

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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At Home . . .

Bombs Have Fallen

By DOROTHY GODKNECHT

An Oregon student far from his family and friends, living in a land of peace, plenty, and comfort while his fellow countrymen suffer the ravages of war, Ernesto Santos looks with hope and determination to his University days as a preparation for serious work ahead.

Ernesto, known to his friends in America as Ernest, came to the United States from the Philippine Islands in 1939. After his arrival in the United States, he attended Lincoln high school in Portland two years, and entered the University of Oregon as a pre-med student fall term, '41.

The serious-minded Filipino has a special interest in the present conflict due to the fact that he attended Pangasinan high school, which is located in Lingayen Beach, the scene of one of the Japanese landing parties on the Philippines.

Schooling

The Philippine schools are very similar to any American school, according to the dark-eyed lad. The building itself where Ernest went to high school was quite modern and the curriculum was very much the same. More emphasis, however, was placed on military training. Ernest has un-

dergone military training ever since he was in the fifth grade.

"Uniforms and all," he laughed, "only the guns were wooden."

He has a younger sister still in the Philippines. He also was being taught fundamental military drills and first aid. The girls wore uniforms too, only their uniform more closely resembled flash band uniforms than military dress.

The question, "What is the hardest subject you ever studies?" brought the immediate answer, "The English language." Ernest thinks it very amusing the way students here struggle over Spanish, as his native tongue is approximately 60 per cent Spanish. He says that there are so many exceptions to rules in English nine years in schools in the Philippines, yet when he arrived in the United States, he was literally "lost." American slang proved to be the most difficult obstacle the young immigrant had to overcome. Even now, he admits, certain slang expressions are very puzzling to him.

Patriotism

Ernest notices a difference in the manner in which patriotism is stressed here in America.

"We always had both the Phil-

ippine and United States flags in school and recited the pledge of allegiance every morning," he says. "We were taught the meaning of the flag and the constitution and understood what they meant."

Ernest doesn't think that the majority of the American school children realize just what the flag and the nation really stand for.

The Filipinos are very grateful for what the United States has done for them, according to Ernest. Naturally they have a desire for independence, but if they are going to be troubled with foreign interference, it is his opinion that they would prefer U. S. domination.

"We always said that during Spanish rule we were taught fear, under U.S. domination we were taught freedom," stated Ernest.

Education

In Ernest's estimation, education is the most important thing the Americans have given the Philippines. With an excellent educational program, the Philippines are coming one more step towards an independent government.

Proudly Ernest told of the Philippine form of government. (Please turn to page three)

On Gold Bricking . . .

THERE are two arts that some persons inevitably pursue through life in an effort to effect their perfection. One is the art of "gold bricking," the other the art of "gripping" at the appropriate, or inappropriate moment. Both start at the second the young person is first asked to go to the store by his mother; they carry through life as a university pledge, and emerge later into the professional realm. Both invariably appear together, and both must be practiced steadily to assure a finished performance.

There are many things that can be said for these arts, the smooth way in which a "gold bricker" can push off a job, or the way the "griper" can focus attention on another "who has done absolutely nothing" at the very minute he is about to be cornered by work. Gold bricking is always the last resort of the gripe that failed, and the person who gripes most is almost certainly the one who does the least under any conditions.

* * *

THE very fact that the griper has so much time to argue about the way he is over-worked proves the fact that he doesn't have very much real work to do. If any further proof is needed, doubt is quietly settled by forcing a job on him, then watching him gold brick. This art of procrastination presents its difficulties in peace time, because it is often more work to out-procrastinate the procrastinators than the accomplished fact is really worth (because there is always the danger of gold bricking once they are forced into the job).

War does offer its kind solution to this problem, because now that everyone recognizes the need to do something for the war effort, it is not overly difficult to weed out the gold brickers and gripers one-by-one, and put them to work in the armed forces. Even a gold bricker will fight to save his life, so when he faces the reality of a bombing in the army, navy, or marines, he will at last seriously indulge in work, and the problem is solved. If the gold bricker is taken prisoner, he is certain to be even greater help to the United Nations cause, because the Axis thn must solve the problem of putting them to work—or of shooting them. This solution results either in temporary reform of the gold bricker, or in death. In either case the problem is solved.

Two Lucky Students . . .

"THE Student Discipline committee recently suspended two students from the University for the remainder of the college year because one attempted to substitute for the other in an examination," said a statement issued yesterday by the Disciplinary committee.

Kicking them out for only a year was being too good to them.

A shockingly large number of University students seemingly are unable to comprehend that the United States is now engaged in a total war . . . we are fighting for our very lives. Men from all walks of life; rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves, all are out there somewhere giving their lives for a cause, a cause we all believe is right.

* * *

THE army has seen fit to allow a privileged few of us to remain in school to study so that we might be better fit to aid in the war effort. Most of us who are staying in school, leading lives sheltered from the war, are extremely grateful for our good fortune. We appreciate what is being done for us and we are anxious to help in any way we can.

It is almost silly to call studying hard helping the war effort, it is so obviously helping ourselves that we should do it willingly without an added incentive. But for those who need an incentive, a tremendous one has certainly been provided.

* * *

AND yet there are students at the University who take advantage of their privileged status to have a good time, sleep, and ignore their classes. Such students should be placed on a basis with objectionists and aliens. They should either be taken into the army where they'll have to work or sent to camps where at least they won't get in other people's way.

Why should the men who are in reserves here on the campus and who are working hard, be made to suffer because of a few unpatriotic slackers who think the world owes them a living?

If a man thinks he's in the University to have a good time or to evade the draft, the University is no place for him and the sooner he is weeded out and expelled, not just for a year or two, but permanently, the better it will be for all of us.

Be glad, you two recently expelled ones, that your case was judged by a lenient committee . . . the average student would not have been half so easy. — G. D. W.



DEMIDJI (MINN) STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE IS THE COLDEST SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY TEMPERATURES OFTEN GET BELOW -40° AND -50° IS NOT UNUSUAL!

BUCKSHOT

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON IS THE LARGEST COLLEGE FRATERNITY. IT CLAIMS THE MOST CHAPTERS (113), MOST HOUSES (97), AND THE MOST INITIATES (54,108).

WHEN UPSALA COLLEGE UPPERCLASSMEN SHOUT "AIR RAID" ALL FRESHMEN IN THE VICINITY MUST DROP FLAT ON THE GROUND OR DIVE INTO A NEARBY BUSH!



PENNSYLVANIA HAS MORE COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES THAN ANY OTHER STATE!

PENN. - 51
N.Y. - 46
OHIO - 45

Mildred Wilson Spies . . .

Mr. Harris Ellsworth

Harris Ellsworth, Congressman.

Something new has been added to a name that can claim positions in every phase of journalistic work—and a fling at lumbering. Not that there is anything unique in becoming a congressman but Ellsworth, '22, is a living example of what an Oregon-educated man can accomplish by staying in his own state backyard.

Ellsworth works fast. Only a year after he entered the University he was made manager of the Emerald. Proving himself exceptionally capable in this position he was shifted to the post of Oregon manager for the next year. Depleted finances forced temporary retirement from school and he went to work for the Oregon City Enterprise.

Several months of work replenished his wallet and he was finally graduated in 1922—immortalizing his senior year by launching the "Lemon Punch" humorous collegiate magazine specializing in the "Who was that lady I saw you out with last night?" type of joke.

He's tall, blond and has a (Please turn to page three)

Between The Lines

By CORP. ROY PAUL NELSON*
*Courtesy the ROTC Department

"I thought," a campus personality addressed me, "that you were in a reserve."

"Aye—that I am," I responded, as I wended my way from the Halls of Johnson to the Shores of Deady.

"No. You are in active service."

"No. I am not."

"Yer wrong," he told me.

"Yer nuts," I told him, quite frankly.

"Well, if yer not in the service—how come you write between the lines?"

PRESENTING—a short short-short, entitled "Gfftlkxmb": The scene opens at the beginning. On second thought, we shall start at the ending, thus omitting such timeworn data as a plot, climax, and mashed potatoes.

A reservist failed to make his 2-point. He is back for his final try. Should he get below the minimum the second time, he will not have to bother with math lessons any longer, as he will be yanked into the service, but bang.

It is night. The gent is hitting the books with his roomie. They find said treatment hard on said books, so they settle down to study instead.

"You got yer math?" asked the gent who wasn't on the honor roll.

"I'm having a little trouble," admitted his roomie, who pulled down a neat 2.06 himself.

"Where's Ralph?" offered the first boy.

"Yes, where's Ralph?" echoed the Phi Bete.

As if in answer to his question, the door opened and in stepped a housebrother. He had the air of a man whose first initial was "R." It is Ralph, you say. You are a liar. It is Richard.

(Please turn to page three)