

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Help Yourself . . .

"TECHNICAL training which is not based on liberal education will produce only robots. Robots . . . cannot contribute to peace; they can be only a menace to the nation," said Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago in a recent article.

Yet a high government official said a short time ago that college education soon will consist of only those subjects which will prepare students for essential war activities.

Oregon student leaders gave their support to President Hutchins' side, voting for higher education. The campus war council established a student service scholarship fund to help war veterans return to the University.

* * *

THIS help will play a great part in assuring well rounded, well grounded thinkers to tackle the work which will follow the war. It will encourage completion of educations already started. It will insure leadership for social and economic reconstruction and rehabilitation.

Oge Young, head of the committee, says the committee intends to spread the word among the other Pacific Coast colleges, in an effort to arouse wide spread action.

Oregon's service scholarship fund started with \$122, profits from the 1942 Greek-Independent basketball game. The house managers association has agreed to donate bonds each term to the fund. Arrangements are being made to collect Co-op receipts, and solicit defense stamp contributions. One-half of the profit from the Co-ed Capers and the Nickel Hop has been promised to swell the fund which will be administered by the scholarship committee.

Thus Oregon student leaders have moved to promote education in a time of need. The general student body can second this motion by steady contribution of small amounts to the student service scholarship fund.

This is an opportunity for each student to better his own chances of finishing college, as well as to help others.—J. W.

It Can't Happen Here. . .

"I HAVE no choice but to give flunks to 30 members of this class. We have certain standards we must maintain if a degree is to mean anything at all. So many of you seem to think 'Oh, well, I'll get by somehow.' To these I can only say, 'It can't be done.'"

With these words one University faculty member this week sounded the war cry of thousands of disappointed, half-discouraged American college professors. It can't be done. The American university will lose sight of the goal it set when this war began if there is not a much greater cooperation on the part of the student.

Too many students, especially men, have returned to the campus this year with a wrong idea; wrong by every accepted standard. They are singularly one-track minded—and they are on a lamentable sidetrack.

* * *

TOO many are saying, "Why should I work long hours studying history when I'm almost sure not to be in school next year? What good will it do me to know why the pharaohs built pyramids when I'm crawling through the jungle with a 90-pound pack on my back? What use will I have for the Persians' conception of moral theism when I'm tramping across the Sahara in the heat of a blistering sun?"

Like slithering, cold ghosts of fog across the campus these wails can be felt more than heard. This clammy, saddening, abandoned attitude of a self-sympathetic few is undermining the spirit of a great University, of many great colleges and universities.

This I-don't-care attitude can be changed; it must be changed; and it will be changed. There's no time for despondency in this war. There's no time for passive unconcern. The student's part in this great world conflict is to learn and learn as he has never learned before.

If not preparing himself for officer's training, he can at least prepare himself for the reconstruction that will come of necessity after a final peace has been signed.

Don't give up now. We've only just begun to fight.

—J. L. B.

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

Homecoming weekend?
It was swell!
It rained.
It was still swell.

The football game?
The team had guts. The team had nerve.
It deserved to win.
It won.

The signs?
The DUs showed.
The Phi Psis showed.
The Pi Kaps showed.
The S. Chis won.

As for the dance: It was a swell climax to a wonderful weekend, one that we will remember along with that last stick of gum. It was well handled, smooth, and coagulated like Vitamin B complex on an anemic chess player.

Dancing Proper

Of dancin' proper: We saw all of two natives in the crowd—but after all you'd recognize your grandmother, even in the dark.

No wonder, though, when Oregon State, the Amalgamated City High Schools, Kiwanis, Townsend, and MacArthur for President clubs advertised:

"WE present OUR Tommy Dorsey—tonight at Mac court. Bring your uncles, aunts, lunches, and knitting. (Oregon students also admitted)."

Nothing need be sed about the band. A few even admitted it was better than Art Holman.

Tea Dee didn't say much. He didn't have to.

Said one smart young thing, "He's just a man."

* * *

The drummer looked like he had just flunked his psych lab test—with flying colors.

Noticed they had to put a harp between the strings and Elman.

The floor was of wood. We can say no more.

The Great Elman

Ziggy Elman, big, loveable rhinoceros of the trumpet, dropped over to the Theta house with Les Anderson and Terry Watson after the dance, and declared, "I think I'll stay all night." He didn't.

Said Elman, who talks like he plays—indescribable, "I'm going into the army in about two weeks. The band will probably have to break up pretty soon.

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United We Stand

(An Editorial)

NEVER, in years, had Oregon yelled so loud. Wave after wave of cheer roared over the Oregon stands. It was not spasmodic, half-hearted. It was the stands, and every student yelling when it counted most. Oregon, the team that never comes from behind, that stops at a tie, stops fighting at an opponent's touchdown margin, didn't stop fighting. The yells were not for a cellar team, but for a first place team, and Oregon played first place ball.

No team in the country could have beaten Oregon on Hayward field Saturday, not even Texas. No stands in the nation, man for man, could have outyelled University of Oregon rooters.

OREGON had to be on its way to the second touchdown when Reynolds intercepted that pass on the five, to return it to the forties. The stands said, "Go," and the team drove with the brute force and the wave after wave of cheer that pushed them over the goal. Persons who weren't there won't understand this story, or the spirit. But those who were there will understand, and know. It was the triumph of the team and the stands.

It was also the triumph of a man, the yell king, Ted Loud.

Stalingrad Battle

(Russians were determined that Stalingrad should not be renamed Hitlerburg, as Germans threatened, writes Nick Riasanovsky, senior six and graduate assistant, in this story of the "Verdun" of World War II. This is the third article in a series of six he is writing on Russia.—Ed.)

* * *

By NICK RIASANOVSKY

Now that the titanic battle for Stalingrad is being fought for almost three months, one is certainly interested to know why Stalingrad is the object of such a bitter struggle, why it is so important. Germans chose Stalingrad rather than Astrakhan, or Caucasus, for their greatest attack of the 1942 campaign. Russians are defending it no matter what it costs. Why?

The complete answer to this question is probably known only to the High Commands of the two armies involved. However, certain things are clear to every intelligent observer. A casual glance at a map of Russia reveals two important things about Stalingrad.

Strategic Location

It is situated on the Volga river and, strategically located at the river's bend, it dominates a great stretch of southern Russia. Germans could not move safely into Caucasus or into the Caspian basin, while Stalingrad was in Russian hands. As the present German strategy seems to call for the occupation of southern Russia, the capture of Stalingrad became imperative for the invaders.

Besides, the seizure of Stalingrad would go far towards providing Germans with a strong defensive line against the probable Russian attacks in winter. Germans were not prepared for the Russian offense last winter and they do not want to be caught off guard the second time. Also, the capture of Stalingrad would cut the Volga river traffic at this place. This would mean still another blow to Russia.

Explains Battle

The considerations of offensive and defensive strategy listed above are, I think, sufficient to explain the battle for Stalingrad. Sometimes other interesting considerations are offered. Perhaps, Germans threw their main strength against Stalingrad because they hoped that they have pinned there a great mass of the Russian army and were going to annihilate it. To decide the Russian campaign in one colossal battle was the German desire from the very start of the war. If true, this is another point of resemblance between the battle of Stalingrad and the struggle for Verdun in the last war.

Another factor, and a very difficult one to evaluate, is the significance of Stalingrad as a symbol, as an ideal. Russian command decided to defend Stalingrad because of its strategic importance, not because it was

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Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

Haw.

Wasn't he everything I said he'd be, Jack? Of course you knew it, too, even before I opened my big mouth, but still everyone likes to talk about the old trammist even if he isn't saying anything especially immortal. It's just nice to be able to remember we had him.

After-note on the affair: Homecoming was the first campus

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It's Our War . . .

By NORMA TREVORROW

Put on any old pair of shoes, preferably with two-inch soles, clomp into the kitchen and ask "Cookie" for the tin cans she's been saving.

First take them to the can opener and remove both ends. This usually is tremendously improved by putting the middle of the tongue against the roof of the mouth and blowing with a slight humming accompaniment. Then line 'em up in a good position for aiming, take a good run and BANG!!!—flat as a pancake. Gosh, it's more fun, and a great help for collection time which is coming pretty soon now.

U.S.O. Looks Good

The U.S.O. in Eugene looks positively wonderful. Everything's painted in a soft off-white except the creamy green floor. The furnishing has started with big fat ottomans placed in cosy corners. It looks as though the opening is fast approaching.

They still need more records and games. Several houses on the campus have been swell and

brought down some very generous contributions—but others haven't yet found the time. That ought to be a nice caressing hand on your tear-stained cheek as you bring down Fran Sinatra's "I'll Never Smile Again."

Bring 'Em Down

Anyway, bring them down to the drug store—it's right inside the door on the left. And don't forget your name and house.

The Pi Phis, Alpha Chis, and DeeGees graciously gave up Side-siddling and sleep for a good amount of Red Cross work last weekend, and took their places as first, second, and third. Others figuring in the line-up were Hen hall, with only fifteen minutes less work than the DeeGees; ADPis, Kappas, Thetas, AOPis, Alpha Phis, and Highland house. Considering the busy weekend, that was all right but let's make the next session copiously colossal. Just ask a satisfied customer. You'll find that bandages can be beautiful and pajamas . . . fascinating!