

# OREGON Daily EMERALD

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Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

## Bible for Our Time

Observance of religious emphasis week on the campus focuses attention again on The Holy Bible, the work which nearly all the creeds of Christendom use as their guide. Besides being the guide of these creeds, though, The Bible is rapidly becoming "the book nobody reads."

The Emerald laments this tendency and tries to understand it. Probably no single book has contributed so much to our culture. The language itself was standardized only after popular translations of the Bible were made. The Bible came across the ocean with the early American settlers, and came across the plains in covered wagons with our more immediate ancestors. More than one great man owes his early education to this book and perhaps a tattered volume of Shakespeare. Many great universities were founded with it as their library and their excuse for being.

But it isn't read much any more. This University and other universities each June turn out "bachelors of arts" who have not read the book of Job, nor the ancient and timeless tales of Ruth and Daniel.

Modern tellers of tales are certainly no more skilled than the ancients. Writing has not improved since that day in 1611 when the wise men of King James presented their sovereign with our most popular translation. We know of no other book which presents in the language of the golden age of Elizabeth the wisdom of the ancients, the inspired zeal of the apostles, and the tortured prayers of a wretched people. Perhaps the book's one great weakness is that it is a poor job of what we around the journalism school know as "publishing."

Take any good book and edit it as the Bible has been edited. Use small type, number the sentences, give no thought to poetry, drama or correspondence as such, draw a line down the middle of each page, mix up the chapters without regard for chronology. Squeeze all this between black borders and make the young folks memorize passages of it for Sunday—under threat of punishment, of course.

In the past few years there have been a number of noble attempts to revive the popularity of this greatest of books through better publishing methods. Some, such as Ernest Sutherland Bates' "Bible Designed to be Read as Living Literature" (Simon & Schuster \$3.75), keep the beauty of the King James language while reshuffling the books and omitting less essential parts. Others, like James Moffat's (Harper & Bros. \$3.50) make a new translation of the original text. Notable among translations of this type is the brand new "Revised Standard Version of the New Testament" (Thomas Nelson and Sons \$2). The Modern Library has produced a "Short Bible," which is considerably abridged.

While there has been some objection to publications of this sort on grounds that The Bible is the divine word of God, there who don't know much about the Bible, but who might be interested in the divine words of the wise men of King James.

The Emerald recommends books of this type to students who are few educated people today who face east when they think of the East in discovering a whole new world of literature. If the greatest of books is to come again to its former high place in American life, it seems to us it will be put there through books of this type—books more in keeping with the temper of the age.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.—Pope.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army.—Edward Everett.

## Telling the Editor

(Editor's note: Dean J. H. Gilbert, Dean Karl Onthank, Professor W. F. G. Thacher, Dean Virgil Earl, Dean George Turnbull, and Col. Bill Hayward will remember affectionately their boon companion of many years ago, John Leader. He was a British officer who was on the campus during the first world war, helping train Oregon students for army service. To the University generation of today Mr. Leader's letter is a picture, in somber tones, of one look nostalgically backward to his youth.)

### To the Editor:

The fact that—in the dear days, in the distance enchanted—I once seized the post of Hon. foreign correspondent for the Emerald, emboldens me to offer the "Impressions of a Ghost" on our "Homecoming." I admit that our football team was, if possible—better than our two past Rose Bowl teams, and that Bob Koch is the greatest punter in the world, better even than dear old Bill Steers (I hope old Bill doesn't read that) I hated all the new "yells"; the lack of singing "Mighty Oregon" and "March, March on Down the Field," all the houses on our old fighting grounds, all the other strangers.

Do you remember the village centenarian, being interviewed by a reporter, who asked him if there had been many changes in his 100 years, and the old gentleman said there "had been lots and he had been against everyone of them." One change, however, makes up for all the rest—the drum-major-ettes. I would joyfully have personally given \$1000 to have had those two girls on Victory Day, marching at the head of my regiment behind the colonel. If I ever come back to Eugene my first order will be that all our girls adopt that uniform, and that march.

I admit that our girls have not deteriorated. I thought I was an extinct volcano, but when I saw our

coeds again, I realized there was a rumble in the old crater yet. I have now reached that awkward age, young enough to smile at our girls, but not quite young enough for them to smile back at me.

Our boys are just replicas of the lads I trained to kill, in 1918, the best fighting men of whom I have had my experience in by blood-stained career. At least they are different, utterly different, they don't smile now, when they greet me.

I wandered homesickly past the houses, and joined ecstatically but inaudibly in the ghost choruses of long ago; again came back to me the roar of "then fill your lungs and spit it out, and shout it to the sky"—or the far sweeter voices gurgling "when Pop came home in a barrel." And scores of others.

"Well, "the moving finger writes, and having written, moves on." I am bringing down badminton, squash racquets, and tennis teams to play Multnomah I hope to wipe the floor with them. I could come down and play against the U, but that would be treason. I can no longer bring a football team, but I once was a star. It was when commanding my regiment in 1914, we got up a very good team, and I sent for our captain, an old Rugby International, and told him I wouldn't dream of influencing your choice of a team, but if I am not in it, no leave will be given for football this season. "Colonel," said he, "you are automatically No. 1 choice for the season."

Some say old—I mean young Bill Hayward, and Shy Huntington and I will be the stars of a football team again, but I expect it will be a team of archangels.

—John Leader.

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### Dear Editor:

We're just two of the many who briefly scan your paper every day, hoping to find a bright spot or two.

(Please turn to page seven)

## Unfurnished Rooms

Educational Activities Manager Dick Williams presented to an ISA rally Thursday a proposal which brings to light a hitherto unpublicized aspect of the future student union building.

The monetary goal set by the committee for the erection of the building is \$1,000,000, to which between one and two hundred thousand may be added to cover rising costs of labor and materials. At present, student union coffers are more than \$100,000 toward the objective. Permission has been granted to float a bond issue of \$600,000. The necessary remainder must be derived from donations and other sources. When the funds entotale have materialized and have been put to use, the University of Oregon will have a student union building of no mean proportions.

Yet we say "building", for the million dollars plus will not cover costs of furnishing the offices, lounges, and meeting rooms to be included in the structure. With the exception of a few donations from outgoing classes, the furnishing of the union has been until now, an uncrossed bridge.

Presenting this problem for the first time to the students at large, Dick Williams' proposal involves the setting aside of \$10,000 of educational activities funds for the furnishing of ASUO offices in the student union building. Since a \$17,000 surplus will be left from this \$80,000 fund this year, such a recommendation appears to be a partial solution to the future problem.

ASUO offices today are sketchily furnished with battered desks, discarded typewriters, and an inadequate supply of facilities. If Williams' proposal is rejected, these remnants will go into the impressive offices designed for the new building. Yet the popular conception of the student union building is a structure complete in every detail, a realization of the work of students, faculty, and alumni over a period of several decades.

If the \$10,000 recommendation is acted upon, the furnishing question is not answered in entirety. The projected offices of AWS, the Emerald, the Oregona, and other organizations and committees remain unfurnished.

Possible sources of furnishing funds are unlimited—campus organizations, outgoing classes, alum groups, the Oregon Mothers, et al. Without additional financial considerations of this type, the union will become a reality—but not the complete and suitably furnished student union toward which we look with anticipatory pride.



By BOB MILLER

The happy hunting grounds were kinda dead this weekend with nothing much going on except a couple of house brawls and various private parties. It was pouring both out and inside the Sig-Ep house Saturday night. A boy who really showed talent was Hugh (Fly Low) Williams who knocked everyone off the floor with his adagio dancing. The theme for the dance was Hallowe'en Party and with the eager guests and the solid music of Herb (Give Me a Benny) Warner, it was an evening well spent.

At the Pi-Kapp dance which had the same atmosphere, a small herd wave was present in the person of Betty (I Got It) Ditto, Sigma Kappa who was out to prove that some girls look good in jeans.

### Escort Bureau

Last Friday night all the boys living in the Fijidaire house had dates and all of them were with Pi-Fi gals. Having tangled up with plans for one of the deserts, the gals calmed the lads down by signing over Friday night to them exclusively. It might pay for the lads to snarl up more of their desert.

### Three Strikes and He's Out

After double-dating three times with Van Purdy, S.A.E., Gloria Bates, A-Ki-O, finally went off with him herself to the Homecoming dance. However in the middle of the evening Gloria left the distraught lad in the middle of the floor and walked home. After suffering in silence for awhile Van carrying crutches, band-aids, and a ball-bat, appeared to apologize.

### Ad Department

Any lonely souls or hearts who desire to pass away those long weekend nights should contact E. Caudero, Pi-Si, who holds classes in all types of card games and tricks in the knotty-pine room of the Pi-Si dream castle. Lucky cards—unlucky at love must be true.

### Female Gestapo

Anyone on the campus wishing information on a strange date can probably find out all about the person by contacting Patty Thompson, Sigma Kappa. Patty is compiling an info list of all the fellows she meets and dates. So for information on endurance, performance, attitude, financial situation, and net results call 1516 and ask for Patty.

### Most Likely to Succeed

One lad who should be a success at working his way through college and everyone else's pocketbook is Bob (Two and Two Are Five) Wallace, S.A.E., an erstwhile lad who doles doughnuts and java at the Side. We advise him not to take higher mathematics for with the trouble he incurs while counting change, what would he do in calculus? However to overcome this shortcoming he provides amazement and laughs with the things he serves. It seems to be a game called—"Place your order and then try to recognize it when you get it."

Commercial freezing of food began in the United States in 1870.

## FENNEL'S

CASH !!!

Used skis & bindings will be purchased at Fennell's—This week.

Campus Dept. Store  
860 E. 13th Street