

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Test Flight ...

ONE of the chief obstacles to the theory of underclass operation of student government, an obstacle which temporarily blocked the way of increasing membership on the ASUO executive committee before last year's change, was the question of the attitude of members.

The fundamental idea of membership on the exec committee, according to Dean of Men Virgil D. Earl, who has seen a great many of them come and go, is that the members must largely forget that they were to a certain extent placed in office by political means. They must realize that henceforth they are representatives of the student body as a whole.

Obviously, it is easier for seniors to adopt this view because they have no axes left to grind in the political mill, and can think more clearly on controversial issues. That lower division students might be prone to continue to grind their axes, was a vital question in many minds.

* * *

IT is gratifying to note, at the mid-point of their first term, that this year's first 12-man executive committee has had no accusations of unfairness or prejudices levelled against it. Freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors are equally responsible for that record.

Each problem has been approached in a businesslike manner, the opinion of the whole student body checked, and intelligent discussions carried on to provide better bases for a decision.

Certainly, there have been political ties that are not easily forgotten. But it is to the credit of the executive committee that those ties have not materially affected their approach to problems, have seldom entered into discussions of the worthiness of possible appointees. Rather, each member has shown an honest attempt to approach controversial issues from the point of "What does the student body want?"

The initial test of the enlarged council is almost over. So far they have shown themselves capable—seniors and underclassmen alike—of the task of student government they assumed.

Amos Is Gone....

THERE has been an empty void in the vicinity of our mid-section the past few days, and until today we were unable to ascertain the basis of the odd feeling.

Today we saw a dog, an ordinary dog to be sure, walking slowly down the street, sniffing the rain-sweetened Oregon air floating about the campus.

And then we knew that which was missing, another little

At Second Glance

By TED HARMON

Early this morning while looking through our notebook for additional material upon which we might bring this invasion to an end, we discovered that page four was missing. In that case, we'll just read page two twice and call it even.

SYNOPSIS: Since two innocent victims were supposedly canoe-in gin the mill race and saw a submarine periscope rise out of the water, oh, well, you won't be able to understand it anyway.

Immediately the ROTC forces were mustered and plastered. Said one officer: "Wake that man up!" But the campus doesn't sleep that night, for nearly everything is intense. Well, almost everyone, though a few don't bother.

Along with the Kappa home-guard, University PE classes volunteer for duty. Student golfers at Laurelwood carry sub-machine guns in their bags. The tumbling teams practice backward somersaults while the swimming teams hunt for pennies on the bottom of the Gerlinger tank. Johnson hall, whose fifth column is now placed in a shrine next to the Alpha Chi fireplace, does a neat job of camouflage with a waving banner over the front entrance, "Welcome, Oregon Mothers!"

Fraternity war chiefs meet at the Tri-Delt house for lunch and are immediately bewildered by superior military tactics. Say the Tri-Delts: "we'll be down in a minute, fellows!" Kay Daugherty, exponent of the solving of domestic problems, adds: "we're not mad at anybody."

But above all this, campus comment reaches a new high. Classes are shoved into the back- (Please turn to page seven)

dog, a very ordinary dog to be sure, but yet not so ordinary.

The Sigma Alpha Mu chapter has lost Amos. We met Amos just a couple of years ago, and to us then he was just a mutt. Not big, not handsome, not sleek, not pedigreed like lots of other very fine dogs with blue ribbons and ultra special canine family trees.

Then he started snuggling his cold black nose into the palm of our hand, and waving his small and alert ears at us in friendly fashion. He stuck his paws into our hands, and asked us to be friends.

* * *

WE saw then that he wasn't just a brown little dog but a golden little fellow, eager to be our buddy.

He wasn't just the SAM dog, but he was our pup. Not big or impressive, to be sure, but small, friendly, and supremely happy.

Everybody who ever met Amos had one more friend. His bark was not a warning but a welcome. His eyes twinkled merrily, and he was as well-mannered as an aristocratic blue-blood, and oh so much more human.

One from the University of Oregon is missing, and there is a void, and with good reason.

You see, he was an ordinary dog, he who burned to death. But then again, not so ordinary.—B.B.

Writer Urges

Moral Disarmament

By DON TREADGOLD

Thursday night Dr. Louis Marlio, French industrialist and author, outlined to the University Lecture Series audience the peace of 1919 and the prospects for the next one. As requirements of peace he listed military, economic, and moral disarmament.

He was optimistic indeed about the outcome of the war. Seeing a democratic victory as assured by American intervention, he stated flatly, "Roosevelt will succeed where Wilson failed" in making peace. This made us knock hard on wood.

Marlio Confident

We hope Dr. Marlio is right. If a person who comes from the very vortex of the violent villainy of postwar (or prewar, depending on which war you mean) European politics can cherish such hopes for the outcome, we should at least not be more cynical than he.

After all, if we do not seriously expect a real and final settlement to follow this war, we had better just toss away our arms and wait patiently for the wolves to get us. It would be so much simpler. No, this time we MUST look ahead, and not repeat old mistakes. As President Roosevelt said Thursday, "The defeat of Hitlerism is necessary so that there may be freedom; but this war, like the last war, will produce nothing but destruction unless we prepare for the future now."

Looking Ahead

So it may not be entirely insane to try to visualize the shape of things to follow World War II, even though the light of victory may look feeble and faraway now. Dr. Marlio gave us three principles: military, economic, and moral disarmament. By this last he did not mean Buchmanite Moral Rearmament. He meant such things as the safeguarding of free enterprise, the restoring of the family as a real force for stability and good, the rebirth of religion, the giving to youth of some belief more true and basic, (Please turn to page seven)

Trade Last...

By MARY WOLF

University of Detroit—Football enthusiast celebrated last week's victory for a long time and with much abandon. When he was about to depart into a pouring rain, someone offered him an umbrella. Waving it away with a grandiose gesture, he assumed a very dignified stance and said: "Don't need it. I can find my way." Tsch! Tsch!

* * *

University of Wisconsin—First conscientious objector "drafted" out of the university since passage of the Selective Service act, Jacob Cohn, letters and science senior from Waukesha, received his order to report at Camp Stornach, Manistee county, Michigan, "for non-military work of national importance" on November 7. Cohn said he had been registered with the Baptist church as a conscientious objector to war since September, 1939. He was classified 1-A by his local board but appealed his case and was reclassified 4-E by the board of appeal. Cohn has been active in campus anti-war and pacifist groups for the past two years.

* * *

Dresses made of banana fiber should be easy to slip on.—Mills College Weekly.

* * *

University of California—Sigma Nu fraternity brothers appealed to the campus public to have their Doberman Pincher dog "Baron" from death by overeating. The dog's corpulent condition was caused by the variety and amount of food he ate as he made his habitual round of campus living groups. The black, short-haired canine returned recently from a local dog hospital where for two and a half weeks he has undergone treatments which reduced his weight from 72 pounds to 60.

* * *

Fall night—Fall moon
Stars shine—Like June.
Boy—Girl—Meet there
Boy dark—Girl fair.
They meet—Some fun
Two heads—Now one.
What's the answer?
Here's the score.
Girl had test day before.
Boy has same test next day.
Some system I'd say.
—Beacon.

College Adventurers Ship to Panama --- Think of Home

(Editor's note: The following is the final installment of a letter from Robert Sheets and Maurice Binford, University students, now on a round-the-world trip on their own. Early installments were printed in the Emerald in October.)

By ROBERT SHEETS and MAURICE BINFORD

Our stay in Singapore, just eight days, passed quite rapidly and we regret now we did not stay longer. We thought of securing work, but then again we didn't want to be caught there in case a war broke out with Japan. We have found, no matter where we are, a college man has little trouble in meeting the

right people and finding a suitable job.

In the alien registration office we met a fraternity brother from Penn State who the next day with his girl and two other English girls drove us 125 miles north of Singapore into the state of Johore for a good old American picnic. The beach we picked for swimming was a sight to see and to us it made California and Florida beaches seem like pools of mud. All along the coast the beach was extremely wide and the fine sand was white as snow; flanking its one side was a row of tall palm trees and on the other side the water was clear and surprisingly warm. Out in

the water about one hundred yards, as far as the eye could see in either direction, was stretched row against row of barbed wire entanglements strung out to protect the nearby Anzac artillery encampments. In back of us in the trees monkeys could be seen running up and down and occasionally, one bolder than the rest, would venture out for a stray crumb of bread or apple.

Cold Feet

The day before we left Singapore we made one last effort to continue on around the world. We produced our letter from the Free French consul in Manila and the immediate results were alarming. Instead of sending us

to Duella, Africa, like we expected they would, they wanted to put us on a troop transport the very next day and send us to Cairo, Egypt, for the duration of the war. To make a long story short, we got cold feet, backed down, and accepted a job on an American freighter carrying tin and rubber to New York.

Advice and Warning

Well, looking back we find we have done everything possible on a ship; first, we traveled third class; then second; then first, and now we are working our way. In case someone suggests traveling second or third class on a ship in order to meet the most interesting people—just ignore

him, because no doubt he doesn't know the difference. We know the difference, because in third class we had to put up with Chinese babies and their incessant crying and in the second class we contended with weird musical records from the Punjab in India. It was finally in first class that we met interesting and normal people. So, as connoisseurs on traveling, we suggest first class—that is if you want to remain in a peaceful frame of mind.

Borneo "Bills"

After leaving Singapore our first stop was in Miri, a little town in the northern part of Sarawak, Borneo. We stopped to (Please turn to page seven)