

OREGON EMERALD

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More of the Same . . .

They scoffed. They talked about too few men and too many women. They talked about lack of interest. But "they" can now eat a hat or crawl back in a hole. The sophomores proved a dance can be successful on the campus despite all the disadvantages and propaganda mentioned above.

At the Kwama-Skull and Dagger sponsored dance Saturday night 142 couples were counted—and one hundred of our 400 men weren't on the campus last weekend. In keeping with the UO wartime practice, the decorations were simple, but well done and attractive. We hope the sophomores have set a precedent for this year's social season.

With their success in mind, other organizations should be able to go ahead on dance plans secure in the knowledge that the campus IS interested.

We should even be able to have the regular so-called "big" dances. Even though the attendance is smaller than in former years, a good dance can still be put on.

The sophomores have proved there is no sense in throwing up our hands and saying, "oh, there aren't enough men," and scrapping plans for dances or other all-campus programs.

The trend is swinging back. Let's keep it that way.—M.A.C.

One at a Time, Please . . .

A familiar scene in all living organizations after hours most any night is a softly-lighted room, with a half-dozen or so house members gathered over cokes and cookies or sandwiches thrashing out all the problems of current interest. An evening's discussion, or an all-night bull session, may begin with politics, or the University theater's latest play, and after a few hours, the main current of thought has wandered off to touch every topic, which happens to be on someone's mind. The conversation is as apt to wind up on an analysis of the current ills of the social and political system as on the wide and fascinating mysteries of the opposite sex, or the respective merits of a whiskey and sour and a John Collins.

This tendency to digress is apparent in almost any discussion group. Although the main lines of debate may be presented at the beginning of the session, almost invariably one statement will lead to another, less relevant; from here further digressions will be introduced, and suddenly the discussion finds itself far removed from the starting point. In a recent campus debate, on Planned Economy vs. Free Enterprise, which should have considered only how far we wish government control to be exercised in this country at present, Russian Communism was brought up, and, if it hadn't been directed back into the original channel, the subject might have got completely out of hand.

Informal discussion should be entered into with these goals in mind: 1. To express one's own opinions objectively and to learn other sides of the picture. 2. To attempt to formulate a definite stand, from which action can proceed.

To attain these ends, participants in a debate, forum, or bull session need to keep in mind definite phases of the topics under discussion, which will aid progress to a conclusion.—L.H.

"You're now attending college in a rather unique time. The college enrollment is small but we must remember that a small college enrollment has some advantages as well as disadvantages. There can, of course, be no athletic program and there are other activities which we can't have because of the small numbers; but on the other hand, you have time for many things that you wouldn't have time for if college life was more complex. You have the opportunity to know your instructors and to know your fellow students which was impossible under other conditions as in 1920 during the peak enrollment following the first war when we had graduating classes of 400."—President D. S. Brainard of Coe college, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, discusses some of the benefits of the small wartime college.



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"We made it"

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ
(Ed. note: This is the last in a series commenting on Gov. Bricker's visit to the campus.)

Mac court was well over half filled. The main floor was full-up and the bleachers a little less than half. On a long raised platform to the south set several rows of solemn-looking people, arranged on display much as is done in most of the better wax works.

Leslie Scott was there looking as ever like a politician readying for reelection. Tommy Luke, quite a little older than he used to be and not so jaunty on his feet, was still able to muster the required pep to lead the crowd in Kate Smith's song. Representative Harris Ellsworth without a green raincoat looking solemn and a bit unhappy made a short speech and a magnificent faux paux. If Mr. Dewey dies within a month, Mr. Ellsworth will probably be held as correspondent.

Wayne Morse, donning his Wrath of God uniform, made a speech that started on high C and went soaring, booming upward to scales never before attained by human man. He would have been very valuable at the siege of Aachen. He gave the audience no chance to applaud between sentences, or more properly, between the ONE sentence. They wanted to applaud, too.

Enter Mr. Bricker
We glanced to the east doorway at 8:29. Mr. Bricker was standing there, speech in hand, waiting for his cue. The rally squad came surging out of the wings—applause—yelling—whistles—bounding whiteclad people turning the gathering toward football again. Governor Bricker entered, smiled, his cheeks, like cherry-tinted billiard balls glistened in the light. He waved to the crowd, mounted the speakers' stand, laid down his manuscript and began. We caught the first couple of words, then would have been lost, if we had not had a mimeographed copy containing what were considered, by Mr. Bricker's press manager, to be the most important words he would say that night.

Mr. Bricker talked like a roaring bull preacher, mounting steam on a few middle-speed sentences and then zooming into a power blast with words losing all identification in a swoop of sky-pitched emotion. Republican hierarchy on the

platform seemed anything but happy with the governor's rocket delivery. Toward the last of the speech he was observed to calm down a bit and seemed to take a breath once in a while. This is still awaiting confirmation.

His Speech
He talked mainly about bureaucracy and declared that we have altogether too much of it. He punctuated his straight remarks with extraneous little analogies about the OPA.

The governor as a politician in our opinion made two serious muffs. Both were based on lack of knowledge of the audience and community to which he was speaking.

First, in flying religion from the political banner, he made it more or less obvious that he hadn't been informed that Eugene supported 31 churches and 24 denominations. Religious freedom as we see it is

(Please turn to page three)

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Clips and Comments

By JANE ELLSWORTH and BETTY BUSHMAN

Hose Kidding?
The Silver and Gold, University of Colorado paper, says that Tito Guizar, popular South American singer, achieved his radio popularity as a salesman of silk stockings. Well, Sinatra did it with bobby-sox.

Shades of the Police Gazette
THE OREGON STATE BARO-FRIDAY . . . IT WAS ORANGE. For no apparent reason, unless to remind its readers of OSC colors or Hallowe'en, the latest edition of the rival rag is printed on lovely henna.

Stepping Up Scale
One of the oldest traditions at Montana State University, according to their student daily, the Kaimin, is SOS, or Singing-On-Steps. Students and faculty attend, and join in the half hour's singing fest on the steps of Main hall.

Vas You Dere, Charlie?
Headline in the Indiana Daily Student:
REFORMATORY CHAPLAIN SPEAKS TO KIWANIS CLUB

Jeanial Atmosphere
In Wellesley, Mass., the citizens are getting quite upset because Wellesley coeds are spoiling the appearance of the town by wearing jeans.

Since they are worn for comfort, not glamour, the people of Wellesley, we should think, could get the coeds out of jeans very rapidly by importing some eligible men.

Stubble Indemnity
In order to find an answer to the question "Do you shave up or down?" Pacific university is having a beard-growing contest. One perplexed student started his beard two days early with the 17-year-olds only to become 18 at the time the 18-year-olds were to com-

COEDS—

Sparkling clothes are real date-bait



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