

OREGON EMERALD

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Come November 11...

Remember when you were nine years old and there were posters of Roosevelt and Hoover all along the way to school? You knew that the reason you didn't have a new pencil box that year was because of the man with the small mouth and narrow eyes who stared at you over the Hoover banner and who had plunged the entire world into poverty. He was the most hated man in the United States and gangs of kids hiked up and down the streets, tearing his picture down and jeering at the houses that boasted a copy in their windows.

The man on the other poster was an indifferent factor. You merely protected his picture because he was going to be the means of kicking Hoover out. He was also going to bring prosperity from around the corner where it had been hiding for so long. You even prayed a little for his election because the whole family was going to celebrate on a gallon of ice cream if Hoover was beaten. Poor Hoover!

But the new president didn't remain indefinite in your conscience for long. The mellow voice with its slight accent charmed you, the elegant intrigued you, and the famous smile won you forever. You remained a passionate and devoted follower through the depression years, through the meager Landon campaign, through the pickup years when everyone was striking because it seemed the thing to do, and even through the Willkie campaign. Although you felt a few moments of doubt when the rough, passionate voice of the man who had sold newspapers on the corner as a boy demanded an honest and straight-forward administration.

But when the war finally caught up with the nation, as you had known all along it would, you realized just how lucky you were that the horses hadn't been changed in the middle of the stream. You saw that war had to be run along the lines of experience and understanding and you even forgot that third-term taint.

Now, for the seniors and a few of the juniors, the name that has been a household word since you were nine and first beat up on the kid next door because he refused to say that Roosevelt was the best man, is yours for the voting. This November you will be among those millions who will once more decide whether or not the nation needs an "indispensable man" and whether the horses should be changed in the middle of the peace stream this time, or left to battle on to that ever-distant shore. But nothing could proclaim you more of an adult than to be able to say that you either voted for or against that man—Roosevelt.

But how you vote is not really what matters. You can either do what the 21-year-olds did in 1932, 1936, and 1940, or you can finally vote for the other man. This campaign, which is to choose the leaders for the postwar period, is remarkable for its lack of idealistic candidates. Willkie with his broad, enthusiastically realistic plans for an international highway of understanding has gone under along with the intellectual idealist, Wallace. Now we have two brilliant politicians who in future will have to match their wits with those of Stalin and Churchill.

How you decide to vote is your very own personal problem. But do it! Don't let such a wonderful chance slip past you. Like Leap Year, voting in a Roosevelt election comes only every four years, and maybe the freshmen of this year will be doing the whole thing over again four years from now. "But that," said the fly as he spit on the window, "must be seen from both sides."—P. O.

The Piggers' Guide...

Today's Emerald carries the announcement of Jean Lawrence's appointment as editor of the student directory (commonly called the Piggers' Guide).

From here on until November, students and faculty alike will wait impatiently for the book which gives all the answers in regard to phone numbers and addresses of students.

The Piggers' Guide is one of those indispensable items on this campus which supplies the phone number of that girl Johnny met last night and tells where she lives. It identifies students by year and department for stories both in the Emerald and city papers. From the Piggers' Guide comes the phone number of Professor X when the house wants to ask him and his wife to dinner.

An important morsel of information is the telephone number of the girl who sits beside you in Introduction to Literature

No Man Shortage Here

By M. M. ELLSWORTH

First off, let's get this thing straight. This column leaves the real dirt up to those with more courage. With 2000 women on the campus and no desire for the Purple Heart for wounds received in line of action, it's better this way.

It's been a busy summer for gremlins... the kind who steal the wedding band from the groom, trip the flower girl, and step on the bride's train.

ADPi married this summer Janet Ross was married this summer in Medford to Wayne Dickinson of Eugene. Jan is around the campus now visiting her sisters and waiting for Wayne to summon her.

Result of a freshman year ADPi-Kappa Sig alliance between Zoa Quisenberry and Al Crow was a recent wedding in Portland.

The Kappas had a busy time with three weddings. Peggy Kleppner, glamor girl of last year's Junior Weekend court, and Chi Psi Bud Fenton were married in July at Peg's home in Portland.

In Corpus Christi Virginia, better known as "Collie," Collins and Jim Cornwall took their marriage vows with Kappa Mary Bush as maid of honor. Interesting sidelight to that wedding was the resultant romance of the maid of honor and the best man.

Third on the Kappa list was the wedding of Marge Hill and Bill McElhinney in Salem.

Gamma Phi's tall, blonde, and glamorous Benedine Thomas marched down the aisle with Bill Crawford whose Beta pin she wore last year.

Other Gamma Phis who took the final step this summer are Marge Junor, now Mrs. Earl Bolliger; Mary Wright, now Mrs. Homer Thomas; and Elizabeth Earl, now Mrs. William Maltman.

To break the monotony of all the hearts and flowers... it was like Oregon's "country club" days to see the Sigma Chis three strong in the Side. Those present were Ensign Ken Morin, Joe Bennett just back from Tarawa, and Bob Tramp. Their serenade was a thing of joy, etc.

Also around were three ex-army air corps students who hitch-hiked down from Tacoma for the weekend... Bob Wycoff, Stuart Douglas, and Wilbur Middleton. As the song goes... "nothing can stop the Army Air Corps!"

Jim Anthony, another ex-army corps student came down to have it around and to visit Dee Gee Kay Hinshaw.

Back to romance... it seems that practically everyone has a pin these days (even yours truly sports one... Dewey-Bricker, of course). In the brass section we count Lois McConkey wearing Stan George's Sigma Nu pin, Tri Delt Lois Giberson with Kurt Olson's SAE pin, Dee Gee Natalie Cartier with Al Cellars DU pin. In fact we could probably count on for columns and columns, but best to save it for another day.

Just one more item... we're nothing but glad to see Jim Lund's ATO pin back on Chi O Marilyn Holden where it belongs.

P.S.: If you're not in this column bide your time and it will come. And in ending, don't think for a minute that this hasn't been a good column... because it hasn't!

so you can call her up to borrow her notes if you happen to miss class.

In the back is a list of campus activities with phone numbers. Have a story for the Emerald? Look in the back of the Piggers' Guide to find out where to call. Want to consult the ASUO president, the war board, president of a service honorary, heads of the living organizations, for instance? Consult the Piggers' Guide. Want the room number and building of one of your professors' offices? Look in the faculty directory section at the first of the book.

For the school year the Piggers' Guide serves as a general information center. It is hailed as the final authority—one can always look it up in the Piggers' Guide.

In short, it is a handy reference book and one of the most useful pieces of literature put out by the University press. The Emerald wishes Jean Lawrence the best of luck in putting out a good, accurate Piggers' Guide.—M. A. C.

Back To Oregon

One of Oregon's returning servicemen is teaching in his old post as associate professor of history this year.

Major Harold J. Noble, U. S. marine corps, has been retired from active duty because of an illness contracted on Bougainville. He has resumed his teaching after more than two and one-half years in combat intelligence—gathering information about the enemy in every way possible. The ways and means must remain a military secret until World War II is over.

He will teach Far East in Modern Times, Modern Europe, Europe since 1919, Russian history, Chinese and Japanese cultural history, and resume his duties as chairman of Pacific Basin studies, an inter-departmental program offering major and graduate study.

Born in Korea where his parents were Methodist missionaries, Major Noble can speak and write Japanese. When asked if he taught the language while in the service, he replied, "I didn't join the marines to teach Japanese."

However, he did organize the Japanese language school at Camp Elliott, San Diego, in 1942.

Overseas, on New Zealand, New Caledonia, New Hebrides, Guadalcanal, New Georgia, Vella LaVella, Bougainville, Noble served with the second and third marine divisions, with Admiral Halsey's South Pacific headquarters, and sometimes with army divisions. When the army came in to replace marine troops, Noble's job was to remain behind to smooth out the transition period. On New Zealand he was division provost marshal in charge of police work.

Major Noble believes that the Japanese will not lay down their arms until American troops beat them on Japan proper. They fight to the finish, he said, and don't give up until the last one is dead. He had high praise for the enemy as fighters, saying that victory in the Pacific would take a long time because the Japanese are "tough."

On the subject of returning Japanese-Americans to the Pacific coast, Noble said that American citizens should not be denied their rights as citizens. The only Japanese that should not be allowed to return are the disloyal ones who "should be shipped back to Japan." The army has made a careful segregation of the loyal and disloyal, he said. And there is no reason for not allowing the loyal ones to return to their homes.

Major Noble, who commanded Japanese soldiers in the South Pacific, reported that their fighting and conduct equalled any of the other American soldiers.

As of the first of September Noble has been retired to inactive duty and has been placed in the reserves of the 13th naval district.

The intelligence officer received a special citation for "outstandingly meritorious service during military operations against Japanese forces in the Cape Torokine area, Bougainville, and British Solomon island." The citation from the commanding general, third marine division, fleet marine force not only commends him for work in translating captured enemy documents but also for helping to give first aid to a wounded man after Noble himself narrowly escaped death in the same enemy air attack.

Arriving in the United States in 1919, Major Noble went to the University of Ohio and took work at Ohio State university and Harvard. He received his Ph.D. from the University of California in 1931, the same year he came to Oregon.

LOST — Brown billfold. Peggy Reed, Zeta hall. Reward.

LOST—Monday, Parker 51 fountain pen, black and silver. Call Jane Corkran, 2900.