

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

I have just returned from furlough in Portland and could not help but feel how much more pleasant it would have been if all the Friars and other kids from Oregon could have been there together with me. I wish deeply they would have. Ten days out of 365 at home isn't ultimate happiness, but it helps tremendously.

While I was home I got to see Friars Roy Vernstrom and Dave Silver. . . . Had one embarrassing experience while in Portland, when aboard one of the electric trolleys. Two young kids of about five boarded the car and sat next to me. For a few moments they gazed at the good conduct ribbon and sharpshooter's badge on my chest (sure sign of the proud non-combat soldier home on furlough) and then one bravely interrogated in a voice loud enough to be heard anywhere on Kincaid street:

"Soldier, how many Japs have you killed all by yourself?"

Before I could blushing explain that the only thing of importance I had killed thus far was U. S. Army time, by a fortunate coincidence I arrived at my destination and so was saved from further embarrassing queries.

In San Francisco while walking down Market street I was suddenly halted by two formidable looking Waves, one of whom turned out to be Mary Wolf, a classmate in the journalism school. She's doing some kind of public relations work as a yeoman and is a good representative of how a university gal can help in the armed forces.

Am now back at my old desk, where I'm doing signal corps cryptography work keeping track of and servicing our telephone equipment at this field, and acting as a drill sergeant and assistant to the first sergeant of our detachment.

Right now, for amusement, in addition to writing a column and features for the post newspaper, I am taking part in the musical comedy "Of Thee I Sing," which incidentally is the same show put on at the University in place of a canoe fete in '42 . . . which is why I got in it. I'm Throttlebottom, the vice-president, same as Jerry Lakewish was for Oregon's show. (Last I heard of him he was a special service sergeant at Camp White, by the way).

Don't meet many Oregonians in these parts, but Saturday night last did bump into Bill Gray, former Oregonian writer and later Time correspondent. (He's now working out of L. A.) He came through with a newspaper entourage getting material for stories in Time, Life, and other magazines and papers on gunnery training for air force men, and we bumped into each other at a local hotel night club.

Sincerely,

BUCK BUCHWACH
Headquarters Air Corps Gunnery School, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Three girls were enjoying a selection by the orchestra.

"Isn't it divine! Wonder what they're playing?" said Madge.

"It's the sextette from Lucia," announced Tillie positively.

"No, it's 'Tales from Hoffman,'" persisted Annabelle.

"I think that you are both wrong, but there is a card up there—I'll go and see for myself," announced Madge, suiting the action to her words. She came back triumphant.

"You're 'way off, girls! It's the 'Refrain from Spitting!'"

Daily OREGON EMERALD

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Red Cross Quota . . .

Oregon totaled over a quarter of a million dollars in the fourth war bond campaign, and incidentally showed the other schools of the nation what they could do when they really started the ball rolling. That same ball should be taken out of the emergency chest and put into action on the Red Cross drive for membership. In this case the campus has to raise only \$1000 to meet the quota set by the authorities. But quotas don't mean much. They're cold black figures on white paper. The Red Cross means much more than that and it means much more than merely meeting an arbitrary quota. It means backing with whatever comforts are available the fighting our men and women in service are doing.

Oregon can help in this humanitarian effort. One thousand dollars would help; two thousand could help twice as much. Oregon didn't hold itself down to the quota on the bond drive, with the result that as far as statistics are available, it topped the nation's schools in the campaign. Our school has established a leadership in raising funds to back the attack and should follow its own example in more than making a quota.

There are approximately 1400 students attending the University. One dollar entitles each person to membership in the Red Cross. If each student enrolled in the Red Cross the quota would be more than met. If even a part of these students would contribute more for the aid and comfort of Oregon men and women and others in the armed services, the quota could be doubled or even tripled.

We've shown them that we could do it. Let's show them that we can keep on doing it by getting behind the Red Cross membership drive and backing them for all they're worth, which is a lot.—M.Y.

No 'Ja' Elections . . .

We have never been altogether sure of the attitude of most students toward politics, so it is gratifying to pull a letter out of the heap on the editor's desk which exhorts all students who are of voting age to exercise their privilege.

"The privilege of voting in a free election is one of the primary tenets of the democratic way of life. . . . 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 would rather die than have "ja" elections in America."

The little group of students who were inspired to send this letter have not stopped there. They are at present covering the campus endeavoring to cause a greater number of adult students to register for voting than would otherwise do so. They do not belong to any one political party; they are not doing this from any ulterior motive. They are simply displaying a sense of civic consciousness that every single American of thinking age owes to his country and his community.

If all this means nothing to you, then by all means don't at the county clerk's office and the job is done. Surely the time and effort expended is a small price to pay. Some may complain that the single puny vote which each possesses yields so little influence as to be not worth casting. To these we answer: your little vote yields more influence and power than any vote of anyone in any other country in the world. With your slip of yellow paper in the ballot box lies, quite literally, the destiny of the globe. You may not think much of it—but kings and princes and diplomats and general wait tensely to see for which candidate your vote was cast.

If all this means nothing to you, they by all means don't go to vote. If registration, and later voting are too much trouble, perhaps it won't be too much trouble years from now to report to the police every time you leave town, to go to the polls at the point of a bayonet, or to march unwillingly in street parades sponsored by someone whom you hate, but whose word is law in the land. Don't ever think it can't happen here.—N.Y.

Briton After Blitz Described in Novel

By CAROL GREENING

Everybody remembers the days of the Battle of Britain—those anxious days, when breaths were held lest the great citadel should fall, lest Hitler's boast of "London by August 15th" should be made good. The world bowed in admiration of the courageous spirit shown by the British in that time of terror. Many brilliant descriptions have been written of the holocaust, many tales told of the heroism displayed there.

But what happened after it was all over? How were the British feeling when the Eighth army was grappling with Rommel's forces down in Tunisia, when Stalingrad seemed well-nigh lost, when the vision of the war's end was cloudy and bedraggled? And what is more important, how were the British working? At the pace of victory, or of defeat?

Priestley answers these questions. Here is what one of his characters, a girl worker in an aircraft factory, was thinking as she worked—

"Why, for instance, did we keep on pretending that we were really winning, when Germany and Japan had got all those places and we didn't seem able to push them out? . . . It had been different in 1940, when the Nazis had said they would bomb London and the people didn't want to give in. She understood all about that, had been in it herself, and still felt a bit of a thrill if anybody mentioned those days. They had been rather awful—and of course Madame (her former employer) being bombed out had just ruined everything—but they had been exciting and not at all miserable and boring.

"The trouble was, of course, that she had had to start her life all over again, you might say, and somehow she had not got it properly started even yet. Sometimes she felt it would never get started. Just as if she was really now not much better than a ghost."

Of course, not every person in Priestley's huge aircraft factory felt exactly like this, but the lag was there to some degree in almost everyone. And this lag is the problem of the book, the center of conflict, though there are minor conflicts, too.

In "Daylight on Saturday" Priestley takes about 40 characters (too many), tell what they're thinking about, what they do, and their effect upon one another. He starts at the top of the organization of the factory, and works down to the lowest paid member of the organization, and the most cheerful one, a cripple who pushes the tea-canteen around at appointed hours. Through his movie-like technique there are brief, clear views into the personality of each one of them.

There's Elrick, works superintendent. His wife, whose mind was reduced to that of a six-year-old by an illness, cuts paper dolls, and is his personal tragedy. He drinks, in an effort to forget it, is admired by those under him for his ability and friendliness. Pretty faces haunt him . . . he is an unhappy man. . . .

He hates the man he has to work with—Blandford. This man comes from an old English family (Elrick rose from the ranks), is able, cold, and somewhat bloodless in his outlook. His philosophy? "When I decided to take up engineering, I gave my family which up to then had only dealt in country-house idlers, diplomats, soldiers, politicians and a few civil servants, a very severe shock. But I notice that they're not shocked now. They're almost relieved. Very soon they probably will be relieved. Why? Because they're just beginning to realize that the effective control of industry is a new and undisputed source of power. Now my class . . . may be stupid about some things—their taste in literature, for example, is appalling—but they are wonderfully quick at allying themselves with any new power. Instead of fighting it, as so many of their kind abroad have tried to do, they get to know it, they dine and wine it, they marry

it, and finally control it.

"This (new) industry already had its own aristocracy. But of course it's not quite the real thing. But once it's linked with the older and more obvious forms, including of course all the victors with glittering medals, a ruling class that will look more like a ruling class than any we've seen since Waterloo, then the mob will be only too glad to recognize the real thing, and there'll be no more silly chatter about democracy."

And then there's the Communist, Mr. Ogmore, who dreams about Soviet Britain; Nelly, who worries about her face that's off kilter; Frieda, the society girl whose very old family hasn't a penny; Arthur Bolton, whose family was wiped out by a bomb; Mr. Stonier, who is stark, staring, raving mad, and dozens of others, all working together under the colored netting and painted walls of the camouflaged air factory.

There are, of course, too many characters to keep track of, and this defect seems to keep the climax of the book from having any real conviction, especially as this climax seems to affect so few of them directly. Then, the lovers, Frieda and Angleby, are the only two characters who seem wooden in the whole book, and their romance, featured largely, especially at the end which helps to make a sort of fading out of the book, rather than a strong ending.

But on the whole, "Daylight on Saturday" is important because it portrays so many different strata of thought in England today, and a good book because Priestley knows his subjects, and knows how to write about them.

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