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Redemption

By REX GUNN

When in fluent verbiage drenched
Virile thoughts descend on me,
Tease me with an elfin touch
Laugh and lightly dart away.
Yet a while I play the game,
Act as if I didn't know,
Feel them stealthy, stealing
back—

Teasing at my brain.
Now I leap and capture one
Banish all the rest,
Crushing him to vibrant words
I destroy him, drain his blood,
Bathe my pen within his blood
Brush the corpse aside.
Heartened by the strife,
I record his life.
Hearken, now I'll illustrate
Here's the blood of one:
"E'er I have gleaned my teaming
brain

Of that last vestige sewn therein
Containing ignorance of men
I cannot ponder God.
Pious men may reckon this
Blatant, infidelial,
Written ill with drunken pen
Guided by a fool.
But the same men will likely be
The one who, far surpassing me in
Ponderance of a deity,
Have never pondered man."
Scarcely had I finished this
Out my darkened room arose
Many creatures of the night,
Elfin creatures of the night,
Cloaked in robes of blackest night
All resembling me.
Aside from common likeness
Some were humble; some were
vain.

Many had a hungry look
Faces pinched and drawn with
pain
Hungry eyes that knew of pain
Hungry eyes, what would ye gain?
Close they crept and wept on me
Out their mouths soft babble rose
Soft enchanting, chanting prose
Lucid, limpid, lovely prose
Soft, enchanting pointless prose.
Strange and wonderful.
Surely thought I
They must bear
Deepest wisdom in such words
Yet, of wisdom, none was there.
Louder than the babble rose
Closer then the creatures pressed,
They sought to tell me—what?
Famished ears sought famished
words

Words that told me—nought.
Angry then, I rose and screamed
"Get ye back into the night
I've enough of words that flay
Beauty in this senseless way
I've enough of intellect versed in
witty ignorance.

Babble to the foolish brook
It sounds witty too
I have work to do."
All the creatures turned away
Gazed intently far away
Paused and made their elfin way
Back into the night
Somewhat shaken, fear awakened,
I perused my lay.
Brooding thus, (I thought alone)
Something moved and stirred
When a voice spoke softly under-
toned

And this is what I heard
"Think well, man,
E'er yet you plan
What flows out from your mind
For, in the morass of your pen
A man may be entwined,
You have muic in your blood,
Thank your God for that
And give him not one erring
thought

Lest he may feel regret."
Devoid of pride but proud inside,
I bowed my head and wept.
"Know, most ignorant of men
Man is God and God is man."
Swift he left me then.

The manufactured ice industry of the United States represents an investment of over \$1,000,000,000

Clips and Comments

By CARLEY HAYDEN

The University of Colorado held its first big homecoming since the beginning of the war October 6.

Classes prevailed as usual despite nasty rumors at Southern California, and Trojans, who were the receivers of some unexpected good news yesterday, were due for a disappointment. They learned that contrary to what was printed in their Daily Trojan, classes would be held during STOP WEEK.

Classes met as usual Monday that week but no university social functions were held in order to give students an opportunity to study unhampered by pressing social engagements for their finals.

Southwestern Louisiana institute viewed salvaged pictures of German cities in an exhibit sent to S. I. I. by a former student now stationed in Germany. The pictures came from the studios of a German painter who had studied in America.

Greasy coveralls were the uniform of the day at Georgia Tech's most informal dance of the year when the Mech Arts ball got underway there Saturday night.

The University of South Carolina discovered a large number of fresh-water jellyfish, described as "very rare" by scientists, on the campus in an old slate bath tub which formerly was a fixture of the president's home.

At the University of Maine, knitting has joined the pencil and notebook as a common sight. In class it is no uncommon sight to see a coed knitting away during a lecture and jotting down an occasional note or two when necessary. One professor asked an industrious knitter who was working on a sweater if she could knit and listen at the same time. The un-

The Plot Sickens

By REX GUNN

I remember the sand. There is no season in sand. Even when it glitters in sunlight, it has a hard-packed inertia, half summer, half sedative.

When you sleep and eat and walk with years of sand, you get some of its qualities.

When you see it in books or movies, you savor the word.

Hollywood has made good use of sand.

They favor it there with a strong antecedent, "Blood and Sand," a good title for a bad picture. More recently, someone in Hollywood twisted sand and got "Blood on the Sun." That rhymes, too.

Blood and sand are terrible in conflict; the one strong, lurid, flushed with violence; the other deep, sterile, absorbant.

They are life and death made concrete.

I almost forgot the leaves, the autumn leaves.

They mean color and light and football.

Maybe Shakespeare or Keats could get sadness out of autumn but not me.

It brings rain and cold—yes. And they are vibrant, virile agents, both of them. They put a seltzer flush in faces, bubbling cheer in mirth . . . so unlike blood and sand.

That's how it is. The earth is alive again.

abashed reply was "Oh, yes, it helps keep me awake." The prof said no more!

Faculty members of Indiana university have started a drive for scholarships for students in journalism. The drive is part of the Ernie Pyle memorial campaign.

The Phi Sigs at the University of Colorado have rescued their dog Romeo from the Sig Eps at Aggies. The Saint Bernard was returned to the Colorado campus in time for the school's big homecoming celebration.

"Dam up the Beavers" was the slogan of the pep rally and noise parade staged by WSC students previous to the grid clash with Oregon State. Students were urged to bring anything from cowbells to washboards to provide the noise.

The Associated Collegiate Press reports this story from Michigan State college. Freshman women at Michigan State hopefully asked their housemother if they might take a bath.

When the housemother was baffled and asked why they bothered to get her permission, the coeds replied that the AWS handbook stated that there could be no tubbings without the permission of the housemother.

Dr. George O. Hendrickson of the department of zoology at Iowa State college says that bats have their own special echo radar system. According to an ACP press release, a bat sends out high pitched cries, too high for humans to hear.

When the tones strike some object in his path, no matter whether it is large as a hill or as small as a single strand of wire, warning signals or echoes are reflected back, enabling him to change his course.

The executive committee at Stanford has approved the employment of big name bands for dances given by select organizations.

Vandalism had its day at UCLA and USC recently. It took the form of a "paint-slinging, trophy-kidnapping maelstrom," the Daily Trojan said. Officers of the student bodies of the two colleges met to stop the "atrocities."

A new class in modern Scottish Gaelic has been started at the University of California. The professor, Francis J. Carmode, also has been teaching French, Welch, and Breton and plans to give a course in modern Irish next term.

A native-born Syrian at Texas Christian university has revealed that his main ambition is to adjust his accent "so that when I begin to travel again, people will say, 'He's from Texas.'"

To extract onion juice, cut the onion in half and squeeze on a reamer as for orange juice.

Oregon on Trial...

More is at stake today than the conference standing of the Oregon football squad. Oregon has let its record of sportsmanship be snowed under by a series of exhibitions of poor taste.

Every student who goes to the game at Corvallis has the opportunity to build up Oregon's reputation or to crush it completely.

The happenings of the last week have not been a credit to Oregon or to Oregon State. Both schools want to prove that this sort of conduct is not representative of the students.

If even one Oregon student causes a disturbance or lets himself be dragged into one, the whole student body will be blamed. Our hosts do not know us individually so they will judge all of us by the actions of those who draw their attention.

We have plenty of real heroes today. We aren't likely to make a hero of anyone who goes out slugging because of a grudge against another school.

This is no time for us to start acting more childish than the characters in the old Joe Penner college movies. There are much more important problems than the Little Civil War to settle.

If we persist in making fools of ourselves in our little college world, the public certainly cannot trust us to step out of college and handle the great problems of the international world.

When we go to Oregon State, our purpose is to see a good football game. Our team will observe the rules of the game or be penalized.

Our rooting section has its rules of order to observe. We will be penalized by public disapproval and perhaps even action if we do not observe those unwritten rules.

If we play the game fairly, on the field and in the stands, we will prove that we know the meaning of the word "sportsmanship."

Our Mortgaged Peace...

By The Associated Collegiate Press

This year, thanks to the total victory of a month ago, this editor can also welcome students to a year of peace at LSU. The postwar world for which men planned is here with the promise of astounding advances in a world freed from the terrors of near-destruction.

Peacetime living, only a memory to most of us, will be almost as good as advertised. There is just one problem. Our bright, postwar world-already has a mortgage on it. In fact, it's had that mortgage from the time it was first conceived. Youth put it on when, watching the casualties mount, they bitterly denounced an older generation of isolationists and "willful men" for blindly leading them to chaos. All over the world they hotly proclaimed that "when we have peace again, we'll do things differently. We'll never be ignorant nor narrow in our dealings with other nations."

Those were brave words born of desperation. They were a condemnation of past failures and a promise for future successes, a kind of mortgage on the postwar world of which we dreamed.

Now these words must be backed with action. Our postwar world is here, the promised marvels are being unveiled before our eyes. All we have planned for seems just within reach—and yet the leaders of the world have a right to challenge us to prove the worth of our declarations, to pay off our debt before we settle back to enjoy the luxuries of a pushbutton existence.

We students, therefore, must not only enter this University to prepare for our own careers but to prepare to meet that challenge—to prove that our generation can take the United Nations Charter and all the other "first steps" to peace and make of them real instruments in the building of a better world. We must prepare ourselves to "do things differently, to be neither ignorant nor narrow in our dealings." If we do not, the postwar world of peace and plenty will fade like an idle dream, and it will have been our mistake this time.—The REVEILLE, Louisiana State University.

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