

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## The Beloved Dean . . .

A week ago, on a gentle Sunday morning Dean Eric Allen went out to trim the branches of one of the birch trees in his front yard. His grade reports were in, his term's work completed, and there was a restful week ahead. He had a little while before the Sunday papers came. A newsboy saw him fall from the step ladder. Within a few moments the school of journalism's beloved dean and founder was gone.

And thus ended a complete life. The life of a man impossible to forget, for his influence was and is now tangible—in the nation, in Oregon, in the journalism school, and in the minds of eight generations of University students.

The gratitude his students feel, their humble remembrance of his genius for living is the perfect tribute and it is impossible to transcribe into words.

His quick, three-cornered grin, and careful way he explained Bacon's essay "Of Studies" to each new editing class, the "by Joves" and chuckles that accompanied his reading of the New Yorker. The uncanny comments that he put on the front pages of theses, indicating his understanding of an undeveloped fact, or theme, or idea. His kind, quiet effort to know his students' past experiences in life—and to judge them accordingly.

The fight in him which carried him up to his last day courageously in the face of great loneliness. The fight in him that would not tolerate dishonesty or careless thinking—in himself or in the students he guided.

Little impressions that will last and will affect our personal memories of him.

Students are not awed easily. They are particularly stern about their emotions when a teacher is concerned. Thus it is a tribute to Dean Allen that students were awed by his ability to think through and into the problems and results of human life—the material which is the basis of fine journalism. And they loved him. It was that simple.

He will be irreplaceable. This school of journalism was his as surely as he conducted its business and guided its development through the years.

The Emerald editors, the journalism students who will know him no more lost a great deal last week. For as one student said, "It seems to me that in the six months I've been in editing I've grown up. I've changed in the way that I go at things, I've found out how to get nearer to the truth."

The students who heard him lecture and discuss the postwar world, those who followed his discussions of military tactics last year and so back over thirty-two years, know what they have lost. There is emptiness in the familiar "shack" and no smell of a pipe in the dean's office.—M.M.G.

## Tributes

(Continued from page one)  
 managers will be unable to go to the dean with their problems . . . or to imagine an Emerald banquet without the dean's wealth of shack stories . . . or an editing class trying to see the problems of the world without a word of the dean's idealistic realism.

Governor Earl Snell — In the passing of Dean Eric W. Allen, Oregon has lost a distinguished citizen who in his quiet way exerted a profound influence for good. Several generations of newspaper men and women, leaders now in public affairs, both within the state and in the national field, were inspired by his lofty ideals of service, his upstanding character, his profound knowledge, and his

conception of the responsibilities of the profession to which he gave a lifetime of outstanding devotion.

Harris Ellsworth, representative in congress, fourth Oregon district—Dean Eric W. Allen was a very true friend. He was here when I came to the University as a freshman in 1917. Being a student under Dean Allen was not something to be ended with the receiving of a college degree. Many of the fortunate breaks of my career after graduation were due to the dean's friendship and influence.

Dr. Frederick M. Hunter, chancellor, Oregon state system of higher education—Dean Allen's passing is a matter of deep personal grief to me. I regard his

work in the school of journalism as a very potent factor in the unusually high level of public opinion in Oregon.

Dr. Orlando J. Hollis, acting president of the University of Oregon—Eric W. Allen has served so long and so ably as dean of the school of journalism that it is difficult to think of the University's continuing without him. His influence upon the practice of journalism in this state has been extensive. His former students are found on the staffs of most of the newspapers in Oregon. He was a constant stimulus to his colleagues, because of his broad and understanding reading in a surprising number of fields. Dean Allen was the type of teacher who gives to a University its own distinguished character.

Palmer Hoyt, publisher, Portland Oregonian—In the passing of Dean Eric W. Allen the state of Oregon has lost another of its great men. Eric Allen, founder and head of the University of Oregon school of journalism, built a great school and achieved a national reputation. Dean Allen had the confidence of the state's working newspapermen to a degree probably held by no other journalism school head in the country. He was loved and respected. He will be sorely missed.

Carl C. Webb, manager, Oregon Newspaper Publishers' association—Dean Allen's contribution to the field of journalism and to the newspapers of Oregon has been most profound. Principles indoctrinated in his classrooms have been felt in hundreds of newspaper offices.

W. F. G. Thacher, professor of English and advertising—It was my privilege to be closely associated with Eric Allen for 30 good and fruitful years. His loss, coming so soon after that of his dear wife, Sally, is almost insupportable. There are many tributes I could pay to Eric, but the one unique eulogy is written not in words but in lives—the lives of his students and associates, to whom he was an exciting challenge, a brilliant inspiration, and a friendly counselor. There can never be another Eric Allen.

George Turnbull, professor of journalism—This loss of one who has been a friend for nearly 40 years and an associate in newspaper work and teaching for close to 30 years leaves me incapable of expressing adequately my personal grief or my appreciation of a chief whose ideas and ideals and understanding encouragement made my work with him and for him a happy experience. In the capacity to apply to practical problems the ripe scholarship of a keen and active intellect, I have known few if any to equal him. He inspired his students tremendously with his own alert intellectuality, and many of them are realizing more and more fully all he has done to build them into worthy, effective journalists.

Warren C. Price, associate professor of journalism—Dean Eric W. Allen, with the late Walter Williams of Missouri and the late Willard G. Bleyer of Wisconsin, was one of three pioneers who did more to establish instruction for journalism among American state universities than any other men.

Robert C. Hall, associate professor of journalism, superintendent of the University Press—I have a deep sense of appreciation of the privilege of a long friendship with Dean Allen. I recall his very great part in the development of the University Press. The dean was a great fellow to let people work on their own, but always in the background was the dean and his understanding support.

## Letters to the Editor

Somewhere in Italy—PFC Ray J. Schrick, to Yuba City Herald, forwarded to Dean Onthank by his wife Betty Jane Schrick.

Somewhere on the Atlantic—sometime in December: I am now an ocean-going soldier and more than ever I know why I didn't join the navy. It's really not the water that is so bad—and even at the base I didn't use many passes—but

## Decline and Fall

Hitler in his twilight . . . In an old Munich beer cellar the German dictator spoke from his rostrum before the few surviving stalwarts of the National Socialist German Worker's party. Twenty years had elapsed since the first brown shirt putsch had fallen ingloriously before a brief blaze of machine gun bullets. A world had changed in those twenty years, but today the atmosphere was much the same as it had been on November 9, 1923. Defeat was in the air. But this time there would be no escape, no way out. There would be no Ludendorff to stand between him and death, no Hindenburg to lighten his sentence. For Ludendorff and Hindenburg were dead, and gone too were Roehm and Strasser and most of the old "partei." To face the new inescapable debacle only the leader and a few intimates remained.

A great saga was drawing to a close, an epic written in blood and iron. In the course of that epic there were realized the wildest dreams of modern man. The underdog from Tyrol had become the master singer of Europe and called a continent to arms against the might of the communized East. A new flag had been run up from the Brown House in Munich. Thence its banners were pushed North, South, West and East, until the swastika flew from the northernmost fjords of Norway south to the Bay of Biscay, and from the Channel coast of France to the banks of the Volga. The gray-green tide had indeed outdone the legions of Napoleon.

But now their days were numbered. From three directions the awful might of allied vengeance was slowly closing in. The die had been cast, only time remained. An uneasy silence fell on the group of listeners that afternoon in Munich. For them the dictator gave no more promises of victory, no new hopes. There would, he said, be no victor; only the survivors and the dead.

FRANCIS M. FROELICHER, Jr.  
 Feb. 10. Co. C., ASTU 3920

ragged Arabs spied it. He picked up the bread and cheese and didn't mind the dirt at all as he munched away.

In Italy, kids, and grown men, too, often stand around while we eat; then if anything is left when we're though, we just dump it in a can they carry, and they have a meal. Most of the Italians are very friendly. It is very surprising to see little kids down to 5 or 6 smoking. They seem to be more enterprising than their parents . . . and are around most of the time with their wares of almonds, apples and oranges.

January 14:  
 . . . Last night I got my first candy bar for the week (an Oh (Please turn to page four)

Somewhere in Italy, January 10, 1944:  
 . . . For a fellow who had never been east of Indiana prior to last Thanksgiving the rush of three continents in one month has been quite an experience. . . . Italy is quite a place. It's hard to believe just how hungry the people are, but they certainly go after the American soldier. We're all Joe to them, why I don't know. The Yanks are great ones to throw money around and the Italians are quick to learn. Most prices are or were extremely low from our standpoint. The Yank can't stand to give so little, so he gives extra cigarettes, extra money, etc., and the next thing we know prices are about double.

One incident really impressed me in Africa, when we first came ashore. We had box lunches and one fell on the ground. It was kicked around in dirt and mud for a few minutes but soon one of the

**MAYFLOWER**  
 WILD BILL ELLIOTT in  
 "Death Valley Manhunt"  
 — and —  
 MARY LEE in  
 "Shantytown"