

Spying on G.I.'s

Private Bill Hoff's likes and dislikes may be just mentioned in this column—passed over lightly so to speak. But we would like you to know from the first that there is no happy medium for him. He is a fellow of violent tastes and unfortunately his most emphatic views were censored.

Anyone whose favorite book is "Language in Action" by Hisakowa and who spends his Saturday evenings studying maps is apt to be misunderstood. But Bill says you've only to begin Hisakowa and you can't stay away. It's just the initial effort that's hard.

Bill Hoff is a native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which may explain why he doesn't feel at home in a dry state. (He misses the cheese, too.) But the one thing that really worries him is why Oregonians don't paint their barns. "Wisconsin has such beautiful barns . . ."

Bill attended the University of Wisconsin where he majored in English. (After the war he intends to teach math!) His hobby is the education of the masses and it the masses aren't available, individuals will do. If you think this sounds like an egotistical quiz kid, you may be right. Bill coined the phrase himself.

No interview is complete these days without asking for an opinion of Frank Sinatra. "I swoon," Bill says soulfully, "but I prefer Freddie McGurgle!" We are happier now that we know he follows "Lil' Abner", too.

Comes A Pause:

Late at night, about eight in the morning, there are the classes, strangely enough called "Eight o'Clocks." The fog hangs low and the black of night, combined with the slick wet pavement, makes the navigation of the most fog-worthy Webfoot a dangerous and even quite praiseable feat.

Between the dark, and the dark-light, And between each Oregon shower, Comes a pause in the night's respiration, That is known as "the Miserable Hour."

The air is brisk-cold in the morning, And the fog hangs so low that they say, "Many students signed up for these classes, Plunge in, and lose their way."

Come one o'clock turn from this hour, For nine o'clock's followed by ten, And the faces might seem to brighten, As their owners wake up about then.

Oh, those minutes between dark and dark-light, Come as regular as reports from Knox, And have earned the dank reputation, As those &@Z%-'♦\$@''* Eight O'clocks."

By ERVIN WEBB

The first yearbook published by a military organization on the University of Texas campus will come out in mid-February when the University Naval ROTC distributes its 70-page annual.

Formal dental education began in the East 104 years ago, and nearly thirty years elapsed from that date until Harvard University established the first university dental school.

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Ready, Set, Go?

Announcement that the new series of ASUO forums will undertake the delicate, controversial subject "Liberal Thought Must Not Be a War Casualty—What the Oregon Student Can Do"—suggests that a stop sign should be put out in plain sight before these discussions begin.

No doubt plenty of students and faculty members will have a great deal to say, pro and con, about university's educational facilities, outlook, accomplishments, and defeats. So far, so good. But right there a "stop sign" has to be put up. If students are sincere in their desire to talk over what they experience at Oregon, and they undoubtedly are—they must make sure that they are getting the right perspective, and incidentally the answers to their questions.

If this series of forums is going to accomplish anything, it cannot resemble the Oklahoma land rushes—each horse-drawn carriage waiting for the "ready, set, go!" firing of a gun. This forum cannot be a gripe session where students "get set" and let loose with anything they think sounds sufficiently caustic or sensational.

That same warning carries over into the selection of speakers. The disappointed office-seeker, the disgruntled instructor—however interesting his stories may be—is not the open-minded source of opinion which can help students form honest conclusions about education at Oregon.

It is extremely important that the fermenting dissatisfactions and doubts always present when education is under fire be taken into intelligent discussion. There are altogether too many students and faculty members who let off steam, but offer nothing constructive.

"Take it easy, get it right . . ." might be a good slogan for this term's forums. This should be no land rush into the teaching methods at Oregon. This should be no lambasting expose. This forum, if it fulfills its promise, is a chance to find out why students are not intellectually curious, why they are dissatisfied. Having found this out, and having discussed the possible answers, a "ready, set, go" attitude will be discarded as pretty silly and incidentally very ineffectual. M. M. G.

---Town Hall---

By AUDREY HOLLIDAY

I'll scoop the editor and tell you that "the views herein expressed are strictly the author's and may or may not be those of this paper".

The student members of the Educational Activities Board always get the low-down from Mr. Robinson, acting ed. act. mgr., before they go to meeting and get the same low-down from Dr. Pallett. One afternoon, we fell to informally discussing the question of general student interest—or rather lack of student interest. It seems that some think 99 and 44-100 per cent of the students will always act like the proverbial ostrich where campus interests are concerned and never take to reading the Emerald (unsolicited plug—ed.) instead of True Romance or discussing campus problems instead of campus politics. I'm an optimist and contend that the reason there is no such general interest is that nobody knows what is going on—exactly.

Take things such as the SAC, ASUO, Ed. Act. Bd., Ath. Bd., (they don't add up to alphabet soup—too thick), add the honoraries, classes, (there are classes and classes), publications, campus committees, now throw in the Dean's office, shake well, and you'll get a colloidal suspension with the functions well mixed.

Don't get the idea that there is something completely wrong with each of these. There isn't: Subsequent columns will deal with only one subject at a time such as student government, the coordinating committee, or any one of a dozen problems that continually arise. Information will be gained from records

C'est la Guerre

(Editor's note: The following editorial was contributed by a member of the Emerald staff.)

Snafued—that seems to be the general feeling around this campus where morale is concerned, especially among the coeds. And how easy it is to say, stoically, "C'est la guerre." (It is the war); how easy to invent excuses like that for our shortcomings by concentrating on the material shortages such as men, butter, and bobby pins!

So you drag on, lovely picture of young America, carrying a couple of torches, bravely plodding into your glorious future with that firm springy step like a P.E. major and that fine courage in your eyes and that brave, brave grin on your pancaked puss. Uh huh. Drag on, then, aware of the shortage of men and bobby pins; never daring to face yourself.

You who reserve your brightest smile only for influential people, for men with looks, girls with clothes; remember your obvious gushy friendliness to the rushees or members of your house—and the remarks you made afterwards.

Provincial—poor thing, you are so blind; you are so enmeshed in following "what is being done", saying "what is being said", wearing "what is being worn"—like a little mole who knows only his own path in the ground and thinks that it knows the world.

Weak—no courage, you dare not see life as it is—you must camouflage the truth and shrink from the searching questions your own mind throws you. You dare not allow yourself to grow out and away, to live. Even when you want to, you do not have the courage to be kind, to be tolerant, to be sincere.

You want to improve your morale? Probably you are quite content to remain where you are, to exist until you simply exist no longer. But perhaps you wonder what is wrong with you, why you are so bored, so ineffectual.

Try this: develop your awareness of Space, of Time, and of People.

Instead of thinking of yourself only as and where you are at the moment, look around and try to

see distances. On a clear day, stand near the Oregon Seal and look east, past the snow-covered hills of the McKenzie valley where the timber climbs into the blue haze and the majesty of the white Sisters presides over the unseen, far flung plains beyond, imagine the distances there; beyond the Rockies, hundreds of miles, the Mississippi flowing beneath its ice-rimmed banks, the Great Lakes, the great cities, picture the silhouette of Manhattan against the grey Atlantic, and across the waves the cliffs of England and the smoke and ashes that is Europe. Don't limit yourself to a campus, a state, a nation—you are a child of the whole Earth.

Imagine Time. Don't watch only the clock. Achieve an awareness of the time involved in the growth of the trees you pass on the way to class, stop for a moment and notice the formation of a bit of crystal frost on a brown leaf on the sidewalk and discover the relation between its brevity and timelessness of the butte in the distance. On your way to an eight o'clock in the morning, look at the stars and try to conceive the effectiveness of time as measured by astronomers.

Then, just for fun, become aware of people—not in their relationship to you particularly, because you are so prejudiced—look at them from their own standpoint. Not only the ones you know, but the faces you catch brief glimpses of, the shadowy, unknown figures in a passing car, the personality behind some unfamiliar name you hear mentioned. Become interested in their stories, which are as vital and important as your own. Try to realize the immense numbers of people. Realize that you are only one small fragment of humanity.

Practice these things, practice perceiving and understanding. Perhaps, then, you will have become a little more humble. And if that word tastes bitter on your lips, remember that your morale is ill and medicines have that tendency. You will become a little more humble, a little closer to yourself, to others, and to God.

By MARGUERITE WITTEWIER

and from students at present engaging in the particular activity.

Without going into detail this time, here are a few pertinent observations:

For instance, there is a Student Affairs Committee; it is concerned with the welfare of the students; its membership consists of two student members and seven faculty members. Question of the day—Should the title be changed to Faculty Interested in Student Affairs? Seriously, I don't think a few more student members would harm the welfare of the board. Dean Onthank is chairman; the meetings are called by him. Is it possible to get a petition to the SAC? Positively yes—if it's deemed important enough to call a meeting for, and it's made certain that the welfare of the students won't be harmed. I'll wager that some of us don't realize the exact type of thing the board handles. We never do until we try to revolutionize (horrors) things by getting a forty-five minute increase in Sat. nite closing hours, with valid reason considering the changed social set-up. Ah well, there are, no doubt, good reasons why action has not yet taken place on the question. For one, closed weekends last term; secondly, no meeting of the board this term. For the second, I dare say that most of the students are interested in gaining one o'clock per every Sat. night. Maybe the libe will stay open, too. Tsk, tsk. More on student affairs another time!

Then, there is the question of these drives. How interested are you in seeing a system worked out whereby they might be lumped or at least made to progress with rhyme and reason? Here's the type of thing that occurs now: A WSSF drive was in progress this year sponsored by the Student Religious Council. The cause is worth-while; last year the University of Oregon placed lowest among the cost schools in the slight matter of actual contribution. This year a determined effort was made to remedy the situation. Right in the middle of the one drive the War Board sponsored a cigarette drive. Emerald publicity was naturally divided and both drives were nullified to an extent. This and similar incidents have made us "drive conscious"—we run when we hear the word.