

OREGON EMERALD

Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

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Taps on the Hill . . .

NIGHT is coming. As the sun slowly sinks behind the haze-shrouded hills in the distance, a soft evening breeze rustles through the silken folds of the flag as it hangs limply from the peak of the long, white pole. Suddenly the hushed silence is broken . . . the unforgettable sound of "Taps" knifes thinly through the crisp twilight air. A group of boys, University students, stand silently at attention beneath the flagpole until the last faint note has faded away to join a far-distant train whistle.

The group relaxes, yet somehow something lingers . . . something in the heart of each one of these boys . . . the knowledge that some day he may be the one for whom the bugle cries . . . and that something makes them feel older, somehow; older and a little more able to face the stern task ahead.

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THIS is the scene which takes place each evening after dinner in front of the Theta Chi house high atop the hill to the south of the campus. And the taps are being played for Len Ballif. Len would have graduated this year had he chosen to stay in school, but he joined the Air Corps instead . . . he thought he could do more that way. Len was killed last winter when his plane crashed in the Mojave desert. He would have received his wings in another week.

The pole was presented to the Theta Chis by Mr. and Mrs. Ballif, Len's folks, and the flag is the one which covered his coffin.

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THE Theta Chis will continue to meet each night for their salute until the war is ended . . . and while the "Taps" are primarily being played for Len Ballif, they are meant for every man, no matter what house or what school, but for every man who has given his life to preserve our right to attend school and to have fraternities.

They say it's an impossible thing to "start" a tradition . . . but regardless of how it must be worded, we hope the Theta Chis will continue their grand custom and somehow it seems as if Len Ballif, wherever he is, can hear those "Taps" . . . can hear them and is grateful.—G.D.W.

These Liberal Arts . . .

"WHAT you takin', math?" one cord-clad youth asked another.

"Sure, isn't everybody?" came the reply.

He might have added, "Everybody's taking science, physical education, and military, too." Of course, that would have been too all-inclusive. But the overstatement could be justified on the grounds that everyone in the American college today is definitely war-conscious. All men are preparing for a branch of the armed forces, or for some essential civilian service; the women, losing fathers, brothers, and sweethearts to the service, are also trying to act constructively in the war effort. This year finds all schools stressing mathematics, science, military subjects, body-building, and service work, as is necessary and right.

* * *

FOR years, totalitarian nations have concentrated on developing the military and technical fields, building up great machines for aggression. This forces our present line of action. All elements of our society, including the schools, must work to develop and sustain the soldier and technician. But no one can afford to suggest that in doing this we adopt technical training exclusively and cut out the liberal arts which develop leaders for both war and peace.

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THE liberal arts schools have developed a great portion of today's war leaders. Through the study of the arts, the world has retained and re-discovered the accumulated knowledge and experience of ages. Such knowledge is essential for clear thinking. A blackout of the study of history, social sciences, languages, literature, and arts would rob the country of intelligent leadership in both war and peace.

Students and educators must consider the entire field of liberal arts, select carefully those subjects of the greatest value, and fit them into the busy schedule of technical studies. This alone will insure the survival of the institutions which produced the officer material for the war, and which will give us leadership for the peace.

Liberal arts must not be eclipsed.—J.A.W.

Between The Lines

By ROY NELSON

A DEFORMED CHARACTER with sagging shoulders and a concave chest explained how a campus custom put him in 4F. He pointed to a rubber band fastened from the top button of his pants to a lower button his shirt.

"See this rubber band?" he coughed. "I saw a Phi Delt wearing one my freshman year, and I took it up. Gradually I got worse. I started doubling it for strength, and then cutting up strips of inner tubes. After over three years, the constant pull drew down my shoulders, and left me a total wreck."

We choked back a sob and watched him swing more violently on his key-chain as he continued.

"And now that the rubber shortage has hit us, things have become acute. I gotta have rubber bands. I even find myself cashing in my defense stamps for money so I can purchase bootleg bands."

"I've even sown a button on my T-shirt so I can be a boomer boy at all times. I never go swimming because I've found no way of fastening the top of my rubber band in such a situation."

We shook hands, and I thought I saw him stroke his lower lip as he turned and stumbled wayward.

* * *

SERVICE AT THE SIDE is so poor, reports one intemperate soul, that he got a hangover between beers night before last . . . "Military is my major, and Sampson is my colonel," discloses another University student . . . And along the same lines, the ROTC department is clamping down this year and insisting on tan or brown sox with uniforms. The basic student looks like a female hitch-hiker as he pulls up his pant leg so his commanding officer can see his colors . . . One private had no sox on at all which made the decision difficult for his superior. "But I would have put on brown sox if I had worn a pair," he explained to the officer, but the latter went ahead and gave him a demerit anyway.

Sign Painter Clell Crane displayed a work of art yesterday which drew praise from onlookers. "Aw—I just knocked it out between classes," was his comeback — "between" night classes and morning classes" . . . Another artist is Bob Bacon, who belongs to a tantalizing 29-cent pipe, which, though always in his mouth, has never been broken in. Says Brother Bacon: "I like my pipe, but oh you smoke!"

At 2:30 last night Highland house had a fire drill. Alyce Pepion thought the bell was a series of alarms, and while the rest of the girls filed off the sleeping porch, she proceeded to make her bed, yawned, and headed downstairs for breakfast.

BULLETIN! Les Anderson is Oregon's student body president and Wes Sullivan is editor of the yearbook. Old stuff, you say? On the contrary—up until now, the University has been without personalities in these offices this fall. Officially they are just taking over. An executive ruling stated that anyone taking fewer than 12 hours could not hold student offices. Both these gentlemen are taking fewer than 12 hours. The law was just amended this week—We interrupt this bulletin to bring you a special bulletin:

The "new student body president," Les Anderson, has planted his pin. It's Theta Terry Watson. Paging Joe Miller.

DANG these chains!

Mildred Wilson 'Spys . . .

Katherine Kressman Taylor

It took a little time to know Katherine Kressman, '24. Pale, slow-moving, with a sweet face and understanding manner she could often be found around the Emerald shack writing a story—or just talking to someone.

Those who talked to Miss Kressman found that underneath her placid exterior was an alert and eager mind. In Pot and Quill, the creative writing honorary of which she was a member, fellow writers noted in this young woman an unusual clarity and freshness of style. She was a charter member of Phi Mu Epsilon. Other than that she made no particular impression on the campus.

The first really startling thing to occur came in 1936 when she won a Plymouth sedan in a national radio contest. At this time she was married to Elliot Taylor, lived in Leaburg and was the mother of three children.

The second startling thing happened in 1939 when her story "Address Unknown" was published in Story. It was an over-

night triumph. Copies of Story were soon cleared from newsstands all over the country. The Readers Digest reprinted the story which was declared to be one of the best of recent years.

Soon "Address Unknown" appeared in book form for those who wished the poignant story of a German under Hitler and his Jewish friend who had moved to America, to become a permanent part of their library.

Kathrine Kressman Taylor, now an established writer, has just published another book, "Until That Day," telling a story of Nazi persecution. The Saturday Review of Literature describes it as a "simply and movingly told story. It conveys hope and confidence."

Part of this hope and confidence was voiced in the book through these words, "The fight is just beginning. I who have been there know that the battle is not lost. I who have fought without weapons know the sureness of final victory."

Free for All . . .

Dear Sirs:

The recent scrap drive was certainly a fine thing, but the character—or group of characters—that had the brajstorm to make scrap of a car that was only temporarily out of order was most certainly off the boat.

I am speaking of the tragic end of "Battling Bertha," 1929 Essex and property of Tommy Roblin and Frank Calise. It was temporarily out of order because of a bad clutch, but could have been repaired without much expense and effort . . . and that is what they had planned on doing.

Too Late

All thoughts of having the car fixed are shattered now, though. Someone stole the machine early Saturday morning, and when the police found it several hours later at Thirteenth and Pearl, it was a complete wreck. A mighty good job of sabotage.

The "saboteurs" broke all windows, lights, and other breakable parts. They stripped the machine of all parts they could remove, including two good wheel jacks. True, this was an old car and the owners didn't give a great deal for it, but it would have been a serviceable jalopy if the clutch had been repaired—but no more.

If you want to see the remains of "Battling Bertha," look behind the Pi Kap house, and you will see a sorry sight. I wonder if anyone was so hard up for scrap that they had to create it.

Sincerely,
—Bill Stratton.

exhorting lovers of freedom to band together, to await their hour of action. What happens to the free men of France who obey this challenge?

No Recognition
They are denied recognition. They are given a chance to fight, but cannot ask to be treated as equals. Along with the Chinese, who are apparently good enough to give blood but not good enough to sit on supreme war councils, they can only hope for fairer treatment.

The exiled Yugoslavs, Greeks, Dutch, Czechoslovaks are accepted as full-fledged allies. Though a Norwegian, Vidkun Quisling, sits in Oslo as Norway's ruler, it is King Haakon's government in London which the Allies acknowledge as the true Norway. Why the knave Laval is called France, while the Fighting French remain neither fish nor fowl in the Allied eyes, is a mystery which does no honor to the United Nations.

Night after night the British radio broadcasts to the continent,