

Nine Student Officers Climb Out on a Limb

OREGON'S ten-man executive committee deliberately landed itself on the proverbial "spot" Friday night.

It took admirable, but certainly not easy, stands. First, the committee voted to accept its right as defined in the ASUO constitution to fill vacancies on the committee rather than call a new election. Taking even a greater responsibility, they passed a resolution to the effect that they would go on record with a policy of attempting to fill the two vacant positions with men of the "same ideas about student government" as Bob Calkins and Chuck Woodruff, who were elected last spring by the support of independent students.

In choosing to fill the vacancies by appointment, the committee agreed that they would be avoiding

the strife and campus unrest which an all-out election cannot help but bring to life. No one wants to live through spring term elections twice a year.

As the first University of Oregon experiment in the "enlarged council" form of student government, this year's committee members are in even brighter limelight because they are the guinea pigs who have a chance to prove whether the enlarged committee is more truly representative of the whole campus, and better able to keep 3500 students satisfied than the old six-strong group.

IF this new exec committee can face the problem of selecting a new second vice-president and sophomore representative fairly, if they can keep

in mind that policy of replacement with men of the same ideas and ideals, if they can come satisfactorily across the first hurdle with the eyes of a student body critically watching them . . . then Oregon can be fairly certain that this year will not be a run-of-the-mill one in ASUO government.

The executive committee is off to a flying start. They have shown themselves willing to take responsibility and to attempt to cope with one of the most difficult tasks in representative government. It is their next duty to fulfill that promise to the student body when they actually settle down to study their applicants. Their interesting beginning will fall flat unless they round out their committee with men who will speak for the part of the student body whose ideas are only meagerly represented on the council at the present time.

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HELEN ANGELL, Editor FRED MAY, Business Manager
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Hal Olney, Betty Jane Biggs

Ray Schrick, Managing Editor James Thayer, Advertising Manager
Bob Frazier, News Editor

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While the Campus Slept

WHILE Oregon students basked in the summer sun, and the campus looked about as lively as a sleeping dog, the first real step was taken towards revamping the University's front yard when the Southern Pacific railroad and the state highway department completed technical arrangements for the Eugene-Springfield super highway. The plan calls for the shifting of the railroad tracks across the millrace, the construction of the super highway on the present railroad right-of-way, and the relocation of certain sections of the millrace.

The change will be a highly beneficial one from the viewpoint of the campus. No longer will Oregon professors be forced to temporarily halt their lectures to avoid competition with rumbling trains and shrieking whistles. No longer will the men who landscape our campus be forced to delay the beautification of the University's front door.

According to present plans the millrace will be altered at some point close to the campus to provide for a large basin which should aid very materially in presenting the annual Junior Weekend and canoe floats.

Oregon looks to the future through rose-colored glasses.—H.O.

For Men Only

You're a Freshman if you . . .

1. Are scared by the graveyard on the campus.
2. Smoke a pipe out of the corner of your mouth.
3. Think the gravy train belongs to the Southern Pacific.
4. Can't wait until you wear moleskins.
5. Want to be a Skull and Dagger.

You're a Sophomore if you . . .

1. Think the only thing on Skinner's Butte is a yellow "O."
2. Smoke king-sized cigarettes.
3. Think a sloppy-Joe is a badly-dressed student.
4. Think T.N.E. is some sort of an explosive.
5. Want to be a yell duke.

You're a Junior of you . . .

1. Think the only thing at Hendricks' park is a zoo.
2. Smoke Bull-Durham.
3. Wear your cords until they're blacker than coal tar at midnight during a London air raid.
4. Think a grease job has anything to do with a car.
5. Want to be a Friar.

You're a Senior if you . . .

1. Make love because you're worried about the draft.
2. Smoke anything you can bum.
3. Wear anything, and very little of that.
4. Don't think.
5. Refuse to think about a job paying less than \$13.20 per week.—B.B.

Newly-appointed ASUO first vice-president Jim Frost takes over the problem of freshman class elections at Thursday night's second frosh class fray. Election will be held next week.

FDR Strikes Another 'Can't' From His Political Vocabulary

By GENE BROWN

"Seated comfortably behind a massive desk, dressed in a light seersucker suit, a mourning-armband for his mother on his sleeve, speaking in a low, grave tone, without histrionics, and with little dramatic emphasis, F.D.R. declared WAR on Herr Hitler and his household."

Franklin didn't say "war." Franklin ordered the United States army and navy to crush a rattlesnake. If he had said "War" the American people would know exactly where they stood. But war is a horrible word. War means "shot and shell" "blood and pain," "fear and sorrow." War means that next year the fraternities will have to rush harder because there will be few if any fellows back. War means that the happy, care-free, liberal college student will be a hopeless, regimented robot. War, win or lose, means that America, the last and only great stronghold of peace, justice, and democracy in the world will be a hollow monument to the vaunted courage and egotism of a propaganda-conscious patriotic people. War means the subjection of right to might—the right of tolerance, independence, and freedom of choice to the might of the war god, Mars. War means a loosening of morals, a weakening of churches, a decay of democratic standards. War means a hell on earth.

To Define a Rattlesnake

But F.D.R. didn't say WAR. He said "rattlesnake." He told the Nazis that "no matter what it takes, no matter what it costs" that they should go no further. F.D.R. told the world that Uncle Sam was willing to sacrifice thousands of hundreds of thousands of vibrant, living American youths, that benevolent Uncle Sam would willingly give the food from his own mouth, the gas from his own tank, the liberties of his own family in order to crush a rattlesnake which was slowly, hesitatingly crawling through cannon-studded, tank-infested Russia; which was still making futile snaps at his healthy friend, John Bull.

Remember Him?

You remember our president; he's the democrat who couldn't be elected president, but he was; he's the man who couldn't carry every state except two in a national election, but he did; he was the man who couldn't pack the supreme court, but he did; he was the man who couldn't beat Wendell Willkie for a third term, but he did; he was the man who couldn't lead the United States into WAR, but hollow-eyed, lined-faced Franklin has done it again. He has become the pied piper of America pledged to rid the world of a rattlesnake.

In Time With the Tunes

By Ruby Jackson

For the first time in a good many years a top rate symphony orchestra is scheduled to play at the University. The man who will conduct—Sir Thomas Beecham—is acknowledged to be one of the outstanding conductors of the day. For some time he was with the London Philharmonic in Great Britain. When he comes here it will be with the Seattle Symphony, perhaps the outstanding symphony orchestra in the Northwest.

The New York Philharmonic broadcasts, which were Saturday night favorites last year, have been changed radically. In the first place, they will be broadcast on Tuesday evening. Secondly, Toscanini will no longer conduct. Leopold Stokowski will start as guest conductor of the series. In the third place, they will last but an hour, instead of an hour and a half as last year.

Toscanini, apparently disturbed by the international situation, has made no contracts or commitments for the year. It is possible that age is bothering him also. Probably he will appear as guest conductor with various orchestras from time to time throughout the year.

Ever since ASCAP put a ban on radio broadcasting of many popular pieces, writers of popular songs have been exploiting

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At Second Glance

By TED HARMON

Before shelling the pigskin thriller last Saturday noon, we think that a lot of credit should go to the somewhat scrambled radio announcer who forgot his tongue early in the broadcast. Describing the "colorful" college gathering, Mel Venter (MBS) said that "most of the Stanford rooters have shed their shirts in the hot California sun, leaving only their red and white rootercaps to be seen. The coeds have nothing on . . ." He suddenly realized what he had said and for the next two or three minutes chuckled to himself.

ODE TO MAYHEM was the musical portion of the broadcast preceding the actual game when the announcer regretted that since Mutual had no transcriptions of Oregon's college songs, the next record would be Oregon State's Alma Mammy tune.

REGISTRATION REMINDERS: The freshman who said she'd buy an athletic card if Oregon made a touchdown. Two seconds later, the portable radio at her side blared Oregon's 7 to 6 lead . . . Jim Thayer's super salesmanship by convincing a freshman that the Oregon was the world's largest yearbook, and then stated that most of it would be in lithograph this year. "Gee," muttered the freshman, "I'll take one . . . you bet!" . . . the fact that there were actually registrees fooled by the recurrence of "staff" in so many classes . . . Kwamas charging a nickel for a doughnut, a penny for a book of matches advertising Coca-cola . . . the rush of students to get into Spanish classes while the German department suffered a temporary slump . . . muy bien.

BY THE DORM'S EARLY LIGHT: Frances Oliver, Susie, taking over Norm Angell's car while he goes into the Army air corps . . . the serenades the gals get nightly from passing Dormen on their way home.

MUSINGS AT MIDNIGHT: Yvonne Torgler, Alpha O, and Don Barker, Phi Psi, have seemingly patched up the torn and ragged edges of summer misunderstandings and are going steady again . . . Alpha Chi Milodene Goss, who swears on a stack of Alpha Chi bibles that she's "gwine to be true to the one she left behind" this year . . . Tri-Delt Jean Frideger at the Hello dance with ex-flame Aubrey Cromwell while ex-sports editor Ken Christianson was representing the Emerald at the Stanford game . . . ADPI's Marilyn Marshall as a first-rate comedienne . . . Kappa's Dottie Haven is

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