

Writer Says...

Axis Morale 'Gone to Pot' Idle Prayer

By DON TREADGOLD

The leader of the famous anti-Nazi Black Front within Germany, Otto Strasser, in the September American Mercury opines that German morale has at last reached the breaking point. For purposes of comparison, let us quote the observations of a noted foreign correspondent: "Mr. W. tells me that he was in Germany until shortly before we entered the war in 1917 and that until the winter of 1916-17 there was no suffering among the civilian population at all. He says the present rations and shortages are about the same as Germany experienced in the third year of the World War. He is sure things cannot go on as at present, with the front quiet and nothing but hardships, especially the suffering from the cold we've had for more than a month now." This is from the entry of January 24, 1940 in the Berlin Diary of William L. Schirer, almost two years ago.

An Endless Wait?

In an entry a few days later, Schirer expresses alarm at the stories he hears from Ed Murrow of the British waiting complacently for blockade to bring the "collapse of German morale," something all British have not yet given up doing. But it should be pretty clear by now that German morale is not cracking, nor is it likely to crack until German armies first taste defeat.

We ourselves have hoped quite a while for Japan's morale to crack. Italy right now is defeat-

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In The Mail Bag

To the Editor:

Last week the ASUO executive committee was presented with a petition, signed by three independent candidates for freshman class office, asking the executive committee to refuse ratification of the by-laws, passed at a recent freshman class meeting, which requires every freshman to plank 50 cents on the line in order to vote in class elections or participate in class activities.

The signers of the petition did not debate the moral issues involved in a poll tax system of voting. Instead they advanced the very practical, sane argument that such a system of excluding a large part of the student body from class functions was slowly strangling ALL class activities. The inevitable end of such a practice is, they argued, the abolition of classes entirely.

This may seem a little far-fetched but it may be dangerously close, at the present time, to actually occurring. An unusually reliable report, via the grapevine, has it that one executive committee member had determined to ask the committee to abolish the class of '45 entirely and only withheld the request because of the petition submitted last week.

Certainly, with the present setup, it is very hard to find any justification for the existence of classes. With approximately 50 per cent of the student body en-

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In Defense of Oregon

A small minority of the state of Oregon has adopted the quite misconstrued idea that this Friday night's first west coast blackout is a special type of Hallowe'en party planned for their entertainment by the government.

Army officials refute any semblance of "fun" in connection with the maneuvers, scheduled for the coming weekend. It won't be a case of playing games, for the business is entirely serious.

The idea behind American test blackouts is not the immediate threat of invasion or attack, but is that they serve a two-fold purpose. It will test the military and civilian defense forces, and will better equip the American public to quickly adapt itself to invasion possibilities in case the improbable should become reality.

* * *

THE Sunday Oregonian, in denouncing the chances of a raid, told its readers: "Army officials will frankly tell you that a quotation on the chances of this area being raided . . . would show long odds . . . (but) as long as an aggressor is on the move, the threat, however remote, remains and preparation for that possibility must be made."

It will be a half-hour blackout on the University of Oregon campus, demanding the serious and conscientious assistance of every student.

Complete policing of the city will be provided, and strict control of violators is planned for, but the basic responsibility for the first raid experiment is in the individual citizen's effort to cooperate in making a real test of defense strength.

Defeat

THE Sunday Oregonian, in denouncing the chances of a raid, a pall of gray, mantling a world of gloom. The wind moaned a sorrowful dirge, and the giant oaks shed their multi-colored tears.

A clammy feeling was in the air, and the students of the University of Oregon, and the populace of the city of Eugene, and the residents of the hamlet of Corvallis, and the citizens of the great state of Oregon were a sad and subdued lot, to say it mildly.

Once-laughing males shuffled off to classes, their tired bodies squeaking discontent. Wooden-shoed coeds forsook the usual gay mask of mascara, lipstick, powder, rouge, eye-shadow, et al, that makes a woman a woman instead of a sweet young girl.

* * *

PROFESSORS mumbled their lectures in a yet drier incantation than as per usual, and even the omnipresent dogs in the classes shivered in silent agony.

A dull and listless feeling pervaded every cranny and nook of the University of Oregon campus, and helplessness gripped itself tightly around the midsection of everyone, refusing to release its fateful clamp.

Oregon students mourned for Oregon State students, and Beaver students wailed for Webfoot. A great dream had been shattered. Tragedy . . . Black Saturday . . .

Truly, it will take a full five days before we're yelling ourselves hoarse at next Saturday's game. Almost a century. . . —B.B.

tirely excluded from class activities it would seem reasonable to go just a little farther and abolish class activity if the situation could be cured no other way.

The executive committee ruled thumbs down on the petition after considerable debate and careful consideration. Their contention was that the freshman meeting was a legal one and therefore, throwing out the by-laws immediately preceding elections thereby affecting the out-

come of the election would be unjustifiable.

But—the executive committee reserved the right to take further action on the issue at some future date. The members must have come to the conclusion that the argument of the three independent candidates was not groundless and only by the intervention of the committee could classes be saved.

Sincerely,

A Student

Jam For Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

To say that I am angry would be the understatement of the week. Suffice to say, kids, that I'm peeved. Really sore. I mean perturbed about the whole thing. The whole thing being both Phil Harris and F. Martin's stinking collection of un-musical arteests. The thing is, men, that I really don't care horribly for either ork's renditions of "Poet and Peasant Overture" or "Piano Concerto," respectively. Further beef is that I do care considerably for some masterpieces when played in some semblance of the manner which the composer intended. Never in all my years have I heard a more odoriferous item than the thing that issued forth from my brand new Sears Spartan Sunday eve. And it wasn't the radio neither 'cause it has all new tubes which I feared for after Mr. Harris's jelloish treatment of the poet and peasant respectively.

Another Blackeye

I can't bring myself to say a lot about Martin. I just can't. It makes big tears of remorse at having taken up music well up in mine eyes. How a supposedly mentally gifted public can swallow that censored is truly beyond me. I mean way beyond. But I remember "Tonight We Smooch" when it was a beautiful melody full of sound and fury and signifying Orson Welles. The crowning inglory came Sunday when Al Spaulding paused on NBC's coke show to give credit for Concerto's composership to Peter Unspellable and lo and behold, FREDDY MARTIN, which goes to show that a fixation is a fixation so why the heck do I worry about it.

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Trade Last...

By MARY WOLF

She (talking to young suitor): "I maintain that love is no different now than it ever was."

He: "Where did you ever get that idea?"

She: "I have just finished an old story of a Grecian maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all evening."

—Beacon.

* * *

University of California—Coeds like to knit! At least, they don't mind picking up stitches for husky ambulance volunteers. Over 30 University women have joined a drive to knit garments for the unit. The movement was supported so well, that the supply of khaki-colored yarn was exhausted before their deadline. The project has as its objective the completion of 25 sweaters and 25 scarfs by October 31, when the ambulance corps will leave for the Near East.

* * *

Lady: "Is that a real bloodhound?"

Sherlock Holmes: "Here, Ezekiel, bleed for the lady."

—The Santa Clara.

* * *

University of Washington — Fraternity men were quick to answer a coed challenge yesterday asking full cooperation in the campus Defense Chest October 30 and 31. As a result red feathered emblems of Defense Chest donation, will sprout from sleek evening gowns instead of the traditional corsage this weekend. Groups on the campus were considering other plans for sacrifice, indicating student contribution will be the largest in the history of the Community Chest, which has been enlarged to include USO and China war relief this year.

At Second Glance

By TED HARMON

While you're munching sarcastically on your toast with an "I told you so" attitude, we'll shrink just a bit farther down inside our collars. Wonder what Mr. Hallock's doing across the page.

It all started with our insipid remark concerning the supposedly "insipid arrangement" of Freddie Martin's "Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor." Not that we were openly rebuked by any means, but Sunday night after the tea dance, we had, oh, so many calls telling us that we were a bit hasty in our judgment, so take out your pencil and cross out the word "insipid" and settle for that.

And for those that weren't one of the milling throng, there WAS a crow there. In fact, if someone had hollered "fire!", the probable answer would've been, "who's got a cigarette?" It was one of those Black-Hole-of-Calcutta effects, with all available room filled to capacity. You couldn't move unless the crowd did, and then with some reservations.

Our notebook says not to forget to mention Eddie Stone, first violinist, and the show that he put on by himself with the shady lyrics of "Princess Poo-Pooli." He was probably the happiest person we've ever seen, with the possible exception of a sophomore discovering that he doesn't have to shave for two weeks.

And then came the inevitable. Yeah, the concerto. He played that once near the end, then followed with "Tonight We Love" (being the same melody with lyrics). The crowd hooped and cheered so much, even after the orchestra had their coats on, that they sat down, partially, to play the concerto again. The pianist, however, put himself through some of the most strenuous calisthenics we've ever seen. Peter Tchaikowsky's Concerto is not easy to play; we know. But you should have seen the pianist. He looked like a typist trying to scratch his back.

Freddie Martin and company rolled in to Eugene about ten minutes before the afternoon dance was to begin, so they played without dinner. After the three-hour session, they adjourned to the Eugene hotel to eat and rest before the evening engagement. Upon entering the dining room, they found a small orchestra playing questionable music for a pack of hungry diners. Of course, the small orchestra upon seeing the one-and-only Freddie were a bit abashed and embarrassed, but they continued. Next number that came up gave the pianist his turn. He played it, and played it well, whereupon the Martin troupe soundly applauded him at the finish. Which goes to show that even artists can be friends. Now what have you got to say, Mr. Hallock?

HOW TO STICK OUT your chest in one easy lesson. Four weeks ago it was acclaimed by

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