

From Where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

A FABLE

Once upon a time on the University of Oregon campus there was a grasshopper, a charming fellow, who was known among his classmates as Joseph Doakes, or, more familiarly, as Joe.

Now all during the early weeks of the term this grasshopper played around and had a swell time, and didn't bother getting his lessons, but left such dreary pastimes to his friends on the campus, whom we will call the ants.

The ants, busy and industrious fellows, went up to the library nights instead of to the College Side or to a show. They went up there sometimes on Saturday afternoons, and on Sundays, while Grasshopper Joe frittered away his time and had fun.

Joe never had his assignments, but he didn't care. "I'll worry about lessons the week before exams," he would say with a shrug. And off he'd go, with never a care in the world. He didn't sing "The World Owes Me a Livin'", but it was plain that that was his general attitude. And his friends the ants would shake their heads over Joe's happy-go-lucky and heedless air, and go on up to the libe to set in a store of knowledge that would see them through the dreary days of exams.

Time passed, and Joe still paid no attention to study, and was seen at every campus dance, rally, and game, and was a too-frequent visitor of the Park and campus pubs. And the ants went their way, and by the end of the term had acquired a pretty good idea of just what their courses were about.

Finally exam week drew near, and Joe, feeling the cold blasts of parents' and instructors' disapproval, realized that his time to play was over. "Alas," he moaned. "What'll I do now?"

So then he went to his friends the ants and pleaded, "Please, fellows, let me use your notes in econ. (or social science, or English.) I haven't cracked a book all term, and now exams are here. But I know that you guys are very smart, and that you won't mind letting me see your notes, and I will get by all right."

And his friends the ants said unsympathetically, "Listen, Joe, we have gone to classes and studied all term, and taken these notes, and we are going to use them. You shouldn't have wasted so much of your time."

Then Joe went to the library and took out a lot of books, and sat up till the dim hours and drank coffee, and tried to cram a lot of knowledge into his head in a short time, but it didn't work.

He made a pretty dismal mess of his exams, and went on scholastic probation again.

And the ants all got As, and made the honor roll, and eventually became Phi Beta Kappas.

Campus Calendar

YW Donut sale committee will meet at the YW bungalow today at 4. All committee members please be there.

Master Dance meeting tonight at 7:45 in the dance studio.

Dill Pickle club will hold discussion luncheon at the YW bungalow this noon at 12. Bring your own lunch. Coffee and cake will be served.

Order of the O will meet at the DU house today at noon. All new lettermen should be there.

Alpha Delta Sigma, men's advertising honorary, will meet at the College Side at noon today for a luncheon meeting. Zollie Volchok announced yesterday.

Phi Chi Theta will hold an important meeting at the College Side at 4 o'clock. All members are asked to be present.

Lost—Jewelled Phi Psi pin Saturday, probably at Willamette park. Reward.

Junior-Senior dance committee will meet at the College Side at 4 o'clock this afternoon. All committee members must attend.

Heads of all sororities were guests of Mrs. J. D. Bryant at their regular meeting held in Westminster house yesterday.

Oregon Emerald

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, Eugene, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays and final examination periods. Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

LEROY MATTINGLY, Editor

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Class Politicians Drag a Herring

TONIGHT a more-or-less representative group of freshmen will defeat probably the only progressive change suggested in an out-moded and practically worthless class organization in recent years.

Under the Marquis of Queensbury rules which govern democracy, this is as it should be, for the rule of the majority is to hold. There would be no protest had not the issue been confused—the proposed change in class membership suggested for incorporation into the new freshman constitution is not being placed into the ring upon its merits. The struggle tonight in Villard hall has been put on an organization-vs.-independent basis.

JUDGED purely as a reform, no one can deny the fairness or the worth of the idea. (It would make every class member, as designated by the University, a participant in the affairs of the class of '41, regardless of whether or not he held a class card. He would be restricted by his class card only in the money benefits to be derived from the class activities). It has been challenged mainly on the basis "that cards can't be sold except when they include the right to vote."

If that criticism is true, the activities of the classes automatically stand condemned. The program is branded as not worth the fifty cents expended and memberships are thus based entirely on a political pressure basis.

Under such considerations the activities of the class are obviously worthless. The political party which buys the most cards purchases a hollow "honorary" office at the head of a hollow activity.

ANOTHER obvious gap in the present system, even were it worthy, would be the fact that the activity misses its purpose and limits the number or potential class members with the imposition of a fifty-cent "poll tax." Of the 316 members who elected a freshman president this term, only a few will hold cards next term. It is doubtful if the program advanced will be attractive enough to move first-year buyers not purchasing memberships this term to an eager, breathless, "Yes, sure I want a class card," at the registration tables winter term.

When class activities are sapped to a basis where they are not worth fifty cents, they should be abolished or put on a basis where each event pays for itself in admission receipts. In that manner a concrete program would necessarily be advanced, assuring buy-

The News Steps Into the Afternoon Field

YESTERDAY the Eugene News climaxed a year of change and improvement and startled Eugene with an afternoon edition.

The decision of publisher Fred W. Chitty and his staff to move into the afternoon field gives Eugene two fine afternoon dailies. The News will continue to publish its morning edition and, with the Register-Guard's two editions, Eugene and Lane county is to get even better news coverage.

The change means an improvement in the positions which several University of Oregon school of journalism graduates and undergraduates hold with the paper, for every person on the news staff has been or is connected with this University.

- Strange Land -

By WERNER ASENDORF

ABOUT 1,000,000 students out of a population of 125 millions live and let live in American colleges and universities. Germany has a population of 68 millions and not more than 100,000 students. These figures show another reason for the difference of the two educational systems: it is already difficult to plant 100,000 specialized and trained men and girls so that they can find a living according to their education.

How far more difficult, nearly impossible, would it be to give adequate jobs to a million ready-boiled American scientific experts—even though quite a few girls vanish from the picture by jumping into the non-scientific matter of matrimony.

In other words: the American educational system is fitting to American standards. And post-graduate research work here is as good as anywhere else.

STILL, THE DIFFERENCE in undergraduate work remains. It occurred to me that your type of work with mid-terms and quizz and assignment, with definite purposes so as to read a certain book from page 26 to page 37 and so on, develops a certain undergraduate-mentality that is unique and gives maybe one of the keys for your overwhelming interest in sports unknown to European universities. (Physical training became compulsory in Germany not until recently.)

When a German leaves high school and enters university after two years of working out and ventilating his knowledge-stuffed grey matter in military service, he is very free concerning how and what he is going to study. But as soon as he

Across Reform Trail

ers of a return commensurate to their expenditure.

NO one will deny that class card sales are at present just about the biggest small-time graft on the campus.

The merits of the present membership, however, will not be the point in question tonight.

Fraternities and sororities are moving a step toward cutting their own throats on this campus by organizing meetings to assure the defeat of the measure and keep "the independents out."

When they fear the rise of the independents, organization men are saying boo at themselves and covering up their heads. The non-fraternity students are an inarticulate, disorganized mass, with no unity of purpose, no leadership, and little interest in the activities of the University.

WHEN they attempt to discriminate against these unorganized persons, organizations are working towards two unhealthy ends: a big part of the student body is further prohibited from participation in class affairs; sooner or later the inarticulate masses, if still oppressed, will find leaders and organize to give now-dominant forces a whale of a beating.

A campus or a class divided is weakened and defeats its own purpose. If the proposed constitutional change is fairly defeated, an unwholesome and arbitrary—but not on the basis of organization affiliation—split continues to exist and is encouraged. If it is defeated on a fraternity and anti-fraternity basis, a deplorable "class-line" has been drawn and the issue pushed into the background.

UNTIL this edition, The Emerald has refrained from comment on the issue, preferring to let the class settle its own problems uninfluenced. The issue is being evaded and confused, however, hidden meanings have been read into a rather innocent reform. It is branded as this or that person's effort to hit at fraternities. This is incorrect and unreasonable.

When the debate is finished tonight and the issue is put to a vote, every freshman ought to make his own decision as to whether class activities should exist parasitically on the sale of voting privileges—and mark that decision on his ballot.

The News Steps Into the Afternoon Field

The best of luck and congratulations for the reconstructed, afternoon, "new" News.

WARNING

For days speech department emissaries have been haunting the journalism shack, endeavouring to darken The Emerald's columns with publicity of a debate tryout to be held Thursday in speech department quarters in Friendly hall.

This notice must come as a warning. The speech department would be red-faced indeed—and Corvallis would be angry—if the department's motto should be slightly disarranged. It might very well be interpreted to read, "Oregon State is our campus." Teh, teh—and just before homecoming, too.

goes into it—the fever of scientific research takes him into its grip. He will always even in his dreams consider his problems. Having no assignments, he cannot say after having read page 26 to 37—blissfully neglecting the rest of the book—that he is through now, has his work done and may better—without even a tiny whim of a sorrow—busily engage himself in a game of golf or love-making.

Here's the difference in a nutshell: we are free to choose what to learn and you are free after you have learned what the professor taught to you.

WHEN I WAS STILL in Europe I thought that American students don't work. I believe now that they actually work more than our boys. The undergraduate here works concentratedly for his assignment and the professor, and he himself knows what he has done.

We often sit hour after hour behind a book, fighting for an accurate result and say afterwards: "Wieder nicht's getan." ("Shucks, nothing accomplished again.") To come to an end: this outline of differences is not complete. It cannot talk away the fact that studying here and "over there" depends on the person. You yourself decide the effect. You yourself make the years of studying a success for your life or not. Your attitude towards studying is important. Some like to get life only out of books, some like books only to get along in life.

And some sit over their books, massage their worried skull and whisper to themselves the gloomy wisecrack: Studying is as if somebody bats down on your head continuously—it is so nice when it stops.

Down the Middle



Side Show

Edited by . . .

PAUL DEUTSCHMANN, National.

BILL CUMMINGS, Local.

Local

Three economists, a professor of law, and a scientist, all nationally known educators, are being considered by the Oregon state board of higher education for the presidency of the University, to succeed C. Valentine Boyer.

Odd, that three of the five candidates should be professors of economics—odd, and perhaps fortunate, for an educator schooled in economics would be apt to possess many attributes desirable for the head of a progressive university.

Two of the economists under consideration are former members of the University faculty, indicating that Oregon's list of notables is a fruitful field to draw from. They are Donald M. Erb, acting head of the department of economics at Stanford university, and David Faville, professor of economics at Stanford.

Each of these former Oregon faculty members seems to possess a lion's share of the attributes listed by Chancellor Frederick M. Hunter as necessary in the educator who becomes Oregon's next president. While the other three candidates—Dr. Charles F. Reamer, Michigan; Dr. Homer L. Dodge, Oklahoma, and C. M. Updegraff, Iowa—are likewise well qualified, the two former Oregon professors stand gratifyingly high. Their understanding of Pacific coast problems and of problems of the University itself seem to be advantages in their favor.

Freshman politicians representing each fraternity and sorority met last night at the Alpha Chi Omega house in a vote-gathering rally preparatory to the frosh suffrage balloting tonight at Villard hall. Considerable strength was manifest at the meeting, both in numbers and enthusiasm, and houses in the defeated Hendershott bloc seemed to be falling in line with the rest of the fraternities and sororities favoring class cards as a requisite for voting.

A vote-gathering campaign was also being pushed by the other faction of the issue, those who favor unrestricted suffrage. Independent students give this faction its strength. Both sides seem to have an even chance at the polls.

National

You have all heard of the frog who was trying to crawl out of a well. Every time he crawled up one foot he fell back two.

Perhaps it is unkind to suggest that the United States under the present administration is pursuing a similar policy, but after perusing accounts of the budget for the last five years the similarity is decidedly noticeable.

Back in the days before prosperity went behind the infamous corner we had a national debt of approximately 16 billion dollars.

It had been cut down from the 1919 high of 26½ billion after 11 years of pseudo-prosperity.

Then the frog began its slide. By the time the tangled reins of government were handed to FDR the debt had crept back to nearly 21 billion. In a year the Democrats had boosted it to 26.

In the next four years approximately three billion dollars were found to have been added every time the books were closed. Adding the 1937 deficit, which was discovered in spite of Roosevelt's calls for economy and promises of a balanced budget, the nation was embarrassed to the tune of 35 billion.

During the years of sliding the Democrats were not idle, however. Dissatisfied with a mere two billion and a quarter income in 1933 they labored long and hard, increasing it to almost six by 1937. For 1938 they have greater plans—a national income of almost eight billion due to the addition of one billion in income taxes and half a billion social security funds.

If these increases come up to full expectations and if the planned scrapping of PWA and its billion and a half appropriation go through without any new expenditures, we will have a relatively small deficit in 1938—only about 400 million, to be exact.

This recital of deficits and debts is very gloomy. It may cheer you up to know that modern governments have been going on like this for some time. Right at the present Great Britain has a debt that nearly equals ours.

France is burdened with 192 billion francs—about eight billions in dollars. Germany has seven billions, Italy five, and Japan nearly three. It should be noted in passing that Japan is rapidly absorbing western policies. During the last seven years she has almost doubled hers, keeping up in spirit if not in actual cash with the U. S.

Furthermore it can be pointed out that a comparison of the debts of these countries, as well as those of many smaller states, is much larger proportionally to wealth of the nation than that of our country.

And beside that, everyone who has studied his history in high school remembers what a time was had back in pre-Civil war days when the government didn't have a debt.

Philomelete Names

(Continued from page one) ence Alden of the physical education department is the patroness for recreation, and Mrs. Edith Seifert for the art and music group.

Art and music group will meet in the AWS room next Tuesday at 4 o'clock. All other hobby groups will meet two weeks from Tuesday with the place to be announced in the Emerald campus calendar.

No Collar, But

(Continued from page one) She must usher her upperclassmen into dinner and seat them at the table, she must answer the telephone and doorbell, she must go to the library in the company of an upperclassman.

Letters From Coeds Wanted ByEcuadorian

Elvira Estrada, an Ecuadorian girl, wishes to correspond with an American college girl. She has written the following letter to the Portland postoffice:

To Postmaster of Portland. My Dear Friend:

As I want know the address of the University of this city. I thank you please give me some.

My wishes are to write at some girls student of University and I hope you send me some address.

If you can connect me with her I'm very glad:

Anyhow I hope you please take the troublesome to answer me.

I'm much obligate to you Elvira Estrada. Miss Estrada gave her address as Bahia de Caraquez, Manabi, Ecuador, P.O. box 36.

Chancellor Hunter

(Continued from page one) coast opportunities in establishing human relations with the orient. 2—Appreciation of research and creative scholarship.

3—Physical health, vigor and reserve energy.

4—Mental poise and balance, intellectual and moral integrity, public courage.

5—Age qualifications to look forward to at least 20 years of service.

6—Sense of democratic faculty participation in university affairs and the value of civic and academic freedom.

7—Administrative ability.

8—Possess the habit of weighing evidence before reaching a decision.

9—Skill in public relationships.

10—Capable of associating with men outside the academic field.

11—Ability to establish university contacts outside the academic field.

12—Appreciation of the responsibilities and functions of a state university.

13—Recognition of the values and powers of Christian civilization.

14—Vision the function of education in a democratic society.

15—Sympathy and confidence in youth.

16—Understanding of the problems affecting the education program in Oregon.

Coeds May Eat

(Continued from page one) participating in traditional walk-outs, and were asked to take all possible precautions to prevent the spread of a possible cold epidemic.

Late permission for the homecoming dance Friday night, Oct. 22 was announced. Dean Schwering told the group that visitors at houses during the homecoming program must observe University regulations during their stay.

Hazel P. Schwering, dean of women, was present at the meeting in the Westminster house. Mrs. Schwering returned to her duties yesterday after a short illness.

After the business meeting refreshments were served.

Terse Tales FOR TINY TOTS

Or stories for the young college students—literary efforts from nowhere about anywhere.

By MORITZ THOMSEN

PECKIN'

Filbert Flop was one of those students, who realizing that he has to work his way through school, really gets down and works. It hardly seems fair, when you consider the pathetic end he met, after being so darned conscientious about his job at the Side.

He was always bustling around, always busy, never sneaking a glass of beer for himself or his friends when he knew the boss was out. In fact his friends soon stopped dropping in, when they found there was no future in it. He used to whistle in time to the music that they played on the nickel phonograph machine, and he really figured life was pretty soft until they changed the pieces and got in a new batch.

One of the pieces called "Peckin'" was particularly tasty to young Filbert. Never, he thought, had he heard such a snappy song, and once in a while he would put in a nickel of his own and move from booth to booth whistling in time with the music, his tray full of beers for the women and caca-colas for the men.

But suddenly without warning the piece took hold and all the other songs were neglected in the exploitation of this one snappy little number. After about a week, Filbert began peckin' in time with the music. As he waited on people he would have a funny set expression on his face, and when the music hit the right place Filbert would wiggle his head and do a little peckin' on his own.

He found he couldn't stop finally, and as the piece raged on hour after hour, poor Filbert would peck with his head like a chicken. He developed horrible headaches, but that seemed almost unimportant when we realize the final damage it did.

On Friday night, he was peckin' his way around the Side trying with all his might to stop, but utterly unable to do a thing about it. The piece drooled on to the climax, the 369th climax of the day, and Filbert started peckin' with unusual vigor. Suddenly his neck snapped, and before they got him to the hospital he was dead. The doctors never did figure out whether in the last few minutes that he lived he had his mind with him, but it is doubtful, for as he died, the ambulance driver could hear him in the back whistling softly to the peckin' tune.

MISS HART SPEAKER Miss Beulah Hart, field representative of the emergency peace campaign, spoke to a group of 30 at the Westminster luncheon yesterday.

Miss Hart represents the volunteer campaign of young people working toward peace.

"AGGIE" STUDENT KNOWS HIS BEES



IVOR HIVE . . . majoring in "Bee Culture" at State U, says: . . . "Don't get stung . . . insist on getting the genuine Can't Bust 'Em CAMPUS CORDS. 'Hive' never worn any others—and 'Bee' lieve you me they're 'honey's' for style—fit—and wear. Easily cleaned with soap and water."

Look for this Gold Label at your clothes.

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