

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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Knuckle Down--Now . . .

THAT eight o'clock bell is going to ring a few minutes after this morning's Emerald hits the breakfast table. That bell is going to ring in a new term at the end of an old year. It should start a lot of things clicking in the mind of the average student, if they haven't started already.

If anyone has a faint heart about his university future in this war, it would be well to stop reading here. Because this editorial isn't going to be all pretty, and it's going to look at some pretty cold facts.

In peace time it might have been all right for everyone to look upon a college education as his just right and heritage. But such is no longer the case. An education is not a right; it is a responsibility.

* * *

WE 2000-odd students who will register winter term are lucky. We don't know if we will last the year out, but while we are here, our position is one of unique fortune.

The United States has built a fighting force of five million men in little over a year. There are going to be youthful additions to that force monthly, weekly, and daily. Two thousand-odd students are not kept on the Oregon campus nor are thousands kept on campuses across the nation just for the gentlemanly sake of letting these thousands have a good time while other thousands win the war. We are kept here only as long as our immediate training here is worth more than our immediate service on the fighting front. And even that may not be too long. We have the advantage, that at least for now, we can work toward a diploma. We have the responsibility that we must do something for the war program.

This is our war just as much as it is the next man's.

* * *

WITH superior resources, with superior manpower, with superior machines we have been losing this war. And it is not alone that we were caught unprepared. It is the simple fact that with inferior resources, inferior manpower, and inferior machines Japan and Germany have so efficiently organized that they have outmaneuvered our economy of abundance.

Our shortage applies as much to brainpower as it does to steel. We have the resources, and we know we have them. By that very fact we have carelessly fallen one step behind the Axis.

We are privileged to go to school, to take advantage of the superior resources we have. If we don't we don't deserve to be on a university campus. And more important, if we don't, we are in grave danger of losing this war. There is no middle-point, no half way. Our enemies, with inferior resources, have attacked us because they don't think we have what it takes to organize our economy of abundance—in both brainpower and steel. They are playing for keeps.

* * *

IF THE army believes we will be of greater service driving tanks and firing rifles in Africa, then we go into active duty with a possible opportunity to return to some campus for further technical training. If the navy needs our reservists to replace naval losses on the seas we will go. The marines may run short of men in the Solomons, and they may have to speed training of men from the marine reserves. That may soon await many of the 2000-odd students who open the winter term today.

That case rests on a future as yet unknown. The fact is that while we are here, we must prove our right to stay here. It isn't fun to say that studies will be twice as hard, nor to say that there won't be much more coffee, butter, meat, or canned goods. It isn't fun either to pack a machine gun in open attack on a Jap garrison. The truth that most of us realize now and that we all will realize soon is that war is not fun whether it is fought on a university campus with books on mathematics and physics or in a jungle with rapid-fire guns.

Through that eight o'clock, nine o'clock, or ten o'clock today remember that this may well be our last war-time term at Oregon. Get the most out of it. What we learn now may come in handy when we are flying that B-17.

Between The Lines

By ROY NELSON

REW LEFTovers from the pre-vacation era:

The Theta Chi phone rang and a Highland house voice announced that one of the fraternity's personnel was roaming the halls of the girls' co-op house. "And it's after hours," cried the girl. "Come and get him."

And so two carfuls of Theta Chis headed promptly to the scene of the disturbance. A quick buzz of the doorbell summoned a girl who handed out the Theta Chi house mascot, "Rough Cut." And the boys left.

Getting Personnel

Norris Yates showed his draft card as he bought a ticket to "Desperate Journey" . . . Joe Conenberg was assigned by his house the task of painting the woodwork around the phone booth. Joe, who measures well above six feet—with his coat on—hung up a "wet paint" sign only where "Towering" Joe could see it. And all the house members went around with sticky fingers. . . . Roy Koski is the only man on the campus who does his English comp on a slide rule . . . Two gents were pitted against each other in a tardy evening brawl, and the odds were on A, but B effected an upset. A's only excuse: "The sun got in my eyes."

* * *

I think about the worst thing,

**That can happen to a guy;
Is for a gal to wink at him,
In a manner that is sly.**

**The reason that I hate it so,
Is that certain thing I lack.
My eyebrows just won't wiggle,
And, gee whiz, I can't wink back.**

* * *

Concerning registration: the infirmary should have been built nearer the Igloo.

One battered soul wandered up and was apparently hunting for something, which was evident from the hunting glint in his eye.

"I'm hunting for something," he said, and then hunted for a listener.

"What seems to be the trouble, kiddo," a faculty adviser insisted.

"I'm looking for the foreign language table."

"Ah yes, that should be around somewhere. Mmmm."

And they hunted together.

"Foreign language, you say?" said the teacher.

"Yes, foreign language," verified.

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Ad Lib

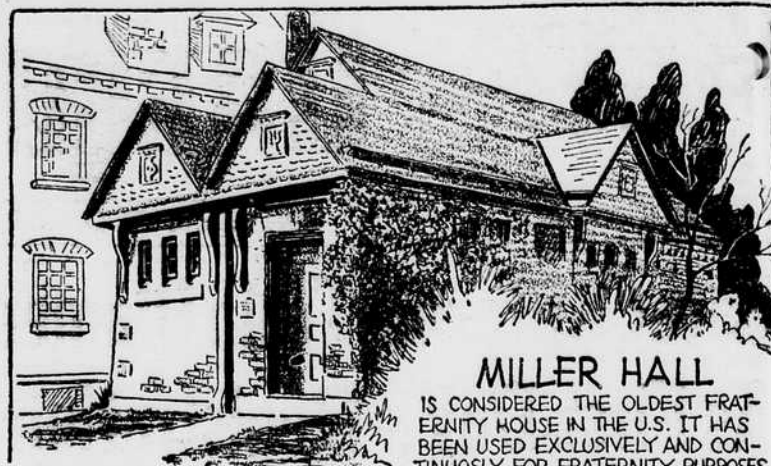
As I was standing in the green-front grocery buying my New Year's dinner the other day, a sharp looking character with a three-day beard and a pair of fondly clinging jeans began to make conversation pieces with a joe in the next line.

"Hey, Haugwitz," he was saying. "Y'heard Spike Jones' new Victrola record? Hyulk, hyulk."

This last sound was a sort of Snerd-like expression of mirth, and as it issued forth, the grocery was filled with a scent in memory of things passed.

From the embarrassed sideways motions of Haugwitz' down-hung head, those of us who were still on our feet gathered that he had not dug Brother Jones' latest.

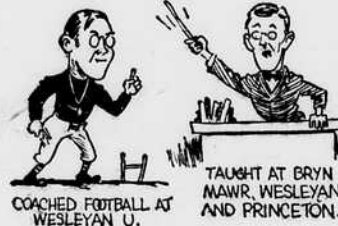
"Oh, it's a killer," wheezed



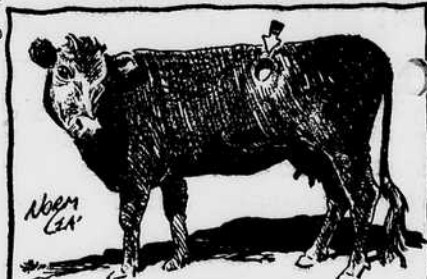
MILLER HALL
IS CONSIDERED THE OLDEST FRATERNITY HOUSE IN THE U.S. IT HAS BEEN USED EXCLUSIVELY AND CONTINUOUSLY FOR FRATERNITY PURPOSES . . . SINCE 1884 . . .
PHI KAPPA PSI - GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

WOODROW WILSON

WAS THE MOST COLLEGIATE OF ALL OF OUR U.S. PRESIDENTS. HE ATTENDED FOUR (DAVIDSON, PRINCETON, VIRGINIA, AND JOHN'S HOPKINS); BECAME PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON; WAS OFFERED THE PRESIDENCY OF SEVEN OTHER UNIVERSITIES; RECEIVED 21 HONORARY DEGREES—MORE THAN DID ANY OTHER PRESIDENT ON A PURELY ACADEMIC BASIS!



COACHED FOOTBALL AT WESLEYAN U.
TAUGHT AT BRYN MAWR, WESLEYAN AND PRINCETON!



WINDOW COW
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA ONCE OWNED A COW WITH A WINDOW IN HER SIDE! VETERINARY STUDENTS STUDIED FOOD DIGESTION THROUGH THE OPENING.

Poet E. G. Moll Scores New 'Hit'

By JANET WAGSTAFF

Though Oregon's versatile fisherman professor, E. G. Moll, has spanned the vast Pacific with his poetry, the flood waters of the Willamette kept him home late last term.



Communicating with the campus via the telephone, the black-bearded associate professor of English reported that some of his latest works will appear in the Anthology of Best Australian Poetry, 1941-42. This is a collec-

tion of the works of three or four Australian poets, and indicates that this poet has gained permanent extra-territorial fame.

"Cut From Mulga"

It was during 1940 that his name first was placed among Australia's best poets. It was then that his book "Cut From Mulga" won the coveted distinction of being chosen book of the year, and official publication in creative writing of the Commonwealth of Australia.

Much of the work on this collection of poems was done during the year he spent as an exchange professor at the University of Sydney. But for material he drew on memories of his boyhood and youth, which he spent on the continent "down under"

Australia-Born

Now an Americanized Australian, Moll was born at the turn of the century August 25, 1900, in Victoria, Australia. He studied at Concordia college in that country, then came to the United States, to graduate from Lawrence college, in Wisconsin, in 1922. He then went to Harvard, where in a year he obtained his master of arts diploma. The summer of 1922 he traveled in Europe, and the next fall he went to Colorado college as a member of the faculty.

Two years later he returned to Australia where he spent some time in travel and study. Another year at Colorado college, he joined the English staff of the University of Oregon, 1928. He has taught here since that time.

"Ideal Locale"

In Oregon, this professor has found what he believes is the ideal locale for a poet and a lover of the out-of-doors, although the experiences of this may prompt a few reservations. "Fishing, for me, has been very poor this year," he announced with quiet but definite emphasis. "If I said anything more, it would be profane."

During vacations and often on week-ends he tramps the Oregon woods, adding to his bird lore a field in which he is also remarkably skilled. One summer, which culminated in a delightful book of poems, he spent as a ranger-naturalist at Crater lake.

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By John J. Mathews

Character No. 1, dipping brazenly in the vernacular. "Hyulk, hyulk," he hyulk-hyulked again. "They call it 'Don't Hit Yore Granmaw with a Spade.'" Then, bursting into uncontrollable guffaws, he added that the second line of the Jones opus was "just paste her with a plain old rock."

Which is a marvelous illustration of why good musicians starve to death. They just aren't funny.

The Second City of the Pacific slope, Baghdad-by-the-Bay, continues as a happy hunting ground for garbage bands. This Yule season that fair city was favored with the services of Herbie Holmes, George Olsen, Mayris Chaney, and Del Courtney. The

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