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Think Before Voting . . .

Both Republican and Democratic flag wavers on the campus have organized and are campaigning for their respective candidates. Political faiths are now made known by the button one wears on his lapel. And more and more bull sessions are turning to arguments over the merits and faults of "crusader" Gov. Dewey and "indispensable" Mr. Roosevelt.

We have noticed, however, that the arguments are usually based upon statements heard by the students in casual conversations at home—the usual generalities which are seldom backed by facts.

One of education's basic aims is teaching people to think. We should start practicing what we learned. For you who are 21, it will do no good if you go to the polls November 7 and vote without having thought about the men or the issues.

For instance, have you read the platforms of our two major political parties? Do you listen to the campaign speeches or switch the radio dial to a more entertaining program? As for the men you plan to vote for, do you know what declarations they have made in regard to their policies if elected? Do you know anything about their previous records? And if so, have you the facts to back up your statements?

There will be various bills put on the ballot for your consideration. Do you know what effects those bills would have upon the state if passed? Do you know what they are?

To have a true government of, by and for the people, the electorate must be a thinking body of people who go to the polls knowing what they are voting for and believing sincerely that they are picking the right man or side, not in respect to party affiliations but for the good of the country.—M.A.C.

Wartime Education . . .

If war has brought a slump in the activity schedules of the American universities it has, simultaneously, brought an increased awareness of service to the institution of education. Apart from the fact that every coed seems to be in a morass of indolence and lassitude as a result of present-day conditions, the general attitude among educational institutions that the system of higher education has learned a good lesson in the conversion from pre-war service to wartime service which it has been forced to undergo.

They have had to learn to make the highest utilization of their educational facilities; they have been forced, reluctantly in many cases, to revamp traditional programs and customs in order to meet the demand for an accelerated pace of study; they have had to discard many worthless and essentially "snap" courses patronized overwhelmingly by students so that the curriculum would include wartime information; and they have had, above all else in real importance, to struggle with the best means available in order to cope with the philosophical implications of war changes.

Effects of wartime on the American coed's enthusiasm for backing some campus activity, are not really what matter. It is the over-all change that the American way of education has had to undergo and the possible outcome of that change, that should be the main concern of every student. For from these lessons which wartime has imposed upon it, will come the realization of a more efficient and more effective education after the war. Students in the future will probably have fewer "snap" courses and more intelligent curriculums as a result of these war years. There will probably be numerous educational experiments much like the present one that Eureka college is undertaking whereby students take one course at a time. Under this plan a shorter and more concentrated study is made of the subject with the student managing to take at least four subjects during the school term, the usual number attempted under a regular schedule.

There will be more speed about post-war education and a wider understanding of the student's needs and how to satisfy them on the part of the educational system. Wartime will have rejuvenated education and given it an emphasis that will have no place for the milk-minded, personality coeds of '43.—P.F.O.

IF A BUDDY MEET A BUDDY

By JEANNE WILTSHIRE

We're back to remind you of the fellows out on the fighting front and those almost there. It seems that each time this column comes out more boys are over-seas.

Take, for example, PFC Don Mayne, former Beta, who is now serving with the infantry in France. Then there are ATOs Jim Bedingfield and Morrill Sharp of the army air corps, both in the South Pacific war theater. And don't forget Bill Hoxie, Phi Psi, who is a seaman in the merchant marine.

Air-Minded

Bill Reed, Beta, is still in basic training at Greenville, Missouri, and will soon receive his wings. Jack Morie, another lover of the wide open spaces, is an air cadet at St. Mary's. Jack was also a Beta on the campus.

PFC Robert Gray, Delta Upsilon, is now stationed at New River, North Carolina, waiting for over-seas duty. The same goes for PFC Ernest Snowberger, who is at Holabird, Maryland, waiting to be sent across.

Well-known Lieutenant Henry Steers, Sigma Chi, was on the campus last week-end visiting friends on his way to San Luis Obispo for amphibious training.

Marine PFC Lloyd Cobbleck is now on an aircraft carrier, and Corporal Jack Steele is somewhere in France. As for more GI gossip, Dick Hastings is keeping company with Calvin Peel and the rest of the V-12 unit at the University of Washington and studying hard . . .

it's finals this week for those poor chaps.

Ensign Russell Sabin, class of '42, is somewhere in the South Pacific. Russ received his training at Parkville, Missouri, and Columbia University. Herb Large, former Oregon student and son of Eugene's mayor, is at home for a short visit with his family. Herb graduated in 1935 and since that time has become a lieutenant (j.g.) and has been stationed in both New Guinea and Australia.

More GI News

Jack Ruble, Chi Psi, is at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, in the military police platoon and is expected home in November. Lieutenant Earl Walter, Beta, is with the paratroops in Hawaii.

Don Beardrosley, Kappa Sig, and Jack Warrens, Beta, are at the medical school in Portland. Paul Everett, Kappa Sig, and Doug Fetsch, Phi Sigma Kappa, are finishing their training in the naval air corps at Corpus Christi, Texas.

And in case some of you missed seeing him, Jerry Lakefish of Sigma Alpha Mu, visited the campus recently on his furlough. Jerry was on his first trip home from Italy.

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

AN EVENING WITH GOVERNOR BRICKER—II

At 7:03 the headlight of the Bricker special popped onto the horizon—a gold bright bowling ball that grew steadily larger as it rolled down the alley toward the crowd. Cheers like mad. At 7:05 the faces of Secretary of State Bob Farrell and State Treasurer Leslie Scott looked out at us from Pullman windows.

The observation car with its railed rear porch, scalloped metal awning, and lighted tail-sign flashing JOHN W. BRICKER—VICE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE came to a stop about 100 feet to the left of the station.

All Pandemonia and her seven suburbs broke loose! Suddenly, as if thru a prearranged mutual cooperation pact, the brains of every boy, girl, dog, and nondescript living facsimile thereof flipped the switch and lighted up with the same idea—to get within breathing range of the Great Emancipator of the Study Table. Shoving—squirming—OUCH—I'm sorry—Gee—great rackets of sound—screams—yells—whoops and whistles rising from the mass—a bobbing sea of opened, uplift mouths—strained adenoids.

He Was There

The great man was on the observation porch looking very handsome, very pleased in a beautifully-cut Eleanor-blue suit—yellow rose in buttonhole—50,000 and 1 pin on lapel—beaming down his ski-jumped, knobbed nose at his kneeling enthusiasts—eyes sparkling—silver-grey mane cut shorter than-usual, but combed back Hollywood on the sides.

We were rather disappointed; we had visioned him appearing in an All-American blanket and cleated shoes with a yellow-green helmet and shoulderpads tossed casually over his broad clavicles.

He seemed to be very touched by the whole thing. What he said is history. "This makes me wish I were back in college," he said. His enunciation bore preacher tendencies, we thot. That we were

far from wrong was borne out later in the evening.

The governor then made quite a little speech about the great good of college students and their attractive appearance and their responsibility in the postwar world. He told several stories, one of which led up to introducing his wife, a coincidence which prompted a young lady jammed next us with eyes that flashed on and off like traffic lights to suspect that it was all deliberately planned.

Meet the Missus

Mrs. Bricker suddenly appeared, altho she had been standing there (Please turn to page three)

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Clips and Comments

By BETTY BUSHMAN and JANE ELLSWORTH

The Bidder Truth

At the University of Kansas members of the faculty are auctioning off their services for the benefit of a campus War Chest drive.

To mention a few of the unusual offers, a chemistry professor will escort the highest feminine bidder on a coke date, the chancellor of the university will answer calls in an organized house for 30 minutes, the men's student adviser will offer his services as a house boy for one meal, the dean of the college of liberal arts will act as a chauffeur for a couple on a date, and one professor is leaving the nature of his services up to the person who bids highest for him, with a time limit set for one hour.

Post-Humorous Award

Last week medical and dental students, members of the Skeleton club, chose a Queen of Cadavers at Indiana university. The lucky (?) freshman coed shudderingly acknowledged her victory by kissing Walter the Cadaver.

Everything Ship Shape

We see by the Minnesota Daily that the USS Minnesota, navy gorm at the U. of M., has been evacuated by the men in blue. According to the student daily, university officials say that the "ship" will soon be reconverted into a political science and sociology building.

An editorial comments that the students can hardly wait to take Pol. Sci. 3 or Soc. 1 on the after poop deck of the ship. Doubtlessly, criminology will be taught in the navy's old brig.

A-Hunting We Will Go

Recent classified ad in the Daily Californian from the University of California:

Daddy is hunting Japs. Mommie is hunting two-bedroom house or apartment.

Just Wait 'Til Hallowe'en

Freshman walk-outs reached a new high this year at several universities with frosh throwing tradition aside and introducing the (Please turn to page three)

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