

From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

SO THIS IS COLLEGE!

For the three years I've gone to college I've been pretty disillusioned about it. When I came here as a freshman I thought, with youthful exuberance, "Oh, boy, I'll bet college will be fun!" I'd seen lots of movies about college life, and they all seemed exciting, and I thought maybe it really was that way. I was pretty naive then, I guess.

Well, at the end of my freshman year I realized that some of my youthful dreams were perhaps a little extravagant, but I still had hope. But during my sophomore year it wasn't much better. Oh, it was fun, of course, and lots of things happened, but not anything I could tell my grandchildren about, or muse about with classmates at homecoming in future years, like old grads are supposed to do when they start out—"Remember when . . ." and continue with precious and time-honored recollections.

By last year I'd become hardened to it, and I didn't expect much. After all, everyone said, the days of Joe College and raccoon coats and rowdy-dow are dead. The new type of student is more serious-minded, more worldly. This rah-rah college stuff doesn't go any more.

I sighed, because I thought those days, though perhaps a little crude, must have been very colorful, and I felt, with a bit of resentment, that I'd missed something.

But today I was happy, for I realized that students were still students, that their zest for a good battle was still keen—and that this thing we call Oregon spirit, which has been so submerged these last years, is not dead.

Our only regret is that it took an Oregon State "invasion" to prove it.

Some of the most downright peculiar conversations I've heard in some days came from the booth in back of me at the Side today, I think by a group of students from the drama department.

Following are some bits of the talk that went on:
 "Swish, swish (imitation of the sound waves breaking) the waves break upon the shore, throwing up brown dead things in front of my door. The slimy waves slide along the slippery sand—zoom, zoom (more sounds of waves breaking) . . . and more along this line, all very confusing.

Then came this:
 "Oh, dear, what can the matter be. Dear, dear, what can the matter be. Dear, dear, what can the matter be—Johnny's so long at the fair." (The group in unison on this).

I recognized this as a little ditty I used to sing in grade school, but this didn't make matters any better. In fact, the whole thing was queer. VERY queer.

Pollock's FOLLY

By BOB POLLOCK

I DON'T KNOW anything about the authenticity of this, somebody just whispered it in my ear. But it goes something like this: Hal Young, the music school's own, was tending his way through a hymn in one of the local churches one bright Sunday morning as is his custom.

Fetching the Young tenor to its most magnificent efforts, he finished with a rousing finale that would have brought down the house if it had been that kind of a house. Later, he was stopped by a woman member of his audience who inquired if Mr. Young had ever taken any music lessons at the University school of music.

MR. YOUNG had not. Would Mr. Young be interested in taking some—he evidently had some promise and lacked only training—if she would arrange for them? Mr. Young would be only too delighted. The lady therefore departed with a somewhat smug expression on her face, promising to call Mr. Young as soon as arrangements had been made.

Mr. Young has not heard from the lady. Can it possibly be that she has abandoned the idea?

SPEAKING OF Hal Young, my idea of a perfect assembly would be one in which he sang three solos, the band—dry-cleaned and the best outfit to toodle for Oregon in my time—played three numbers, and Babe Binford's pianist, Little Papelean Clair Escheby made Satan Take a Holiday while Smoky Whitfield trucked. . . I'd even take my eyes off the freshman class expose with a menu like that . . .

LIKE THE BOY who stood on the burning deck and wished that he'd missed the boat were Oregon's footballers in Thursday's assembly. They arose with a stricken look on their respective faces, sidled up to the mike like it was Amblin' Ambly Schindler, gazed at it apprehensively and then delivered themselves of the brilliant and original, "We're goin' out there and beat 'em" which I have obediently pounded my grabbers together about since high school days.

The footballers can hardly be blamed. Who could get up before the audience and deliver a snappy, pat little pep talk with preparation time of approximately 30 seconds? Well, it's a cinch nobody could but a speech prof and you can't get those birds within a mile of a platform.

THEREFORE, MY FRIENDS, I have, as always, a suggestion. Let there be an official speaker appointed, elected, forced, or given to the football team. If possible, let it be one of their own members. Duties of this professional blamey will be to appear at all rallies and explain what the team is going to do and how it is going to do it. Also he will appear during the halves, and, if the team is ahead then all alumni present are expected to give him something to keep out the cold and the spirits up.

NOW A FINAL BEEF: I've forgotten the name of the young gentlemen who remembered to get up in time for Thursday's assembly, but I here and now nominate him for the best yell leading these old eyes have ever seen and these old ears have ever heard. Maybe he'll have an abdication?

I guess I've cried around enough for today.

In the Mail

A NOBLE AND PRACTICAL PLAN

To the Editor:
 We just can't repress ourselves any longer. All through last year we suffered in silence, but now we are just so filled and thrilled with school spirit, and love for our dear Oregon, that we simply must do our bit.

Hence we submit this constructive criticism—it is just welling out of our altruistic and public-spirited hearts:
 We believe that as an instrument intended primarily for the purpose of raising the social and scholastic standing of Oregon, and dedicated to the high purpose of guiding this institution to ever more noble and aesthetic ideals, the Emerald should lead in a courageous and determined campaign to effect the following changes in the present system:

1. First, it is our conviction, after long and frequently sober

contemplation, that all students should be required to wear uniforms, both to classes and to social functions. We all know the disadvantages of permitting each student to choose his own apparel; and we believe that if each boy and each girl were always to appear dressed in—for example—a lemon-yellow cement sack and bright green sandals, there would result not only a much higher campus g.p.a., but also a far more cheery and enthusiastic campus social spirit.

2. Each student should be required to carry at least twenty-four hours of classes—besides labs—and those who failed to make a grade point average of 3.7 should be firmly slapped upon the open hand.

3. Pin-ball machines, smoking, driving of cars, movie attendance, imbibing of beer, wine, milk and coffee, and unnecessary conversation, should all be

Even the Most Rabid of the Oregon 'Old Grads' Ought to Be Satisfied

Dictatorship and the Controlled Press

IN the United States there have recently been objections to the policy of American universities accepting German exchange students. About a year ago Williams college broke into the headlines when its president revoked the exchange scholarship of a German student—with the since oft-quoted statement that he did not want students with "certificates of political responsibility."

Not long ago the University of Toronto paper published an editorial expressing a similar criticism. It was based on the alleged propagandistic activities (and, in the case of journalists like Oregon's Werner Asendorf, publication) of the exchange students.

The Toronto editor charges the exchange students are subjected to a one-year course in propaganda before they are turned loose on an unsuspecting and innocent America. This, of course, couldn't have been true in the case of Werner Asendorf, as he returned to Germany last January after two years in Canada and the orient and left about six months later to come here. During that six-month period he won the right to attend Oregon—and even the USSR would have trouble finishing a one-year propaganda plan in that time.

Werner writes from the German viewpoint. In his attempt to depict the German scene honestly and fairly and to explain that viewpoint is to be found the value of his columns. He is a competent reporter and a widely-read and traveled commentator and has made shrewd comparisons of America and Germany in many ways.

THAT same issue of the Toronto daily which strikes at so-called Nazi propaganda contains a defense of freedom of the press. That freedom which is backed heartily in spirit (and condemned in practice) is one of the basic factors in the success of American and Canadian democracy. Although it has not always made the most of its opportunities, the American press has always enjoyed political freedom, has always been free to report and criticize the activities of any political group.

The criticism of exchange scholarships has, unfortunately, reached the Oregon campus. The Emerald has been accused of allowing itself to become an instrument of German propaganda.

Yet Mr. Asendorf's contributions have been reproduced only under an editorial heading, "Strange Land," and beneath his by-line. They have been accepted for two reasons: first, that Mr. Asendorf is an interesting and clever writer; and secondly, that he has something important to say.

THOSE who would abolish the exchange-ships apparently fear that American democracy has reached a point where it can no longer stick by its guns and maintain unrestricted political expression. Apparently they fear it cannot withstand the challenge of dictatorship and fascism—that at least it has degenerated to a stage where it must be petted and shielded, just as is fascism, from political "competition."

These "defenders of democracy" automatically stand accused of all the heinous crimes they charge fascism with committing. They are guilty of censorship and political repression.

In countries where dictatorships hold sway today it seems that leaders are not willing to submit their political doctrines to a comparison with democracy. They must maintain a censorship and a controlled press to survive. Usually the financial status of their

governments will not stand the revealing light of publicity.

Censorship and the controlled press not only deceive the people "at home" but create misunderstanding throughout the world. Censorship exists in Germany and that prevents foreign correspondents there from presenting a complete picture. The main value of Mr. Asendorf's articles, even though he is now in the United States, is not to be found in the completion of that side of the picture, however. He expects to return to Germany someday and even though the censors cannot read his American-published articles before they appear, Germans may see them after publication.

WHEN a country attempts censorship and the dispersal of propaganda (a controlled press), it defeats its own aims. No one places much credit on dispatches bearing the dateline "WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY" which tell of the hundreds of Chinese dead. Censorship adds weight (by the reaction it causes) to propaganda aimed against the censoring nation—propaganda which, written of a country with nothing to conceal, would quickly be recognized for what it is.

America has been subjected to a great flood of anti-Nazi propaganda. Within most Americans the belief has been built up that the Hitler government is not truly supported by Germans. The United States has not been informed to any great extent of conditions in Germany, of the desperation and deprivation which was forced upon that nation and which made the rise of Hitler possible.

It is in providing a balance for this that Mr. Asendorf and his fellow students can serve. The information they disseminate may be in a sense termed propaganda—but, knowing the source, the reader can evaluate it just as he does the Japanese report of Chinese casualties.

DEMOCRACY has stood the test of time.

It has outpointed every philosophy with which it has entered the political ring. It has been successful because it has nothing in its closet which cannot be revealed. It has been successful because it can invite comparison with challenging theories. Remove its basic tenet of frank fairness and it is already on the tremulous ground of deception and falsehood.

Yet defenders of the republic against "propaganda" would have us weaken this principle—would advocate a withdrawal of the right of free expression from the German students. Such people are democrats neither in theory nor in practice. They are clearing the way for the development of that sort of misunderstanding that makes for national hatred, for unreasoned action, for war—and for dictatorship.

They are doubting the American intelligence which makes democracy possible.

They are placing themselves on a level with countries which openly support a controlled press and censorship—on a lower level, even, because they are political hypocrites and by the premises of their philosophy do not wish to practice the principles of that for which they are fighting.

They are, ostrich-like, the kind of people who would face a world situation by plugging up their ears and sticking their heads in the sand. As long as the American public can rationally consider such irrationality and evaluate anti-propaganda propaganda, democracy doesn't seem to be in danger.

SMART MAN

Midst the ruins of a war-torn campus, one head at least was cool.

Palms for the SAE man who fathered the tennis court dance. It's better to keep students occupied stepping on each other's feet than on each other's heads.

criticising the conduct of the team, I think they made a brave fight against a better team, but I am criticising those responsible for the arrangements regarding the general public. Readers of this may say: "It's so easy to criticise." "Sour grapes," or some such trite remark, but if this criticism is taken in the right spirit it may possibly lead to the correction of the things criticised.

Whoever was responsible for the sale of general admission tickets should have provided more selling stalls. The mob was so great that many people had to wait in line for over an hour in order to obtain tickets; in fact some people were actually late to the game on this account. I ask you if this is conducive to Oregon hospitality when well-meaning visitors from out of town get an introduction like this?

I wish that someone would tell me what the purpose of the rally committee is? I had some vague idea that they were to foster school spirit and assist in the management of athletic and cultural activities, but after their exhibition at Saturday's game I am at a loss. The majority of the handsome men and lovely women congregated down in front of the rooting section and sat or leaned upon the players' benches during almost the entire game. I will admit that the men, or some of them, helped the hard-working yell leaders during the card stunts, but even then they were very careful not to get their pretty white clothes dirty.

We believe that our plan needs no elaboration, but can stand on its own merits.

Inspiredly yours,
 JOHN VALLEAU and
 MORITZ THOMSEN

SLOPPY JOB?

To the Editor:
 As an ex-Oregon student I feel disposed to criticise the handling of yesterday's game with Oregon State college. Let it not be thought that I am

And the Battle Raged—to a Draw

OFFICIALS of two state educational institutions breathed easier last night as one of the most delicate situations in inter-campus history apparently drifted to a consequenceless conclusion.

Monday Oregon had its first successful rally in years—and it took a motorized battalion of corn-waving Staters to galvanize the long-dormant campus into action. In other words, it took Oregon State to put on Oregon's most successful rally.

After a hasty reconnaissance last night it seemed that the party of roistering Beavers and the equally enthusiastic Ducks who greeted them had suffered little from the day's activities. Injuries apparently were slight: No one seemed particularly angry and everyone seemed to have enjoyed the day, on the whole. Officials feared that relations between the two schools might be strained but as far as the students were concerned the combined "rally" and "dunking" seems to have brought the two campuses closer together.

THE events of yesterday should have satisfied the most rabid of the "old grads" who have annually protested the lack of spirit on the campus. Oregon arose to the occasion with gentlemanly decorum, if not calmly, capably gave the Beavers a plentiful dose of what they came after.

For massing together a caravan under adverse conditions—bucking an official veto of an appeal for a holiday and gathering students from Monday 8 o'clock's—to invade a "hostile" campus, OSC deserves commendation. That the Beavers do not lack enthusiasm is evident. Some may question their discretion but luck was on their side, at least as far as accidents were concerned.

Scoring for the day was about equal. State put over the rally and the University men dunked the Staters.

DESPITE the fact that the events of yesterday evidently aren't going to cause any repercussions of much importance and that the demonstration was an enthusiastic one conceived and executed in a sportsmanlike manner, it was a foolhardy move on the part of the victory-elated college men. The possibility of accident in the 45-mile trek was limitless. State laws about the number of persons riding in and on a car were shattered. And a bloody riot on the campus might well have resulted—probably would have had not both student groups exhibited so much friendliness.

Perhaps the Staters believed, as does Japan, that they were "defending" the Oregon State campus with an aggressive policy.

All the "danger" in the situation has not yet blown over. Though both campuses are in the main satisfied with the results of the "warfare" and no further attack or retaliation is planned, the actions of small, irresponsible marauding bands might cause the bad feeling which so far has been avoided.

PLAINLY the incident of Monday had possibilities for both good and evil. The ties between the state's big schools could be strengthened by an annual University and College get together, scheduled and planned—say for the Sunday after or the Friday before the big game.

This might very well be held at Benton-Lane, halfway between Eugene and Corvallis. Supervised and planned and with dancing and other entertainment possible, it would make a fine pre-game rally or after-game celebration. It would, if properly managed, involve little of the dangers of yesterday's incident. Its possibilities for drawing the student bodies together are limitless.

Besides, maybe Oregon could pick up some pointers on how to conduct a rally—and give the Beavers an annual bath.

Strange Land

By WERNER ASENDORF

THE SCENE IS BERLIN in 1932. A big throng of students is gathered on the place before the university. Faces are excited and uplifted towards a speaker standing on a truck. Accusations are shouted against the Treaty of Versailles. Suddenly the police appear. Heavy clubs beat down on undergraduates and professors equally. A wild chase begins through the buildings of the university. Whenever a student gets caught he suffers the night of a strong policeman to the full extent of the law. That is the picture of a political riot on the grounds of one of the finest institutions for higher education.

Those who were present at that time felt they were being treated with injustice. They believed that the police were nothing else but the executives of a foreign power. They believed that the Treaty of Versailles was the reason for need and unemployment among academicians.

Only political reasons like

crowd, but the majority of their faces reminded one of female fallbearers on their day off.

Why not try and figure out something definite for them to do by the next game? I think they mean well and would work hard if given the chance.

One more point. It was not very smart to put the Oregon State rooting section 'way down in the corner of the field and behind the goal posts. I'll admit that it happened that that end of the field saw most of the action, but after all, that was because of the flip of a coin. Were not the Oregon State students the guest of the University and shouldn't the guests have the best seats in the house?

Where do you think the Oregon rooting section will be at the game next year in Corvallis?

I hope that offense will not be taken from these remarks, as I really meant them for the good of the school.

STUART MOCKFORD.

FOR SILENT SERVICE

To the Editor:
 It is high time that Oregon students rose en masse and demanded their rights. Their rights that are being ruthlessly trampled on by the attendants in the east wing reserve department of the library. After spending an hour there trying to study, I came away with an impression of ceaseless small talk, grunts, gooney laughter and untuneful whistling, all emanating from the glass monkey house at the side.

The library was intended for study, but under the above conditions it takes supreme concentration to learn that one and one makes two.

Yours for deaf and dumb library attendants,
 HAMILTON KENNEDY II

that could haul them away from "cracking books." And it was no fun either.

THE PICTURE OF such a demonstration of politically aflamed youth was recalled to me today when I saw the rally and exciting scenes of the Oregon vs. Oregon State incident. I didn't then think with pleasure of those years passed by which, so I hope, will never reappear in Germany.

I thought with a more than slight sadness about years passed by, full of political fighting instead of being carefree and loaded with fun.

In other words I envied you. I was deeply envious of your kind of college life. It may be wild but it is happy. Even though many of you have to work yourselves through college

you do not have to feel it necessary to fight for the freedom of the nation. Maybe we made a mistake in thinking so. Maybe our youth in being political through and through. I cannot get those years back now.

I hope that my children have more fun and less politics of such an unpleasant nature as we had in our time. And I believe that every American college boy should be extremely glad of having the chances he has.

Without trying to be polite or dishonest—I believe that the American youth should do its best to hold the present standard of carefree fun and solid education by fighting for traditional American democracy, which should mean to you what freedom meant to us—everything.

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