

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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By These Signs Ye Shall Know

IN some far away place beyond the horizon the gods who control the weather got together and decided that spring should come to Oregon early this year—earlier than usual and earlier than the time prescribed for it in the academic calendar of the University. The result, although very hard on GPAs, has been a taste of spring in the waning days of winter term.

While the editors of this paper refuse to go out on the limb (with the weather man) and predict that spring is here, there are many signs around the University which would justify such a conclusion. The warm days just past have brought out many signs indicating that spring has come, or is on its way. Some of the signs that spring has come are already present, many will come early in next term.

THE squirrels playing games on the lawn, a boy and a girl slowly weaving their way across the campus seemingly oblivious of time and place, two professors chatting on the steps of Friendly hall, and the WPA renewing its activity to make the grass grow on all parts of the campus where it was not originally sown.

A canoe sliding up the millrace, students sunbathing on fraternity lawns, a radio-phonograph sharing its high fidelity (anyway loud) message with the rest of the world, a lonely couple studying in the lib, and a car crawling up Thirtieth street at one half the usual speed (60 miles an hour).

By these signs ye shall surely know that spring has come to Oregon.

A Problem and Its Solution

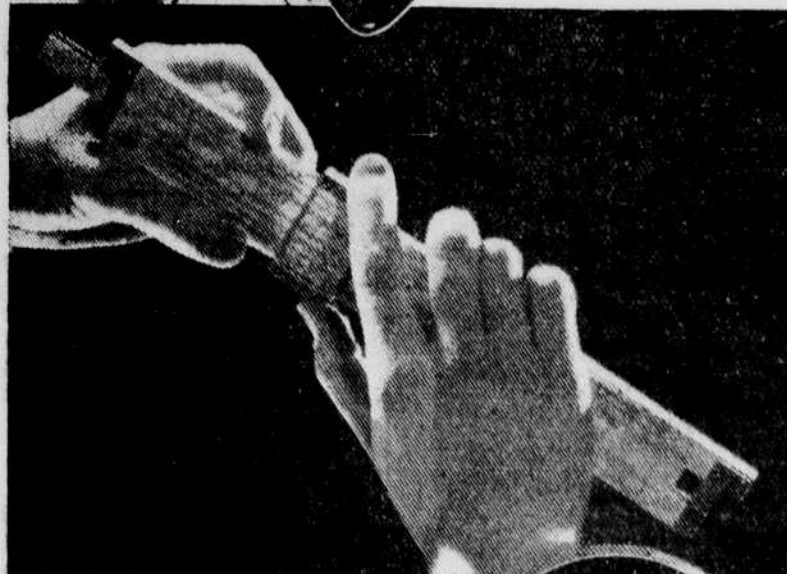
OREGON students are optimistic and they have a right to be. For 18 years they have worn the old thinking cap in a seemingly futile attempt to conjure up a student union hall. Now the state legislature has come to the rescue and the dream of countless Oregon students seems near materialization.

Yes, the students are optimistic and justly so. But the students must never think that the task is now finished. Much lies ahead and now is the time for the students to really get on the bandwagon and boost.

THIS fact was realized by one campus organization and they set out to do something about it. Last week the W. F. G. Thacher chapter of Alpha Delta Sigma, men's advertising honorary, pledged \$100 to help furnish a room in the proposed structure for the meetings of campus honoraries.

The advertising boys put their finger on a major selling point of student union propagandists. Such rooms should certainly not be overlooked when the plans for the building are drawn. And the chapter not only put their finger on the problem but put their shoulder to the wheel and are doing something about it.

The donation undoubtedly is going to work something of a hardship upon the chapter. It is extremely unlikely that the treasury of any campus honorary is so packed with greenbacks that the extraction of a \$100 donation would not be missed. But ADS did it because they saw a problem and a solution.—H.O.



Take a minute to relax, and things go smoother. Ice-cold Coca-Cola adds refreshment to relaxation. Its delightful, wholesome taste has the charm of purity. So when you pause throughout the day, make it the pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola. YOU TASTE ITS QUALITY

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'The Messiah'

SIX hundred student voices raised themselves in song Sunday night to tell again the story of the greatest life ever lived on earth.

A packed McArthur court sat entranced for two hours as the massed chorus and the five featured soloists traced in song the first visions of the shepherds, the birth of the Christ child, His persecution on the cross. The audience rose in common praise as the vibrant "Hallelujah" chorus came forth in powerful declaration that He lives again in the hearts of men.

Not the least of the highlights of the evening was the University symphony orchestra's interpretation of the Pastoral Symphony, which gracefully built visions of the shepherds in their fields, the quiet and peaceful world that waited in awe for the coming of their Messiah. It was the acme of loveliness . . . and charm . . . and peace.

THERE were few in the audience who did not turn to their neighbors at some point during the evening to marvel at the immense amount of work that Dean Theodore Kratt must have expended to give the chorus, the symphony, and the capable soloists that quality of precision that made for perfection in timing. For the new dean of the music school, who seemed just as naively happy about the success of the production as the lowliest alto on the back row of the 600-student chorus, had a difficult assignment. He directed both the symphony orchestra and the singers.

The music school's contribution to University cultural life brought pleasure to many, both on the campus and in the surrounding community. The custom of presenting an all-school chorus in some classic performance is not new; but if accomplishments like that of Sunday night are an example, the idea can never grow old.

It was fitting, too, that Oregon should open the Lenten season with the exquisite pageantry of the "Messiah."—H.A.

In the Editor's Mail

March 4, 1941

To the Editor:

When Scabbard and Blade first announced this term that applicants for membership in that organization were to be interviewed, I scouted around for information concerning its purpose, aims, and composition.

Its composition in particular interested me for, being an independent and a strictly non-political one, unless there was at least a 50-50 chance of an independent being admitted, there would be no reason to learn its purpose and aims.

From casual remarks overheard here and there I was given the impression that Scabbard and Blade was decidedly political and with a tendency toward being a "fraternity clique." However, casual remarks and biased opinion would hardly be a fair basis upon which to condemn what may be an impartial, upright organization. I decided that the proof would be in the pudding.

The proof was there all right! Of the 24 pledges from the third-year military class two were independents. Now, to the

best of my knowledge, at least 40 per cent of the third-year military class are independents, and I know of only one who did not make application. Less than 9 per cent are represented on the pledge list. Why did these two independents make the grade? Perhaps they make up the small per cent considered a "necessary evil" by Scabbard and Blade to keep it from completely losing face with independents.

There may be facts of which I am not aware, that will cast a different light on the subject, but until they are revealed the very unflattering opinion I have formed will remain unchanged. I would appreciate any information on the issue that you have available, but since I wish to remain unknown (I still have hopes of some day becoming a member of Scabbard and Blade—why? I don't know) it must be through the channels of the press. Perhaps the Scabbard and Blade chapter of U. of O. Fraternities, Inc. would be interested in enlightening me.

Sincerely yours,
Cadet Sgt. "Disillusioned".

International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

Not since the days of the NRA, the WPA, the national labor relations board, and other innovations of the New Deal has any question so sharply split the American public as the problem of America's role in the war.

Debate over Roosevelt's "lend-lease" bill has done much to bring the matter to a head. Although there are many divergences, many shadings of opinion, two camps have emerged: the interventionists and the isolationists.

There is always a danger of over-simplification in using sharp dichotomies, but I think it is evident by now that the essential differences in viewpoint boil down to a philosophical attitude.

The way I see it, one's stand on intervention is bound to be strongly conditioned by one's attitude to death.

For generations now the Christian philosophy has aimed at convincing man that life is sacred. Not even a sparrow can fall to earth without God being aware of it, the Bible tells us. How much more important then must be the individual's life.

Living in the United States, where murder is the worst crime on the calendar and the front pages of the newspapers, until recently, chronicled all the gory details of any deviation from non-violence, it is natural that the American citizen sets a high value on the mere privilege of continuing to breathe.

If this is true for the practicing Christians, so-called, then it is even more true for those of us who have been "contaminated" by skepticism.

The philosophy of materialism is growing. It is a contradictory phenomenon because although on the one hand it furnishes the ideological base for fascism and communism, on the other hand it inspires that attitude to the dogma of immortality that says: "You've got to show me."

"There may be a life after death," these young materialists say, "but I don't know anything about it. I've never yet met anybody who has come back from the beyond. Millions of people have died just since I've been knocking around on this planet, to say nothing of the countless swarms who have fertilized the earth in ages past. They died, and as far as I know they're still dead."

In a nutshell, the idea is that when you're dead, you're dead

for a long, long time.

It is people who believe like this that make up a good proportion of the isolationists. They value life and hesitate to throw it away. When the orators shout "glory" and "national honor" and "duty to one's country," they wince, because at heart they are skeptics.

War, they know, is unfortunately a game that is played for keeps. When a piece of shrapnel takes off the top of your skull at the eyebrows they know you are out of the game permanently. When you are lying in the mud with twenty feet separating what used to be your arms and legs from your torso, they know no one can say mumbo-jumbo and put you together again.

Knowing this, they want to be sure the game is worth the candle. When a middle-aged hero says "democracy" and "freedom" to them they want to be sure that what he really means is not "foreign trade" and "profits for Bethlehem Steel."

Leland Stowe, who is the mouthpiece for Colonel Frank Knox, secretary of the navy and owner of the Chicago Daily News, expressed the crux of the matter very succinctly, albeit unwittingly, in one of his recent articles. Stowe quoted the now dead dictator of Greece, Premier Metaxas, who furnished oratorical leadership for the Greeks in their fight against the invading Italians.

Said Metaxas: "For us of the Greek orthodox faith, death is only an episode."

For the Mohammedans too, death is only an episode, and if a good Moslem dies in battle he believes that he goes straight to paradise to meet his seven wives.

Unfortunately for the U.S. interventionists, few Americans are believers in either Mohammed or the Greek orthodox faith.

For too many of us death is not an episode, not merely an incident along a road that stretches endlessly ahead. For us, young materialists, death is the end.

So Colonel Knox and all the other interventionists up to Franklin Roosevelt himself had better take heed. When they ask us to offer our lives to uphold their theories they are not asking for a trifle, but for everything.

Have a care, oh masters. Your reasons even now tax our belief.

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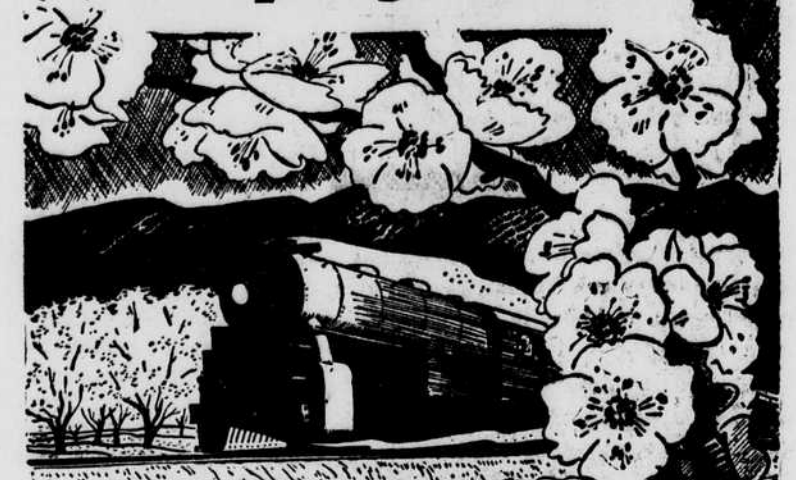
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\$275 Roundtrip PORTLAND
Reduced fares to other points. Special parties are being organized for Klamath Falls and California points.

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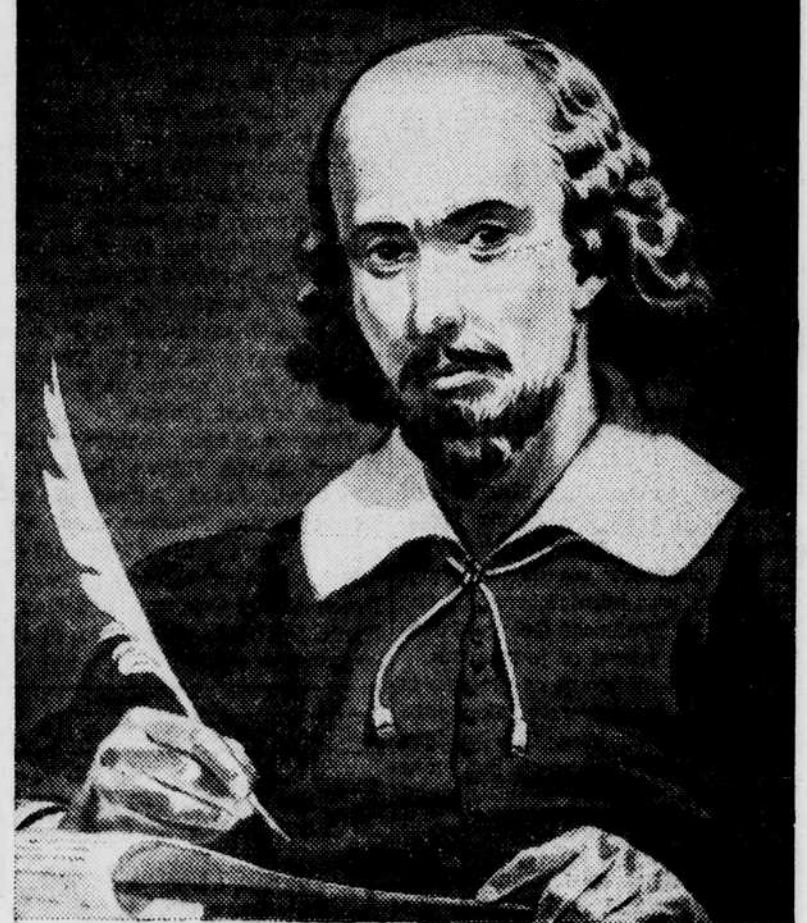
NORTHBOUND: Lv. Eugene 12:20 P.M. and 4:20 P.M.
SOUTHBOUND: Lv. Eugene (via Klamath Falls) 12:04 P.M., 1:03 A.M., 1:24 A.M. To Ashland: 11:25 P.M.

RETURNING: Special train leaves Portland, Sunday, March 25 at 6:30 P.M.

For information inquire at booth on 15th St. between Oregon and Commerce

Sponsored by
U. of O. ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

Shakespeare didn't know the half of it!



... when he wrote

"What's in a Name?"

The Bard of Avon was right about the rose—its name is unimportant. But if he'd had anything to do with naming telephone exchanges, he'd have learned a lot!

Names must be easy to pronounce and transmit—must not look or sound like other exchange names—must not use the same dial finger spaces.

Take MUIR and OTIS, for example. Fine!—except they dial alike! For the first two letters of each appear in the same finger spaces on the dial.

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Samples will be on display at the

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