

# From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

One of the most inspired pranks of this and many seasons comes to our ears, concerning no less formidable person than the many-monickered Edward Christian Lesch.

Dr. Lesch (to whom, incidentally, journalism students are anathema) has, it would seem, a deep and abiding dislike for the works of one Don Blanding, poet. In fact, to put it more vividly, Lesch's soul, steeped in the glories of English literature and fed upon the gems of Shakespeare, writhes in horror at the mere mention of Blanding's name.

All of which might be merely one of Dr. Lesch's own peculiar dislikes (like the way he feels about journalists) and remain forever unknown, but for the fact that not so long ago Don Blanding himself came to Eugene, to appear at Washburne's store, and autograph the Blanding works for his admirers.

The plot thickened considerably when one of Dr. Lesch's feminine students and a willing accomplice, jolly girls both, who love a good laugh and know how to get it, came to know of the dislike of Lesch's. The pounced upon it with glee, and immediately The Plan began to formulate in their inventive minds. And what a Plan it was!

Laying the groundwork, one of the girls called Dr. Lesch up, announced that she was Miss Griffith, of Washburne's store, sweetly told him she had heard he was a great admirer of Blanding's works, and would he like to come to a cocktail party that was being given for the poet, and bring his poetry book for Blanding to autograph. Lesch, who is not a man to use soft words at such a time, stated in no uncertain terms that he abominated Blanding, that he wouldn't walk across the street to see him, and besides, the babies were crying and he wanted to hang up. "Do you like him?" he roared. "Yes," replied the caller primly, "we think he's pretty good down here."

Not so long after, the two girls by the merest chance happened to be walking by Dr. Lesch's office, and, quite opportunely, the door was open and no one was in. They wandered into the room and lo and behold, there upon Dr. Lesch's desk was his appointment book, lying temptingly open. Inspiration again seized them and with girlish giggles echoing throughout the room they sat down, filled out the book for several days in advance in this fashion, 1:30—lunch with Blanding; 4:30—cocktails with Blanding; 6:30—dinner with Blanding, etc. Then they fled.

That wasn't all, however, for not so long after that Emerald readers noticed a little item in the paper announcing that Dr. Lesch was giving a dinner for Don Blanding. Dr. Lesch noticed it, too, and as you've probably already guessed, Dr. Lesch was definitely not giving a dinner for Don Blanding, and the thing was beginning to get him.

It wasn't too difficult to trace the story to the two happy girls, who laughed and laughed because they knew Dr. Lesch never would give a dinner for Don Blanding, under ANY circumstances.

So the story ends, with the two girls still chuckling, and Dr. Lesch developing a Blanding complex that he may never recover from.

And what we say is, we wish more people would do funny things like this.

## SIDE SHOW

By Bill Cummings and Paul Deutchmann

### National

Now that congress has more or less settled down to regular debate on the things it was called together about, the anti-lynching bill, cause of a fiery filibuster in the first few days of the session, is receding politely out of the congressional mind and the public eye. But the story behind this bill and the three score or more like it that have been introduced during the past 20 years is not by any means ended. The book was begun many decades ago and more than likely will continue for many more to come.

Legislative fight on lynchings, the social canker of our southlands, began in 1922. Then as now the filibuster was the effective means of blocking it. A Senator Alderwood of Alabama was the "filibusterer." Harking back not quite so far we find that Huey Long, also from Alabama, talked Wagner's bill of 1935 out of the senate. The next to last anti-lynch bill was introduced by Arther Mitchell, only negro in congress. Congressman Mitchell drew the support of Chicago negroes who elected him, but the bill was scuttled because of legal weakness. Then Joseph Gavagan (N.Y., Dem.) came along with the present bill in April, 1937.

After torrid debate in the house where southern representatives changed their old story about protecting southern womanhood to charges that northern legislators were attempting to pay political debts to negro constituents, the bill passed 277 to 119. North and West voted solidly for the bill, southern representatives stood in a bloc against it. Three Republicans also voted nay.

When the bill came to the senate the inevitable filibuster started rolling. Last session it was side-tracked by FDR's court plan, but a few hot words were raised. November 15 when congress reconvened and found nothing to do, the anti-lynch bill was brought up and after a few skirmishes the word battle got going in the second day of session.

Fate of the bill is probably not a happy one. As long as senators can filibuster, the southerners will block it to a man. Passage of it would amount to "losing face" with the white voters back home, to

whom race superiority and lynching are necessary evils of long standing. Legal opinions are also dour. Borah of Idaho deems it a state problem. Hattis, Texas, who heads the house judiciary committee, is sure the bill is unconstitutional.

Gavagan's bill provides for prosecution of public officers aiding or abetting in lynchings, gives federal district courts jurisdiction in cases where state courts do not prosecute or jurors are biased, and provides that the county in which the lynching or attempt took place may be sued by the person attacked or his his estate up to \$10,000.

Consideration of the bill reveals that it is doubtful whether it would be enforceable. Furthermore, if it were, it would undoubtedly create a rumbling undercurrent of ill feeling. We can realize this if we put ourselves in the southerner's place. Here he is being ruled by a law in which he had no part in passing, which his representatives attempted solidly to defeat, and which has relatively no effect on those who passed it.

If this logical reasoning were applied by the senators from below the line perhaps the enlightened north would understand. Instead, however, they have put forth fatuous and bigoted arguments. They cry, "Save southern womanhood." "The Yankees are winning the favor of their negroes at our expense," etc. The method of attacking the problem is bad on both sides.

Solution of the lynching problem is not a law, in our estimation. It goes far deeper, into the dregs of the race problem which is so difficult for us of the North and West to understand. Ben Collieran, writer for Forum, points out that "for the past 100 years the majority of these whites (poor whites) has been bred up to savage treatment and hatred of the negro. No law in congress is going to stop this overnight."

He sees hope only in education and improvement of horrible economic conditions to cure "the great southern disease of social hookworm of which lynching is only one of the symptoms." But horrified congressmen will continue their attempts every time the nation's attention is called to some particularly brutal mob murder. And the cause will go marching onto perhaps worse eventualities than the lynching of 20 every year.

# Oregon Emerald

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## The Coaching Situation

EVERY year a goodly part of the Dad's day weekend is taken up with general and committee meetings. Because Dad's day is the only time during the year that the group can be assembled as a whole, this is necessarily so, for the matters which the general meeting considers are of greatest importance to the University.

Despite the fact that the order of the day is so largely business and that no game is scheduled here because of the lateness of the season, Student Chairman Bill Cummings and his committee have prepared a weekend program which should very nicely fill in the gaps with lighter subjects. Basketball, with games Friday and Saturday, provides the sports interest and Oregon dads will see the big Green team in action in its first appearance.

Because the time the dads are on the campus is so brief, coming only once a year, the "welcome" idea of the day is heavily stressed. Dads are welcome not only during this weekend, however, but throughout the entire year; today the campus is theirs and every effort will be made to make their visit a pleasant

one as a group and individually.

THE action taken by the group which gathers this morning in general session is important and highly influential. The dads of University students are largely the men who run the state of Oregon today. A resolution from them carries great weight and when they decide the University needs something, action is assured.

Worthy of the support of the dads is Oregon's case for the extension of the facilities of radio station KOAC to Eugene. The right of the University is undeniable—it must be put into service before extension division funds budgeted to support the station can be said to be justly distributed over the state system.

Recently the Eugene group of the Oregon mothers voted to support the extension. A resolution from the fathers would make support of the proposal by two very important groups and should insure immediate consideration by the state board.

At any rate, it's an important weekend and we want to add our welcome to the dads.

## Oregon's 'Alps' Calling—of—Not Even Morons Barred

LESS than 100 miles from Eugene is to be found one of the finest winter sports areas in the United States. For skiing, the McKenzie region is on a par with more highly publicized California resorts, the Mt. Hood area, Sun Valley, and Lake Placid.

For the past few years, beginning before the Olympic winter games were held at Lake Placid, the nation has been becoming winter-sport-conscious. Skiing especially has claimed increasing hordes of enthusiasts and the fame of the McKenzie has been slowly spreading.

Unlike the other areas where dry snow is available during five to seven months of the year, the McKenzie is almost unexploited. The Obsidians' winter sports group has been working to increase interest in Eugene, and more and more University students have been turning to the McKenzie for outdoor winter recreation.

This year, working in conjunction with the Obsidians, a ski club is being formed. It will hold its first run Sunday, has already held its organizational meeting and selected its officers. The advantages which it can offer the independent skier are considerable.

GRANTED membership in a club will probably not help a fellow's skiing greatly or keep him from falling down, the organization does give the skier a much greater degree of influence for improving the conditions of the sport. The area on the south Sister which the club leaders intend eventually to use cannot yet be reached by road. If sufficient interest is evidenced, the highway department will

soon remedy this. The organization is of value mainly, however, in that it can stimulate interest among other students. There is no reason why the University should not take advantage of the natural snow playground in its backyard to become a center of this healthy and invigorating sport.

Shelters, too, with a cabin planned for the future, are convenient adjuncts to the sport which can be obtained by the club but which are far too costly for independent skiers. To the personal gain of the member the club contributes by enabling him to purchase his equipment at a discount.

FORTUNATELY, the University ski club has been formed on a democratic basis. No dues will be charged, aside from a small fee which will not exceed \$1 and which will be diverted to the purchase of arm bands and for promotion of the club.

"Anyone is physically capable of skiing and we're not even barring mental cripples," is the statement of one officer. Although no University club should be swamped with applications for membership from morons, he conveys the impression that everyone is welcome.

Each skier is expected to pay his or her own expenses—it's coeducational—and the group will "pool" rides in order to provide transportation.

The movement seems designed beautifully to take the not-too-rich but pale and under-exercised University bookworms out of the library and back to "them thar hills."

## In the Mail

To the Editor:

Pope was right, "All fools have an itching to deride, and pain would be upon the laughing. It is my contention that the "Lucky Lads" would be content with any kind of a movement, that is just as long as their names would be uttered with a kind of awe upon the tongues of other students. If my premise is right then why in the name of heaven don't they leave off heckling our coach and fight a real wrong.

This real wrong of which I speak is the encroachment of organized labor upon the freedom of any person who dares defy their least whim or caprice. Why don't these rabid hecklers their efforts to saving democracy in America by driving the banner clad gents off the streets of Eugene. How? Remember when nearly 2,000 OSC students descended upon our camp. The mill-race was the

Yours truly:  
Jim Rodman Jr.

### John Mykut to Try For Degree Today

John S. Mykut, a 1936 graduate at Oregon will take his oral preliminary exam for his master's degree in business administration this afternoon at the BA building. Mr. Mykut was enrolled last year as a graduate student and has been teaching in Springfield this campus. The mill-race was the

## Pollock's FOLLY

By BOB POLLOCK

SO THE WOLVES do howl, eh? The boys who were muzzled last year, talked into giving Callison a "last chance," have broken the leash and seem to be hot on the trail of Prince Gary's hide.

Whether or not they'll get it is a bit uncertain. Probably a lot of students share with this department a feeling of increasing weariness at the repeated skunkings Oregon has taken in the past few years. All of them, certainly, have heard that there is little team spirit, little cooperation between Callison and the boys who get their scholarships paid for pushing the pigskin around. How true this is, apparently no one knows.

SOMETIME ALONG about the first of January, the hiring and firing—if any—will be done. It is fairly common knowledge that a good many of the citizens who have the final say in such matters think our present coaching system is as sacred as the Nine Old Men. A few of them may have been alienated by Southern Cal., OSC, et al, but most of them change their minds slowly once an opinion has set in.

If Prince Gary does go down the road—probably toward San Francisco and its publicity-hungry "U"—who is the gent to

step into his beleaguered brogans? Johnny "The Horse" Warren has been mentioned, but they tell me the thumb is down on him because of sad experience with mentors who had hustling frosh teams and didn't ring the well-known bell when they were upped.

I ALSO HEAR whispers of the Iron Mike, Mikulak himself, as a successor. I personally would be inclined to exercise my vocal chords considerably in this direction, except for the fact that the "Mick" is still a bit of a freshman to shove in against Howard Jones, Jimmy Phelan and the rest of the toughened warriors. The Iron one should not be left on the shelf so long that oxidation—rust to you—sets in, but the time just ain't ripe, folks.

Besides that—why not a new face? Not a ten thousand-buck sour puss like the unlamented Doc Spears, but a lad with something on the ball. If the wolves get Phelan at Seattle, Oregon would be a very fine place for him to set the Missus up in housekeeping.

Oh, well, the wolves have not fed as yet—but they may. This coaching racket is not one for a gent with a weak heart, it would seem.

## Harp Ensemble Appears Sunday At Local Theater

Brandon Young, senior at the University of Oregon, will be first harpist in ensemble to be presented at the McDonald theater Sunday evening, December 5.

Miss Young, a member of several musical organizations and various honoraries, is a major in the school of music, and a student of Mrs. Doris Helen Calkins, who will direct the ensemble.

Other members of the ensemble will be Mildred Thompson, Alene King, Lorena Hornshuh, Esther Palmer Day, Catherine Carson Barsch, and Maxine Canning.

The harp ensemble will also be presented at the University music auditorium Tuesday evening, December 7.

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## Campus Calendar

Extra nurses have been added to the infirmary staff temporarily to take care of the large numbers of patients that have been admitted to the hospital. The eighteen patients registered yesterday were: Dr. Fred Miller, Jim Griffin, Charlotte Parr, Thelma Bouchet, Illa Putnam, Gladys Battleson, Richard Reum, Adelaide Zweifel, Florence Daniels, Russel Guinn, Howard Allen, David Douglas, Martin Bogdonovich, Henry Searing, Devin Stanton, Everett McNeely, and Wendell Bartholomew.

House managers will hold their regular meeting Tuesday night at 6 o'clock in the Phi Gamma Delta house.

Helen Withrow, freshman in the University, was transferred to the Sacred Heart hospital yesterday noon when it was feared that she would have to be operated on for appendicitis.

The housing department requests that all students who intend to keep their same housing arrangements next term call at the dean of women's office for their housing approval cards before leaving school. This will facilitate registration for next term.

Dr. Fred Miller, infirmary staff doctor, who has been ill in the University hospital for the past few days was reported as improving. He is under the care of Dr. Ronald Romig, also a member of the physician staff.

Woodrow Truax, secretary of the University ski club announced yesterday, that any students interest-

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