

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## Some Basketball Coming Up

OREGON'S basketball invasion of the "Inland Empire" last week—the most disastrous in many moons—probably dropped the Webfoot Hoopsters from the Northern division title race. It didn't, however, stop the lemon and green five from being a serious headache to the other conference teams.

In fact the other teams can expect the Oregonians to be just that, particularly here in Eugene. The Ducks, with the pressure off, can settle down and play almost any brand of ball they like. They have little to lose by taking all the chances in the game and they will probably be trying new plays and casting off at the basket from all angles.

The four losses to Washington State and Idaho were all by close margins. To those who listened to the game it seemed as if the Oregon team just couldn't get to rolling long enough to make the necessary points and then keep the lead. They were too jittery to play a consistent brand of basketball. Of course the injuries to Anderson and Borchert helped to pave the way to the final defeats. By the time the last game rolled around the team was too jittery or too crippled to make much of a showing.

BACK in Eugene the story will be different. Both the injured men are expected to see action in the next game. The team will have had a rest and maybe they'll regain their stride. The sophomores on the squad—for most part the ones upon whom the pressure told—are wiser for the experience. As is natural they can be expected to settle down as the season moves on.

To top it all Oregon still has six out of eight home games left, games with Washington, Oregon State, and Idaho. There can be no doubt that the Webfoots will be out to win all six and to drop at least one of those teams from the conference race.

The Oregon-Washington games have always been interesting because both teams attempt to play the same kind of ball and the games are a wild scoring bee with the team that can run the longest usually emerging as the victor. This year Washington promises a team which can outrun Oregon.

The Oregon State games, backed by years of rivalry, interest more and usually draw a larger crowd than any other basketball event. It makes little difference whether the two teams are battling for the top or for the cellar position.

The campus should see some mighty interesting basketball yet this year.

## Another Committee

YESTERDAY a new committee came into existence when seventeen freshmen were picked by student union heads to form this year's freshman student union committee. The yearlings who were selected are to be congratulated and may justly be proud of the honor they have received. An important task has been entrusted to them.

To them is entrusted the task of speeding the action on a student union building on the Oregon campus. To them is entrusted the task of keeping alive a movement which dates back many years in Oregon history. To them is entrusted the task at which so many have ardently labored without producing material results.

WE realize quite keenly that the student union controversy, in all probability, dates back farther in Oregon history than any on the campus. It has been the topic for much discussion and bickering. Student leaders have worked ardently to get a union hall for the University and as yet the building has failed to materialize.

These freshmen are appointed for four years. Theirs is the responsibility, theirs the duty, theirs the privilege of carrying on the work of former student leaders. It is a huge task and one that will require all their energies. It may at times be a thankless task. Their methods will undoubtedly be criticized during the next four years. They will often find themselves under fire, both from the students and the press.

These students will find that their task will require long hard hours of work. It will require great quantities of persistence and unwillingness to give up in the face of despair. Above all, they must be genuinely interested in their work and be willing to sacrifice much time to its furtherance.

THESE seventeen students are new on the Oregon campus. They have much to learn. Their work on the student union committee should contribute a valuable addition to their education. They have yet to show that they are worthy of the honor that has been given them. They have yet to show that they can carry the load.

This committee can do much good on the campus. We hope that they will "put their shoulder to the wheel and start things rolling."

## Sunday Was Seductive

SUNDAY has gone now, as Sundays have a way of going.

It went out softly with pale blue and red violet shadows, and a gently falling mist. It had been delightfully bright, almost warm, then suddenly it was cold. The mists had come in.

Sunday was rather a herald of spring, January though it was. And in the spring there are daffodils and violets in the earth, and something like optimism in men's hearts. It is nice to catch hold of spring, especially in January.

It was peaceful and gladdening to walk in Sunday's weather, and cheering to stand on a hilltop, breathing deeply, and watching the town being idyllically humdrum. It felt good to tread on soft damp soil, and to stop to watch some cows monotonously munching their lunch.

SUNDAY lulled one with soft weather and promises of spring, insisting that all was obviously right with the world. Come away from January seriousness, it said, and contemplations of the world, et cetera. The immediate earth is lovely and alive, and is only concerned with growing things. Tulips were blooming riotously when the blitzkrieg came to Holland last spring, and nightingales went on singing in Paris when the bombs fell, they say. The earth goes on, concerned with its growing things.

Sunday was seductive—until the cold mists rolled in.

## What Other Editors Think

### We and the Voice-Machines

THE question returns, even though at present we are interested in whether the Greeks will be in Tirana by Christmas, whether the British fleet will prove its superior quality, whether the German forces are going to invade the British Isles. The question is not intricate. It is simply this: Is imperialist division of an imperialist world to be the aftermath of this war, or are we to see a new type of social democracy come to the fore, a government founded on freedom, a government constituted by social conscience?

When the question is asked it is not well received. We are told that the immediate problems of attaining geographical objectives—Hill 26, Sector 457, The Strait of Cerberus, The Isle of Ishtar—are all-important, and that we must not let our perspective become clouded by looking too far ahead. This is the voice of reaction speaking. It is the voice that is always predominant in a decaying civilization, it is the voice that controls the voice machines. We overrate, however, the strength of many reactionary establishments for we can pick the termite-eaten super-structures which pass for foundations to pieces if we will. We can impose our desire for progress-sans-godhead without smashing our heads against concrete barriers. For there is no concrete.

We hear much thick-tongued prating of how there is an international bond connecting students and student interests. Much of this is nonsense, because the people who say it are a stupid people. Some of it is true, and if one wants to be pragmatic about the idea, he can say that it is true because it works and can continue to function towards a social-democratic ideal.

WE are not straying from our first question when we speak of this. And we speak of this because we believe that it is possible for students in all parts of the world to protest against the short-sightedness of the old men who—we will bet the proverbial shirt—are going to be the peacemakers. We should like to agree that the peacemakers are blessed, were it not for the fact that the peacemakers have in recent decades been such insufferable dolts.

There is a puissant voice that can shout out the voice-machines. If it is dormant, that is because too many fine voices have preferred seclusion and stillness to the raucous hostility of the barricades. And that must not be now.

We are to live in the divisions of the world that will be made after Hill 26, Sector 457, The Strait of Cerberus, and The Isle of Ishtar are all taken and redubbed and re-blazoned. That is why contumely, why disdainful labelling should not deter us from the imposition of our views. That is why we should continue to say this and to fight for this: no imperialist, butcher-division of countries at the next peace conference; no falsely bounded, pseudo-democracies, even if they are conceived by the temporal peerage.—Minnesota Daily.

### Teach All, Not Just the Best

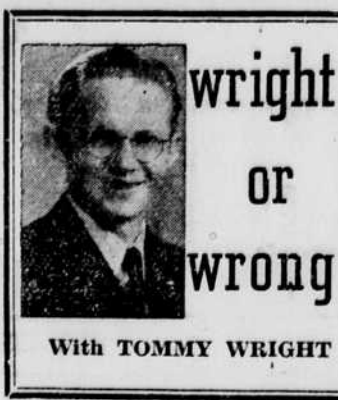
CHARLES Chaplin rejected the New York "film critics" award as the best screen actor of 1940, because he believed acceptance would constitute acknowledgement of "the fact that actors are competing with each other."

He holds the belief of many that "such an approach to one's work is not very inspiring." Competition in the trades is a recognized practice, but in art it is frowned upon because the individual should be encouraged to excel for the sake of art itself.

Education, like art, is dedicated to the individual and it should remain so. Competition in education has the tendency to push the cream of the crop to the surface and to force the less proficient in their studies to an inferior position in the school system.

EDUCATION in the beginning was an effort to teach everybody how to read and write. It was not a movement to find the best reader and writer. The ones who knew less in those subjects were intended to get the most attention. Today boys and girls, young men and women are not herded together in grade schools, high schools, colleges and universities for the purpose of competing with one another. That just happens to be the easiest method for educators to reach the most persons. Education is still an individual affair.—Indiana Daily Student.

Recent assembly speakers have, at least, aroused some comment anyway. Typical campus remarks: "I'm sick of this war business. I don't even listen to the news broadcasts anymore. Why can't we have something else when we have our assembly speakers here?" Disgust and revulsions are a natural response to all the war talks but the assembly speeches are like medicine—"hard to take but good for you."



With TOMMY WRIGHT

Perfidy producers Wright and Wrong swung out with an all new show "Stabbed by a Type-writer Key or 'Who was the Geishu With George Last Night?' A rabble rousing riot in four scenes. Centering around the activities of some 3,700 Webfoots, the plot is about as punchy as the 'T' kep on an egotist's Underwood.

3-MINUTE POME . . . The days of old, When the lads were bold, And chivalry reigned supreme, Have reverted to scoops, By columnistic droops, With muddy thoughts the theme.

CAMPUS WHISPERS . . . JOE WICKS (surprisingly is the third Theta Chi in a month to part with his hard-earned pin. The girl, ELEANOR BLANCHARD, OSC Kappa . . . another of the Theta Chi lads—LEN BALLIF, will have his pin on a State Kappa, the chrystal ball portends . . . "WHIZ" WHITE lives up to his moniker for fast work, by planting his pin and getting it back all in two weeks. Geel "WHIZ" . . . Aggie DOUG MARTIN breezed into town for the weekend and was seen among other places—at the Holland . . . Campi Casanova GREG DECKER doing a bit of conversing from the Infirmary lawn to HELEN MOORE, reposed in a hospital cot — (note:) new way to beat the visiting hour rules . . . Afraid that a date with BOB BROOKS might ruin a beautiful friendship with same, this week was Phoebe Dean but,—the two were together Friday night—fickleness and gambling spirit of women . . . "PAUL REVERE FENDALL they call him, after riding a broomstick through the OSC Kappa house with the housemother in hot pursuit . . . Fresh hooper BOB WREN gives MARGARET MURPHY a break and now she wears his pin . . . ERLING GRIMSTEAD also broke down and does some pin cultivating—the girl, JEANNETTE LUYVAAS . . . ARCHIE RAMA does a steady with ALICE MCCOY . . . T. GLENN WILLIAMS keeps his pin on Alpha Xi Delta prexy BLANCHE GUSTAVSON — Isn't it amazing? . . . EDWIN KEMKEY goes into the Sigma Chi stocks today — the price for planting his White Cross on Alpha Chi's DOTTIE HORN . . . Referring to the odoriferous lawns hereabouts — BUCHWACH: "The longer I go to Oregon, the more it smells like Oregon State."

CONCLUSION . . . Disillusioning as an anemic blue blood, is the fact that ROY VERNSTROM, erstwhile editor of "Old Oregon," after having a colm of comps written about him by SO BE IT, treats the writer of same to a buck-fifteen dinner. So long for a while.

And I remembered John Monk Saunders who is also dead now but who sang the theme song of bitter disillusion after the last unpleasantness. And Ernest Hemingway who is far from dead but who is a different man from the writer of "The Sun Also Rises" and "Farewell to Arms."

And I wondered about what would happen to Colonel Ingle and Lieut. Colonel Hammond and how they would feel say five years from now if the present war is over by then . . . (I hope they'll forgive me for wondering in print, but there is nothing personal in this for I was thinking of them as symbols.

Will we have our own lost generation 1946 or '47? What will happen to the seniors who graduate this June? Will they get back into the swing of things when this mess is settled? And a hundred other questions. But turning to the newspaper I see we're not going to war after all. Secretary of State Hull says so himself. According to an "informed source" he said yesterday at a secret hearing on the British aid bill that the increased assistance planned by the administration would not

## so be it...

By BILL FENDALL

the following is for those who read between the lines in a colm.

CENSORED see . . . a colymust doesn't have to use words to fill a colm up with nothing . . .

freshman: "I'm going to make good grades . . . make every honorary in sight . . ."

soph: "well, I was just getting adjusted last year . . . I might make an honorary yet." junior: "it just isn't grades that count . . . it's the contacts you make . . ."

senior: "hooray! I passed! . . ."

found in the managing editor's waste basket along with several other wadded-up versions: Dear PAT: My heart is broken . . . I thought you loved me, and now I find that you have accepted some guy's ROTC belt. goodbye forever.

## International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

Ink and paper, typewriter, pen, Alack, alas groans the scribbler— My opening sentence's been pied again. By a printer who's a dribbler.

That's pretty punk doggerel but it expresses my reaction Saturday morning when I read what happened to my little piece about Claude Ingalls and his "2,200 subversives in Lane county."

Cummings Speaking of subversives, I participated in some subversive conversation yesterday that Mr. Ingalls might be interested in.

It was a beautiful afternoon, if you remember: feathery clouds floating high and bright sunshine, more like April than January.

Holding up the side of a building with their brows lightly furrowed by the glare were the two top-ranking student officers in the University R.O.T.C., Shelton Ingle and Bruce Hammond.

"Hi boys, taking in the sun?" I remarked in passing. "Might as well enjoy it," says Bruce. "This may be our last spring."

Lost Generation We all laughed and nobody took the remark seriously. Nobody, that is, except me, a little later when I got to thinking about it. I remembered that Scott Fitzgerald, writer of the "Lost Generation," died in Hollywood a few weeks ago, and I remembered some of his books like "Tender Is the Night" which dealt with the neurotic by-products of the last war, and I wondered if a similar conversation might not have taken place on the Princeton campus along say in the early part of 1917.

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involve the United States in war.

I hope the informed source quoted Hull correctly and I also hope that Hull knows what he is talking about.

In the senate yesterday isolationist leaders Nye and Wheeler introduced a resolution calling on the belligerent nations for a statement of their war aims, the conditions on which they would agree to peace, and disclosure of any "secret treaties for division of territorial spoils."

Common Sense That seems like common sense to me, to find out what all the shooting is about before jumping into the fray, but Senator Barkley thinks it is "illogical."

Barkley said if you see a couple of men fighting and your friend is getting the worst of it you don't make legal inquiries before helping out the pal. But the analogy is false because the time element is not the same in a street scrap and an international war. A man may be knocked cold in a minute but it takes longer to kayo a nation and it shouldn't take very long for Churchill to answer a few questions.

Civilization is wonderful. We even have radios nowadays.

Two University of Alabama coeds who now are roommates and sorority sisters traveled more than 6,000 miles on the same boat last summer without knowing each other.

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