that people know, maybe, who go to college, or have gone to college. And if he has what we call an aesthetic sense he covers it up admirably. His ideas, if any, are of ways to mix new stuff and of ways to pass the time till next Saturday night. The point here is that he doesn't give a damn and he's as happy as the next man. Not that he's right or wrong but that it takes all kinds of people.

For what he doesn't know won't hurt him. Reminding me of the story about King Levinsky who

didn't fear Joe Louis till he learned to read the papers and saw what a killer the bomber was. Then poor Kingfish found himself in such a state that he appeared to have been constructed of some watery substance. By the same token my drunken friend is spared a thousand worries to which the flesh of education is heir.

Thus has he lived and if there is justice—if, I say—I suppose it's "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," for him. But I know he'd never trade and perhaps it's just as well.

## Campus Calendar

Primary patients today are Bob Piper, Laverne Littleton, Gayle

Meyer, Beverly Brown, Alice Morris, May Hoover, Peggy Hayworth, Jean Rawson, Harry Ragsdale, Mackie Cornwall, Donald Arm-priest, Everett Naylor, and La-Nelle Mathews.

Mathematics 100, section C, will meet Thursday evening from 7 to 9, room 205, Deady hall.

AWS council will meet at 5 o'clock Tuesday in the AWS room, Gerlinger hall.

Phi Theta will meet at 7:00 o'clock in women's lounge in Gerlinger.

Writers' club will meet Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock, at Westminster House.

Frosh commission officers will be installed Tuesday at five o'clock in the Y bungalow.

Gamma Alpha Chi meets Thursday, November 12, at noon at the College Side.

Phi Theta Upsilon, drama hobby group meets at the Kappa house at 4:30.

Freshmen trying out for the frosh yell squad are requested by Don Chapman to be at the Delta Upsilon house today at 12:30.

Sigma Delta Chi pledges meet at 11:50 in the journalism shack today for photographs.

Philomlete art and music group will meet at 4:00 Tuesday at Gerlinger.

The charm group of Philomlete will meet at 4:00 at the Alpha Chi Omega house.

Master Dance will meet in Gerlinger, Wednesday night at 7:30. Roll call will not be taken.

David Pierce was taken to the Sacred Heart hospital a week ago for an appendicitis operation, and has been transferred to the infirmary.

Send the Emerald to your friends. Subscriptions only \$3.00 per year.

### Men & Nations

By HOWARD KESSLER

Colvig: Sorry, Fred, cannot find time to write that column so don't count on it or anything till I've passed this crisis. Never happened before, but then I've never been married before. You have no idea how much it disrupts coherent thought.  
H. Kessler.

## Oregana Sales To Close in 2 Weeks

Only a short time is left in which to purchase 1937 Oreganas. This year's edition is to be limited to 1500 copies and sales are rapidly approaching that mark, with agents lined up on the campuses for the final drive.

Howard Overbeck, Oregana business manager, yesterday stated, "Sales will be closed within two weeks, and all students not signing for yearbooks by that time will be placed on the waiting list, with possibilities of not getting one."

An illustration of the new two-page living organization setup is being shown in the windows of the Co-op this week, and students are

loud in their approval of it. Informal snapshots around the houses and at their dances, enlarged pictures of the officers, besides the usual block picture of members, make this department of the 1937 Oregana outstanding.

Yearbooks can be purchased, or reserved, either from students agents or reserved at the ASUO offices.

### HARA AT COLUMBIA

Kensaburo Hara, '36, is attending the graduate school of Columbia university in New York. He is planning a trip to Europe next year to observe political movements there.

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