

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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It's Easy to Forget . . .

The war has been very far away from the campus the last few weeks. Rushing, registration, new classes to attend or to remember to forget to attend, the reorganization of the social mill saw to that.

But now that rushees have emerged from their marvelous mental whirlpool over houses and the houses have emerged from their marvelous mental whirlpool over rushees, and the hospitals of Eugene and Springfield have been cleared of the victims of registration, and the soldier students are getting around—and we mean all over—it is time to settle down and take an accounting.

There still is a war going on. Men and women and children are still fighting and dying. Just thought you'd like to know.

Many former students have returned to the campus recently. Most of them are on leave or have completed courses at training centers throughout the United States; few of them have seen actual combat as yet. We're glad to see them back. There's a little feeling deep down inside that rises up in us and dances a jig on its little improvised anatomical dance whenever we see one of the boys come back on the campus. It makes us feel good with the world. You no doubt get a similar feeling—as difficult to explain in words.

But many former students have not been back; won't be back. You will know some of them. We will know others. All of them will be remembered and missed by someone.

Millions of Russians have been dying in the last two years. Very few, if any, of us knew any of them personally, but someone did; someone misses them. Just thought you'd like to know.

We've gotten over worrying about rationing and are thinking about mid-terms, and then there are dances for which dates would be nice tangible things to have. And trips to Portland or back home are nice, and so are telephone calls that don't deal with tomorrow's assignments or start in on that and shift to other things.

Six thousand was the casualty list at Salerno beach. Surprisingly small, the army said. Sure, 6,000 casualties, nothing at all. Wonder how many you knew and we knew.

And in the air over Germany and the low countries and on the islands of the south Pacific and in Burma and China and on the oceans of the world they are dying—Americans, British, Chinese, Japs, Russians, Germans, Italians, men of every nation and every creed.

Just thought you'd like to know.

—C.P.

Smooth Green Machine . . .

It has all come to a sudden stop this morning—all the questions and rumors and facts and counter facts that were buzzing around about the sophomore dance. The sophomores just didn't seem to know where they were going, and rather naturally they never got there.

The class had a good idea—they wanted the army swing band to play. But they forgot to consult the army officials until it was too late to make any other arrangements for a band.

And when the class of '46 discovered they couldn't have a band, they didn't want a dance.

There is a chance that things may be arranged so there can be a dance sponsored by the sophomore class later this term, but right now we are wondering if this is the way all class social functions will be handled this year, or if the classes can organize themselves well enough to make the best of what there is to work with and straighten out the details soon enough and well enough to make Oregon's social life the smooth running machine it has been in the past.

—E.N.

What WSSA Money Does

\$1 a month will provide soy bean milk for Chinese students threatened with tuberculosis.

\$5 will buy from one to six books which will bring new hope to student prisoners and will enable many of them even to obtain their degrees while behind barbed wire.

\$15 will support a Chinese student for a month.

\$60 will provide tuition, board, lodging, and clothing for a refugee student in Switzerland.

\$1,500 will operate for a year one Student Center in China with facilities for bathing, recreation, reading, and self-help.

The Cutting Room

By BILL BUELL

Perhaps the predominance of dialogue over action and some of the mannerisms of the actors in "Watch on the Rhine" will seem a little strange and foreign to many cinemaddicts.

This is because "Watch on the Rhine" is Lillian Hellman's stage play transferred to the screen with very little change. The picture has more of the characteristics of the typical stage production than of the typical movie.

Bette Davis in It

Herman Shumlin directed both play and picture. Playwright Hellman herself wrote some of the extra scenes which are added to the screen version. Except for Bette Davis the cast is largely the same.

The result is the best picture we have seen this year. "Watch on the Rhine" is emotionally powerful and intellectually mature. It is a "grown up" picture . . . quite a rarity in an industry that specializes in pleasing the sub-adolescent mind.

Even before the outbreak of world war II there was a strong anti-Nazi underground movement in Europe. This picture is the story of one of the men who took part in that movement.

To America

The man (Paul Lukas) and his American wife (Bette Davis), who are in America collecting money for the anti-Fascist cause, visit the home of Miss Davis's wealthy socialite mother (Lucile Watson).

Another house guest, a Roumanian count, recognizes Lukas. When it becomes necessary for Lukas to return to Europe to continue his underground work, the count demands \$10,000 for not revealing him to the Nazi authorities. Lukas, fearing a double cross, is forced to shoot the blackmailer. He then leaves for Germany and almost certain capture by the Gestapo.

Acting Tops

When Paul Lukas played the same part in the Broadway production both the New York Drama League and the critic staff of Variety designated his performance as the best acting of 1941. His portrayal of the sensitive man who abhors violence but does not hesitate to kill when it is necessary for the cause which is his life work, is equally good on the screen.

Although a newcomer to her part, Bette Davis gives a performance equal to the fine example set by Lukas. The semi-comic role of mother-in-law Lucile Watson adds an element of refreshing vigour to this generally somber drama.

Only Objection

We have only one objection to the picture. We do not like the extra closing scene tacked on by screen-writer George Coulouris. The story is complete when Lukas leaves for Germany. This six-months-later episode is merely an excuse for Bette Davis to do a little more acting.

Chow Line, UO Style

The unsung heroines of the campus are the women who cook for the army. These women serve meals three times a day to boys that come back for seconds and thirds.

In Straub hall alone, 650 men are served. Four thousand bottles of milk disappear each day. As do also, 350 to 385 pounds of meat. Fifty employees are required to keep Straub kitchen running smoothly.

They're really interested

Five cooks have their hands full with just the main portion of the meals. Two types of pantry women are needed; one group makes the salads, prepares the vegetables for cooking. The other serves food to the boys as they line up cafeteria style.

This is one of their most enjoyable jobs. In the words of one of them, "we get a big kick seeing the boys and having them like our food." Four pastry cooks work continuously making pies, cakes, cookies and hot breads. A demand for seconds is always heard on pie.

Hen-men Eat Too

Hendricks hall feeds about 225 men. The cooks there have learned the boys dislike scrambled eggs for breakfast and scorn beans of any kind. Buffet style is the order for all meals and every meal is usually over in 30 minutes. The dinner gong rings promptly at 6:45, 12:00 and 5:30. The cooks all like their work and also feel in Hendricks that they have never had a better bunch of fellas to cook for.

While there is a smaller number of men to cook for in the former fraternity houses, this nevertheless requires lots of work and planning. There too, the meals are served buffet style. As a whole, the boys are moderately quiet at meals. They are just a bunch of boys, funny at times and always nice, according to the cooks. Steaks are always welcome. But squash is definitely out, for all meals.

IF A BUDDY MEET A BUDDY-

By GLORIA MALLOY

There's been quite a conglomeration of uniforms around the campus this last week—what with all the V-12'ers and marines coming come on leaves. They all seem to want to come back to get another good look at their alma mater—and of course, those girl friends they left behind.

Canard club's own Steve Bristol, Phi Psi's John Noble, ATO

Bill Bartell look nothin' but good in those marine uniforms. After their 12-day leave, they will all return to USC for further training.

Beta George Blake and Bob Jackson have just completed their basic V-12ing at Willamette and after their leaves they will go to base hospital for three months training and then off to pre-med school.

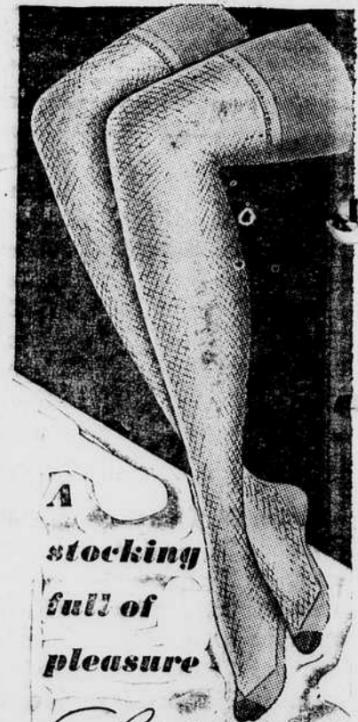
Cadet Clell Crane, ex-Oregon and character-at-large, reports from training at Georgetown, Virginia, that he has spent "96 hours, 14 minutes and 40.4 seconds and expended 6.06 x 10.23 ergs of energy—making beds." He reminisces of the "old days" when "I used to make my bed only when my mother would come to Eugene to see me."

Ensign Winston "Bill" Cox, ex-Delt, is home on leave after four months training at Columbia university, New York, where he received his commission. From here he will go on to San Francisco to go into active service. Good luck, Bill.

Before I go any further and before I will have a good night's sleep I must rectify the error in regard to Bud Houston, of which there is no such person. The honorable name is Bud Johnson, Sigma Nu, V-12er, at Parkville, Missouri.

Beta Earl Walters is now a 2nd Lt. in the paratroopers back at Fort Benning. Wedding bells should be ringing very soon for him and Alpha Phi Sal Holden.

Rally! Rally! Ted Loud, Beta, our ex-yell leader is back to see us from Washington State where



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