

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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Does This Mean You?

McArthur court is one building that is two buildings—not two buildings in the physical sense, in that the "second" building is the world's only mirage with a basketball court—but a double building in the atmospheric sense.

First it is the "Igloo"—rah-rah palace king size. Here, on the polished maple acre basketball reigns supreme. Hobson-coached perpetuo-gallop teams run the legs off would-be invaders from the more agricultural regions, cheer leaders strip vocal cords, "make with" facial contortions that swell the heart of the creator of Dick Tracy, frenzied fans in cashmere and plaid and corduroy, stomp feet, bounce on the swaying bleachers. Yells, yipes, groans and hoots. Here alone do girls scream not for Frankie. It's a marvelous roaring madhouse, this rally palace—the "Igloo."

But the nickname vanishes and McArthur court is the concert hall. Here stars of opera, the dance, and concert stage come each year to entertain the student body of the University and citizens of Eugene.

The atmosphere of the concert hall is different from that of the basketball pavilion. The artist mounts the platform, pauses, surveys the sea of expectant faces about him. A hush comes over the audience. Pins which could be dropped—do not drop. Silence—an absence of sound—that is the courtesy of the concert hall.

It has been the tendency of the student audience in recent years to confuse McArthur court—the concert hall with McArthur court—the basketball pavilion. There has been sound—an absence of silence. People have straggled in late, while the artist was in the midst of a number. Their feet, however small, have made their presence known. McArthur court is like a cave. There are echoes. A sound, tiny at its inception, swells to gargantuan proportions.

Then there are those who come, with the movie-goers' attitude—"if I like it I'll stay and if I don't I'll just get up and walk out"—AND THEY DO right in the middle of a number.

Let us not forget the "sotto voce critics," those charming intellectuals who exchange running, note-by-note opinions with equally charming companions. The world would be so empty, so unbearable, and so much happier without them.

Sir Thomas Beecham will long remember the exemplary Oregon concert audience. How could he forget them? What happened? Oh nothing much. 'Twas just a coke bottle. Becoming so enthralled with the passion of Tschaiakowsky and the pressure of its master's toe it dropped from the fourth tier of the bleachers during a rather impressive soft string number. Sir Thomas, who is touchy that way, lowered his baton in reflexive response stopping the orchestra, turned on heel, glared in the direction of the broken "Pause That Refreshes."

The pause was not refreshing.

Marjorie Lawrence, soprano, will appear in concert tonight at 8:15 in McArthur court—the concert hall. —C.P.

Death's How'ring Wing...

"Beginning Sunday, November 7, monthly vesper services will again be held on the campus, it was announced today. The services will be held at 5 p.m. in the music auditorium."

When we read this announcement, many of us, who are not too keenly interested in religion, will remark "so what?" That may be a good question. Especially in these mixed-up times it may be a good question. Insecurity and turmoil are the two keynotes of our time. Death and darkness are very close around us, yes even around us students on the University of Oregon campus. After all, who is not the friend, lover, or intimate of someone now living under the shadow of "death's how'ring wing"? Who among us does not personally know some family which has received that yellow slip of paper which begins with the words: "We regret to inform you—"?

Confronted as we thus are by chaos and eternity, is it any wonder that we have become perplexed and fearful? We have tended to forget that in man's spiritual existence there is no death, no insecurity, no ugly, bitter turmoil. Again and again

A Slip of the Lip

By LIZ HAUGEN and PEG HEITSCHMIDT

What with mixers back again and that smooth army band scheduled to serenade next Sunday aft, the outlook brightens for those few hours that we have off.

Many have inquired—so we will tell. The "harem" threesome of the Bill Sinnott "dutch treat" dates is K. J. Jenkins, Julie Carpenter, and Shirley Gravely. Not so dumb that Sinnott man—two of them have convertibles.

Are Youse Curious

Curious people were only "curiouser" when Theta Phi van Petten came downstairs t'other evening, looking very swish in a frothy pink ballet dress, ballet slippers, and hair flowing. Where was she going?—to study—and she promptly settled herself in the center of the living-room floor, and studied—all evening.

A picture of Horace with the colonel's daughter sent to Gail Nelson, Kappa dream girl, from Florida, with no explanation, still makes sparks fly. And speaking of flying, Kappa Ellie Jacobs is "up in the air" awaiting the plane that will bring "Jimmie"—yes, he gave her the ring—in.

Navy day, and Birch lodge (Delta Tau Delta) was visited by

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war's week

◆ Tri-partite conferees Hull, Molotov, and Eden announce declaration of joint American, Russian, and British war and post war policies:

1. Unconditional surrender, unity of action against the common enemy."
2. Cooperation in a postwar organization for the maintenance of peaceful relations.
3. Punishment of war criminals.

◆ Russians isolate Crimean German forces.

◆ Marines land on Bougainville island in the Solomons.

◆ Fifth army cracks Rommel defense line before Rome, crosses Volturno river.

◆ Allies invite entrance of Turkey into war.

◆ Wilhelmshaven struck by estimated 1,000 American planes.

◆ Albanian mountain forces coordinate with Yugoslav guerrillas under General Tito.

It has been reiterated that man's strength is almost wholly derived from spiritual sources, and there is not a one of us who does not need spiritual fortification. What more natural, then, that we should be interested when a service like the Sunday vesper program is offered us?

Some of you may not quite understand what the term "vesper services" means. According to Webster, it means, "A service, largely musical, on Sunday afternoon." Applied to the University of Oregon, it means music by the 30-voice vesper choir. It means the organ in the music auditorium lifting its expressive voice in wordless song.

Next month it will mean the strains of Christmas folk hymns in which both choir and organ cooperate. And even more than all this, it means a quiet hour or two of prayer, meditation, and reflective discussion. There will be no "preaching" in that sense of the word. Just a program of some of the greatest, most thought-inspiring music ever written, plus an audience of students, soldiers, and faculty members who have gathered together in this quiet, congenial atmosphere to think, not argue or to be argued at.

* * * *

It's a good thing we mentioned the soldiers. Let it be emphasized that the army boys are doubly welcome. After all, you are the ones who will soon be out in the mud and blood, giving up your lives in order that the rest of us may go right on attending school undisturbed and be free to study what we please. You are the men who are living under the grim shadow, death's how'ring wing.

—N.Y.

10 Gals, a Man, a Mop Pull Ropes, Shift Scenes

By ERVIN WEBB

The hook and ladder corps of the Guild hall gang, probably better known to most as the Theater Workshop stage crew, can boast this term of an astounding one boy, ten girl membership (seven girls more and one boy less than last year).

This one to ten grid-iron combination (the grid-iron being the iron brace network above the stage) of fugitives from the dramatic mop and broom detail, have just completed several

strenuous weeks of fall term spring house cleaning. They cleaned the workshop, stage, store-room and drama studio and did a little general face-lifting on the "Hut's" library (now a reading room, with lights, tables, and other comforts). Now they have settled down to the nice quiet life of scenery construction.

Coverall Kids

The white-overalled kids with the green "Theater Workshop" on their backs have already begun to sizzle on "Out of the Frying Pan" sets under the guidance of drama director Horace Robinson. About this year's crew Robinson says, "This is the best class I have ever had in Workshop, and incidentally the best looking."

The sets for this production are not of too complex nature and are only two in number; therefore the work-minded enthusiasts will not be under much strain to finish them in time for the show which is planned for next month.

Ingenuity Will Out

The third production of the year will be the crew's chance to show their ingenuity as it is

planned to be of a more or less experimental nature.

The class meets twice a week, Tuesday's and Thursdays, in the afternoon. Part of each class is devoted to lectures, the remainder to actual work problems. The class is also divided into two parts, one of which works on alternate Saturdays. The principal work done is set designing and construction, also the manipulation of the guy ropes, lights, and other stage properties.

Oh, Those Ladders

Some time is always spent in getting used to working on ladders and it has been rumored that neophyte class members have become more or less petrified at the top of a 12-foot ladder as it sways in accentuated rhythms at alternate 45 degree angles.

As a mustachioed, imperturbable Horace Robinson always says when approached with the question of "why don't you fix those ladders?" — "we'll get around to that as soon as one one breaks his neck." Latest reports indicate all necks intact. So the ladders will just sway on.

Globally Speaking

By BILL SINNOTT

One of the greatest causes of distrust between Britain and America on the one hand and Soviet Russia on the other is the civil war going on in Yugoslavia, between the Chetniks, backed by the western allies, and the Partisans, supported by the Kremlin.

The Partisans are made up of Croats and Slovenes—the Chetniks of Serbs.

The hatred of Serb for Croat made parliamentary government impossible in Yugoslavia after Versailles.

This hatred has its roots in centuries past. The Croats and Slovenes are Roman Catholics. They use the Latin alphabet. For hundreds of years they were un-

der the easy-going rule of the Hapsburg monarchy.

Used to Self-Government

They were used to self government. Croatia is the industrial area of Yugoslavia. The Croats resented the fact that their taxes supported a purely Serb bureaucracy. The Croats look down on the Serbs as barbarous elements that had lived for so long under Turkish rule that they had taken over some of the characteristics of the "unspeakable" Turk.

The Serbs are Greek Orthodox, use the Cyrillic alphabet. They regard themselves as the most virile people in the Balkans. The Croats, to them, are effete, from living too long under the old Austrian empire.

In 1917, Pashitch for the Serbs and Trumbitch for the Croats, signed the Pact of Corfu, by which Yugoslavia would become a federal state when it was organized.

Pashitch was a tough, cynical old man who yowed to see his dream of Greater Serbia realized. He forced through a constitution in 1921 by which Yugoslavia became a unitary state under Serb rule.

Croats Bitter

The Croats were bitter, their leader, Pachitch, was assassinated in parliament in 1928. The Croat deputies walked out in protest. This led King Alexander to proclaim a dictatorship in 1929. In 1934, Alexander, himself, was assassinated in Marseilles by a henchman of Ante Pavelitch, the present Quisling ruler of Croatia.

During the later thirties Yugoslavia was in an uproar. The country was a fertile ground for "German tourists." The Regent Prince Paul, in signing the Axis pact, sold out to Hitler. The Serbs, led by General Simovich, revolted, put Peter on the throne. Then came the Nazi blitz of April, 1941. Mihailovich was then

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