

It's Another Typical Victory For Oregon's Unique Brand Of Political Justice, As Card Hopes Fade

(An Editorial)

WHAT looked yesterday morning like some sort of a new deal in politics turned out by nightfall to be a rather undisguised ruse for another typical Oregon political conflagration.

A freshman class "by-laws" committee, made up of two Greeks and two independents, met with ASUO President Lou Torgeson, who accepted the task of keeping peace in the freshman family in lieu of newly-elected First Vice-President Jim Frost whose job it has traditionally been to handle unorganized class assemblies. The committee made history when it went on record as wholeheartedly recommending that this class of '45 use the free class card plan. They agreed that Oregon freshmen this year should have a vote without a "poll tax."

BUT before the class had time to decide for itself, two members of the committee were drafted to run for offices. Turning tail on the policies they had just endorsed, these two frosh class members enlisted support in opposition to the free vote card as a phase of their nomination campaign.

It is not the policy of the 1941-42 Emerald to endorse or condemn any candidate for of-

fice. Certainly any of the candidates proposed are capable of handling the offices set up. It is not the candidates that are questionable, but the unusual manner in which these two Greek candidates publicly backed the theory of equal representation, and privately had to oppose it because of pressure.

ONE cannot help but wonder too at the unusual manner in which the meeting was organized. Not until 7 o'clock were most of the independent organizations, whose groups are of course not as close-knit as a Greek bond, notified that the meeting had been moved to Villard hall. At least three such groups indicated last night that they had no chance to provide a representation at the meeting.

It is with a sense of futility that there comes again a realization that an ideal about test tube experiments in more democratic class politics has come to its usual end before the onslaught of campus "justice" at Oregon. Another group of persons who on their own showed enthusiasm for cleaner methods of handling their self-government, has under pressure "broken faith" with those they represented.

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Behind The Front Lines

BEHIND the lines of every battling platoon is another line of defense that inspires and aids the heroes in the front trenches.

Another AEF is still a future dread. But as fellows are called from their work or their college haunts to live the routine of a soldier for a year, women are already carving their niche as comforters of the troops.

Sacrifices such as giving up their campus life or nipping the bud of a future career are not demanded of the women. Yet there is an active place in building up the morale of their former co-worker or classmate by interest and appreciation of their work.

LAST year, before the war was so close to the United States, Oregon's coeds, through AWS, sent with their sympathies endowment for three hospital beds to London; funds more than ever before raised in WSSF; used garments for Bundles for Britain and China Relief; and a silver tea was held in conjunction with the Red Cross.

Aid to soldiers and the oppressed is even of greater importance to the campus this year with more attention centered on our own boys in uniform.

One of the first projects of this year is being sponsored by the heads of houses with the assistance of the Lane county Red Cross.

It will be the manufacturing of approximately 800 sewing kits in the rooms of dorm, co-op, and sorority women on the campus for soldiers and sailors.

It will take little time for the most active of the "activity girl" to stitch the little blue cover and insert the thread, needle, and pins but that small offering will tell the men of olive drab or sailor-blue, that their girl friends at home are "in there pitching."—B.J.B.

It doesn't take much of a stretch of memory to recall the day when Oregon rooters weren't permitted the impropriety of even one drum majorette for football games. And after tonight's half time contest there'll be four.

In Time With the Tunes

By RUBY JACKSON

For the benefit of freshmen who have never attended any concerts on this campus before, it has been suggested that this column review a few of the do's and don'ts followed by concertgoers.

First and most important comes the question of wooden shoes. Dick Williams, educational activities manager, has been heard to declare himself most emphatically on this point, and it seems now that wooden shoes won't even be allowed at the concerts this year. They caused too much trouble last year.

Another feature of the concert series that always causes trouble and grief is the intermission period. There almost always is one, and usually it lasts from five to ten minutes. If you go out in the halls during intermission, be sure to get back in before the artist is in the middle of his first number. It is very hard on you and your fellow students if you come in after the lights have gone down and have to climb over rows and rows of annoyed students to your seat at the top of the bleachers. Avoid this and similar difficulties by getting back to your seat early.

Place for Everything

And then there are coke bottles. Anyone who has ever heard good music punctuated with the crash of empty coke bottles being dropped from the bleachers knows what a ghastly noise results. Cokes should be drunk out in the hall, and the bottles left there.

Last year a lot of criticism arose when students took up the practice of getting up and walking out of concerts right in the middle of a selection. Considerate fellows and girls won't do this, but there are always a few who will. If it is necessary to leave, or if you don't care for the music, wait until intermission or at

An Open . . . and Shut . . . Letter

DEAR Mr. Lindbergh:

This is a little note to put you straight on several things on which you are apparently somewhat misinformed.

Most of us were just about old enough to stumble over the headlines of a newspaper when a daring young man streaked across the Atlantic ocean in an infant airplane without fancy trimmings. You, the intrepid "Lindy," and that "Spirit of St. Louis," captured our hearts, illuminated our ideals, and fired our hopes.

We showered you with bits of newspaper torn with stubby fingers, and we chased you for autographs, and we hung on to your car as you passed through our cities.

Years later we mourned with you over the loss of your little boy, and we cursed the rats who snatched him from you.

WE tried to understand when you left America . . . you were bitter . . . we tried to understand the pain. We overlooked the fact you took a medal from the Nazi government, a government and a ruler with aims directly opposed to those hopes, those ambitions, and those ideals.

But now, Mr. Lindbergh, it's time we tell you how we feel about your speeches, and your "America Last" buddies, and your attempts to save the youth of America, us, from the "war-mongers."

Since the time we were old enough to understand, Mr. Lindbergh, we've been taught to hate war. We've been told time after time that guns settled nothing, that hate, and blood, and strife were the bane of mankind.

We've been impregnated with the anti-war toxin by our parents, by our teachers: by the man on the soapbox and by the minister from his pulpit.

WE'VE been met with the fatality statistics, we've been confronted with the financial losses, we've been shocked by the miseries—war, we learned, was so terrible that hell was in comparison a peaceful picnic outing.

All this, Mr. Lindbergh, and yet today we are ready . . . for the blood, and the misery, and the muck. No one has needed to appeal to our emotions; no one has needed to play patriotic anthems; no one has needed to draw any curtains over our eyes. You see, Mr. Lindbergh, much as we hate war, much as we loathe guns and tanks and poison gas, much as we detest fighting and much as we are scared to die . . .

WE love even more, some things that didn't have to be taught by others—or learned by us . . . liberty, freedom, life. By that we mean the millrace in the springtime with a canoe and coed; the football games in the fall with the colorful mums and lots of fur coats; the camaraderie of bull sessions; the skipping of classes; the painting of the "O"; the law school wisecracks; the juniors' canoe fete; the sophomores' whiskerino; the mortar board dance; the classes, the lectures, and the lessons.

These and lots of others depend on reestablishing things the way they were, Mr. Lindbergh, before a rattlesnake sank his fangs into a crazed country across the water then started spreading his poison.

You think this poison only what the recipients—in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, in Finland, in Norway, in Belgium, in the Netherlands, in France, and in England—deserve. You don't think we need worry. You don't think we need have an antidote ready.

Maybe you're right, Mr. Lindbergh.

But we want to make sure that rattlesnake doesn't scatter his venom too far. That's why we're getting ready.

War is exerceiating hell, Mr. Lindbergh, or ex-hero.

But there are some things worse . . .—B.B.

Trade Last

By MARY WOLF

Following the example of many other United States organizations the Social Service Council of UCLA is instituting a program for draftees on the California campus this year. Besides entertaining the army near the university, the Council is attempting

a project for housing fraternity men in local chapters of their order during leaves. Last weekend some 250 draftees were guests on the campus.

The loudspeaker is a tool of tyranny. It enables you to force yourself upon people when you lack the merit to attract them. Austin American.

least until the number is finished.

A final word about what to wear to concerts.—Hats are not necessary for girls, nor are high heels and silk dresses. It is quite proper to wear school clothes, and the majority usually do.

Most of all, the people attending the concert are there to listen to the music, and not to you, so comments on the artist are still good when saved until intermission or after each number.

Room and board for \$28 a month—that's how the 17 members of Stanford's first cooperative are financing college. Unique in farm history, the Walter Thompson Cooperative house was founded last spring quarter by 14 self-supporting students as a non-profit, self-governing home. —Stanford Daily.