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Whither War Matrimony?

Sunday afternoon will find students and faculty members meeting for the opening of the annual Love and Marriage discussion on the campus, and later next week individual houses will hold fireside discussions of problems relating to love and marriage.

Students who do not understand this series are likely to laugh and think that such discussions can hardly be worth much, that little is to be gained by participation in such meetings. But considered seriously, there is much good and worthwhile in such a series. Under the abnormal conditions caused by war, problems of love and marriage become far more difficult than they are under ordinary circumstances. The question of whether war time marriage can be successful in war time or if it should be delayed until normal times is extremely important to people of college age, and in this series there is an opportunity to discuss such problems with a group that is willing to think seriously on the subject, and to be aided by competent campus leaders from the faculty and staff who are truly prepared to consider and advise on such questions.

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The Love and Marriage series on the campus is a tradition, and a valuable one. In the past such brilliant speakers as Dr. Paul Popenoe have come here to aid students in successfully facing the problems of love and marriage. This year three leaders will be available for discussion at the general meeting Sunday, and later for private conferences. Dr. R. R. Huestis, Dr. L. S. Bee, and Dr. W. G. Nicholson are all well prepared to help students straighten out in their minds the many problems they may now be facing in regard to their present and future.

Heads in the Clouds . . .

The second winter term ASUO forum tonight features an all-campus "bull session". But we are willing to bet that despite the obvious informality not 50 students show up.

Why not? We're not being asked to attend a lecture or a seminar. This is no dull stop at one of the filling-stations of education. All it amounts to is a friendly get-together for the purpose of discussing subjects which we would hash over in dorm bedrooms or sorority lounges anyway. What's the matter with taking the discussion over to Gerlinger?

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Freedom of speech is something we have taken for granted for so long that to bring it up at all must of necessity sound somewhat trite. But we at the University of Oregon might just as well not have that freedom of speech. What difference would it make to us? We don't use it; the only times we talk about life's basic problems or politics, we do it half-surreptitiously, in holes and corners—huddled on the floor of someone's room, usually. We would be doing that if we had a dictatorship. For what reason do we need free speech?

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And don't say that you have to go to something else this evening. True, the Eugene Natural History society meets tonight, and the WAA fun night is set for this evening. But you all won't be at the Natural History society meeting, and you won't all be at the WAA fun night. Nor will you all be over at "Dark Victory". The theaters of Eugene will be filled with college students; there will be a sizeable representation at the Winter Garden, and a contingent out at the Holland.

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In keeping with the intention of giving the discussion entirely over to the students, Dr. Jameson, the speaker, has not even selected a topic, but will depend for his part of the program on the questions and problems advanced by the students. Don't fear that you'll have to sit through a lecture on some topic which, while of interest to others, may not concern you in the slightest.

* * * *

But the main thing to remember is that empires are toppling, the world is shaking, the country is deep in the gravest period of its history, the University has more things wrong with it than you could find if you studied here for ten years—and here we walk, with our heads lost in the clouds. N. Y.

BARRACK BLASTS

By PVT. WEN SMITH

Printer's ink has never washed out of your blood though it's been a long time since you batted out stories for the college paper back home, and a lot of GI needle juice has been shot into you to dilute your plasma. It's still there, and you remember the days you used to spend bending over a hot typewriter—hunting for the "L".

But after all, you've got the ink in your blood. Your dad was an old newspaperman—until he found out there was no money in old newspapers. So you've got to write. You start thinking up an idea for a column.

Sometimes you feel a bit inadequate, living in the same house with a bunch of alleged brains. Guys from all over the country and the world, with diplomas from all kinds of institutions—educational ones, of course.

There are BA's from Yale, MA's from Oxford, LLD's from Harvard, MS's from Columbia, PhD's from Chicago, and you wouldn't be surprised to find a few RW's from Georgia Tech. The trouble is they all have the papers to prove it. You can't talk back to a diploma.

A look around shows you that the barracks are full of talent, and you have to envy that, too. The languages they speak include everything from Hindustani to Brooklynese, and most of the chatter goes on after lights out.

They are all victims of the old army game. They came here with a high degree of fluency in, say, Low German. But they were put to work learning Lower Italian. One fellow spoke good, colloquial Russian, so it seemed natural to put him in Portuguese. Some had nothing more than a good background in army slang. They wound up in Norwegian.

So you hear a lot of gripes when the grades come out, and for these men you'd like to suggest that the University offer a course in modern conversational invective.

One of your roommates is a real artist, and is always doing studies of still life and professors. He spends every study hour drawing caricatures until the section leader makes him lay that pastel down.

Musicians are about as rare as rain in Oregon. Running competition to the engineers' Ralph Sutton is Jack Tyner who plays the piano just like Rubenstein—with both hands.

Getting back to literature, some poet in the gang wrote: They let me volunteer one day, The chance I then did seize; They shipped me off to Oregon

To study Portuguese. You wonder why the man is wasting his genius on barrack walls. There is a lot of technical ability in the outfit, too. One guy can count up to eleven on his toes. Another prodigy can build a fire with only one book of matches. Book of matches—that's what he calls fire by fiction.

Some of the fellows can read and write, and talk philosophy and economics. They've gone to school so long that they can always tell you which side their bread is buttered on. You get to feeling inferior living with all this talent and education. Then you get into an argument on politics, and you wonder what good it's done them.

The Hilltop Press, student newspaper at Cortland State Teachers college Cortland, New York, featured a college seal design. Cortland, through its history as both a normal school and college, has never had a seal, and the suggested design is awaiting public approval before it is accepted as the permanent seal.

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

Mary Margaret Ellsworth told it, in her belted raincoat that chromatically is like ripe green bananas—only riper—only, however, ripe bananas aren't green. The coat is.

Mary Margaret Ellsworth told it with eyes twinkling on and off like a congressman's daughter's the year of election. She told it about a rat she read about "in my sohsh book". It seems as if the rat was in a cage, the way Mary Margaret tells it. We had grave suspicions as to how a rat could live in a cage in a "sohsh book", but we let her tell it anyway.

The rat was a scientifically-inculcated rat and an ex-officio member of the American Medical association and in some ways resembled Fishbein, and he had been allotted a little pile of straw with which to build a nest. Why any rat would want to build a nest of straw when he was already in a cage, was more than we cared to comprehend, but then maybe he didn't get an invitation to the Jackson day dinner.

Subsequently, it seems, the rat began to build his nest. He picked up each piece of straw in his teeth and carried it across the cage to the other side where he laid it down in a very certain way on the straw he had just carried over. This he continued until he had exhausted all the straw and was very tired himself.

Having no more straw to carry, he picked up his own tail in his teeth and carried it across the cage to the other side and laid it down in a very certain way on top of the other straw. He then walked back to the other side of the cage, picked up his tail and laid it on the first one.

The way Mary Margaret Ellsworth tells it, he repeated this for over half an hour in her "sohsh book." Cataclysmic climax: end of tale.

Tufts college recently received as a gift a 126-year-old watch that belonged to Charles Tufts, donor of the land on which the college was built.

Jam for Breakfast

By SUE WELCH

For the benefit of those of you to whom the title of this column may sound familiar, JAM FOR BREAKFAST was formerly written by Ted Hallock who is now a bombardier in Uncle Sam's Army Air Force giving Adolf a few solid licks over in England. I, being Hallock's "cuz" am attempting to carry on for him until he, and all the other Oregon fellows can come back and make this campus what it used to be.

"Fathah" Bailey and his really solid crew of cats gave with the fine licks at the I.S.A. Canteen Mixer last Saturday night. For those of you that were there, did you check those really reet arrangements of "Down Under", and "Ten Day Furlough"? For those of you that weren't there, you should have ben. The boys were really in the groove, and were sendin' solid. If you missed Saturday night's session, be sure and cut this Sunday's Campus Serenade if you want to get hep to some fine moosik.

In case any of you are interested in what goes on in the world of jive, (and who isn't), and you haven't time to cram in an hour or two of fine literature, better known as Downbeat here is the set-up for Downbeat's 1943 all-star band.

Trumpet—Ziggy Elman formerly with T. Dorsey, and now in the coast guard; Bobby Hackett, who took all those sweet solos with Miller; and Rex Stuart, Duke Ellington's finest. Trombone—Jack (Please turn to page four)

New

White Caledonia

Sweaters

COTTONS

Pretty as a picture

H. Gordon & Co

EUGENE OWNED, WITH NEW YORK BUYING CONNECTION
NEW MANAGEMENT