

From Out the Darkness Shines a Light

"BEYOND the city the East End begins. The first thing I noticed there was that people looked better than the last time I had been in London. I had never remembered seeing before the people of the East End with color in their cheeks."

This passage, taken from an article in this month's Harpers by John Dos Passos, is full of an element which has sprouted up in almost every story which has reached us from the war-weary, bomb-ridden little island of England. It brings a chuckle with the story of the old Scotch lady who "says a wee bit o' prayer, takes a wee drap o' whiskey, jumps into bed, and says 'To hell with Hitler'" when the Jerries come roaring out of the holocaust of heaven to spit death at the heathered breast of Scotland.

IT brings a justifiable tightening of the throat muscles with the reports from London of tiny man-children who refuse to leave their fathers' sides for the safety of the air-raid shelters, their

pride a pitiful mixture of childish ignorance and heartbreaking precocious courage in the ugly face of danger.

Such things stir the hearts of men. Such things mirror the spirit of the times.

It glows on the pink cheeks of East Enders and pokes its shining head through rows of ruined tenement houses which once were teeming harbingers of filth and disease but now, leveled by enemy bombs, allow East Enders their first view of the river.

IT is in direct contrast to the scheming littleness of the Eugene housewife who figures, lies, and plays all the angles in order to get a 75-pound supply of sugar.

It is beginning to manifest itself in the self-denial of University students who are meeting the problems of food, social life, and straightened family circumstances, with an ever-increasing ability to "take it."

"It," whatever it is, is too big to be named. It's amoebic capacity to take any form precludes laboratory investigation. It spills over man-made boundaries, transcends nationalism. In its evanescent light all flags, all jingoism, all trick phrases, disappear. As surely as it is present in England today, so it is bound to appear in Germany, America, China, Japan, any war-torn population which feels that it is fighting for its life.

WHAT an unnatural paradoxical child is this spirit of nobility, given birth by the horror of war. But does that make it any the less worth saving? Can this nobility be preserved after the death of its hideous mother, or must it die along with the death rattle of the screaming Stukas? With the proper care perhaps it may be possible to salvage this one priceless treasure which entered this war as a surprise but which may yet turn out to be the one thing worth saving.—J.S.

Are You Accelerating?...

THE American college campus, proverbial beginner of catchy sayings, last week posted another record for itself in the world of witticism, and thereby proved that college students can take a hard sock on the chin and come up with a grin. For at Princeton the popular campus greeting between class-bound undergraduates was coming to be, "Are you accelerating?"

While 89 per cent of the colleges in the United States followed on each others' tails to announce speeded up curricula, year around classes, and short cuts to law and medical school, the college student himself huffed and puffed his way along in the wake of a sudden surge of streamlining within the ivy-covered walls of learning. And it was all a pretty harrowing experience.

IT seems to us that Princeton's new saying is a reassuring sign. Educators must have waited with interest the reaction of students everywhere to the new concentrated education, designed to take most of the frivolity out of college. They must have wondered a little warily about the ability of youth to "take it." For there is nothing more coveted by the college student than a vacation . . . it's a two-week dose of heaven wrapped up in cellophane. With holidays gone, there might well be a reaction among collegians.

Washington is getting itself in quite a stew this month over the question of national morale. The office of facts and figures is about to add a propaganda duty to its present load of information-giving. Columnist Paul Mallon told his readers yesterday: Big-wigs in Washington's war developments are worried about Mr. Average Citizen's passive attitude toward the war. And they're puzzled too by the preponderance of grumbling among United States citizens in the matter of wartime inconveniences . . . such as rationing, shortages, and pleasure-lessening.

IT is a reassuring sign, although nobody pretends to be very happy about it, that American college students have taken the move which takes the fun out of college with grace. And they manage to assume their double load of work, their reduction of play, and their lack of spare time with a smile. They even thought up a new saying to describe it.

And so we say to Webfoots, "Are you accelerating?"

Another King is Crowned . . .

FOR as long as can be remembered it has been a question in the minds of males as to just what it is that they have (other than ears and plenty of filthy lucre) that attracts the fair sex to them. More than one bull session has been devoted entirely to the consideration of that question, and the conclusion that is usually reached is that even the women don't know.

Given a certain amount of good looks, and even that isn't always necessary, a gift of gab, and plenty of time almost any fellow can get a girl to show an interest in him. Of course the Big Men On The Campus make the competition pretty stiff for the ordinary, run-of-the-mill male. For what dew-eyed little freshman girl doesn't spend her first two weeks getting all the BMOC pointed out to her, and then carry their pictures close to her heart until she sees the light?

COMES today the Heart Hop, and comes also the selection of a King of Hearts. It's a better than even bet that whoever is chosen by the girls on this campus as their ideal man will not be at the present time a BMOC. But it's an even bet (in fact the odds are probably for it) that this hero-to-be,

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

No time for fluff, nothin' but stuff. And its mellow Sid. Cats who thought the Will Bradley crew was solid murder won't any more 'cause it isn't. Which doesn't mean it isn't still solid murder, but just that it isn't Will Bradley's mine own enny more. Seems that Ray McKinley of tub position, and Wilbur of tram, leader, same, didst disagree bout sweet and hots, so now it ain't except on wax. Brad is taking Ray's share of the hats and going on a head, and Ray is taking the fresh business and creating one of today's most frequent oddities, a new band.

Also, just as we said it would many suns ago, Shaw's band has broken up. Seems Art gave them this two week furlough, as of course you two steady readers of J.F.B. will remember (I'm serious too). So after this involuntary off for union bizz, comes the strep in the throat and Arthur is finding Death Takes a Vacash is merely a play, so he is giving the boys the one-two again. So now everybody is laid off in the beeg town east of Pendleton, with no job. So that is the extremely sad pitch.

Too Sad

Auld, Tough, and a couple of others are forming a combo for the Famous Door, and Les Robinson et others are snatching at name side men angles. So goodbye for the third time to the

in the background today, will tomorrow be a BMOC in his own right. Even the most stout-hearted fall.

So, girls, practice your prettiest smiles, and boys, call another bull session, for a new star has risen. And if you still can't figure out the answers, there's always the Love and Marriage series.—F.T.

Ireland versus England . . .

Is the Irish Policy Wise?

By DON TREADGOLD

I wonder what the reaction in America would be if, in the midst of war, Mexico should loudly demand to be reunited with Arizona and California, announce she was going to raise a large army to "fight any invader," and say bluntly there was no choice between Hitler and the United States. This roughly corresponds to what the men of Eire are saying to the British.

We are lucky that Mexico, though we certainly did grab a big slice of her territory on a flimsy enough pretext, is firmly aligned on our side. In fact, her pure-blood Indian foreign minister, Ezequiel Padilla, took the lead at Rio de Janeiro in demanding unity of the Americas against foreign aggression.

greatest experiment in modern jazz.

Jimmy Dorsey pulled the usual oh-so-snazz thing in adding Charlie Teagarden, Jack's close relative by the same mother, to a growing brass section. Tom Dorsey lost 88'er Bushkin to the air corps. Bushkin flying to N.Y., where he was called, from Los where the Palladium sprong was going.

More Noise Wanted

And another thing. The applause lately at campus jigs has stunk. Nothing but effervescent silence which ain't really golden at all. Them cats on the stand ain't subtle, they're provincial as hell. So make with the hands, and the hop will jump groovily and all will be well.

Kenton finally got east. Only two Sioux raids, too. Opened N.Y.'s Roseland, dime-a-dance jerm last Friday eve. Expects NBC airtime any year now. Also, to prove that music is laden with the tall moo, Tom D. just resigned with Victor at what friends say to be one thousand, two hundred fifty stangs a side. Which is giving the poor kid some twenty-five hundert stangs for one plastic. Which isn't necessarily grass when you think about it.

Ellington plays like Ellington on "Chelsea Bridge" which is enough. Except that, oh yea, it's beautiful. And on Victor, too.

Britain's Problem

But Eire is a different story. In a sense it is Britain's problem, not ours. However, when Prime Minister de Valera indignantly protested the landing of an AEF in northern Ireland, it became part of America's problem, too. If through Irish weakness or "neutrality" a German invasion of the British Isles succeeded, it would be a very direct threat to us.

Why do the Irish hate the English? The roots of this question are to be found far back in the reign of Henry II in the 12th century, when he sent his Norman feudal lords across the sea to conquer Ireland. They succeeded mainly in arousing bitter hostility to the invader. For centuries one English king after another tackled this problem, and bungled it. The English tried to force the Irish into the Anglican church, and as a result the Irish became uncompromising Roman Catholics.

Conciliation Tried

During the last century the English began trying to conciliate the Irish, but found that one concession only aroused a clamor for more. The "solution" was to set up Eire in 1938 as an independent republic, while Northern Ireland remained part of the United Kingdom.

But deep-seated hatreds, fanned by centuries of warfare and misery, are not lightly forgotten. Nevertheless, even if the Irish don't like the English, their present policy seems pure insanity. Irish "neutrality" is only a standing invitation to Germany to help her commit national suicide at any time; for any sane person knows England will never again threaten Irish independence. Many Irishmen in America see the folly of de Valera's policy and are trying to bring pressure to bear on his government to adopt a more sensible attitude. Perhaps traditional American friendship, arising from our furnishing Irish immigrants a haven after the 1846 potato famine and our consistent support of Irish freedom, will swing the balance.



OREGON EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, 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.

HELEN ANGELL, Editor	FRED O. MAY, Business Manager
Associate Editors: Hal Olney, Fritz Timmen	
Ray Schrick, Managing Editor	Betty Jane Biggs, Advertising Manager
Bob Frazier, News Editor	Elizabeth Edmunds, National Advertising Manager

UPPER BUSINESS STAFF

Helen Rayburn, Layout Manager	Lois Clause, Circulation Manager
Helen Flynn, Office Manager	

UPPER NEWS STAFF

Jonah Kahanani, Lee Flatberg, Co-Sports Editors	Herb Penny, Assistant Managing Editor
Corrine Nelson, Mildred Wilson, Co-Women's Editors	Joanne Nichols, Assistant News Editor
	Mary Wolf, Exchange Editor

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.