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"Only those who take leisurely what the people are busy about can be busy about what the people of the world take leisurely."
 —Chang Ch'ao, mid-17th century Chinese writer.

Lest We Forget . . .

"I think it can be stated as almost an historical truism that the greatest civilizations of history have been the best educated civilizations. And when I speak of education in this sense I do not have in mind what so many today claim as an education, namely special training to do particular jobs."

THESE words of Wendell Willkie strike home to men and women who think of technical training as the greatest goal of modern education. We are told to become specialists. We are told "to get trained." We are told to become proficient in some trade or profession. We think more and more in terms of engineering, math 100, advanced physics, and elementary analysis.

The very fact that everyone recognizes the need for these subjects, especially in war, compounds the danger. Mr. Willkie himself pointed out the necessity of technical training during the war and after. But he also pointed out another significant lesson from history. That the highest pinnacles of civilization have been achieved by the cities and states most proficient in liberal arts. "The Greek cities," he said, "conquered the eastern Mediterranean with the sword. But they conquered posterity with their minds."

* * *

THE Greeks built a great nation, partially because they had a practical knowledge of natural science, partially because they knew navigation and architecture. But even more, they knew how to live, how to analyze, how to think.

The danger that we face now is that we forget how to live, how to analyze, and how to think; that we place education on an entirely practical plane. Now we are engaged in a practical war, and it demands practical training. But now, more than ever before, we must keep liberal education alive. If we do not, we might as well admit there is nothing finer in life than building tanks to destroy people and nations. And that is the Nazi doctrine.

Hit 'em Hard . . .

WE'VE hardly forgotten the taste of turkey and dressing and now midterms are looming close. A number of us haven't been registered long enough to be well settled in classes and caught up with our work, but midterms are bearing down on us as though we had been here for a month and a half. Just as the work pile seems to be dwindling to a controllable size a new load is about to be dumped on it.

It would be awfully easy to become discouraged now.

Chances are that most of us will be in the service immediately this term ends; if you're going to be called anyway, why bother about hitting the books? What good will it do? Besides, there's more to be done than can possibly be caught up with. What's the use trying? It's our last term anyway, why not have a good time?

This is an easy pattern of thought to fall into. And a dangerous one.

In the first place, no one is sure when he will be called until he is in uniform. Secondly, someone is paying for your education—or at least the greatest part of it—even though you may be meeting tuition fees 100%. Thirdly, you weren't put in a reserve unless you were considered potential officer material, and the armed forces are sick if they aren't staffed with officers who thrive on tough breaks.

In short, the student who throws in the scholastic towel now is gyping himself, his state, and his country. He is a chiseler and a slacker and doesn't belong on this campus. Hit the books! — J. J. M.

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

He once was an Independent, this lad. A big shot too, he said, as he pounded his head on the Falcon's stone fireplace to convince himself of the fact.

In matters political he especially distinguished himself, as his three brothers in Alcatraz had done before him. Loyal he was too, like the gum 'neath a library reference room table.

Then lights glittered and little fairies came to court him from their house on the hill. He joined up and got the glob with jewels, and swore a sacred oath of full unceasing loyalty to house and brothers in these times of war, black Postum, and freshman politics.

Who would think that this upstanding, square-shooting epistle of Jack Armstrong would draw a leader of parties Independent into a corner behind the fraternity garbage pail, and whisper sweet "I am still an Independent at heart's" into his well-washed ear.

"My spirit is still with your cause," he shyly insisted. "I do this because the true Independent blood surging through my veins cries out for recognition!"

Nice fellow to be a brother of, that.

Our typewriter at this point, curdled its keys and would not go on, and we cannot say we blame her, and . . . Long John drew his bowie knife and cut his grandmother's left toe off up to the armpit 'cause only one so close deserved the honor.

This story has nothing to do with persons living or residing in Greek houses and is a purely hypothetical fantasy woven during a moment of fascination for the grotesque, of course.

SCENE AT RANDOM

Post-War Problem

The University of Southern California and University of Louisiana debators in a non-decision debate advocated that a federal world union would shelve the post-war difficulties of international cooperation. —The Reveille

* * *

Don't Give Up

Students who aren't in the upper decile needn't give up hope, according to James D. Page, psychology clinic director at Temple university.

Mr. Page found bright students because of bad study habits, home environment, and no goal in sight often kept them from obtaining better grades. The average student often becomes a better leader and student because of more normal habits and a strong desire to succeed.

—The Daily Californian.

* * *

War Orphans

Some 30 English war orphans between the ages of 2 and 5 are being cared for by funds raised by the students, faculty members and townspeople at the University of Kansas.

—University Daily Kansan.

"Stamp Out the Axis"

When the poster pictures of Hitler and Hirohito are completely covered with war stamps, the motto, "Stamp Out the Axis," will be literally accomplished by the freshman class at the University of California. The war stamps will be turned over to the service men's scholarship fund.

—The Daily Californian.

C. O. SHUNK'S

HOBBY HAS 'SENT' MORE THAN FORTY-FIVE STUDENTS TO ILLINOIS COLLEGE DURING THE LAST 25 YEARS! HE INTERESTS YOUNG PEOPLE IN COLLEGE WORK, THEN SECURES REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO ATTEND. A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER, HE HAS NEVER LOANED OR GIVEN MONEY TO HIS PROTEGES.



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DUKE UNIVERSITY IS LOCATED ON WHAT WAS ONCE A RACE-TRACK!

AT SECOND GLANCE

By TED HARMON

Paris Island, S. C.

In Paramount's smash hit, "Wake Island," he lost his wife in the Jap sneak on Pearl Harbor and revenged her death by sinking a Nipponese battleship. In real life, MacDonald Carey traded his movie role as a marine aviator for that of a marine "boot" and is presently going through his basic training here.

The rising young actor, with six pictures already to his credit, is anxious and eager to complete his seven-week indoctrination and continue on to officer's school, but Carey faced a tough introduction to the marine corps. He was already known when he reported to active duty, especially to three-striped sergeants, and they were ready to drown any outward ripple of an actor's temperament.

But MacDonald proved that he was only a young and ambitious recruit like the other 72 men in his platoon, and made friends easily. The mere fact that he had been a screen star was not even known to his bunk buddies until the second week of training, because a short haircut can change the appearance of anyone, along with the acknowledged loss of civilian names and occupations.

Carey is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has brown eyes and hair. He has a full rugged physique and teeth that literally sparkle when his tanned face parts into a smile. He is relatively quiet and unassuming and needs coaxing to mention his former Hollywood habitats and acquaintances.

One evening, after a full day of drilling on the sand field, one of the drill instructors found the Iowa university graduate nursing several broken blisters on his feet.

"You might as well go to the sick bay," the sergeant said, "and forget about drill tomorrow."

But Carey was back on the job the next morning despite his sore feet—and to continue with another 14 hour day. That's the kind of spirit and temperament that has made MacDonald Carey immensely popular and probably a four-star rating in his newest, greatest role.

After graduation from Iowa university in 1935, Carey was restless and joined a road stock company. Tiring of traveling, he turned next to NBC for the "First Nighter" radio show as well as roles in numerous soap operas. It was this latter job that gave Carey the chance to play opposite Gertrude Lawrence in "Lady in the Dark."

Successful on the New York stage, Hollywood beckoned and Carey made screen tests for Paramount. Passing these with flying colors, he was immediately rushed into "Dr. Broadway." Then came "Wake Island," "Take a Letter, Darling," and "Spangled Rhythm." Yet to be released are "Without a Shadow of a Doubt" and "Salute for Three."

Following his twin brothers into the service, MacDonald Carey enlisted in the Marine Corps on the eve of his biggest career. He expects no favors and asks for none, although he is usually among the first to report for the daily mail call. It's not fan mail that he's after, but letters from his wife, Betty Hecksaker, who's doing her part in the war effort, too.

But like the rest of us here, Carey knows that there's a job to do and although platoon sergeants don't carry megaphones, he's positive he's going to play the biggest and most successful role yet. The other fellows of Platoon 1107 heartily agree.

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