

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Keep Out the Dogs

THE University of Oregon campus is going to the dogs. In increasing numbers the four-footed noise makers have been taking over every rally, every athletic contest, and almost every class. They have sneaked in refusing to pay and ignoring the clutches of a number of ticket takers hired to keep them out.

For the most part the dogs have been coaxed or helped in by some student. These self-appointed dog lovers have taken it upon themselves to get their house pet into the event—have done this although they know the dogs have no place there.

There have always been a great many dogs running around the campus. In fact that is one of the things old grads expect to see when they return. Dogs are fine pets and no one objects to them when they are kept at home, but they have no place at assemblies or other events.

AT the ASUO rally assembly Monday the dogs kept up a constant barrage, so much so, that Coach Tex Oliver was forced to recognize the canine audience. It showed poor consideration for him and for the other speakers upon the part of the students who brought the dogs there.

Even at the basketball games officials are kept busy herding dogs.

The athletic department has done all they can to keep the dogs out. They have even hired four dog catchers—students paid to keep the dogs out. Yet they seem to be getting nowhere, mainly because someone has let, or called, the dog back in each time he was put out.

If houses must parade their dogs before the student body perhaps the ASUO should, as Tex Oliver says, have a dog show. But until that time the dog lovers would earn the gratitude of all if they would leave their pet in that little shelter marked "Fido."

Look at the Queens

SHADES of Cleopatra! A fellow just can't get around this campus any more but what he meets a queen of something or other. It seems as if every special weekend, every dance of the school year, and any other campus event must have its own queen.

Originally there was just one queen every year—the junior weekend queen. Then we had a Little Colonel. Well, that wasn't so bad. But now we have to put up with Daisy Maes, Betty Coeds, law school weekend queens, and ideal couples. Oh sure, we know that they aren't all called queens. They're called Daisy Maes or Betty Coeds instead but it's all the same.

WE admit that it is probably good publicity for a dance to elect some coed a special queen for the affair and announce the winner at the hop. But we'd like to point out that any good publicity stunt, if it is used too much, loses its effectiveness. And students will soon come to the point where they won't be "slickered" into going to every dance on the campus because the election of a queen for the affair is to be announced.

It is rapidly coming to the point where the election of queens for campus social events will approach the heights of the ridiculous. Before long students won't even be able to hold their own house dances without electing a queen. Soon the campus slogan will be, "Every coed a queen." Well, perhaps that is a little far-fetched but it would seem to be the eventual result of all this "queen electing."

Won't someone please give us a dance without a queen? —H.O.

A Big Order

DEAR Santa: I hope you won't mind my sending this letter so early, but I suppose you get in a frightful rush later on and I would like for you to be sure to see this.

I wish you'd do something about 1941. I have thought the matter over rather seriously, and it seems that there is no one else I can turn to. People have been tinkering with the situation without getting anywhere. Nobody does anything. They just let things happen.

In the first place, do you think there will be a 1941? It looks rather doubtful sometimes, doesn't it?

There really hasn't been any sense to 1940 at all, and I should think that it bothered you the way it bothers me, you'd want to change 1941 a bit. But I'm sure you'll do the best you can.

Thank you, Santa Claus. Sincerely, P.E.

P.S. If you'll fix these things up, I'll take the ice skates off my list.

The blue ribbon for real planning this week goes to the AWS heads who scheduled their assembly and auction for the same time.

"Flu Germs Postpone Dance," says an Emerald head. . . . A new name for the sophomores?

The Emerald was in error—one law school student did attend the ASUO rally assembly Monday.

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A Line or Two

By WEN BROOKS

The Sunday New York Times features a column in its amusement section titled "From Below the Equator" which carries bits of color and amusement news from the Latin American republics. The column on November 24 was devoted to pictures then showing in Rio de Janeiro (where most folks, of course, speak Portuguese).

According to the writer, American movies are the favorites there. English newsreels are applauded, most Portuguese being pro-American and pro-English in spirit . . . but at the same time, there is no hissing of German pictures.

The writer pointed out that Brazil's president, Getulio Vargas, realizes he must keep his country neutral, especially since it is nearer to Germany and Italy than Britain or the United States. Incidentally, Vargas seems to come in for his share of the celluloid in newsreels . . . if anything, outdoing our own Mr. LaGuardia in this respect.

It's All in a Name

One American film playing at the time in Rio, literally translated, was titled "The Wind Took It." Back here we remember the picture as one starring a Mr. Gable and one Miss Leigh, namely, "Gone With the Wind."

While on Latin America . . . a quip from Robert Quillen's paragraphs (featured in the Raleigh, N. C., News and Observer): "No wonder Latin Americans don't understand our democracy. The losing candidate up here needn't keep running after the race is over."

Can't Beat Irish

You can't beat the Irish for story telling. The Irish would simply say, "You can't beat the Irish!" At any rate, The Wall Street Journal recently told of the Irishman who had been with the B.E.F. at Dunkerque. In recounting his narrow escape, Pat said, "The bullet went in me chest and came out me back."

"But," his friend protested, "it would have gone through your heart and killed you!" "Me heart was in me mouth at the time," came the quick reply.

He Got It

Another story credited to the Patricks (Your Life Magazine) is that of the Irishman who walked into the office of the late J. T. Harahan, president of the Illinois Central railroad, and said, "My name's Casey. I want a pass to St. Louis. I work in the yards."

"That's no way to ask for a pass," Mr. Harahan retorted. "You should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try it over again."

At the end of the hour Casey returned, hat in hand. "My name's Patrick Casey," he said. "I've been working out in the yards."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?" "You can go to hell," said Pat. "I've got a job and a pass on the Wabash."

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International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

While a British coastal town shook under a "coventrating" air attack yesterday and the Royal Air Force made a twelve-hour raid on Dusseldorf in Germany and Turin in Italy, the House of Commons in London jumped hard on a tentative peace feeler.

Three Scotch laborites introduced an amendment in the house calling for a statement of Britain's war aims and asking that peace be sought immediately, in a spirit of compromise if necessary, because "there is no certainty of a great military victory."

The move was overwhelmingly defeated, 341 to 4. Three laborites and a communist voted yes and two other backers of the move acted as vote counters and so didn't ballot.

Still Some Democracy As Clement R. Atlee, labor party leader, remarked in the course of the debate denouncing the peace move, such a proposal probably could not have been made in another warring country. In addition to indicating that Britain's situation is quite serious, and that's common knowledge, it also showed that there is still some democracy over there even in time of war.

But one wonders if the reason behind British rejection of peace feelers from Portugal, Turkey, and Pope Pius XII might not be that the English are hoping for considerably more aid from the U.S. Following the remark of Jesse Jones, federal loan administrator, that he considers Britain a "good risk" for loans, came Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau's "me too" yesterday.

Clark Is Startled

Senator Clark, Missouri isolationist, said in the senate that he was "very much startled." He demanded that congress investigate the "very large resources of the British Empire" and pointed out that Britain had never repaid the large loans from his country during the last world war.

Meanwhile in Moscow the Soviet government said that its policy toward China remains unchanged. It is a matter of record that a year ago Stalin cabled Chiang Kai-Shek expressing his wishes for "a complete victory over China's enemies."

This is significant because certain commentators, including yours truly, if I may use such

a high-sounding title, had seen a danger of Russia succumbing to Japanese overtures, figuring that the United States would go to bat all alone for China.

Russia Is Quiet

Russia is comparatively quiet these days but she now occupies the place that Britain once held. The Soviets hold the balance of power while the capitalistic world is pretty well paired off into equal sides.

Back home, we learn that the stock market is still "dominated by paralyzing uncertainties" and is drifting to a low ebb. We don't know what the gamblers are uncertain about. The way we see it this nation is heading straight into the maelstrom and should be up to its (and our) neck by summer if an armistice doesn't come first.

Two more pleasant subjects—Time flies and what do you know, little Deanna Durbin, who is now 19, is gonna get married. The lucky man is Vaughn Paul, a movie producer.

It's All Over

A mild form of flu is sweeping over the west coast. Influenza "A" they call it and it is affecting 10 to 20 per cent of the population in some areas. In San Quentin prison 215 men are hospitalized with it, in Camp Murray, about 1,400 guardsmen, and here on the Oregon campus there were 29 in the infirmary yesterday.

We were reminded of this last night when Tom Potter approached the gang at dinner and asked before he sat down, if we minded a few teeny weeny germs.

It was in 1918 that the last pandemic of influenza swept the nation, but that was influenza "B," which is supposed to be much more serious.

Ah, well-a-day. Pass the cough drops please.

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Young men and women are more curious about economic problems of marriage than about sex, or anything else, according to Prof. Homer L. J. Carter of Western Michigan State Teachers college.



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