

# OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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## Co-editorial . . .

### With the Wind and the Rain

It is a rare occasion when the Oregon sky is too bashful to weep in public. On the least provocation the blue heavens turn into formidable grayness, and the light mist evolves into a heavy drizzle, then a good-sized shower, and finally a first-class torrent. The Oregon coed, of course, is expected to trip gaily through this downpour and appear both good-humored and fresh as a daisy. It is an impossibility, with the exception of those characters who prefer the rain.

The coed sits there in class trying desperately to glean a bit of information from the professor's lecture, but what happens? Her war-time shoes are soaked through; her feet are chilled to such an extent that she hardly realizes they belong to her. Her raincoat, against which she must often lean, is cold, wet, and dripping. The furry mittens and the kerchief which tried so bravely to keep the rain from her curls are also victims of the deluge. How can she concentrate?

The majority of the coeds on the campus have fallen into the clutches of the vitamin craze. Each morning (or evening, as the case may be) she swallows her miniscule capsule containing the necessary quantities of vitamins A, B, C, D, and G. With the aid of these she desperately hopes to ward away the colds to which she is constantly being exposed by other students and is being threatened by the forces of nature. The fight is overwhelming, but she tries as best she can.

And on the way to classes the coed must often walk on muddy paths which would be labeled in Africa as wallowing holes for hippopotami. Many of the graveled ones are pitted with pools of water. Unless the coed wears hip boots she may as well enroll in the beginners' swimming class.

The University infirmary may be an outstanding institution for curing colds once they have already set in, but the old saying "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" still holds true. With all her heart the Oregon coed wishes it were possible to avoid or prevent colds, but the odds against her are tremendous. One might even go so far as to remark that she is fortunate in having as few colds as she does.—B.F.R.

### Say It With Money . . .

When we speak of a heavy load here, we mean term hours and pressure of studies. Not many of us would be so eager to get an education that we would carry a heavy load of books on our backs and hike to the Rocky mountains to set up classrooms.

In China they have done it. Some of the universities have already migrated four or five times still farther west to continue their courses in unoccupied country. With the Japanese armies advancing now in southwest China, they are on the move again. For them it's a matter of life or death as well as preservation of institutions of learning. Students were killed or captured in first attacks by the enemy.

We aren't very likely to have to do as the Chinese do, in this case. We feel sorry for them. We admire them. We shake our heads in amazement that such endurance and longing for knowledge is found in the human race. Then, we forget about them.

The World Student Service Fund was organized so that those students struggling against the destruction of war would not be forgotten. As the name implies, it isn't a memorial organization that sits around murmuring sympathetic phrases.

Aside from any inward satisfaction we may get from being benevolently generous, our part in the drive is strictly material. We're asked to give only money.

We can help by contributing that money we would spend for cigarettes and candy if we could get them. We might even sacrifice a few cokes and shows.

We wouldn't be attending a university if we didn't believe that education is worthwhile in a world at war. The World Student Service Fund helps to maintain education in countries where it would otherwise be crippled.

We're working with students for students.—L.S.M.

## Three Jills in a Shuttle-Car . . .

By BETTY SAILOR

While we were standing in front of Eugenia 205, our baggage heaped on the ground unceremoniously beside us, the gate swung open and our host, Rafael, a short, slightly built man, with light brown hair and brown eyes emerged. After we had completed the introductions, he seized our bags and informed us that cena was on the table.

His American wife, Louise, a tall, red-haired girl, greeted us at the door.

### Tequila, Lemon, and Salt

After dinner, in celebration of our arrival, Rafael opened a bottle of tequila, the Mexican national beverage, and taught us the correct procedure of imbibing same. The general idea is to cut one of the green lemons into slices, bring out the available salt-shakers, and then pitch in. The tequila is served in small goblets with red or green wooden stems, the base and container being brass.

A small sip of tequila was in order, followed by a bite of lemon, well-salted, and the process of alteration continued until one supply was exhausted. We were informed that the more skillful enthusiasts placed the salt on the thumbnail and flipped it into the mouth, actually getting it there. After Dodie had thoroughly salted both eyes, and our combined efforts had taken care of the surrounding floor, we stuck to the less dramatic mode.

### I'm a Stranger Here Myself

The next morning we rose bright and early at 11, our objective being a trip to the embassy to register. That sounds fairly simple to the average ear. All that stood between us and the embassy was a two-mile ride on a Mexcan bus, paying our fare in centavos after first pooling our accumulated knowledge of Spanish to inquire the amount, ascertaining the point of debarkation, and getting to the embassy, when we had had one glimpse of the city from a taxicab window in the middle of the night.

I must confess that we managed our entrance and finances rather smoothly—then it was time to get off. Louise had told us to get off at the Insurgentes theater, a magnificent rose-colored edifice with a silver tower high-lighted by streaks of brightly colored neon at night. It was situated on a busy corner, and had about six wide stairways, separated by handrails, leading up to the boxoffice which was located quite a distance above street level. Since it was such an outstanding landmark, we couldn't very well miss it, but we felt an elation like Balboa discovering the Pacific when we sighted it on the horizon, and proceeded to beat each other wildly, uttering shrieks of exultation.

Then the pay-off came. Of course, if we'd been sitting toward the rear of the bus, we wouldn't have been so noticeable, but we had settled ourselves on the hard wooden bench built over the right front fender. Louise had told us that the drivers never pay attention to the bells and that if you want to get off, you should inform the chauffeur of your intentions loudly. Too late did we find that they reacted as their Oregon Motor stage counterparts.

As we neared our stop, Dodie, being the closest, reached over, bestowed a resounding slap upon the driver's back, and, interpreting Louise's "loudly" literally, fairly bellowed, "Bajo, ba-a-a-ajo" in urgent tones. Immediately all conversation and activity in the bus stopped. The passengers stared as though struck by lightning. The driver was so startled that he practically ran into a car, and the ticket-boy laughed until he cried. Yes, we got off all right—followed by the loud laughter of all within the bus.

That evening we found that it was Louise's *Santa* day, and the customary visits and ritual were scheduled. About 5 o'clock, after dinner and our siesta, the family began to drift in, and what a family! There seemed to be thousands of them, and no one came empty-handed.

### Pass the Bicarbonate

Aside from the rich cakes, rather coarse in texture and covered with a hard syrup-like mixture containing numerous varieties of fruit and nuts, were the plates of something vaguely akin to jelly, only hardened to the stage of actual toughness. The content was difficult to ascertain, but there were no solid pieces of fruit to add interest. It was brownish and translucent in appearance. Everything was protected by little wire cages that were to be returned to the donor with the plate when the so-called delicacy was duly consumed.

It is eaten by itself as dessert, sliced thin, and seldom covered with any sauce, even milk. Dodie, Peg, and I exchanged mutually-tortured glances, and plunged into the task, armed with a spoon, to do our bit for Latin-American relations.

### I Had a Friend

We were just finishing dinner the next afternoon when Ofelia, our 17-year-old Indian servant, appeared informing me that "su amigo" had arrived. A quick glance through the peephole in the gate disclosed not only Jorge, but also a very good-looking friend who was seated in the Cadillac parked at the curb.

It seemed that we were going to be shown the town if we were willing. Next week, "Our Introduction to Night Life and Summer School!"

## Fireside Talks

(Continued from page one)

Thursday at Alumni hall. Charlotte Calder reports that students and campus leaders have already been sent invitations to the affair, and 100 guests are expected to attend.

The Christian Faith conference series was launched Thursday, October 26, by Dr. Paul Wright, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Portland.

Sponsored by the campus Student Religious council and the ASUO, the series is designed to present "in an orderly and formal fashion, the specific content and significance of the Christian religion, and to clarify any confusion which may exist concerning it. It is to bring to the attention of the students the importance of taking account of religion as a factor not only for themselves, but in relation to society in general," explained Miss Beard.

### Committees

Last week's conference was successful, according to committee members, in that it aroused campus interest in the subject. This week a larger number of students are expected to attend the lectures.

Committee chairmen are: promotion, JoAnn Dolph; luncheon chairman, Charlotte Calder; afternoon chairman, Betty Lu Cramer; evening chairman, Leslie Brocklebank and Sally Spiess; publicity chairman, Marguerite Wittwer.

## Current Production

(Continued from page one)

cial mention was given to the settings, designed by Mr. Robinson, which, according to Hasselrooth, "wobble and disappear as if motivated by an earthquake." The dinosaur and mammoth, Betty Lee Barnes and Roberta Quigley, also received praise.

The box office in Johnson hall will be open Thursday. Reservations may be obtained by phoning extension 216.


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