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Alexander Kerensky . . .

Most of us secure our knowledge of world events from second and third hand sources—newspapers, magazines, textbooks, professors. But this week a man who can not only say "I was there," but who also was one of the star performers will be on our campus. He is scheduled to tell his version of the revolution that "shook the world," and he will comment on present and future world events.

Alexander Kerensky was a young member of the social revolutionary party in March, 1917, when the Russian revolution occurred. A man of great oratorical ability, he played an important part during the early days of the revolution, soon rising to head of the provisional government. However, two opposite views on a new government arose. The people were crying for land, immediate reform, and an end to the war, while Kerensky's government believed that a constitutional assembly should be called and a fairly long period of discussion held before setting up a permanent government. He also favored continuing the war against Germany.

In November, 1917, the Bolsheviks, with the rallying cry "peace, land, and bread," ousted Kerensky and set up their dictatorship of the proletariat.

All that happened during those days of turmoil and bloodshed have not been revealed and probably never will be. So, we are looking forward to meeting and hearing Mr. Kerensky. Russia is once again in the limelight; his "inside story" of what happened in 1917 and views on the present situation should give us a much better insight on Russian-world relations.

Even Roses Have Thorns . . .

Is there one of us who hasn't sighed and said, "After the war I'm going to . . ." ? We think about buying sprees, about indulging in now forbidden activities. We dream about drives in the country, nylon hose, cigarettes by the carton, having the fellows back, release from war pressures.

Eleanor Roosevelt wants a new station wagon; Mrs. Young America wants Mr. Young America; Oregon wants a student union. Victory is an "Open Sesame" to a rosy future, full of the pleasures we have known and until now have little appreciated. The proverbial greener pastures are represented by that one word.

But even the Garden of Eden had its snake, and the loveliest of roses have a few thorns.

We don't intend to preach a sermon about the trials and tribulations that will (so the experts say) beset our postwar world. We don't intend to lecture about patience and tolerance and other such virtues.

It's just a word that we want to say, or maybe a sentence or two, to the effect that after climbing over the fence the pastures may not be quite so green as they looked. Expecting too much may lead to disappointment. And disappointment may lead to bitterness. So, if we expect a little less, are disappointed a little less, we may in some measure reduce the bitterness that is sure to follow any conflict, bitterness in the minds of the victors as well as the vanquished.

It is up to us, who have lost so little in this war, to be thankful for what is restored to us, to work for what may be restored to us, and to forgive that which is lost.

But even more, it is up to us to maintain that eternal vigilance which is the price of freedom. That eternal vigilance which is also the price of the pleasures and comforts we hope to enjoy after victory.

Because we have been negligent in maintaining that vigilance, we have lost, temporarily, the rights we once considered our due because we are Americans. It has taken a war to teach us that we must earn those rights. Let's not let victory blind us to that lesson.

Reviewer Stumbles Over 'Tristram Shandy'

By SHUBERT FENDRICK

If I were to be cast away upon a desert island and were to have my choice of one book to take with me, that book would be "Tristram Shandy." I make this choice under the assumption that, possessing this book, one of the following would be most likely to occur:

(a) I would spend all the days of my solitude attempting to trace (or discover) the plot.

(b) I would read and re-read the book, and from then on spend my time in a state of happy gibbering insanity.

The main question is, "Did I like the book?" I will be brutally frank. Webster's dictionary is more exciting, and makes infinitely better sense. If this book had been jammed into fifty pages, it would have been amusing—but wading through six hundred pages of disconnected prose is slightly trying. In fact, anyone who would write such a book should be warded off with a flourish of the corporal's stick.

The style of the book is the only thing that seems to remain constant throughout, and this style seems to be as odd and ridiculous as Sterne could make it. For example, I would like to quote Chapter Eighteen, Book Nine, my favorite chapter (oh, that they were all the same) verbatim in its entirety:

Rather an interesting chapter, in a vacant sort of way.

The book seems to be about everyone except Tristram Shandy. There is Uncle Toby and devoted Corporal Trimm. Then there is Dr. Slop, and Yorick, the rural pastor, and Mr. and Mrs. Shandy. And eventually, after four books and fourteen chapters, Tristram finally manages to get himself born.

Every now and then Sterne wears himself down to the point where he has only energy enough to write a one line chapter, such

as Book Nine, Chapter Twenty-Eight:

"My Uncle Toby's map is carried down into the kitchen."

Are you still reading this thing? Alas, poor READER.

Whenever Sterne's vocabulary lacks a word, he solves the problem simply and efficiently. He merely * * * * or Then to show his vast knowledge he rambles a few pages in Latin. Sometimes he even runs Latin on one page, and the English translation on the opposite page. Sterne must have made a good deal of money!

And of course there is always Book Nine, Chapter Nineteen, which consists of the music to "Lillabullero," probably so the reader can whistle it along with Uncle Toby.

I have a strange feeling that Ogden Nash is the reincarnation of Laurence Sterne, in a poetic (??) sort of way. I hoped that I could compare "Tristram Shandy" to "The Skin of Our Teeth" by Thornton Wilder, but I see that is hopeless. Wilder has made a seemingly unconnected jumble of odd occurrences into a magnificent satire, while Sterne has written more about less than any author I have ever read. I will admit (grudgingly) that the characterizations are excellent, and that Uncle Toby is one of the most likeable, thoroughly alive characters I have ever come across.

Yorick wound the whole thing up very well in the last sentence of the book.

"A Cock and a Bull," said Yorick—and one of the best of its kind, I ever heard.

St. Mary's Library Gets New Addition

NOTRE DAME, Ind.—(ACP)—A new addition to the library of Saint Mary's college, the Saint Thomas Aquinas room, is just being completed. It will house rare and special editions of the works of Saint Thomas as well as commentaries and studies on Thomistic philosophy, of which the college is building a collection.

The room was designed by Prof. Francis Kervick, head of the department of architecture at the University of Notre Dame, and the hand carving was executed by Eugene Kormendi, ecclesiastical artist and professor of art at Notre Dame.

The room was set apart and planned at the request of the late Mother M. Verda, who for twenty years was head of the department of philosophy at Saint Mary's, and it was equipped and decorated largely through a gift of Mother M. Verda's family, the Dorsch family, of Baltimore, Md.

It was Mother M. Verda's idea that the room incorporate the form and something of the appearance of the cell of a student and a religious at the time of Saint Thomas. She, in her visits to Europe, had made a pilgrimage to all the places in which Saint Thomas had lived and studied.

The walls of the room are lined with rosewood shelves, indirectly lighted, beneath which are built-in cabinets. At one end is a writing desk. Two animal heads, which form supports for the writing desk when open, were carved by Professor Kormendi. One head, that of an ox, is suggestive of the expression, "the dumb ox," as Saint

Thomas was called by his earliest associates, and the other, that of a dog, recalls the old monastic pun on the word Dominican: "Domini canes," dogs of the Lord.

Above the writing desk is a niche containing a statue of the saint. The doors of the niche have as knobs two small carved figures of monks. The furnishings of the room consist of a long table and several chairs.

Three little bonds went off to war. Ten years passed, and then there were four.

Take It From Me

By DOC

Sun Valley doesn't seem to have half the appeal that Shirley McDowell has. Anyhow Sandy seemed to be able to tear himself away from it all to visit Shirley and of course see the U. of O. campus.

Gamma hall may have sponsored the last interdorm dance over at John Straub but it was very much in evidence that Zeta hall held it. The theme song was "If you knew Suzie like I know Suzie"

Joe Lind was put in a somewhat embarrassing position when he dated June Lee last weekend. He got June in five minutes before one conveniently, but did the four Tri-Delts that had to walk the rest of the way make it? We've heard of "running out of gas," "having the generator do a flip" and "the longest way round is the sweetest way home." Suggestion to "Casanova Lind" is, "Next time, don't take the Pontiac."

Gamma hall suggests "for better swimming parties try the vicinity of the Sig Ep house." Theirs seemed to be a big success and I wonder where they got all the bicycles?

Bob Hamilton's coordination on the basketball floor is admittedly good but not half as good as his operation on this campus—and he doesn't necessarily confine his field to the Sigma Kappa house either.

Campbell coop made it pretty obvious who their choice for "Pin-up Girl" of the week would be when they used all that valuable film taking pictures of Ruth McLean, Susan Campbell.

Being on crutches doesn't seem to affect Sally Flood's popularity with the opposite sex. It must make a very interesting story telling about how a horse kicked her, for Gamma hall's living room always has an audience.

T. E. Hanley, Bradford, Pa., oil executive and art connoisseur, has presented to St. Bonaventure college, Olean, N.Y., 17 paintings from his private collection.

McDONALD

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"WINGED VICTORY"

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