

Igoe's First Primer for Libe Visitors--Apologies to McGuffey

Our impressions, with apologies to McGuffey's reader, of a Sunday visit to the library, written while we squirm under the scrutiny of a horde of those pests, the Sunday visitors. Their pleasant, slightly stupid stares give us a mental image of how the monkeys at the zoo must feel about the funny people who come to look at the funny animals.

"Oh, look at that building! How large it is! It is built of bricks, is it not?"

"Yes, indeed it is. Many bricks. More bricks than we would care to shake a stick at. It is large, is it not?"

"My, what a fine building it is! What a lot of money it must have cost!"

"Yes, it is fine. And it did cost a lot of money. It cost fifty grand, in fact."

"Fifty grand? Gracious! Oh, what is this?"

"That is a pool. In the rainy season the pool contains water. Someday it may even contain fish. The pool is not finished yet. Something about money, I believe. In the rainy season it is not so bad except for the scum that gathers on top. It will really be rather a nice pool sometime when there is more money."

"A pool. Well!"

"See the trees and shrubs. Are they not pretty?"

"Oh, yes, they are pretty. Er—there will be grass, of course?"

"Hmmm?—Grass? Well,—ah, hmmm—er—see the nice terrace!"

"Look at the little boxes sticking out on the second floor. How small they are! How strange they look!"

"Ha, ha! Those are not boxes. Those are balconies."

"Balconies. Well!"

"The students smoke on them."

"Many students?"

"Well, no, not many. Er, shall we go in?"

"Oh, see the beautiful entrance halls! See the lovely wrought iron gates! Are they not elegant?"

"Well, we like them. Here we have the browsing room."

"A browsing room! Well!"

"The students browse here."

"Browse. Well! Look at the chairs. What a strange color they are! See, they are pink. But there are only two of them. Oh, what has that boy got his feet on?"

"That is one of the new chairs, too."

"Why doesn't someone sit in it?"

"Because they would rather stand around and wait for the boy to get out of the pink chair."

"Oh, what is that? It sounds like someone snoring!"

"Er, do see the nice circulation desk!"

"How lovely it is. Where are the attendants?"

"The what? Oh, the attendants. Well, er, ah, hmmm—shall we go upstairs?"

"Oh, what is this room?"

"This is the upper division reading room."

"Why is it called the upper division reading room?"

"Why? Oh, well, ah, hmmm—this is the open shelf reserve."

"What are those strange things in the doors?"

"Those are turnstiles. Would you like to go through them?"

"It is fun, isn't it? Shall we go back now? Oh, what is the matter here? I cannot get back through."

"We have to go out through the other door. This turnstile spins only one way."

"It does? Well, for pity's sake! Oh, look at the staircase. Where does the staircase lead?"

"The staircase leads to the third floor."

"The third floor! I hadn't heard of a third floor!"

"Oh, yes indeed. There is a third floor! There are rooms there."

"Rooms. Well! What is in the rooms?"

"Well, ah—shall we go see?"

"Oh, let's! Why, they are empty, aren't they?"

"They seem to be."

"And all of them are locked."

"So they are!"

"What are the empty rooms used for?"

"We do not use them. We keep them locked. If we didn't the students would go in and smoke."

"But why do not the students go on the balconies to smoke?"

"They would, but when they go out on the balconies they must close the doors. The doors lock behind them, and they cannot get back in. They must beat on them and create a disturbance. It is very embarrassing."

"Why do not they go onto the terrace?"

"Oh, it is so far."

"It is really a very lovely library. Where are the books?"

"The books are in the stacks."

"How do you find them?"

"You look them up in the card catalog."

"Doesn't it take a great deal of time?"

"Oh, yes, but we do not mind waiting."

"Well, it is certainly a fine library. You must be very proud of it."

"Indeed we are."

"Er, one more question. What are all those boys and girls doing?"

"They are studying."

"Studying? Well!"

Side Show

Edited by . . .

PAUL DEUTSCHMANN, National.

BILL CUMMINGS, Local.

By ROBERT E. POLLOCK

Every morning I get up early and descend to the den. There, if my brothers have not preceded me, I read the morning paper. It always has such an interesting front page. There are always one or two top heads about Germany demanding new territories, Mussolini seeking a place in the sun, Japan working over China. From what I read I conclude that these three buccaners all want one thing—colonies.

Then I discuss the matter with such of my brethren as I can entice away from L'il Abner. Usually the consensus of the discussion is this: "Somebody oughta slap hell out of Hitler or Mussolini or Japan. Just look at what they're doing to the helpless Ethiopians, the unfortunate Chinese, etc. . . ."

And always they shout me down when I try to argue with them. Why, any fool would know that Mussolini and Co. are all in the wrong, that they

ain't gentlemen, and that they make their own rules which is not cricket.

The trouble with most of us, friends, is that we don't read history. We don't take the trouble to realize that Signor Benito and Herr Adolph learned their present nasty tricks from exceedingly able instructors—namely and to wit, the United States of America and Great Britain.

John Gunther in "Inside Europe" relates the fact that Great Britain fought, from 1788 to 1925, twenty campaigns or wars to keep the route to India open. (Not that the Indians gave a darn. All 320,000,000 of them would be only too happy if the British lion would get hydrophobia and go off and die.)

In addition, Gunther says, the British "intrigued" in Egypt—they're scared stiff Benito is doing that now—annexed Aden invaded Abyssinia—they almost went to war to keep Mussolini from doing the same thing—penetrated Persia and joined the Turks against Russia in the Crimean war."

During all this period the United States—which has never fought a war of aggression my sixth grade history used to tell me—was busy doing a little pirating itself. We took a whack at Mexico and withdrew leaving a good many Mexicans departed to consult such gods as they had believed in. But we didn't with-

draw until we had hooked onto Texas and other sizable strips of terra firma.

I'll skip the Civil war—and go on to the Spanish-American imbroglio.

From what I read we fought that war to make New York safe for the circulation of Bill Hearst's prize rag. (There seems to be evidence to indicate that the Spaniards were ready to grant all of our demands—which we hadn't much right to make in the first place—long before Teddy Roosevelt galloped up San Juan hill and into the White House to bust trusts instead of Spaniards.)

All of which brings us down to the present—I'll skip the Great War because all we did was get mad and fight and come home again so we could get mad and fight all over again. Right now Uncle Sam and John Bull are at the age where their joints creak a bit every time they bend over to pick up new territory or defend what they've got. So we are getting out of the Philippines, thus not provoking that impudent little brown man, Japan, into taking a poke at our ageing puss. Britain shows her years and desire to keep out of active combat—though she's still young as far as making money is concerned—by making a deal with Hitler who is one of the world's strong young men.

What is to be done about it all? Will the world's democracies keep sacrificing prestige and colonies for cash and security or will they get together and put down the rising nationalist states—Germany, Italy, and Japan? It's no use pretending that they're breaking the rules of international decency—we made those rules of international decency—we made those rules after we'd accumulated our stake.

From a purely selfish view it might be a smart idea if the United States heeded George Washington and kept away Europe. As far as this country being attacked within its present territories goes, the risk is negligible. About all that could happen is that Italy and Germany might come into South America and rip the dusty Monroe doctrine into shreds right under our astonished noses. In that case we probably would get mad enough to fight—and we might win.

Or we can take another position. We can line the world up on two sides of a fence—democracy on one side with Soviet Russia for assistance in case they ever get their internal beefs settled, and fascism on the other. We can not only carry a big stick but we can speak loudly telling Benito and Adolph, "thus far and no farther or teacher will lambast the

daylights out of his prodigal pupils."

This means war because Adolph and Benito, having made their brags, dare not back down.

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