

LITERARY PAGE

Tell It To Sweeney

By AUDREY BEARDSHEAR
SURELY at some time in your life you have been giving forth your best line of gab when your victim suddenly turned on you, and said, "Oh, tell it to Sweeney!" But have you ever told it to Sweeney?

Well, if you haven't met her, let me tell you—it's true what they say about Sweeney. She really goes around wide-eyed listening to people, and she believes anything she is told. Sweeney believes in the younger generation, believes the Bible; she believes weather reports; she believes William Saroyan; she even believes in the younger generation. Those who don't know her personally call her Sweeney the gullible. They think she is just a slow cookie who hasn't been around. But she has been around—that is what's the matter with her.

A long, long time ago (way last year) Sweeney was a freshman at the University of Oregon. She was just about the smartest freshman that ever hit the University. She knew everything that there was to know—that politics was just a racket, that Chanel Number 5 was never worn with sweaters and bobby sox, that God was a silly superstition imposed on the masses to keep them submissive, that men were perfidious creatures to be taken with a grain of salt and a coke. In fact, if there was anything she didn't know, it wasn't true.

Sweeney, in spite of her superior knowledge, went the way of all freshmen. She registered for the wrong courses at the wrong times. She dropped courses. She went out for activities. She dropped activities. She went on blind dates with drips, coke dates with drools, and dates—period. And then Cupid paid tribute to her—

SHE and her naive roommate Judith were in the "Side." It was Thursday, and they were supposed to be over in Villard hall taking hygiene; so they were in the "Side."

Hey, did you read this stupid column in the Emerald by John MacNamara? she gave out with the well known Sweeney sneer.

Yeah, I thought it was good, Judith said. That was all she knew about it.

Good? Sweeney shouted.
 Yes'm, Judith said.
 Honest, Judith, do you think that—that stop is good?

It's worth while. I mean, a philosophy like that gives a person a reason to live. I think this MacNamara must really know what's going on, Judith protested in the most eloquent style she could command.

Sweeney just ignored Judith's opinion. After all, Judith was still a high school girl at heart. Sweeney must be patient. Religion, nationalism, brotherhood, and love, she read scornfully, are derived from a need of something to believe in. That's just plain silly. Any fool knows that the less you believe in, the better off you are.

Excuse me, interrupted a boy who was sitting across the aisle. Have you any idea what you are talking about?

Wh-what? Sweeney was non-plussed.

I said, I don't think you have any idea what you are saying.

And who are you? demanded

an irate Sweeney.

I'm John MacNamara.
 Oh! Oh, well, I'm sorry. No doubt there are some good things about your column. It's just that—

Don't be apologetic. It doesn't become you. Anyway I can't expect to write a column for a daily paper without having a few people disagree with me. But, the way you talk, people are going to get the idea that you don't believe in a damned thing.

I don't!
 You have to believe in something. Everyone believes in something.

I don't.
 Well, what's the use of living if you don't have something to believe in?

Oh, there is lots of use—there are dates and—and—

That's not a point in your favor. What fun are dates if you don't believe in the person you go with; and if you don't want them to believe in you?

Well, I have fun and I haven't ever believed in any man yet.

Oh, I see. You believe in not believing.

Sweeney was confused. And when Sweeney is confused Swee-

ney is stubborn. I think believing in a bunch of stuff is weakness, she crossly contended. The only people who believe are the ones who are too lazy to work for the things they want, so they sit around on the floor praying someone else will do their work for them.

Whe-e-e-ew, Mac whistled through his teeth. Say, I'd like to talk to you some more. Why don't you have a coke with me tomorrow at three, and we will argue this thing out.

Sweeney was dubious, but she went along for the ride and the coke. She and Mac had a long chat, but she wasn't convinced of a single thing except that Mac would be nice to have around for awhile.

SO all up and down the campus—in the "Side," at preference desserts, and at the "Whiskerino"—Mac tried to convince her that she needed something to believe in. She blithely ignored his arguments. It was an odd situation for her thought, because sometimes she really wanted to believe in things—especially in Mac—and then she would won-

The Church Opposes Nazidom

UNTIL THE DAY by Kressman Taylor. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.75.

A young man named Karl Hoffman escaped from Nazi Germany to the United States. Like many exiles, he came with a soul full of rage, pain, and bitter indignation. But unlike most exiles, Hoffman came without fear. And it is because he was without fear that "Until the Day" was written.

This book is a true story. Karl Hoffman told his tale to Kressman Taylor, author of "Address Unknown" and a graduate of the University of Oregon. She immediately saw the possibilities of a book in his words, and retold the tale in simple moving narrative form.

Hoffman relates the struggle between two ideologies in Germany, between Christianity, and "German Christianity." The first indications of conflict appear to Hoffman at the University of Berlin, where he is a theology student, following in the steps of his father, pastor of one of the great Lutheran churches in Germany. A fellow-student says:

"What we need is a strong leader . . . If you have ever listened to Adolf Hitler, you will know we have found one."

Then came a series of decrees, the steady infiltration of Nazi influence on student life, until the final Kirchen Kampf, when the Church fought bitterly to destroy the ever-tightening Nazi grip on religion. Hitler had a diabolically clever scheme to dominate the churches completely, and for a time it seemed that it might work.

But from the historic day when Hoffman's father defied with great bravery the Gestapo and preached the things that were in his mind, and was arrested for it, the underground opposition of the people to the Nazis grew in the churches. Time after time the churches where "German Christian" pastors were preaching would be empty and the pews filled to overflowing at the "Confessional" orthodox churches.

Pastor Niemoeller, who is world-famous through his courageous resistance to the Nazis, enters the story, and it is truly thrilling to observe the wise and careful organization of underground opposition that he carried out. Aside from the people's resistance, it is equally interesting to observe the underground movement at the universities, where schools were started that changed their place of residence almost every night, coincident with the arrival of the Gestapo. There is a strong current of desire for freedom still in Germany, which is illustrated by incidents such as these:

"Our next class was presided over by a bull-necked disciple of the Aryan-blood cult.

"Christianity," he declaimed, "with its morose teaching of sin, is guilty of bringing immorality into the originally perfect German race."

"Two seats away from him a student jerked to his feet and shouted:

"Throw him out the window! Throw him out the window!"

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 And I below, with sorrowing eyes, depart
 To join again the life in which I move.
 O, star of love, thy golden rays transcend
 This wretched earth and touch the heavenly walls;
 I, far below, the glory of the throne
 Behold, and in the wildest night ascend
 On pinnacles of hope to see the halls
 Where death meets life in glorions, ageless tones.
 —By Ross Yates.

der what it was all about. But she didn't let Mac know. As soon as he had convinced her, she thought, he would go his merry way with nary a thought for her.

She took him to her house dance. The music smelled, the floor was too slick, the food was not sufficient, but Sweeney was in heaven. Mac was having a good time, too. He dance with Judith (after all, she was Sweeney's roomie), he paid his compliments to the housemother, and he was polite to Sweeney's friends. But most of the time he just danced cheek-to-cheek with her. By intermission he had admitted that she was the sweetest girl he knew, and before "The Star Spangled Banner" was played, he was telling her he loved her.

Sweeney, as I said before, knew all about men; so she was really talking fast.

Who knows? Mac was saying,

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Maybe some day we will get married.

Why, Mac, I knew the first time I saw you that there could never be anyone else for me, Sweeney said. She was improvising—making up her line as she went along.

I'm serious, Sweeney, I'd like to think that someday we might get married. You know when we were dancing tonight, I was thinking—you dress like a care-free college girl and you act like one, but underneath you—well, you are so many beautiful things.

Ah, that's sweet, Mac.
 You are everything I have always wanted, he said in his most poetic slang. You're shy and you are so poised. You are naive and you're sophisticated, you're light and gay, yet you are deep.

Sweeney, who was famed for knowing all the answers, certainly was not going to be outwitted by this smoothie even if he had wasted a whole month of his life trying to teach her his silly old ideas. She chirruped, Well, you're not so bad yourself, Mac.

Look, do you think you could ever love me?
 Uhuh!

Sweeney, could you believe in me?

Oh, do we have to start that again? (—large amounts of disgust)

Don't you believe in me just a little, he asked.

Oh, we've been all through that. You know how I feel about be—
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Here Is a Straight Tip

MANY OF THE LOVELY NUMBERS IN SOCIAL STATIONERY THAT WE ARE NOW SHOWING WILL BE "OUT" WHEN PRESENT STOCKS ARE GONE. GET YOURS NOW!

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