

OREGON EMERALD

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Frosh Renaissance...

IT was a man named Petrarch who first shocked the world of the Middle Ages with the idea of doing a thing because of individual motivation. Among other things, he jaunted up a mountainside just to see the view on top, and regimented Europe thought he was crazy because no one had worried much about personal ideas or desires for several centuries. Today we recognize this Renaissance Italian as one of the early pioneers in the struggle for free thought.

Tonight several hundred freshmen begin the second round of organizational meetings to determine their executive personnel, their method of voting, their fundamental working machine. We ask only one thing . . . a difficult one . . . of that group tonight. We want them to think for themselves.

The Emerald could implore this freshman class to vote along certain lines. We could urge them to remove the 50 cent class card because we fundamentally believe that democracy and a poll tax are incongruent.

* * *

BUT in reality it is not nearly so important what the freshmen vote as it is why they vote. If a two-thirds majority of the class of '45 actually has studied both sides of the class card issue and believes that sale of cards is the fairest method of class finance, then that is certainly the action that should be taken.

But if this freshman class is any distant cousin of previous campus organizations, and the October 2 meeting gave several indications that it is, very few know what the pro and con arguments are or why they are voting.

The Emerald has tried impartially to further their education along that line, to explain thoroughly the methods of finance and class organization that either method would make possible. It has tried to create an awareness of what is going on.

These freshmen are not being asked to vote one way or another. But we do urge that more than 1000 able-bodied, fully-capable human beings shake off the harness of dictated thinking and vote for what they believe is logical and right for the class of 1945. We ask them to think for themselves.

Money Talks...

AMONG the many things accomplished in Portland over the weekend was the renewal of acquaintanceship with the boys left behind . . . the ones who chose to remain at home instead of returning to college, and books, and midnight oil.

It was a profitable conversation that many an Oregon student had, for in this critical year it seems that those who stayed home and worked are the most fortunate; the ones that returned to school are on the short end, it seems.

College age students, recently-graduated high schoolers, yes, even just-out-of-grade-schoolers, are busy working. Jobs are everywhere. The recently departed draftees have left plenty of openings for ambitious young men.

In shipyards, the "boys who didn't come back" and the high schoolers are making from \$45 to \$75 a week. Money is plenti-

At Second Glance

By TED HARMON

This last weekend wasn't a bit unlike Moses' exodus into the "promised land," in more ways than one. For Oregon spent the weekend out of town, that's certain. But what Oregonians did is something else. In fact, we're planning to write a book about it; the title will probably be something like "All This and Heaven, Too."

Of course, there were always the freshmen that couldn't and didn't want to forget they were "college men" and waved at everyone and everything. All that includes coeds, farmers, horses, and farmers driving horses.

And with the over-full cars came the interesting road signs like "the answer to a maiden's prayer is a man most anywhere—using Burma Shave." And another, "Trains don't wander all over the map because no one's sitting in the engineer's lap."

Along with the signs, some of the week's best wit came from a carload of Tri-Delts, as one asked: "Look at that in the baggage compartment of the car ahead . . . is that a student riding back there?" An upperclassman shook her head, saying, "Oh, it's probably just a malignant growth."

Hills, better known as Wimpy's, in Salem, seemed to be the official stopping-off point for Oregon students. In fact, dishes were piled up in every available corner because waitresses didn't have time to clear and wash them and still take care of the wandering Webfoots. It was almost like Taylor's or the Side, with people milling about, clouds of cigarette smoke and the juke-box scratching Freddy Martin's "Concerto in B Flat Minor."

And then after 125 miles of highway Portland rounded into view and swallowed up Webfoots for three days. Two places, slightly reminiscent of Dunkirk, (Please turn to page seven)

ful, the teen-agers are having a swell time, and the salaries are being spent for all sorts of luxuries.

* * *

YET it was somewhat reassuring to the student still struggling through college, the one who has to earn his own way or be content with a small allowance from a tax-oppressed papa, that come what may the studies are not entirely in vain . . .

When the boom is all over, the 15- and 16-year-olds getting the \$55 a week will discover to their dismay that the bottom has dropped out of everything . . . that they are about as well equipped for their future life as a surgeon would be with a meat axe . . . that the books discarded in teen age for the lush salaries get awfully important when jobs are scarce and boom times disappear.

This is a tough time to be going to school—it will be the collegian of today who will have to solve the problems for the high-salaried shipyard youngster tomorrow.

Perhaps with blood—and sweat—and tears.

It is reassuring to know we won't be entirely unprepared. —B.B.

Scribe Thinks

US Backer of Russia's Show

DON TREADGOLD

As we watch Russia's desperate battle for Moscow, a significant detail creeps into the dispatches. The Russian radio says that Siberian and Mongolian reserves are arriving at the front. This means that the Red Far Eastern army is being fast depleted for the defense of the West, leaving Vladivostok exposed to Japan. But Stalin is not going to make a little present of Siberia to the Rising Sun. It must mean that he is depending on someone else to protect the East while he fights it out in the West.

Unknown Quality

That somebody is Uncle Sam. The other ABCD powers, Britain, China, and the Dutch East Indies, will probably not remain idle, but we have it from good authority that our government now makes all decisions in the Pacific for both Britain and America. Will the United States decide to fight?

It does seem that for some strange reason even the isolationists do not shrink from a Japanese war. Senator Wheeler does say, with obscure logic, "If there is any likelihood of our going to war with Japan, then we ought to concentrate efforts on building our own defenses." Senator Norris makes some pretty cold-blooded statements about what our planes could do to Japanese cities in a few hours. Be assured that we will not permit Japan to go much farther.

Stalling for Time

Then why, someone asks, does the government drag on these talks with the Japanese? We cannot agree to recognize their conquests, and meanwhile we give China reason to doubt our good faith. The answer is, in plain language, we are simply stalling.

With embargoes in effect against Nippon, time is on our side in the Pacific. With American help beginning to count in China, time appears also to be working for Generalissimo Chiang. His recent victory at Changsha shows growing Chinese strength.

We are not deserting China; we are just giving Japan the run-around. If war does come, it is not America which will cower in (Please turn to page six)

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

I hear ugly rumors. It seems that the musically intellectual studes of Eugene, Oregon, did not fully grasp the ethereal ideas of S. Kenton. Some of them were given three chances to dig it and still didn't latch on. But, then, in the back of my mind I expected as much. If any of you were upset by what you heard, or were perhaps peeved because of undanceableness, don't become completely cynical, cause come next Sunday eve at the Park, Pappy Loud is importing the jive king, your musical friend and mine, Freddie Martin. There now, doesn't it feel better already.

Martin is also scheduled for a two nighter in the big city northward at the Uptown Friday and Saturday in case anyone cares horribly. Down here he will play for Sunday afternoon tea dancing and the 9 p.m. till odd hours nightly jog.

Kenton Okay

You will have to admit that Kenton's crew was certainly a knocked-out affair physically. Most of Mr. K's men simply braid the hair under their arms in place of suspenders for those groovy pants. Standard equipment for the F. Martin outfit will probably include yellow tennis shoes, black leather boy ties, straw hat, gray spats and a lunch pail. Oh yeah, Stanley's gang will re-descend upon Jantzen next Friday and Saturday eves if you want to get your kicks all over again. Am I kidding?

Doses of Patriotism

James Petrillo, boss of musician's union, AFM, did something patriotic, for the second time in his life, last week when he issued a request to all bandmen members that the national anthem be played immediately preceding and following all dance jobs. As yet the only band that has followed his "request" is the U.S. Navy sixty-piece job which plays the anthem anyway on penalty of court-martial or something else that's nice. But Eugene, ah little Eugene, will be, as usual, different. True American to the core, Gary McLean, local AFM secy., this week decreed that all campus orks shall make with the anthem at every engagement. So, upon hearing the "Stars" being played like mad at your next house dance, do not be alarmed, Roosevelt is (Please turn to page seven)

College Adventurers Have Language Trouble in Japan

(Editor's note: The following is the second installment of a letter from Robert Sheets and Maurie Binford, University students now on a round-the-world trip on their own. The beginning chapter was published in last Tuesday's Emerald.)

By ROBERT SHEETS and MAURIE BINFORD

It will really take a book to narrate the wonders of China, but to cut it short we will merely call it terrific. The dates we had seemed no different than

Americans (except they were yellow) and it is surprising how many Chinese speak English. Due to the war Shanghai's population has jumped from 2,000,000 to 4,000,000 and at nights the streets are so crowded, with crying children, men and women, the only way to walk is in the middle of the street. The Japanese still maintain a military web around the International Settlement to collect customs and mitigate political uprisings. The gay night life continues to up-

hold its reputation as the gayest in the world, regardless of war and inflation. For Americans living expenses are very low because of the purchasing power of one American dollar is at present worth twenty Chinese dollars. American movies can be seen for as little as five cents and to ride in a taxi is the same as robbing a blind man, they are dirt cheap.

Thirty-six hours on a Japanese express liner is the time we spent crossing from Shanghai to Nag-

asaki, Japan. We landed there at night in the rain and not a soul could understand our English. We did manage to find a little hotel and the next morning we saw the town escorted by a little policeman whose arm band read: "Hoetel Guide." at the American consulate we met Bruce Rodgers and to our mutual surprise he went to Oregon, Canard club and graduated in 1937.

From Nagasaki north to Tokyo is 2600 miles and on a fast express train it takes only 30 hours

to make the trip. However, a Japanese train is a nightmare whether express or otherwise. We sat up all night (all berths are taken three days in advance) and sleep was impossible for in back of us two crying children could not be stopped, under us were two dogs fighting and the man across from us figured our laps made perfect foot stools for his bare feet.

Once in Tokyo though, we were worse off than on the train. (Please turn to page seven)