

At
**Second
Glance**

By TED HARMON

Well, here it is Monday morning and while you're eating your hurried breakfast, stop to think how proud your parents are of you because you didn't skip any of today's classes. After all, this week, there's Armistice day; next week Thanksgiving; next week Homecoming, and then December is here. It's not worth it!

We made a hurried check-up among living organizations and after some mathematical work, figured out that there should be about 614 Webfoots absent from classes today.

It's getting to be almost funny. Nowadays, when adequate education is provided for nearly everyone, for the students classes end on Thursday so they can get ready for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. In other words, like those of Mestofleas, the office cat, it may be only a few years until school will be held in between vacations and weekends.

This Monday edition more or less caught us with our notes down and depleted. Not used to missing our Sunday dinner to write, we scanned back and forth over the campus and found a few things to occupy the dismal thoughts of a Monday morning mind. Like this one, for instance.

Where is Oregon's victory bell? As far as we can gather, it has been stolen from the campus; at least numerous living organizations say they don't know where it is. Latest rumor to tickle our eardrums said it was in Corvallis. We called the Kappa Sigs and they said the Betas had it. Calling again, the Betas said that some group came over and picked it up. Of course, we may be wrong about our suspicions to say Oregon State has the bell.

Late tonight we had received partial verification of the rumor, with a hint from an OSC ad that "it'll ring out at the game in two weeks!" As Operator 6-X said, flicking off the ashes of his trench-mortar, "we'll get it back!"

ADPins: like Eva Marquist and Carl Johnson, OSC Phi Sig, or Margaret Childs taking Johnny Alden's brass; or even Orabelle Bulgamore wearing March Hay's SAE pin.

Our Daily Correspondence: On their way to the Sigma Delta Chi convention at New Orleans, Buck Buchwach and Ep Hoyt are writing daily to this column on little oddities they see and hear on their fourteen-day trip. Here's the first letter:

"En route to New Orleans, 220 miles north of San Francisco. It was nice getting onto a train without thousands of people bidding one goodbye. Cheered by the fact that everybody in the University was aware of our trip and hadn't come down to the train because they wished to spare the tears, Ep and I decided to go to bed, but not before we had seen a young thing of 65 wearing a 615-year-old stickpin and dreamily swaying to the music of "Tonight We Love."

"If someone will please wire immediate instructions on how to climb into an upper berth without the aid of a ladder, it would please us no end. We used Les Steers' high jump style last night, but for some reason a gangly five feet, four inch giant such as I couldn't make it too well. Well, the corridor of the train wasn't bad as a bunk, but every time the train stopped, the porter for some strange reason

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Tomorrow Is Armistice . . .

TOMORROW is Armistice day. It has a hollow sound, this talk of the peace of a war that was "to end wars." It is almost with a sense of shame that Americans pause tomorrow to revere the memory of eleven million men who lost their lives in a conflict that has not yet ended.

It is with difficulty that the American of today attempts to relegate his experience-born ideas of the futility, the hatefulness of war to a place alongside the creed of force to which America today finds herself rededicating every effort. But that should be the theme of this Armistice day.

The president in Washington, the interventionists and the isolationists on the senate floor, the ambassadors in Europe, the army and navy mgn . . . all these can plot the war's course, can blueprint their plans for Hitler's destruction. But only the individual can discover his own philosophy of the war, can make this new war assume its rightful place in an America that has come to hate war.

* * * *

THE purpose of every democratic-principled individual today is to make his rightful conception of the evils of war conform with his realization that this war is fundamentally necessary for the preservation of the very core of his way of life.

We cannot help, so soon after the catastrophe of 1918, sincerely despising the idealization of bugle calls, the blasting of fathers in trenches while starving their babies at home. Nobody can make ideals out of those things for a good many years to come.

But today the world is at war. There is a life and death struggle between the philosophy of force as only a power-getting offensive agent and the philosophy of force for protection only. Democracy after democracy has fallen because their people could not realize that these two philosophies of the war were incompatible. Says Leon Cotnareanu, French newspaperman, in his book, "The Alternative:" ". . . the French never (in World War II) thought of war in the same way as did the Germans. They thought of war only as a defensive weapon, because they never intended to attack anybody; they had been so badly hurt . . . by the first World War that they sincerely desired peace."

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LIKE France, America does not want to go to war, does not want to mix in the struggles of Europe, is unalterably frightened by the semblance of permanency that another union with European nations in war might bring in peacetime.

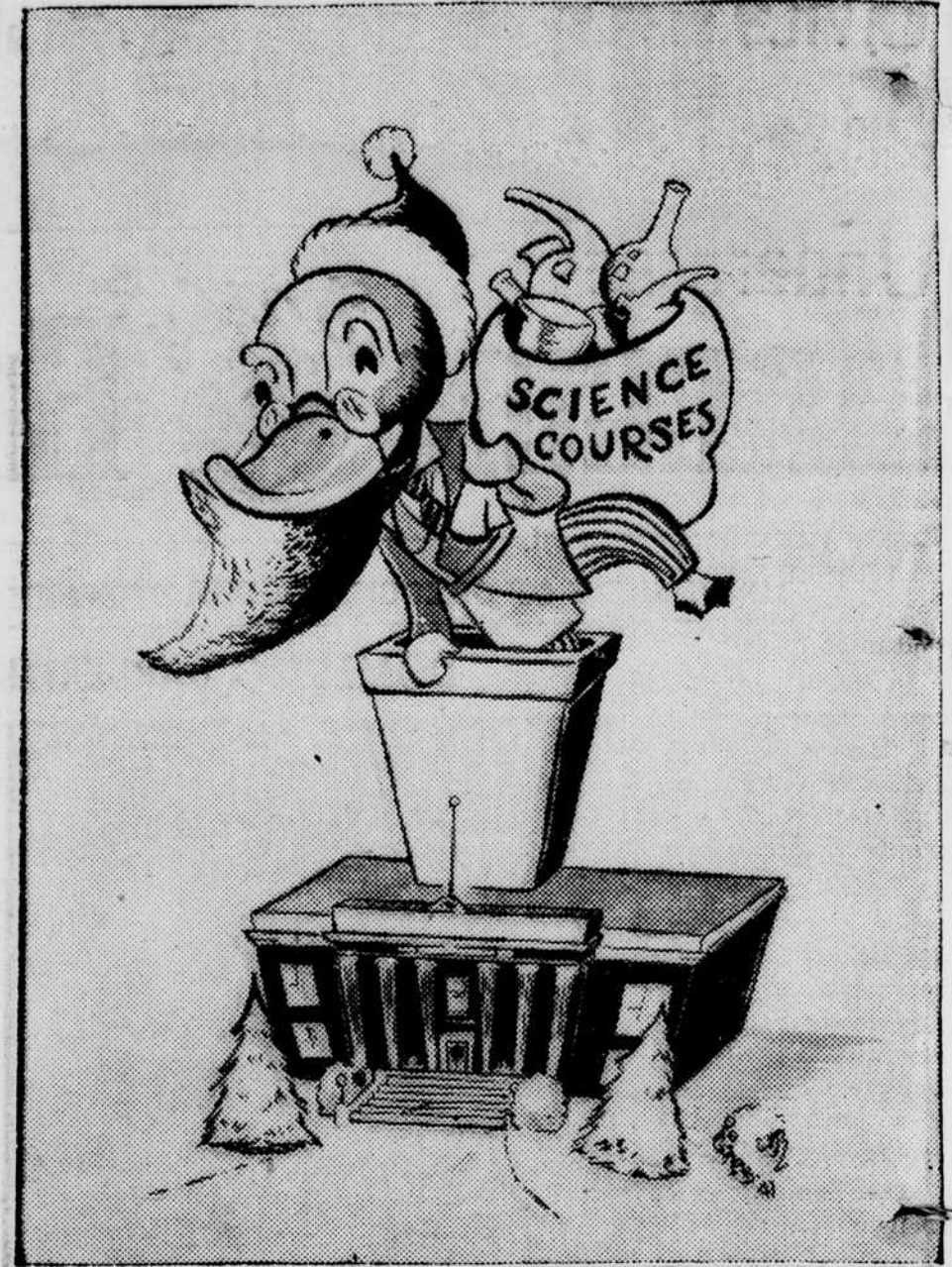
But today, on this Armistice day 1941, when we are celebrating peace . . . the world is at war. The American way of life is threatened. Perhaps America could watch the rest of the civilized world become virtual vassal states and remain intact; perhaps Hitler means what his blueprint indicates . . . that he will "permit" three great nations.

But his whole theme is that of a master race, and it seems illogical that in a Hitler-dictated peace he would remain long content with "Jewish-labelled America," or Oriental Japan on the same plane. Monopolizing most of the markets of the world, Germany would thwart the great trading development of America. Religiously, where would American freedom be in a world without Christ.

* * * *

AMERICA'S cultural heritage . . . free thought, free expression of ideas . . . could not help but be imprisoned in a world dictated to by a nation that professed to be Godless, without art, without competition, without equal rights among men. There could be no peace on Hitler's terms that would leave Americans their present right to worship as they please, to write as they please, to interpret as they please, to think as they please.

Milton's cry, "Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to my conscience, above all liberties" takes the place of battle cries and idealized warfare to make the theme of this second great World War. For that is why America will fight. That is why the United States has only one path to follow. It is so the children of our generation can say, "America's voice . . . the democratic voice . . . at the council tables of World War II makes it possible for me to let conscience rather than dictated rule be the guide for what I do, what I think, and what I enjoy."



Writer Speculates

If Russia Surrenders---

By DON TREADGOLD

A billion dollars—that is what the United States is lending Russia to fight Hitler; "Stop fighting Russia or lose our friendship," we say to Finland.

Yet the Soviet embassy gave an enormous reception celebrating the anniversary of the Russian revolution, at which not a single senator nor supreme court justice is present. These events symbolize the fact that we are helping Russia, not because we love Stalin or communism, but because we are both engaged in the common effort to beat Hitler.

Russia, a Bulwark

As time passes, we realize more and more how absolutely essential it is that we keep Russia fighting Hitler, even at the cost of great sacrifices and great risk. Last week Col. Josiah Wedgwood, labor member of parliament, said, "If Russia surrenders, I doubt whether our resolution to hold out would endure for long."

Though this may be an overstatement, it has an element of truth in it. If Russia falls, the war may last decades. There simply would be no way to strike Hitler a knockout blow for a long, long time.

Mutilation

Let us consider what Russian collapse would really mean. It

would mean Japan and Germany would probably partition the whole Soviet Union, China would be almost surrounded by enemies, Japan would have her Manchurian army released to knock out the army of free China, most of Asia would be in axis hands, Turkey would be forced to yield, and the road to India would lie open.

For the conquered peoples Russian surrender would mean cold despair. This blow, combined with the Nazi campaign of brutality being carried on expressly to break the spirit of the conquered, might make the occupied peoples docile enough for Hitler actually to organize his New Order in Eurasia with some degree of stability.

Some people say, what if Russia wins? Would not the prestige of victory be communism's, not democracy's? Possibly, but it is a choice we must take. Better a victory with the aid of Russia than defeat by Hitler.

In Time With the Tunes
By Ruby Jackson

Tune in on KOIN any Sunday morning between 9:30 and 10 a.m., and you will be privileged to hear what in my estimation is the best choral group in the country presenting a weekly half hour program. (By now most of you know I am speaking of the Mormon Tabernacle choir at Salt Lake City.)

This choir, consisting of 350 highly trained voices, offers a variety of musical selections ranging from the music of Bach and Handel to the better known music of the day.

Unfortunately, the choir has not recorded my selections. One very lovely recording with "Worthy Is the Lamb" from the Messiah on one side and "He Watching Over Israel" from the Elijah on the other is available for only a dollar. Most recordings of the choir are on single records such as this one.

One of the largest, most powerful organs in the country accompanies the choir. It is so powerful, in fact, that it has to be "toned down" in order that the Mormon tabernacle may remain standing and not be shaken down by the vibrations.

Largest Organ

J. Spencer Cornwall, organist, usually plays one Bach fugue on each radio program, and plays it well.

Another choir worthy of special mention is the Westminster Choir, one of the oldest choral groups in New York. They appear on the radio infrequently, which isn't enough. Their program with the New York Philharmonic yesterday was memorable.

Always Good

Choral music is one of the most understandable forms of music. Nearly everyone enjoys it, even

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