

OREGON EMERALD

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Colleges and War . . .

Why do we have colleges and universities in war time? That may sound like a pedantic question, asked merely to supply a basis for a long, drawn out soliloquy on advantages of a college education. Scholars and educators have written scores of articles citing the need for trained young people in the post-war world and the usefulness of colleges in training army personnel and civilian war workers.

President Roosevelt has declared, "We must have well-educated and intelligent citizens who have sound judgment in dealing with the difficult problems of today. We must also have scientists, engineers, economists, and other people with specialized knowledge to plan and build for national defense as well as for social and economic progress. Young people should be advised that it is their patriotic duty to continue the normal course of their education, so that they may be well prepared for greatest usefulness to their country. They will be promptly notified if they are needed for other patriotic services."

There is no necessity of elaborating on the obvious need for educated citizens. But we do wonder what Congress's attitude will be if a national service act is passed. If the age limit begins at 18, the majority of college students will be affected by the legislation. If it begins at 21, there will still be a fair-sized minority coming under its jurisdiction.

It is impossible from this distance to predict how essential colleges and universities will be considered, but the possibility that the draft will hit institutions of higher learning should cause all students to spend some time analyzing their usefulness to society, not only in the war years, but in their lifetime.

Going to college in times such as these is a great responsibility. We are here because we are expected to learn how to fit into our proper niches in society—as leaders, scientists, doctors, teachers, writers, politicians, administrators, and what have you. If that fact has slipped our mind during the press of social functions and activities, it is high time it was reinstated as a definite part of our conscious responsibility to the public which founded and maintained our schools.

It is not the grades one gets because of pipe courses that are important, but the training in becoming useful citizens, training which supplies the reason for colleges and universities during wartime. It is our job to make sure we receive that education. It is only then that we can assume the right to attend an institution of higher learning.

Pause That Refreshes . . .

Enthusiastic as one may be about his University studies and the variety of fields and opportunities continually opened up to him, a time comes when he feels the need of a little relaxation. It is a time when all his serious and stimulating pursuits seem to pall a little.

Each individual works out his own method of combating this temporary apathy. Some initiate social activities—dances, parties, dates, carnivals. Others are satisfied to quaff a few beers or other beverages in convivial company, along with lively and diversified conversation. There are those who retreat into their own private worlds, to meditate; perhaps to express their most persistent problems in writing or through some other art.

There is one opportunity of relaxation and satisfaction, known and enjoyed immensely by a minority, but always there for the majority to take advantage of. That is, appreciation of art in all its forms. The aesthetic value of a beautifully-constructed and moving piece of music, painting, or writing is not decreased by lack of extensive knowledge of that particular form of art.

What is all this driving at? That University students have opportunities of enjoyment, which afford really deep and continual pleasure, of which they are not always aware. An attempt to bring these advantages to the fore, and to make them easily available to the entire student body and faculty has been made through the University concert series, co-sponsored by the

Concepts

Times I remember when I named the sea,
And the charmed name recalled me little more
Than gull's steele, hawsers whining at the quay,
The long spume and the thunder of the shore—
Marginal signs. When late seafaring learned
The windless, bouyant, birdless world in round
Pinioned by stars; a deep arc shining turned
Starward, all sea. Even so, the echoing bound
Of surf, that wrung and flailed us, once won through,
The clear arc, and the star-sustaining deep
That rends and thunders only on its rim,
I said; Dear love—the far moon silvered swim,
How wider than we dreamed we had to keep
Once, when that shore was all the love we knew!

—Theodosia Goodman

Letters to the Editor

hello people . . .

i have an archie complex, the shift key is too dam much work anyway tonite is a rainy nite and besides your alma mammy this spot can really get wet . . . so my train of thought (in my mind, a hand-car) took me to the old school where i did not belong in the first place and the school did not want me in the second place and where i was always out of place . . . so the

girls got the big jobs on the u. of o. publications . . . fie on the whole field of journalism. but since it seems a duty, i tender just my fondest congratulations . . . y'see the word travels pretty slowly and you people should have graduated and gone to the bigger and better things like the eugene herald . . .

a short while back a bunch of us went to a scenic spot on this rock and had dinner and spent the day . . . the entre was soup a la cockroach since i found the thoracic segment (for any who had botany or is it biology) (its biology) of one each cockroach in my otherwise ordinary onion soup. the legs and head some other fellow got . . . i guess they are the least edible portions anyway. so then i remembered the time i stowed on a three-o'clock club jaunt to snappy service number something and ordered chile, the latter containing a very dead but very tasteless cockroach . . . so what.

mc clatchy was with me for several months . . . rather i was with him, since it was his convertible, his girl friends, his relatives for dinner parties, his money, and very often his fault. after spending a delightful five weeks in sacramento, we got a change of scenery . . . shortly after arriving here ellery moved off to the land of kangaroos but some misguided soul put me on a typewriter (from the lumber piling detail to typist; success story) and ellery left most of his books with me . . . they represent the more risque type of writing such as "history of architecture," "cultural anthropological study of the developing civilization," and collected poems of edgar a. guest . . .

sgt good, you remember sgt good, has been keeping me in the light concerning a few things happening at oregon . . . that is to say, the features by sailor about her meHican sojourn . . . a friend named gonzalez here liked them, he could authenticate the stories she told . . . saw in a "new yorker" quite a profile of one of your grads . . . did you build that into a big thing . . . ? bet the book store is sold on the "n y er" now.

after what i did to their dam old premeteorology course, they decided to get me as far away from weather as possible . . . so am

in a communications outfit . . . an operations statistician, no less (watterver that is)

the holidays were not good . . . what with likker (when obtainable from sources) cost fifteen dollars per quart and a general sourness of all concerned . . . everybody wished everybody a happy new year, and such rot . . . but i got the feeling that we were hanging the holidays in effigy . . .

will wrap this up now . . . (a) because i started out with nothing to say and now i've said it . . . (b) because i really want, but hardly expect an answer.

hope i am not so far behind the times that the address won't get this to the proper people . . .

azever . . .
YUTCH
(Ed. note: Yutch, or Gail C. Myers as the army called him, wrote a column for the Emerald army page last year when he attended the University under the air corps training program.)

Chicago Editor

(Continued from page one)
ment, the underground activities of the Chinese communists, and the emergence of militaristic imperialism in Japan.

In the United States, as editor of one of the distinguished and widely influential Protestant magazine among clergymen, Hutchinson acquired a wide acquaintance with the intellectual and political life of the past two decades, according to Dr. R. R. Cushman, chairman of the faculty committee on religious and spiritual activities which is sponsoring the lectureship.

Author of Books
Among the books written by Dr. Hutchinson are listed: "The Spread of Christianity," "What and Why in China," "The United States of Europe," "World Revolution and Religion," "Storm Over Asia," "From Victory to Peace," his latest book, has received considerable attention as "an acute analysis of the factors involved in postwar settlement and the establishment of international order."

Then there's the marine who learned to play a piano because a glass of beer falls off a violin.

educational activities board and the Eugene civic music association.

Each year a number of nationally and internationally-famous artists are brought to the campus to present concerts. These concerts are arranged because Oregon is supposed to be the center of cultural and intellectual education.

This Wednesday evening, January 31, the fourth troupe of artists to appear here this year will be presented at McArthur court. The harmony of those 26 deep-toned Russian voices, conducted by the skilled Serge Jaroff, is magnificent. It will be a concert truly worth hearing and for which University students are extremely fortunate.

Take It From Me

By DOC

That green and white flash you might have seen on the campus last weekend was the Coos River high school basketball team who paid a welcome visit to Ardyce and Gerene Mast at Alpha hall.

Looks like Bud Bradley has changed his theme song from ay yi yi Dolores to glory glory hallelujah. I wonder why?

According to the latest report, "Sam Benveniste is no longer available for desserts, dances or dates" unquote.

Gene Mary Redmond came up for the Highland house formal this weekend and everyone seems to agree that the dance (with a navy motif) was a big success.

Virginia Scholl, prexy of Alpha hall, was evidently in her element this weekend. "Skol" had two male guests to escort her to the game and following the dance which isn't bad even if one of 'em was her brother.

Pat McDonald, a freshman over at Susan Campbell, is the latest member of the lighter side of life to receive a Campbell club pin from Bob Stiles. And speaking of Campbell club pins, what did Jerry Mosby do with his?

Gwen Carter was the object of Joe Chiaramonte's affection at what turned out to be quite a nice date at the Eugene hotel.

The basketball team went all out this weekend from what we could gather not only on the court, but also with the femmes. Most interesting result of the after-game dance was the Don Taylor-Estelle Shimshak-Bob Hamilton trio. But what did the usherettes at the Mac say when Hamilton chalked up one Sunday afternoon date?

Del Smith and Rosalee Killam, Gamma hall, are now evidently playing a new kind of two-man football quite obviously in front of Straub. Well, it was the right kind of weather for it, anyhow.

Thrift is a wonderful virtue—especially in an ancestor.

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel.

Friendship between most privates and sergeants is strictly platonic.

HEILIG

with
DEANNE DURBIN
"CAN'T HELP SINGING"

McDONALD

"LAURA"
with
GENE TIERNEY
and
DANA ANDREWS

REX

"Now, Voyager"
with Bette Davis
— also —
"Geo. Washington Slept Here"