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Another Tradition

Well, this is it. The first Military Ball at the University of Oregon sponsored entirely by the soldier-students gets under way at 9 p. m. tonight.

We have been hearing a lot of comment pro and con regarding the good taste of the ASTP men in putting on this ball. And we think that any such controversy is not only pointless, but detrimental to G. I.-civilian relations here on the campus. The actual facts of the matter are, that the military is sponsoring this Ball, and that we civilians would not have had any sort of social event to replace it as the big affair of winter term.

Even in wartime we like to preserve Oregon traditions. The annual Military Ball is one. With the help of the soldiers this tradition is being perpetuated despite the many other upheavals caused on the campus by the war. This is really a "Military" Ball. It is more than probable that those of our alumni and former friends who are themselves in khaki, including those overseas on the fighting fronts, will grin in approval when they hear of it.

N. Y.

A Valuable Debate

Carveth Wells' lecture on "Countries Behind the Battlefronts" has been discussed, and rehashed. The comments made "pro and con" have been exceedingly stimulating. Let he who states that students do not think about serious world problems immediately hie himself to an isolated spot. (We would suggest Siberia, but there are some indications that Siberia can easily become a world hot-spot in a year or so).

The Emerald feels that facts and sound reasoning processes, not opinions, should determine the amount of respect given to any speaker, project, or plan at the University. There was the conviction that the Wells lecture, in some parts, was half-truth.

Some students agreed, some did not. It was unfortunate that the issues were clouded with the opinions Mr. Wells offered. Many able men have agreed and will agree in the future with his views—but they fortify their opinions with reasoning and full facts.

* * * *

The concept of free thought is built on a realization that there are many shadings, qualifications and "sides" to any question, particularly those of a public character.

That concept allows any man to express his particular view. But the danger, and it is a very grave danger, that a brilliant speaker can hide shortcomings in reasoning with an appeal to emotion is evidenced every day.

Our library has these words carved above its doors, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Knowing facts should not hinder our war effort, nor our determination toward victory. To the majority of college students fact talks, reasoning talks, common sense talks—and these do not always point in the same direction.

Yes, the controversy has been important. We have used and demonstrated a most valuable privilege—saying what we have REASON to believe. In this year of war not many have had that privilege.

M. M. G.

Jam for Breakfast

By SUE WELCH

Again we'll start our column with a plug for Fathah Bailey and Crew, 'cause they are really the most solid bunch of cats that this campus has seen in some time. (Being a freshman, how do I know?) But to get back to what I started to say, it is indicated that Fathah Bailey has made with the fine arrangement of that solid number Rosetta, which the boys will introduce at the Military Ball this Saturday. So I want to see all you chicks (and fellows to match) there.

Another reason you shouldn't miss this dance is that it will be the last performance of that fine piano man Mr. B. T. Sutton. "Sut" was supposed to leave sometime this week, but Bailey managed to arrange it so that he could stay for the dance, which they tell me will be the finest of the year.

We'd like to make a slight explanation about last week's column, there was a slight misunderstanding all the way around, and consequently, some of the info in the column was a little confoozed, but we want all you cats to know that we really are hep to what's cookin' with the outside world. (Via Down Beat). Just in the way of being polite, we'd like to add here that on guitar for Down Beat's 1943 all-star band is Eddie Condon, who was unintentionally slighted last week.

Most of us are wondering how the name bands are managing to keep sending in spite of the draft, but it would seem that despite the fact that some of the number one key men have left, most bands are still carrying on. Among those that are making with the fine licks all over the country are Charlie Barnet who is packin' 'em in at the Strand in N.Y. It looks as if C.B. is headed for the top of the list of the nation's favorites. Also another long time favorite who is really sending is T. Dorsey, who, with Krupa on drums, is turnin' 'em away from the Paramount. And speaking of Dorseys, have you noticed the way that brother Jimmy has been tearing through that fine "One O'Clock" of late? Some like it, some don't.

It looks as if the coeds of tomorrow will still have a Sinatra to swoon over what with the new addition to the family to follow in papa's foot steps. Getting away from Sinatra, which seems a hard thing to do these days, we'd like to remind you to check the fine Count Basie short that has been running at the local Opera houses of late. For some really solid sending, don't miss it. Speaking of local movies, and getting back to Sinatra, which we didn't want to do, it is indicated that his new picture "Higher and Higher" is packin' 'em in in Portland, so you swoon-crooner fans better put it on your list of "do's" when it hits this burg.

And now, with one eye on Dick Mains who, despite the fact that

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Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

Now kiddies, let's talk about wolves. Along with why Carveth Wells was a little pudgier than he should have been, that is what people have been talking about lately. Erudite professors of sociology have indulged in the pedant's chief joy in life and catalogued the wolf as biological, psychological, or vegetarian! Erudite freshmen have warned the world through the omnipotent annals of campus publications that wolves are awfully horribly smooth carnivori with tan shirts and matching ties and a line "which don't think for a minute we believe."

So concerned were the professors of sociology over the problem, that they digressed from the sacred Love and Marriage ritual of reciting the most recent state and national figures on the rising divorce rate to warn, the fair-in-hair and man-in-mind fireside groups of dangerous thoughts that lurk in some of the exquisitely-oriented crania of those who sleepwalk to hup 2-3-4.

Haw Nasally

It was with a resounding and nasally-intonated "haw" that we withdrew recently from the prudishness of Auntie Blossom only to eye-lite on an even more ludicrous situation; for to the students of the species the arguments advanced by the scholastic and the facile-phras-

ing evangelical freshmen seemed particularly ridiculous — because they deal with a non-entity.

Yes kiddies, there are no wolves on the Oregon campus. To our knowledge there is not so much as one wolf on any street or front (or back) porch in any populated area in the United States today, unless the nation's zoos have suddenly decided to grant them sabbatical leave.

The Real Ones Howl

For real wolves are quadrupeds that used to howl for Renfrew of the Mounted and then chase him all over hell and gone for some cereal corporation. What right have we to elevate ourselves to the stature of a Disney hero? What right have the members of the army of the United States and the Civilian Conservation corps to assume and use for personal ends the title of a fellow but wholly unrelated member of the animal kingdom? That is forgery.

If you still insist you are a wolf, however, put yourself to the "wolf test": Do you roam throughout Europe, Eurasia, and North America in packs? Are you especially prevalent in Russia and Scandinavia? Do you yearly cross on the ice connecting Greenland and Alaska with the mainland?

Real wolves do.

Well, Do You?

Do you eat hedgehogs, mice, and foxes? Did you become extinct in Scotland after being killed by Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel in 1680? Real wolves did.

Are you called "ater" in Florida, "nubilus" in Texas, and "pallipes" in parts of India? Is your hair shaggy on the back of your neck? California students need not answer this question.

Unless you can prove by notarized affidavit that you possess a reasonable proportion of the aforementioned family traits you have been existing under a series of misapprehensions. You are not a wolf.

Girls who came bouncing ecstatically home of an eventful Saturday night with words of "wow, what a wolf" tripping from happy, wiggly-wagging tongues will be disillusioned we know. We are sorry we had to break it to you this way—but he was just a h—of a good pigger!

* * * *

For those who still have their hearts set on becoming the "real" thing, we have compiled the following bibliography, which with careful selection of the proper hair-stimulating preparations, may do much toward bringing about the fulfillment of your goal: "Wolves in Relation to Stock, Game, and National Forest Reserves"—Vernon Bailey, Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 72; "Names of the Large Wolves in Northern and Western North America"—Gerrit S. Miller Jr., Smithsonian Institution Miscellaneous Collections—volume 59, No. 15; "Note on the Systematic Position of the Wolves of the Canis Dirus Group"—Bulletin of the Department of Geology; "Wolves"—Encyclopedia Britannica—1937 edition; "Wolves"—Encyclopedia Americana—1941 edition.

The latter two volumes are in the reference room of the library and cannot be removed.

Pro and Con

Feb. 3

Dear J. N.:

It was with immense surprise that we observed in the Emerald's Vox Pop column an unfavorable reaction to your editorial on the Carveth Wells "orientation".

We of the Area and Languages program, who like to regard ourselves as liberals, and like to believe that our background makes us a bit more immune to propaganda, were in almost complete agreement with your views.

We were impressed by Mr. Wells' wit, charm, and polish, and his ability to express his ideas in a most entertaining fashion.

But the ideas themselves appeared reactionary, and most difficult for any but a most rabid anglophile to stomach.

In our opinion, Mr. Wells' mode of thinking is a good 50 years behind the times.

To believe him, British imperialism in India is not a record of reaction, but a heroic saga of the White Man's Burden.

And the remarkable Gandhi is nothing but a conniving politician.

And the native of Malaya is a happy-go-lucky creature who knew nothing of back-breaking toil and endless hours in the British tin mines.

But, worst of all, the lecturer conjured up the dead and buried shades of the "yellow peril," predicting dire... consequences... if... the... orient should ever get itself together.

All of this, mind you, cloaked in the garb of patriotism. A little flag-waving here, a verse of the Star-Spangled Banner there, and these monstrous distortions are sanctified and beyond criticism.

* * * *

The arguments of two of your critics are so laden with invective, so irrational in their emotional turbulence, so dependent on references to Mr. Wells' travels and his "14 books," that they may be discarded.

Your other critic, Miss Onthank, who avoids the teethnashing, apparently believes that such propaganda is necessary in providing the will to fight.

We believe that it is possible to stimulate public support of the war without losing all perspective in the process.

Pfc. Sam Pinkerton
 Pfc. Leonard Stein
 Cpl. Jim Powell
 Co. C

Globally Speaking

By BILL SINNOT

The division of the U. S. S. R. into 16 provisional republics, coupled with Commissar Molotov's statement, gives rise to great doubt concerning the postwar policy of the Soviet Union.

Comrade Molotov's speech amounted to a literal breaking of the Roosevelt-Churchill Atlantic Charter.

At the peace table these 16 re-

publics would send and receive ministers and separate voting delegations in any future international setup. On the same basis the United States could claim 48 votes.

Four of the republics of Central Asia, the Turkoman, Tadjek, Kazakh, and the Kirghiz, would become sovereign states under the new plan. To us this seems fantastic. The peoples of these regions are among the most backward on

the face of the globe. Can we be so naive as to suppose that these four states, or indeed any of the new republics, will not still be controlled from the Kremlin?

In view of these recent developments it is interesting to note that the Russian constitution of 1936 was hailed by radicals all over the world as being the most democratic in existence.

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