

OREGON Daily EMERALD

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The Road Back . . .

A difficult choice faces the prosperity generation of high school graduates today who become University students this fall. It is an abrupt drop from incomes of \$175-300 a month to expenditures of \$450-600 a year. Jobs are plentiful, reminiscent of free cigarettes rush week. Many of them are easy for the high returns they pay. Many offer good chance for immediate promotion. Turn back but two lean summers ago, and the college man had to walk far and talk hard for a job. An 87-cent-an-hour offer would have been a heaven-sent gift—but there was no such happy hunting ground on the streets of Portland or the United States.

TODAY we are living in an Indian summer. Like all such seasons, its life is limited. When winter comes with its leaner years, the diploma will once again become a valuable passport into the limited lands of jobs. That is why government officials even to President Roosevelt urge the high school graduate to go on to college now. "If we need you, we will come and get you," they say. And they know the value of a university education to the army, navy, or marines even before the lean years set in. This is proved by the number of officers' training programs open to the college student.

SOME shrug, "I can get my college education after the war." Stories from the active veterans of World War I bely this belief. If the fight is long, many will consider themselves too old to go on to college. Other thousands will be married, faced by but one responsibility—to get a job.

The decision is difficult, but many have already made their choice in the direction of the University. Pre-registration figures indicate less than the previously predicted 25 per cent drop in fall enrollment. The student who enters college to prepare himself for greater war service while earning his ultimate peacetime diploma is wise. He is to be congratulated for his choice.

Blood, Sweat, Tears . . .

"I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat."
—Winston Churchill.

IF ever there was just cause for a blackout, there should be one on false optimism. If German troops slice a 50-mile dagger through Russia in one day, there is always the government or military official or the newspaper editor who banners, "German Losses Tremendous." If we read that our production is months ahead of schedule, it is equally certain we hear little or nothing as to how fast these reach the firing line. Nor are we told that Axis factories, too, are gearing ever faster their production loads. When Germany raced through France, French sources boldly announced, "The Germans are losing three men to our one." Not always, but almost always, it is the continual search to find one ray of hope to spread more optimism.

What we need is no longer optimism. Words will not win the war. To date, most of our fighting has been on the verbal battlefield. We have talked second fronts; we have pledged victories; we have told the Axis time and time again of our great productive capacities.

The Axis has produced. And struck. Silently. And we continue to lose.

WINSTON Churchill told the English, "You ask what is our policy? I will say: 'It is to wage war, by sea, land, and air, with all our might and with all the strength that God can give us . . . you ask, what is our aim? I can answer in one word: Victory—victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory, however long and hard the road may be; for without victory, there is no survival.'"

His is the message of "blood, toil, tears, and sweat." We cannot frighten the Axis by bold words; we must act. The days now ahead are more dangerous than those of the fateful '40, when England withstood the Battle of Britain. It took more than words to pull England through then; it was resolve, fight, and a will to win, not to give up, at any cost.

If we are to stave off defeat now, so that we may eventually win, it is only through the determination of blood, sweat, and tears that we can overcome all our tremendous obstacles. We know what we face.

False optimism can share the mothballs with our other short-lasting pleasures.

'Gone Are The Days'- Still Not Forgotten

(This lustrous account of "the good old days" can be justified on two main counts: First, it shows incoming freshmen—as well as present students—what they miss by being born 60 years too late. Second, it can duly credit the many alumni who lived through these years, and who will share honors with new students at the August 31 Jantzen picnic.—Ed.)

By JANET WAGSTAFF

Back in the days when President John Wesley Johnson's "ten commandments" were law at the University of Oregon, students were wont to amuse themselves by a typical debate topic, "Resolved, that dancing is a pleasant and harmless amusement."

To say that times have changed is a masterpiece of understatement. Those were the days when women performed the immodest act of raising their floor-length dresses above their ankles to cross the stile leading to Deady hall, and those were the days when to err was inhuman and when to repent was unnecessary.

Roll: 177
Fraternities: None

In the early 1876 beginning, enrollment of 177, 97 of which were preparatory students. Fraternities were a thing of the future, and theatricals received the dark frown of administration disapproval.

Tennis and dancing were "indulged"—but only if the institution didn't know. The only two social groups—speech groups for men and women—flourished, that is until the men's meetings put too much pepper in the pot of faculty discipline by smashing bulletin boards and strewing peanut shells on the floors.

The "Ten Commandments"

President Johnson's infamous commandments forbade visiting saloons, creating disturbances, leaving town without permission, whistling, and talking in University buildings.

"For the good of the students" boxing was eliminated from gym apparatus, and athletic fa-

(Letters-to-the-editor are welcomed under this head. All letters received will be printed, provided they are signed and keep within a maximum 250 words. Keep 'em coming—pro or con—we're glad to have them.—Ed.)

Headquarters Caribbean Wing Air Transport Command, Morrison Field.

. . . from the land of swaying palms and tropical moon . . . but Gad is it hot!!

West Palm Beach, Florida.
July 21, 1942

Dear Jack:
. . . I am with the Ferrying Command which has been recently renamed the Air Transport Command. We are the headquarters for this sector which ferry aircraft and supplies from the United States down through South America, across Africa into Egypt and then on to India and China. Yes, we take in quite a bit of territory . . . I am an assistant S-1 which is the personnel administrative officer.

Ted Lindley is with the Headquarters of the Third Air Force

The Road Back



Nothing Sacred

By J. SPENCER MILLER

Webfoots have been in action on many fronts this summer—the marriage "front," the job front, and in Eugene on the double-session front . . . "the toughest of them all," we say . . . Although reports that drift down from Portland and the Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation indicate that nobody will be sorry when school opens in September. . . .

On Whom the Sun Never Sets—Oregon's Ducks and Duckettes . . . Joe Montag was in Eugene over the weekend—mowing the Kappa Sig lawn and looking unsuccessfully for a date. Little Joe is due for the army in a couple of weeks . . . Theta Mary-Belle Martin had Frank Watkin's Phidelt pin for awhile, then returned it . . . Walker Treece did better—his Sword and Shield still adorns the sweater of KAT Jean Schuler.

How Times Change

"From the standpoint of tourists, Mussolini is a godsend to Italy," ran a front-page interview in the Emerald of October 5, 1933. Mussolini and the Pope "are on the best of terms," the interview reported.

As for Paris, the article quotes, "I have never seen it so prosperous as it is at the present time."

ilities were nil before 1882. Perhaps the only thing that hasn't changed since that year is the rivalry between the University and the-then Oregon Agricultural colleges—the games still ending in near-riots.

A classic story of the early days is that of a young woman who publicly expressed regret for having whispered during a class period. It was almost like the pre-high school days when students had to write their names on the blackboard 50 times for chewing gum.

More News— Round 'n' About

Alpha Fee's Dotty Bruhn has been playing the harp and loafing on the sands of Gearhart all summer . . . Leone LaDuke has been taking it easy, too . . . Alpha Chi's All-American girl Dotty Horn driving around Eugene in a new Packard and visiting Sig Ep Fred Konschot . . . Delt Norm Foster back on the campus after a stretch at UCLA—bringing back nostalgic memories of a o'clock permission and liquid house dances. We hear Kappa Bobbie Neu might be back in the fall.

There is nothing half w about Betty Jane Biggs and Ray Schrick. The Emerald editor and business manager have decided that two can run a paper from the same household, and so, come Sept. 13, wedding bells will peal at Yuba City, Cal. The managing setup of the Emerald next fall should be one of the most unique in the history of college journalism.

What the Rest Are Doing

Still SUMMERIZING . . . The-taki Bunny Potts got his pin back from Mary Jane Rabbe—two days after she was married. Chi O Lois Hafele was married in California to a local boy . . . Henhall's Norma Trevarrow has an interesting job—greeting refugees in San Francisco . . . Whenever we think of Pat Cloud we think of "the noblest Phi Delt of them all." . . . Alpha Phi Bonnie Uhl and Sigma Nu Ellsworth Moss have been in a beautiful love daze all summer. . . .

Two things we can't picture, Ted Harmon as a riveter, or as a hardboiled leatherneck marine. Yet he is working as a riveter now and is due for the marines. . . . Pete Lamb, with an ardent hope on Kappa "Mike" Murphy, eyes that Bob Clever will make a return trip to Tokyo plenty soon . . . Pifi's Betty Jane Harding has Andy Jones' Beta pin. Beta Ed Lucky, after a long period of attempt, finally got in solid with Alpha Chi Pat Wright—now he has to go in the army. See you at the picnic on the 31st. . . .

Free for All . . .

which is located at Macdill Field in Tampa. I do not know what he is doing nor do I know what Bob Currin, Don Swink and Duane Carlson are doing since they were transferred from Tampa to Tallahassee. Steve Bush is the assistant S-3 or Operations Officer at Esler Field near Alexandria, Louisiana. I guess that Dick Draper and March Bowers are still at Jefferson Barracks which is near St. Louis, Mo.

I made a short hop down to Miami Beach the other day and visited with Bob Calkins who is in Officers Candidate School there . . . also, ran into another Oregon student, Wallace McClung . . . He is also going to Officers Candidate School.

An ex-Oregon student, Lt. Sheldon Purdy is busy navigating airplanes out from here. It certainly is a small world and just crammed full of Oregon students . . . that is all I know from down this way. Hope it helps. Hey, see if you can send me a summer Emerald. Sincerely,

Emerson B. Page,
2nd Lt. Air Corps.