

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## The Cutting Room

By BILL BUELL

"Claudia," now playing at the "Mac," is as unpretentious as apple pie and as human as the urge to "rubber" on a rural telephone line.

Dorothy McGuire plays the title role. The magazines tell us that she is 25 years old. But with her sloppy schoolgirl sweaters, hurrying, awkward feet, and stream of childish chatter she doesn't seem old enough to buy beer at Taylor's.

### King Size Egg

The greater part of the picture is devoted to demonstrating just how immature Claudia really is. She almost turns cartwheels when she finds an egg that's a little larger than usual. She tells her husband (Robert Young) that "we can't afford to pay an income tax with all other expenses." Although she has been married a year her mother (Ina Claire) is still the center of her universe.

### Patience Is a Virtue

Her lovable but exasperating infantilism leaves her husband in a state of bewilderment. He is a man of Job-like patience, but when Claudia innocently osculates with an English playwright for the avowed purpose of arousing jealousy he begins to wonder; when she irresponsibly sells his beloved farm to a Russian opera singer he is really worried.

Finally Claudia bumps her pretty little head against the cold hard facts of life. She discovers that the stork is planning to visit her.

### Worry

Her joy in prospective motherhood is suddenly shattered by the knowledge that her own mother is faced with imminent death from cancer. Although the shock is almost too much for her, she rises to the situation and meets it bravely. She is beginning to grow up.

The acting of Miss McGuire, Miss Claire, and Mr. Young is sincere, unaffected, convincing. There is only one thing wrong with this picture . . . Olga Baclanova.

Miss Baclanova's portrayal of the loud-mouthed Russian soprano to whom Claudia sells the farm is forced and artificial. Her presence in this unsophisticated picture is about as decorous as that of Gypsy Rose Lee in a girl scout troop.

New York City's board of higher education looks after the College of the City of New York, Brooklyn college and Queens college.

(the time is optional and a purely personal matter) it is not too condescending to address a student as "John," "Jenny," or "Vladimir Jr." when you meet with him in seminar, or in your office, or when you pass him on the street.

We do not think there is a loss of dignity, or respect, or admiration. On the contrary, we think that the student feels more respect for his instructor if he is "so dealt with." We think that the gulf between most student and faculty is lessened. That is an aim well worth striving for.

There are many to whom this editorial does not apply. Because of them we know that it can be done—is being done, and with success.

The problem of "what to call them" is a purely personal one at best. Some professors have their reasons, based on logic and personal experience, for not adopting this manner of salutation.

It is to those who base their reasons only on pride and need for a commanding position that we address this memorandum.

Morale, that mysterious and all-encompassing element of which so much is said and so little known, is directly tied up with seemingly unimportant problems such as these.

. . . And in days to come we will walk along the path, and pass the statue tall, and pass that man in baggy pants, and pipe and opened book, answer to our given name and no longer be, forever, Mr. Jones.

—C.P.

## All is not study . . . Down Mexico Way

"Habla vd. espanol?" Perhaps you don't, but it's one way of bettering pan-American relations. The best way to learn Spanish is to go where it is spoken, at least that is the opinion of two girls who did just that—Jean Harshman and Milo Woodward, juniors in liberal arts.

This summer when the rest of us were stewing over a million odd jobs, they packed up their belongings and caught the first train for Mexico. With them went Margaret McGee, sophomore in journalism, and Mrs. E. J. Denari, Eugene. They were part of a good neighbor exchange in which University students attend the University of Mexico summer school and then have their credits transferred here.

This is a nation-wide undertaking, the summer school being almost exclusively composed of students from all parts of the United States. This summer there were 14 from the University of Oregon although they did not travel together as a group.

### Two Months

The course lasted two months and included such subjects as Spanish, Portuguese, diplomatic relations, Mexican literature, and survey of Mexican history.

Jean and Milo went by train from Los Angeles via Guadalajara where they visited Tlaquepaque, famous for its pottery. They have round silver ear bands and huge silver rings they bought in a little curio shop there. Silver shops are very common in the cities and every young girl wears silver ear rings wherever she goes. Both girls still wear theirs because they can't break themselves of the habit.

Asked what she remembered most about Mexico City, Jean named bull fights and Milo, the military ball. Both girls attended bull fights, which are a Sunday custom in Mexico.

### Arena

"The arena is shaped like a huge saucer," Jean explained, "and just packed to bursting with people all in their Sunday best. They have a huge parade to start it off, with everyone taking part, from the leading actor, the matadore, down to the little street cleaners, who rush in after the bull has been killed and sweep up the mess and spread straw over the dead bull. They have six bulls and the matadore fights each one separately. If the bull isn't very good and doesn't put up much of a fight the people whistle, but if he is good they all clap."

After it is over the people throw in flowers and hats and all kinds of things to the matadore. I saw one woman toss in her red fox cape. The matadore then walks around, keeps the flowers and tosses back everything else. It is as colorful and exciting as a football game. When we were there the people piled cushions

around the dead bull and set him on fire because he hadn't been a good fighter. Then they started fighting among themselves. It was just like an Oregon-Oregon State game."

### Christmas

The military ball is the dance given for the graduates of the military college, the West Point of Mexico. Both girls went to the affair and heard President Avila Camacho speak. The entire building was outlined in lights. Four orchestras played in different parts of it.

"The song we heard everywhere in Mexico," said Milo, was 'White Christmas'."

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## Letters to the Editor

PARKVILLE, Missouri

Dear Editor:

Oregon has gone to war. One hundred and twenty-five former Ducks for the past four months have been in the navy uniform, still studying but getting paid for it. Fate and the powers-that-be shipped us out to this small hamlet in Missouri.

The characters here? You'll remember lots of them. Some of the gang are going on to midshipmen's school. The list includes Oregon gridders Bob Koch and Dick Brown. Then there's Fiji Bill Frank and scads of others. Most of the boys are staying on for another term, though.

### Best Ball Slinger

In a big contest recently, Jim Mills, the Chi Psi kid, chucked a football farther than any other kid here. "Soup" Campbell is thinking of going into the chaplain service! Oregon's John Hendrickson, known here as "88 Keyes" leads the piano-thumpers in our barracks, with ATO Marvin Lester running him a close second.

Duane Heathman, who used to handle a good deal of the business headaches on the Emerald, now plays trombone in the navy band.

Park college (our present home) is blessed by such other famous names as room-mate "Tito" Hill, ("sweater boy" of Eugene) Art Damschen, Bob "Switzer" Weismandel, Buzz Beaudoin, and Bill Moersch.

### Hank Has Navigable Troubles

Hank Voderberg has had trouble with his navigation course; Bill Pfau, the Delt, has led the boys on weekend liberty to near-by Kansas City; Paul McFadden pulled another impersonating act a few months back; (you will recall him from the Life magazine publicity), Frank Sardam, ex-4 Knights and a Dream singer, has been desperately trying to organize a quintet, with little success.

### Efficiency Shanahan

Theta Chi Don Shanahan served most of this semester as barracks captain in efficient manner. Doug Donahue, Emerald sports scribe, has been breaking female hearts. Harry Martini at this writing looms as a standout threat for Park's coming basketball varsity. All and all, there's a great gang of fellows here; they study hard, yet have fun, mmm.

Fred Beckwith,  
USNR—V-12

## Oregon 'Firsts' . . .

Those who are bored with campus life as it is right now are ignoring the Oregon "firsts," big and little, which will make those who graduate during this war period look back on the year 1943-44 as one of adventure and portent.

Most important are the hidden things which we as students cannot quite see clearly now. What we are learning of science, language, the history of man, the best way to bake bread, does not seem to apply, on the surface, to what we read in the paper and know of war ourselves. But these things do apply. Perhaps more than anyone has imagined, technical, mental and cultural skills carried on during war time may swing the post-war balance to the credit side.

\* \* \*

The little, unimportant "firsts" are the easiest to see. That tough assignment to the nurses' aid class was shouldered by enough students so that service, real down-to-earth service RIGHT NOW is a part of University curriculum. That's one "first."

Students' attitude toward food is another. When we treasure every pat of butter, when we speak of eggs and quantities of canned foods in almost wishful voices that is a new thing. Food, always precious to so many people in the United States, was not so valuable in colleges before. Now there is no waste, and there is no extravagance in menus. This "first" is one to cling to.

This is the first time we have really shared our school with army students. This is the second year that taps has sounded under the old campus trees. These past several years have taught us the way to write letters, and how to depend on ourselves. Girls, particularly, are learning to be comradely with one another, now that Friday evenings stretch ahead without the hectic social season everyone used to think so essential.

Students are walking more, spending less, studying with a purpose or because they want to find one. And in some ways they are having more real fun—because they have begun to earn it.

\* \* \*

And that word "earn" is the most surprising "first." Men overseas and in this country are earning the right to live. Their training is based on this idea—that they must earn their enemies' defeat—by all the skill possible, and all the strength of body and mind.

A university education must be earned in these days. Those men who will never have the chance again to finish their education can rightfully ask this of students . . . that they earn their privilege in the days when mud and muck and conflict sour the world.

Is school boring you? Or are you afraid? Then you are not looking into the "firsts." Everywhere you go they will confront you. They are full of adventure and portent. But they must be earned.

—M.M.

## Forever Mr. Jones. . .

The professor must exert his full power to command the respect of the student, the graduate assistant once said; and so it has always been. And we agree on principle. The college professor insists he is a human being—nothing more. We are ready to accept his statement unmitigatedly. We think lots of them are humans, too.

There is, however, one point in the college professor's respect command bag, which we feel has been carried out beyond its realm of usefulness. That point concerns the use of names.

We like to be called by our first name. This may very well be a childish habit and undignified, but we like it. Furthermore, and most important, we know hundreds of other relatively normal folk who like it too.

Time will be called while professorial eyebrows are relaxed. There, that's better.

Let us explain ourselves. We DO NOT advocate mass familiarity on a classroom scale. This is no grade school—it often has been mentioned. We do not advocate calling every member of the class by his or her first name. We do not advocate addressing ANY member of the class by his given name during class time.

We DO think, however, that after several terms or years,