

Up From UO

By Peggy Overland

The University has more than a passing interest in the air corps program now in session on the campus. It was the immediate result of an emergency, prominent among the creators was Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore R. Gillenwaters, who was a student at the university from 1921 to 1927, and who is at present, chief of the materiel division of the AAF weather wing which maintains world-wide headquarters in Asheville.

Recently awarded an honorary degree of doctor of laws by Ken-

yon college, February 12, in recognition of his part in the development and administration of the army air forces' college and university training program, Gillenwaters is still the object of amazement in Washington. The story of the accomplishment for which he was awarded the honorary degree is one of the most startling administrative feats of the war, and although the program has been abolished, Gillenwater's part in it has not been forgotten.

In October, 1942, the air forces

had only 450 weather officers, and the emergency at that time demanded an immediate supply by February 1944, of some 5,000 such officers, with an approximate addition of 5,000 during 1944 and 1945. That was when Col. Gillenwaters, then chief of the personnel division of the old weather directorate in Washington, took over. The situation he found seemed unable to cope with the demands—the entire meteorological training program being conducted at only five universities and open only to men with a minimum of three years of college and a strong background of mathematics and physics. Added to this a shortage was already showing in the supply of such highly-trained men.

What Gillenwaters did has already made history. He was faced with the obvious necessity of accepting men with less impressive scientific backgrounds and training if the 10,000 officer quota was to be realized, but at the same time, providing them with a training that would be just as thorough as ever. The solution was finally realized after numerous painstaking conferences.

Three different programs were established. The first—in advanced meteorology was for men with two years of college, including math and physics. Graduates of this course would be ready for immediate commissions as weather officers. The other groups were designed to feed a steady stream of men into the advanced group.

The results of these programs were just as startling as those which Gillenwaters used to cause on the campus as president of his senior class, but this time they were far more lasting. With his programs he created a revolutionary method of college training, for men in the two preparatory groups received, in six and 12 months, respectively, training in mathematics and physics equal to a four-year college major in those subjects.

The army program has been abolished but the results which it left will outlast the war and will probably provide a substantial basis for post-war college education. Whatever the results, Gillenwaters, member of the varsity basketball team in '23-'24; president of the senior class; worthy master of the Oregon Gamma Phi chapter of Alpha Tau Omega; member of Friars; and member of the Order of the "O," will be remembered as one who did his job well when action was most needed and who never hesitated to overthrow both tradition and custom to accomplish his aims.

A "triangle" was solved when Joseph Licata, five, decided to give his dog, Butch, to air cadets at the University of Buffalo. Butch became infatuated with the cadets months ago and has been dogging their footsteps. Now Butch is theirs.

The late Governor Luren D. Dickinson of Michigan left bequests of \$2,000 to Bob Jones college, Cleveland, Tenn., and Huntington (Ind.) college. Taylor university, Upland, Ind., and Wheaton (Ill.) college received \$500 each.

The Cutting Room

By BILL BUELL

Hollywood's \$20,000,000 version of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," in spite of its garrulous lack of unity of coherence, and 168-minute length, is far superior to the average movie. But compared with Ernest Hemingway's novel of the same name, it is as shallow, insignificant, and insipid as an eighth grader's third-prize essay on why we should be kind to our parents and not say naughty words.

Hemingway's novel is a very profound document expressing a collectivistic social philosophy. It says that all mankind is essentially one, that the good of society as a whole is worth more than the life of any single individual. It is a vigorous condemnation of Fascism in all its aspects, an affirmation of that political philosophy which has as its ideal the welfare of the common man. It lays itself wide open for persecution by the Dies Committee by assuming a friendly attitude toward Communism.

But Hollywood is afraid of ideas. "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is completely stripped of all its political and social implications. The picture has been carefully edited so as to contain nothing to offend Francisco Franco, the State Department, the Catholic Church, the Hays office, the National Association of Manufacturers, or the PTA. We even doubt if it would offend Hitler very much.

It is never made very clear just

what Robert Jordan and the others on the side of the Spanish Republic are fighting for. Jordan (Gary Cooper) does say that he is fighting to save the democracies. But he never talks about what democracy really means. The words "Fascist," "Nazi," and "Communist" are each mentioned but once in the picture. In the book Jordan is working directly under the Russian communists, but the cinematic version never mentions any such connection.

The result is simply a romantic tale of love and adventure, with the love completely uninhibited. Jordan's passion for Maria (Ingrid Bergman) is sort of an idealistic affection floating around in the air like a lost dandelion seed. The famous sleeping bag is shown in any number of scenes but the part it plays is never very explicit.

Katrina Paxinou, the Greek actress who never played in a movie before, puts the show under her heavy brown arm and walks away with it. Her portrayal of Pilar, the ugly gypsy who is "much woman" and a determined fighter for the Republic, fully deserves the "Oscar" which it won.

Miss Bergman's sincere and effective acting runs Miss Paxinou's a close second. Akim Tamiroff as Pablo, the guerrilla chieftain, turns in a fine characterization. But Gary Cooper, when placed beside Paxinou and Bergman, is as inarticulate, and unresponsive as the pioneer father.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

We appeal to all students who are of voting age to register for the approaching primary election.

The privilege of voting in a free election is one of the primary tenets of the democratic way of life that we are fighting for.

We civilians should exercise our franchise. The men of the armed forces have countless difficulties to overcome in order to vote.

We urge all students to register and apply for absentee ballots in ample time before the May 19 primary election.

We all may differ on men and policies, but we all agree that we would rather die than have "ja" elections in America.

Vote! Whether Prohibitionist, Socialist, Republican, Democrat, Jeffersonian Democrat, Communist, Trotskyite, or Townsendite!

PEGGY MAGILL,
B. YOUNGER
B. SINNOTT

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Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Test of a Tradition . . .

Today is the last day entries may be submitted for Odeon. Poetry and plays should be turned in to Mrs. A. H. Ernst; short stories, to W. F. G. Thacher; essays, to Dr. Robert F. Horn, art, to Edith Onthank, and music, to George Hopkins. Students and soldiers stationed on the campus may enter material.

Odeon is the University of Oregon's annual creative talent show, where art in all its phases is displayed and performed. The word "annual" in reference to Odeon is hopeful rather than accurate, a goal toward which to reach rather than an exact description. For Odeon was first held on this campus only last year. But those who remember it must be convinced that it will become an annual Oregon tradition.

The program started, remember, in the music school auditorium, the home of frosh assemblies and choral union. After introductory and welcome speeches, three violin compositions by Barbara Crisp and Elizabeth Walker were played. Elizabeth is now in Boston on a scholarship at the New England Conservatory of Music, and Barbara is in Portland teaching at the Roy Wilkinson studios.

The performance of that first group of violin selections was the first magic moment in a whole evening of magic moments. Remember Duncan Wimpres' short story, "The Journey"? Remember the sensitive, delicate beauty of the poems by Peggy Overland, Claudine Biggs, Mildred Wilson, and others? Remember the brief, haunting songs by Eugene Bennett, as sung by Marie Rogndahl? Remember Marjorie Major's distinguished essay, "So Sorry, Dr. Kuo?"

* * * *

An when intermission broke the spell, the audience, dazed and overwhelmed by the array of talent, moved over to Gerlinger for an hour-and-a-quarter more of entertainment and exhibits. Highlights of the second half of the evening were Barbara Hampson's short story, "I've Never Stopped Looking" and her poem, "Divided River"; Virginia Lippman's play "Family Potraits," with student cast and crew; the modern dances; Sue St. Pierre's and Ray Dickson's essays, more musical compositions, and the unforgettable fashion show (remember the pajama parade?) After that, the audience had refreshments on the Gerlinger sunporch while viewing the sculpture, paintings, ceramics, and additional literature and journalism displays.

The audience finally drifted away about midnight, after hearing and seeing four hours of student creative art work. Thus was a unique tradition born. Now a year has passed, and the "unforgettable" events have been—no, not forgotten, but obscured by more immediate occurrences. This year's Odeon will be the test of whether this newly-created tradition will live. The answer to that test will depend on the kind and quality of student contributions.—J.N.

REX

"Disputed Passage"

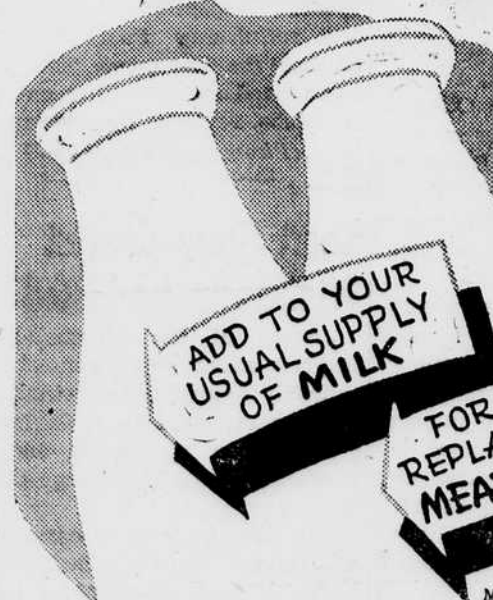
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