

This is War...

FOR the first time in the lives of most University of Oregon students, the United States is at war.

Unlike the 1917 beginning, there are no bands playing nor holdiays parades. The campus is blanketed with a deathly calm, a silent seriousness. The College Side is no longer a gay gathering place for juke-playing collegians; instead they assemble there to listen to war news. Youth today is forced to take a realistic view of the war, and they know exactly what it all means.

But the lack of collegiate enthusiasm does not indicate a lack of resolution to do the job ahead. Each student knows that it is his war, that he will fight it, that he will pay for it, and that his whole life may be changed by it. But he knows that no sacrifice . . . and the president rightly declares that it is not a sacrifice to give your best for your country . . . is too great when it is made to protect the inherent right to live as a free people. No effort is too great to insure a decent, civilized, Christian world in which our children may grow up by the same democratic standards which govern our lives.

THE inhuman crime which Japanese war lords committed when they attacked without warning American soil at a time when both nations were at peace will not go unanswered. The challenge to truth, love, freedom, and learning which the Axis powers have

flung at democratic-thinking people who respect these ideals as the basis for their very life, is not one to be taken without resistance by America, old or young.

Today we are at war. It is a war to the end, a war that will end only when right conquers might, and the world is made a decent place in which to live again.

The task at hand is not an easy one. American young people have never had to face such a situation before, and the struggle will be long. Every man, woman, and child will suffer equally. Hysteria, cynicism, and fear have no place in the present crisis. Each person must take upon himself the job of keeping his head held high, his part accomplished, his emotions held within him.

IT is no time for tears, for that person who must do the comforting is just as sorely hurt as the tearful one. It is no time for panic-stricken withdrawal from school until the individual is called upon to make his contribution. It is no time for a bitter "What does it matter?" attitude of resignation. It is a time for sure determination to look ahead toward final peace.

The war can be won. The war will be won. It will be won by a united people working for a common purpose that transcends all other objectives: the right to their very existence as a free people.

The Road to Reform...

CONCRETE promise that the students' demand for investigation of the dormitory situation would be granted was extended yesterday when President Donald M. Erb laid plans for a careful study of the situation early in January.

A committee composed of interested students and administration leaders close to the problem will meet early in January to delve into the food situation, the wages and hours problem, management, morale, and breakage disputes. The decision they come to will be employed in an attempt to improve relations in the dormitory.

On page 3 the Emerald today carries a letter from the president explaining the difference between sorority and dormitory costs. The Emerald's previous editorial statement did

not specify that the rates of the two were on an exactly equal par, but that the slightly lower costs charged by the dormitory does not overbalance the more favorable advantages of the fraternity.

PRESIDENT Erb's effort to alleviate the dormitory situation by open and frank discussion of the ills of the present arrangement is in line with the Emerald's purpose in beginning the campaign. We restate our previous declaration that no problem can be solved until every angle is brought out clearly, each side of the question is thoroughly studied, and the real problem cited and analyzed. In January, this will be possible, and an honest view of the dormitory problem will be obtained.

The road to better dorm morale is ahead.

Christmas Carol of 1941...

"SILENT night" . . . for Japanese airplanes may be lurking above.

"Holy night" . . . a feeling of the supernatural hovers over the artificially-quiet streets.

"All is calm" . . . only in the hearts of the bravest as they wait news of their island-station brother, son, or sweetheart.

"All is bright" . . . but black drapes and blue lights keep the secret of the town from enemy scouts.

"ROUND yon Virgin Mother and child" . . . may they hear our prayers.

"Holy infant" . . . our nation is in your care.

"So peaceful and mild" . . . this land of ours five short days ago.

"Sleep in heavenly peace" . . . the lads in their sailor-blue and olive-drab are the guardians of America's life.

"Sleep in heavenly peace" . . . you infants of today. . . May you not face another world war in 24 years.—B.J.B.

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At Second Glance...

By TED HARMON

Thursday, December 11—(Special)—Somewhere on the Oregon campus:

Sunday was cold and damp; a thick, colorless fog that melted treetops and buildings into emptiness. It was a typical Oregon Sunday morning. Fires blazed happily on dry logs, funnies were scattered over rugs, late risers were slowly getting up. Why not! It was Sunday.

At 11:27 the Columbia Broadcasting system broke its usual diet of Sabbath symphonic music with an announcement that didn't drive home its impact until minutes later. "Japanese bombers have just attacked Pearl Harbor, Honolulu, according to the navy department." The announcer's words were clear, brisk and forceful.

We recall someone stirring on the davenport before the fire and asking, "What is this? Orson Wells?" "Probably some more Texan propaganda after the game Saturday!" said another. "Hell's bells!" someone else muttered and slumped back into the comfortable reaches of an over-stuffed chair.

Somehow we missed further flashes and not until after dinner, with the radios blocked with reports, did we begin to recognize the ominous view of things. Momentarily as well as temporarily,

we forgot our assignments. There was a certain tenseness hovering over the campus along with the fog; something electric, something charged that couldn't break through the atmospheric layer.

Maps were brought out from dusty shelves, eyebrows crawled crazily upward on serious faces, newspaper extras lay crumpled in heaps, out-dated already by the radio flashes.

That was Sunday, December 7. By Monday morning, the full realization of what had happened filled the early-morning air with a chilly, biting bitterness when 9 o'clocks were dismissed to Gerlinger to hear Roosevelt's message to congress.

Students carried portable radios along with their books to class . . . many fellows had forgotten to shave . . . local campus book stores were sold out of maps . . . class discussions turned into topics of war . . . the Pioneer Mother looked sadly dismayed as long lines of students walked towards Gerlinger . . . a winter robin perched on the hat of the Oregon Pioneer, hiding his bill under one wing.

After the assembly, and most students had returned to their classes, a radio blaring in the Side brought the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" to everyone. (Please turn to page eleven)

K
ENLISTS
in the nation's defense effort

K—a type of carrier telephone circuit—is now being built into many miles of Long Distance cable lines to increase their capacity.

Engineers at Bell Telephone Laboratories developed this circuit which enables two pairs of wires in parallel cables to carry as many as twelve separate conversations at the same time.

K carrier is one of the ways we have found of adding a lot of long circuits in a hurry to meet defense communication needs. Such problems constantly challenge Bell System men with pioneering minds.

