

OREGON Daily EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald, published daily during the college year except Sunday, Monday, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$1.25 per term and \$3.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Represented for national advertising by NATIONAL ADVERTISING SERVICE, INC., college publishers' representative, 420 Madison Ave., New York—Chicago—Boston—Los Angeles—San Francisco—Portland and Seattle.

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Then It Will Be Too Late to Think

THERE have been a great many things written about the cocksure attitude of the college student; so much, in fact, that assuredness has come to be as much a part of the collegian's makeup as that sleepy 8 o'clock look.

But there is a time when that "cock-o'-the-walk" attitude becomes absurd. Such a point is reached when the approach threatens public safety. Two days of school at the University's fall term session indicates that students so far this year have little or no respect for Thirteenth street traffic regulations.

Main thoroughfare of campus traffic, Thirteenth has always been the bugaboo of Eugene safety theorists. For during the noon hour, it carries the complete load of east Eugene traffic to work as well as students . . . and that in itself creates a severe problem. Certainly there is everything imaginable wrong with the present setup. But until traffic is taken from Thirteenth, until it is converted into an avenue for students only, University students have a responsibility to themselves and to the general cause of public safety.

THE whole campus area is considered a "safety area," which means that automobiles move at a decreased rate of speed during school hours. But they should not be required to plow through milling throngs of undergraduates who choose the middle of the

street as a spot in which to hash over some professor's eccentricities or last night's date.

Traffic observers along the thoroughfare this week note that students have not attempted to cooperate in moving rapidly across from one side of the street to the other. Cars have been forced to come to a virtual standstill while students wander aimlessly across to class.

THERE has been an ideal in the minds of University and Eugene leaders for years to remove all traffic from Thirteenth, but so far city council action has not developed to actuality. The new-born plans to change the route of the highway and move the railroad tracks may open the way for establishing a new street for city traffic, so that the campus can be a unit unto itself.

Until such developments are made, however, it is the student's responsibility to do everything in his power to avoid accidents in this danger area, to look before he steps off the curb, and to move quickly about his business instead of loitering in a busy spot. In a larger sense, it is his duty to go half-way in extending the "courtesy of the road" to vehicles.

Unless students begin to realize the severity of the situation, there will one day be a serious accident. Then it will be too late to think.

Well-Feathered Ducks

WHILE Mars was spreading his gloom over the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa, other Olympus gods seemed to have smiled on Oregon students during the summer months and granted them the gift of Midas.

As late registrants continue to crowd Johnson hall, administration officials are more and more amazed at the prompt payment of all fees with such a small percentage asking for the privilege of the term payment plan.

Outstanding example of the "nigger richness" of Oregon students this fall is the shorter line in front of the loan window and lengthened line before athletic card and Oregana salesmen.

In statistical terms, only 241 students have applied for combined loans of \$7,440.60 this year compared to the 343 borrowing \$10,121.30 last fall term.

History-recording records have also been established in the Oregana and ASUO card sales despite a 7 per cent decrease in enrollment. With the drives only five days old, almost 100 more students have purchased

their athletic tickets and 300 have signed up for a copy of "the biggest yearbook in the world."

NOTICEABLE, too, is the increased number of newcomers who paid rushing fees despite enrollment dropping from 3700 to 3024. Greek women this year chose from 350 girls compared to 295 last year. Fraternities, also rushing against the army and national defense, gained five men over the 1940 season of 327 men.

The University of Oregon in the past, has pointed with pride to the fact that 90 per cent of its students contribute to their college education by their own earnings.

This year the University can point with even more pride to the fact that the riches of the "outside world" tempted only a very few; that Webfoot students were more interested in continuing their college education than adding easy defense dollars to their pocketbook.

The Oregana Scores Again

FOR the fifth time in six years of competition in national contests, the Oregana yesterday received notice of its selection to All-American rating among annuals of the United States colleges.

If any Oregon yearbook ever deserved this high award in journalistic endeavor, it is Wilbur Bishop's colorful, museum-covered 1941 creation.

The campus greeted the book last spring enthusiastically, for it was indeed a work of art. Every page showed detailed work, for makeup was completely different on every one of its 408 pages. There was more color than ever before, more pages, and better development of the phases of yearbooks that students most appreciate. The type was new and sparkling. The Bishop-originated "magazine style" of headlines and stories rather than the

old-fashioned captions.

IT was a record year in Oregana history, and is accepted as the most beautiful book University undergraduates have been able to call their own.

First salute to his success in pleasing the campus came to Bishop when a decreased registration brought around a 15 per cent increase in 1941-42 Oregana subscriptions in first-week sales. Such a boom is a credit to an editor's ability to please.

Approval of his own campus was what the Oregana chief wanted more than anything else. But he is undoubtedly pleased too that his year's product has been voted by the National Collegiate Press association as one of the five best yearbooks in its class. For not only the campus, but the nation, salutes him.

Modern Extra-Curricular Activity: Chaotic International Events

(Editor's Note: The following is the fifth in a series of interpretative articles on international affairs by University students. The author of today's article is a senior in journalism.)

By BILL HAIGHT

International authorities each day interpret with varying degrees of objectivity their analyses of international events for us.

We, in turn, are supposed to evaluate these interpretations and resolve an opinion of the chaotic events of each harrowing day.

Russia will succeed, Russia will fail, the Czechs revolt, the Czechs are not revolting, it is just a few communist agitators; the Vichy government will or won't—ad infinitum.

How can we resolve this into a definite constructive part of our daily program? What does it mean to us? What possible answer can we as students have to the multiple problems of national defense, the tragic confusion of war?

A Course of Study

I believe we should interpret the international situation with what we have to offer, personally. To us students that means attention to the particular job at the particular moment with everything we have within us.

For men students it may mean practical and close attention to military courses, to the women attention to the courses that will enable them to care for themselves individually; equip themselves to face the rigors of possible self-support.

Learn. Develop your critical faculties. A long ways from the front? Not necessarily. Learn to examine deeply the words used by disseminators of various doctrines. Evaluate critically, carefully the meaning of a sentence like: "war means the subjection of right to might—the right of tolerance, independence, and freedom of choice to the might of the war god, Mars."

Our Analysis

Does it also mean there is no subjection of those freedoms in a form of peace? What about Norway? Sweden? Czechoslovakia? Be critical. Learn here, now, how to develop our critical faculties.

Our right to search for an intelligent understanding of current events is a gift, that gift purchased with "blood, tears, toil and sweat" of others.

During a great historical drama our place at the present is on the University of Oregon campus as students. Let us accept that privilege as a responsible duty, an integral part of the international situation, and "give it everything we've got." We will need the knowledge we have the opportunity to learn.

In The Mail Bag

The following is an excerpt from a letter written by Corporal Lowell Dick, 1941 graduate of the University of Oregon, from Camp Roberts in California. We reprint part of the letter here as a suggestion to students who have friends in camp that they are "homesick" and would appreciate a letter. If complete addresses are not available, the name of the camp will usually get the letter to the addressee.)

Lowell writes:

"As the time for school to start grows near, I find my mind wandering up Oregon way again and I wish I were in Eugene right now. But the army is the army and national defense is national defense, so I guess I'll just have to get along without Oregon for quite a spell.

"I was inducted July 15 at Salt Lake City. They kept me around the reception center for one week and then shipped two carloads of us off to this part of California . . . which has the dust bowl heat . . .

"Maybe if I had it all to do over again I'd try to evade the draft, but being what I am, I suppose I'd just do the same thing over again in the same way.

"I understand Kent Stitzer is supposed to be in California, but no one seems to know just where. Other Oregon men are supposed to be in the camp, but so far the only one I've found is Bob Smith.

He's in the 87th infantry. Jay Graybeal is supposed to be down in the infantry area too, but it's so hard to find a man in this camp that you give up after awhile. There are about 30,000 men here now, and the personnel is constantly changing.

"Another Oregon student I've seen recently is Vic Townsend, and his wife (Edie Yturri). Vic and his wife and Vic's brother, Chuck, sailed from L.A. Saturday night for the Islands. I was down there on a three day pass to see them off. Vic said he intended to stay in Hawaii for an indefinite period. Chuck, who was my roommate for two years at Oregon, is going to work on an air base on Johnston island, 600 miles southwest of Hawaii. Anyway, they both get out of the draft.

"I think I've consumed about enough of the government's time for one morning. This is the third letter so far this morning and it isn't 8 a.m. yet, but there isn't anything else to do and I'm trying to build up a correspondence. If anyone around the school of journalism cares to write, I'll be mighty glad to hear from them. Prompt answers are guaranteed, or the postage will be refunded.

Lowell Dick,
Camp Roberts, California.

Dr. Gordon Wright stopped yesterday in his "History of Modern Times" class to let a passing train's whistle hold sway.

His beginning lecture dealt with the ancient beginnings of European history. He cracks, "I don't mind such interruptions after I reach the Industrial Revolution, but until then it's not ethical."