

Edits

How Important is ROTC?

ROTC military training has not always been the University of Oregon's most popular course. In those peaceful years of the 1930's, when the world was repelled by the thought of another war, and in the early '40s when America thought that not wanting war would keep her out of it, Oregon students were apathetic toward compulsory ROTC. How could a youth educated to hate war reconcile himself to the military training which made wars possible?

War came swiftly and quickly to America. It was a war brought to our own shores, a war the nation could not avoid if she were to remain whole. Military training became the crux of the American way of life; uniforms became commonplace.

Those men who had taken college ROTC were grateful to the nation's farsighted educators who had maintained some sort of military training for college students even during the years when war was improbable. Students who had secured exemptions found themselves in a tough spot. For Uncle Sam's Washington fish bowl took them just as rapidly as the ROTC-trained men. The latter were able to advance faster, to get along better under army regulations.

A RECENT letter from a February draftee from the University of Oregon reads: "As far as military drill is concerned, I haven't really learned much yet. In fact, I knew considerable more than they have taken up here. College ROTC is plenty valuable, believe me. I only wish that every man now in college could be made to see how valuable, how indispensable, it is. It has made things very, very much easier for me. Because of it (and I only took freshman and sophomore training at school) I have been constantly shoved into the foreground in one way or another. . . ."

The training given Oregon undergraduates in classes and on the Thursday drill field is not to be considered lightly. Building a highly trained army from millions of civilians who have never seen a rifle is not an easy job. The role that college-educated, trained ROTC men play in forming a nucleus is a significant one. The work they are doing here is highly important in making America's wartime army a victorious one.

After the Counting of Ballots

THE moving of ASUO and class elections up to mid-April carries with it definite advantages. One of the principal difficulties of student government has been the lack of continuity between one set of ASUO officers and the executive committee that follows. The retiring council often meets only once with the new committee before graduation, and the incoming committee begins the fall term with little or no knowledge of what student government is, how it is managed, or the channels through which it is developed.

With a month and a half before this year's ASUO president and the other senior executive committee members leave school, the orientation of the new governors to their job of student government should be more complete than usual. Next year's exec committee can begin the year with a basic knowledge of its job and how it is to be conducted. There will be no sudden spring term dawning of what the whole subject of "student government" is about.

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I Was There . . . by Maurice O'Connell

As Told to PENNY NICHOLS
(Editor's note: Maurice O'Connell is a University freshman, and has consented to write this article about his arrest on an espionage charge in Japan several years ago because of its timely interest just now.)

I know that this war of Japan's is not a new idea. For as long ago as 1935, Japanese officers were on the alert to keep military plans or demonstrations covered with a blanket of utmost secrecy. I know, because I was there.

Japanese officials arrested me in 1935 on suspicion of espionage because I had been taking pictures of Japanese battleships and planes on maneuvers. I was taken to intelligence office headquarters and grilled for several hours before being released. Here's how it happened.

My aunt, Mrs. E. J. Loney, and I were on our way to China to join my uncle, who was a manager of the China Importing and Exporting company in Shanghai. We were sailing on the General Pershing via the northern route. The voyage took about three weeks, and I had a great time all the way. We ran into one storm, but not a very bad one. I guess it seemed worse than it really was, but the waves looked bigger than the ship and threatened to swamp us, but we weathered it all right.

A Dollar Camera

The trip was uneventful except for the storm until we were just

outside the harbor of Yokohama. Japanese battleships and planes were maneuvering there, and I got out my dollar camera and took pictures of them. Others on the ship were doing the same thing, and I didn't know there was anything wrong with it. Then, just as we were about to dock at Yokohama, several Japanese military police came aboard. Officers on a nearby battleship had sighted someone on the General Pershing taking pictures of the maneuvers and were courteously but determinedly insistent on discovering the guilty party.

Several passengers on our ship had been photographing the battleships, and officers of the General Pershing were afraid that if they were suspected of espionage the entire ship would be searched and held over for some time. They thought, however, that if a young boy were named as the person who had been taking pictures the Japanese would dismiss the case right away. They explained the situation to me and told me how to act while I was being questioned.

The Investigation

The Nipponese first conducted a preliminary examination on board the ship. Then my aunt, the police, and I drove to Tokyo where we went to military headquarters for further examination. Some of the officers rushed away with my camera and the films while the others gave me a polite

but firm third degree. An interpreter quizzed me and then told the others what I answered. They would jabber in Japanese for a while and then pounce on me again with a new question. They were very courteous but very persistent. They did not injure me in any way.

"What is your name? Where are you going? Why did you take those pictures? What is your uncle's employment? Did you see anyone else on the ship taking pictures?" For more than two hours they asked me such questions as these while the films were being developed.

No Damage

When the pictures were made the Japanese examined them carefully. My little camera barely showed the battleships at all. Finally, when I had promised in writing not to take any more pictures, they released me. They returned my camera, and my aunt and I went back to the ship to continue our journey.

We stayed five months in China, then my aunt and uncle and I returned to the United States. I had lots of fun telling all the fellows about my adventure, which was just about the most exciting thing that ever happened to me. I wasn't scared at all—just thrilled.

After the war is over I'd like to go back to visit China. But I hope I won't have to wait that long to see Japan. I hope I'll see Nippon again very soon—there's work for me in Tokyo.

Trade Last

By MARY WOLF

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam as his wife fell out of a tree.—Stadium World, Tacoma, Wash.

Credit goes to a physiology professor of Kansas university for scaring the most freshmen, green ones, this week. In one of his classes the other day he was expounding on the touchy subject of vivisection, and relating bits of letters received by various animal carvers through the country, condemning them for vivisectional practices.

"And then there was one," continued the professor dramatically, stepping closer to the open door, "that ended, 'Die damn you, die!'" At this point a little freshman girl walking by the door of

the room peered at him smitten with terror, and ran practically down the hall.

Two morons were walking along a road when they came to a river that didn't have a bridge over it.

One of them said, "I'll turn on my flashlight and you can walk across on the beam."—Mills College weekly.

If all the men taking physical education were laid end to end, they would probably be so tired they'd just lie there.

—Indiana Daily Student.

Protect our birds. The dove brings peace and the stork tax exemptions. —Idaho Argonaut.

Nothing Sacred

By J. SPENCER MILLER

Scene in the life of a Gossip columnist . . . The pride and joy of Marshfield and the Sigma Nu menage, Greg Decker came busting into Beejay Biggs' office, "I'm looking for one of your boys—Friend J. Spencer Miller." There I was wallowing in my dirt. I looked up at all 6 feet, 3 inches of Uncle Gregory and answered in a qua-a-a-king voice, "I'm the lad. Can I help you?" "You sure can, chum. There was a little item in the morning's paper that seemed to pertain to me. Have a cigarette?" Greg more or less informed us that the only pin he had planted outside of Norma Trevorrow was on his MOTHER. We believe him, too. The Sigma Nuos are mighty rugged.

Answers to our question of yesterday are pouring in. "Why I would NOT like to be stranded on a desert island with Madeleine Carroll."

Lee Flatberg, "Heck! I'll take Betty Grable!"

Ray "Spider" Dickson, "Can't think of any. It's spring term."

Joe Montag, "I go steady."

Morrie Stein, "Why, Hedy Lamarr might be on the next island. Always strive for the best, I always say."

SPRING RAMBLINGS — The Tri-Delts have picked up plenty of hardware since last term. They've got lots and lots of pins and Ken Christianson — Pittsburgh Theta transfer, Dorothy Stoltz of the veddy, veddy Stoltzes, has been keeping steady company with Delt Jim Tait. The old Emerald house days are gone forever, Dotty—The last communique from the DG front reports that the two DeeGees without Kappa Sig pins are still holding out, and that if the Betas can hold out a little longer they will send reinforcements. We nominate our boy, Lee Spitzer for the smoothest man on the campus—

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