

Morse Clears the Way . . .

With the announcement of his dual resignations Sunday the title is not Wayne L. Morse, dean of the University of Oregon Law school, or Wayne L. Morse, public member of the War Labor board—but Wayne L. Morse, candidate for the United States Senate.

Dean Morse hasn't been on the Oregon campus officially since spring term 1942, during the two years since he has served on the War Labor board. It is a question whether or not he will ever come back—a question of the May Republican primaries.

* * * *

President Roosevelt's letter to the former dean is indicative of what he gave to Oregon while he was here, "You brought to the discharge of a difficult job, . . . (on the WLB) . . . besides great industry, vigorous thought, and an enlightened point of view, and you have done a work of supreme importance to the war effort."

Morse's resignations have cleared his way forward. Like the President, Oregon's regret at losing him is sincere.

M. M. G.

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On Wolves . . .

Subjects which have been towed through the minds of all the participants in most of the bull sessions held during past-bed-check hours in smoke-filled, coke bottle-studded rooms were brought down from the comparative oblivion of generalities into a well-thought out discussion at the Love and Marriage conference Sunday afternoon.

Among other things, Dr. Bee told us coeds just exactly what a wolf was. Scientifically. He told us why a wolf was. Scientifically. And he told us there were three kinds of wolf. Scientifically. Thanks, Dr. Bee, thanks a lot. This is now about the fourth kind of wolf. Unscientifically.

* * * *

Due to the fact that the disproportionate stress of the balance of supply and demand of manpower by the press, radio, movies, and men, there seems to be a general attitude among them, soldiers and civilians, that simply because they are men they are entitled to all rights and privileges. They expect their poorly camouflaged "lines" to be swallowed, military-style bait and all, by their feminine admirers. Men on this campus, aware of their acute shortage, glory in their brief heroic roles before their coed audiences.

They seem to be getting a big kick out of seemingly breaking a lot of little girlish hearts. Like the sailors, these boys seem to have an ideal situation: a girl in every house. The male ego is extremely flattered by the coy coed attention heaped upon them; and oh how they love it all.

* * * *

And Mr. Wolf, for a while we will play along with you. Feed you a line, too. Watch you get a big kick out of admiring your own technique. Perhaps some of our sisters will even fall for you and think you are the real thing. They'll learn, too, though. It's fun for a while, but, like margarine or synthetic sugar, it palls.

We'll smile at you, Mr. Wolf. But don't carry it on too much. You really aren't quite as actual as you think. We liked you as you were before the war, men, why not be natural now?

MARGUERITE WITTEW

Acting on a tip from state highway department engineers, the Texas Memorial museum on the University of Texas campus has dug up skeletal remains of prehistoric elephants in Atascosa county. This specimen which probably stood 14 feet high at the shoulder, will be added to the museum's already extensive elephant collection.

"And They Shall Walk," the story of Sister Elizabeth Kenny's life and experiences in the treatment of infantile paralysis, written by Sister Kenny and Martha Ostenso, is being broadcast over WLB, the University of Minnesota radio station.

The Cutting Room

By BILL BUELL

On Christmas Eve, 1942, the submarine "Copperfin" chugs out of San Francisco bay, "Destination Tokio." Her mission is landing an observation party on the Japanese mainland to gather advance meteorological data for Jimmy Doolittle's Nipponese TNT party.

Before this worthy pigboat shoves her nose under the Golden Gate bridge again enough happens to fill three volumes and a supplement of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Two attacking Zeroes are shot down in flames. Our gallant submarine gets through the jungle of mines and nets that guard the entrance to Tokio bay by playing follow the leader with a Japanese cruiser. The pharmacist's mate, after reading how in his handbook, performs an emergency appendectomy with scalpels made from kitchen knives.

Two Jap ships are given the "bottom six". The "Copperfin" is almost smashed by enemy ash cans.

Skipper Cary Grant's typically good performance is matched by the fine work of the supporting cast, especially John Garfield and Bob Hutton.

Each member of the crew is an individualized personality. There is

a big-talking lady-killer, a devoted husband and father, a surly Greek boy out to avenge the Nazis' murder of his uncle and an exuberant sea cook.

The chief dramatic device used is suspense, the best example being the breath-catching scene in which Hutton unscrews the fuse from the nose of an unexploded bomb. But this hold-your-breath-and-wait technique is overworked. The ship's cook even hesitates a carefully calculated number of seconds before opening his Christmas present.

Excellent use is made of detail. When the ship is about to submerge hands are shown tightening the hatches. Crucial moments are accentuated by shots of depth gauges and sound detectors on the instrument panel.

"Destination Tokio" is the best picture we've seen this term, a term when pictures worth sitting through have been scarcer than long underwear in a burlesque show.

Professor Thacher Recalls Woodrow Wilson's Work

By ELIZABETH HAUGEN

It seems to have been proven that "brilliance will out."

When W. F. C. Thacher, professor of journalism, was an undergraduate at Princeton university, the most popular professor on the campus was the young much-talked of Woodrow Wilson, later the 28th president of the United States.

Wilson taught two years of politics courses that everyone, "even the dumb athletes", took. They signed up "just because it was the thing to do", for the courses had gained a reputation for being one of the best "outline" subjects in the curriculum.

Professor Thacher took conscientious notes of all Wilson's lectures, and he has a collection of considerable value today. He may soon allow them to be added to the library at Princeton.

He remembers his former professor as a brilliant lecturer, a conscious phrase maker, who maintained a definite platform style and presented perfectly formulated lectures.

Even though voted by senior classes most popular instructor for several years, Wilson was not the most beloved. He was held in high esteem by the students who respected his classroom manner and his brilliant methods of presenting courses. Actually he was austere, and not inclined to make personal friends among his pupils.

His method of lecturing was to talk for a period, then to stop and

dictate, while his listeners took down notes verbatim. He loved language, and was inclined toward what were sometimes called "dress-shirt lectures".

He was a homely man to look at, and impersonal, but often his choice of words would cause amusement on the part of his audience. He would then pause, smilingly, and discuss the word.

Upper class eating clubs, corresponding to social fraternities on other campuses, roused Wilson's ire. Membership in these clubs had become a fanatic social goal, and in order to assure themselves of pledging, groups of boys would form blocks. Thus a vicious system developed of inviting sections rather than individuals, and it resulted in untold hardship on those with no pull.

"The roused professor fought long and hard against these clubs, but he ran afoul of the alumni who supported the clubs, and it was just more than he could buck, so he had to give up the fight," said Professor Thacher.

This experience was probably his initial one in politics.

A Slip of the Lip

By BETTY SAILOR

After a feverish week of scouring the campus for news, we found ourselves at the end of the week with exactly one engagement and four pins. At first it looked like Cupid had been loafing on the job, until we realized that the lad will probably be pretty busy with Valentine's day coming up, and also the Military Ball, so we'll reserve judgment for another week.

Coming as a complete surprise to the Alpha Phis was the announcement of the engagement of Mary Jane McClelland to Theta Chi Bill Roberts who is now practicing law in Portland. The wedding is being planned for June.

From what we hear, Theta Jean Watson went home to Corvallis for

the weekend and came back with a Sigma Phi Epsilon pin from Oregon Stater Bob Reiman.

This week's figurative orchid to the house with the most new pins goes to the Tri-Delt house.

Reports have it that Irene Gres-

(Please turn to page three)

Pro and Con

"Your editorial, Mr. So and So, was compounded of the most colossal ignorance it has ever been my misfortune to read. I think you're crazy because . . .". "You are a fine writer, So and So, we need men like you . . . so many dumb clucks just don't realize that . . .".

The pile of mail that waits for the Emerald's editor of a morning is curious and enlightening, with some exceptions, such as the publicity blurbs which announce a big meeting of the National Fertilizer Association, or the current attitudes of the Society for the Prevention of Everything.

* * * *

The editor throws stuff away by the bushel, but never a letter to the editorial staff. And when these have been read by everyone even remotely concerned, they are printed under the column heading "Pro and Con", or "Letters to the Editor" as soon as possible.

As more and more long and anonymous letters come into the Emerald offices, it seems important that traditional rules on letters for publication be reviewed.

All letters to the editor will be printed if they are signed in full by the writer. The name will not be printed if such a request is made, but it must be on record in the Emerald files. Because of space restrictions, the editorial board reserves the right to cut especially long letters to 250 words.

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Mr. So and So, takes a stand on events which concern students, and he takes it pretty carefully. Other ideas, other "stands", other facts, belong to the whole campus and are welcomed. So send 'em in.

M.M.G.

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