

Appeasement Not in Hitler's Nazi Dictionary

By W. E. H.

Many students, and a few of the writers for this daily newspaper, are passionately endorsing a pacifist attitude.

These earnest ones have seen the motion picture "All Quiet on the Western Front," read Walter Millis, and listened to a disillusioned generation of parents and educators exhort them on the futility of fighting.

Pacifism. A beautiful word and heart-stirring theory. Pacifism—the settlement of international disputes by arbitration.

Splendid. But sadly, we have one-half the world willing to arbitrate, and the other half vociferously asserting they are the master races; by the grace of God, the rising sun, and der fuhrer.

Austria learned that arbitration with such sanctified forces meant submission. The list has been growing steadily since then.

A favorite argument of the pacifist minded is that Hitler can be appeased. Czechoslovakia refutes the claim. Another argument; why should we fight? Why should we aid Britain? Why not build our own defenses and sit tight. Hitler cannot and does not want to fight us. The South American record of Nazi activities indicates that the Nazis are not over here for a "strength through joy" holiday.

Recently our erudite Dr. Donald Erb endorsed an advertisement of the Fight for Freedom committee. The headline of the advertisement was: "Help Us Blast Hitlerism and Ostrich-ism." Further he endorsed, "any action toward the end of defeating Hitler."

Dr. Donald Erb examined his conscience deeply before he endorsed such statements. His record is one of consistent cognizance of the gravity of his responsibilities.

His endorsement is not one of a radical, a hysteric, a munition maker; it is, rather, the endorsement of a plan of action by a fine mind, by a brave and resourceful leader with full knowledge of his grave responsibilities connected with such utterances.

When we speak glibly of pacifism, the protection of freedom, truth, justice, democracy by appeasement with the forces of fury, let us remember: the meaning of the word pacifism, the record of those we must apply that meaning to, and last 14 examine the thoughts and beliefs of brilliant leaders like Dr. Erb, whose primary concern is TRUTH.

P.S.: Odd moment conjecture—is the naval battle reported off the coast of Brazil one of our "kill the rattlesnake" tangles?

Greek House Bomb Becomes a 'Dud' As Educational Activities Department Refuses IFC Homecoming Ultimatum

(An Editorial)

THE interfraternity council was still nursing its persecution complex last night. The educational activities board's decision to refuse the IFC demand for approximately \$1200 as persuasion money for Homecoming cooperation remained unchanged with little chance for reversal of the decision. There was much talking, but a deadlock remained.

It is obvious that the educational activities board does not have a stray \$1200 in its Homecoming budget with which to enlist fraternity support in a campus venture. Homecoming is largely a field day for Greeks . . . because it is their opportunity to entertain the alumni of their chapters, and enlist their support of the chapter's social, financial, and pledging ventures. Although Homecoming is certainly an all-University fete, it reaps special benefits to sororities and fraternities.

Overlooking the fact that Homecoming is to Greek benefit, one can sympathize with the IFC complaint on handling of last year's torch problem with such short notice and no immediate reimbursement. But educational activities heads declare that the accounts have now been paid, and have apologized for the delay.

THAT the council should have expressed dissatisfaction with last year's system is only right. But it is doubtful if they were justified in demanding \$25 for each house as

payment for cooperation in an all-school function this year.

The argument that "living costs have increased," and economy measures must be enforced is plausible, although the situation in most fraternities is not really acute yet. Several members admit they never expected to get the \$25, but only to awaken the administration to their dissatisfaction with the past arrangement.

The general conclusion, then, seems to be that it is not the actual demands that causes such a furor, but the manner in which the "ultimatum" was handled. It is seldom that anyone, except perhaps a few men like Adolf or Napoleon, really get any place by demanding. Mediation is an approved method of democratic procedure for settling grievances.

THE action of the council seems to be based on a natural desire to get themselves heard on an issue that has been ignored, but with little real consideration of the consequences: that there would be much unfavorable publicity and that the demand would go above the educational activities director.

Granted that the council had a grievance, it is logical that they would have enjoyed greater success if they had not been so hasty in their ultimatum and had talked before they acted. Theirs was not exactly an adult approach.

Two on the Aisle

By ROY METZLER

Pictures of the week: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with Spencer Tracy and Lana Turner. Although the acting in this film is highly commendable, it fell far short of expectations. For those who remembered the two earlier screen versions of Robert Louis Stevenson's thriller, the modern interpretation seemed dull. Censorship is much to blame for this lack of excitement.

"Our Wife" with Melvyn Douglas and Ruth Hussey. Columbia was obviously trying to cash in on some of the popularity aroused by "She Stayed for Breakfast" and "Second Wife." The triangle theme is used again with a slightly different setting. Several parts which drag are offset by some humorous lines of dialogue. Ruth Hussey in one of her first starring roles shows signs of a great future.

Actor of the week: In his latest film, Gary Cooper, whose salary was \$482,820 in 1939, impersonates an A.E.F. sergeant at \$44 a month. That's real acting.

Patriots of the week: Contrary to the popular belief that Hollywood is of no use to the national defense program, several top flight movie directors and technicians were called into active service with the navy. These men formed the first photography unit ever to be organized in the U. S. naval reserve. The unit has been training for a year and in active service will photograph naval maneuvers and produce shorts showing the "hows and whys" of navy methods. Director John Ford, academy award winner is an officer in the unit, and Gregg Toland, Hollywood's top photographer has charge of camera technique.

Insurance policy of the week: A new high in film insurance was set this week, when 20th Century-Fox took out a \$3,000,000 policy covering "How Green Was My Valley." The amount represents exactly double the cost of the production of the picture, but the basis on which the company was able to secure that amount of insurance was that \$3,000,000 is but a part of the loss that would be suffered if anything happened to the negative.

Merge of the week: David O. Selznick purchased a controlling share of United Artists' stock a few days ago, which brings three of Hollywood's most famous personages together as executives of the company. Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford control the remainder of United Artist stock. Watch this combination work together. The experience of Pickford and Chaplin combined with the producing genius of Selznick, should make this studio one of the best. Selznick disbanded his own company after producing two of the finest pictures ever made, "Gone With the Wind" and "Rebecca." He made enough on these pictures to live luxuriously the rest of his life.

Investigation of the week: The senate's investigation of the motion picture industry for war propaganda in current films has a sound base but seems definitely unfair. One cannot pick up any magazine, newspaper or book without war articles staring him in the face. Every best seller has a war background. The radio blares war news all day. Everyone talks war. Yet, the studios cannot make war pictures without a propaganda charge. The public demands up-to-date pictures, so war backgrounds are almost a necessity. The investigation will undoubtedly go on for some time and then fizzle out, as have other similar cases.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$1.25 per term and \$3.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

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Rain: No Sports

THE rain poured down. In the stands, rooters warm under two sweaters, a raincoat, and a lap robe made heckling the yell leaders the chief sport of the Oregon-Idaho game Friday evening.

Yell King Earle Russell uncomplainingly took a drenching from the weather and allowed his new uniform to turn into a semblance of a dirty dish rag, as he tried to keep order among members of the student body, sheltered and dry in the stands.

OF course, the fans were disappointed to be robbed of the drum major and majorette stunt planned for half time. But instead of seeing the impossibility of the program, like spoiled children they kept up their chant to see the girls perform.

The five contestants, game to the end, finally consented to "strut" their stuff despite the drizzle. Across the muddy Duck-Vandal battle ground they capered to be introduced. Then back to their seats with their gay satin uniforms ready for Bundles for Britain.

The stands still weren't satisfied and yelled for more. Rally Head Les Anderson announced in vain the contest would merely be postponed to a time when the sun would shine its blessings.

TO vent their disapproval, they continued their baby-chair act, tearing up and hurling the lemon and green cards, planned for later half-time stunts, at the rally squad and yell leaders.

With four more home games on the schedule, the rally and yell teams are uneasily making plans to add more color to the half-time wait. What they are wondering is whether the stands will grow up, will back them when the time comes, or will their carefully-budgeted dollars float back to them in torn lemon and green strips without benefit of use?

The yell leaders encourage fun and spirit in the stands. It's their job to produce it—the legitimate kind.—B.J.B.

White Lies

By WHITELY

The Sigma Delta Chi boys are having one awful time trying to pick out their choice for their latest contest exemplifying "The Perfect Type" of Oregon womanhood. So far they have been peeling their eyes with interest at all the various titled "queens" on the campus. We have Stromberry, Loganberry, Peach, Rose, Salmon, Sun Valley, Horsechestnut, Rodeo, Appleblossom and "Return to Fossil" queens at present. From the looks of things, it's going to be quite a contest to show which has the most regal ral-de-dall.

We see by one of last week's Emeralds, that a new course in "Star Gazing" has been offered to university students for the first time. This course is purely for solar beauty . . . of the heavens. Whadda yuh gonna do on cloudy nights, Professor?

With a ten inch telescope, one can see the aphids merrily playing tit tat toe on the backs of leaves a couple of miles away. If you can't look at the nebulae in Orion's belt, due to clouds . . . you can always . . . I wonder how many Pi Kaps are enrolled in this course?

The rally committee must be practicing for water skiing or else are just water dogs from way back. Friday night at the game, Jo Ann Supple was all set to backstroke her way halfway across the field at the final gun. I'd estimate that each member spent at least two bucks for cleaning bills, and then threw in an additional stone for cough concoctions. Roz Hudson and "Glammer Gail" Biggs are talking to themselves in various squeaks and hand hyroglyphics, while the rest of the members are recuperating from the outing. If things go on like this . . . having to pay to get their sweaters cleaned and stuff, and standing

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