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Age of Adolescence

It is with pride that we view the new set-up permitting this University a graduate school of its own. We note with confidence that Dr. Howard R. Taylor, former associate dean of the graduate division, has been appointed acting dean of the new school.

The Emerald yesterday quoted University President Harry K. Newburn as saying that restoration of the school "marks the coming of age of our University." While we share Dr. Newburn's enthusiasm, we feel he may be a little optimistic in saying it is this development that makes our school "of age." Rather we are inclined to believe this new arrangement gives the University its full adolescence, the equipment with which it may become of age through the years. It will come of age when we as students, graduate and undergraduate, with the assistance of the faculty, have demonstrated our calibre as students and the scope of our understanding.

Restoration of the graduate school seems to us a natural development in a process that began in the fall of 1941 when the state board of higher education allowed upper division work in the sciences to come back into the curriculum, thus making possible the establishment of a true "college of liberal arts." Without this we were not really a university at all.

Perhaps we are seeing one part of the reversal of a trend in American education, a trend that began three quarters of a century ago when President Charles William Eliot of Harvard established the elective system there. Increased freedom of curriculum became the fashion in colleges throughout the country until, in our own time, this fad combined with the vocational education movement to such an extent that professors of meat-cutting, animal husbandry and bean-bag tossing outnumbered professors of philosophy, mathematics and history on many a campus.

In the last few years Stringfellow Barr at St. John's college in Annapolis, Md., and Robert M. Hutchins at the University of Chicago have made the news a number of times through their work in putting classics back into the college curriculum. We are beginning to see again emphasis on thought, on the thinking man, the man who wants to know what it's all about.

This is not meant as an argument against training men to build better mouse-traps. That the vendor of the two-pants suit and the noble tiller of the soil should be trained in colleges is a part of our heritage. We don't dispute their right to a "college education," with or without a liberal arts background. Let us remember, however, that as a university we are dedicated to much more.

There is room for argument in Hutchins' theories or in Barr's emphasis on 100 great books, but there is no doubt that a university must rest its reputation upon its college of liberal arts and upon its graduate school.

The Emerald wishes success to Dr. Newburn and to Dr. Taylor in their opportunity to coach this university into the big leagues.

Nothing so good as a university education, nor worse than a university without its education.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A college education shows a man how little other people know.—Halliburton.

Observation more than books, experience rather than persons, are the prime educators.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Just Like Topsy

The University is growing up—just like Topsy. Another editorial on this page estimates the age as adolescence. But whatever the stage of development it seems only fitting and proper that students and faculty members should grow and develop proportionately.

Applying this to the present traffic and parking situation, Dr. Pallett aptly remarked that attitudes about the University should expand at an equal rate with the school's growth.

Although the University's record enrollment figures are common knowledge, individuals haven't quite caught up with the facts. Many still expect everything to continue as it has during the past five years. Students and faculty members gripe about crowded campus eating facilities, crowded classrooms, crowded sidewalks, crowded streets, and lack of parking space proximate to their destinations.

Appraisal of the facts would eliminate much of the complaining. Present parking lots simply will not accommodate all the cars. We must take it for granted that some car-owners will have to walk two or three blocks from outlying streets. When the University expands to include a new women's dormitory, a student union, and other large buildings, car-owners will have to park still further from the campus proper. Perhaps by that time the present small-school attitudes will have given way to an admission that the University is a large school.

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But what about those promised parking lots? They are coming. Ground work has already started on the proposed parking lots along University and Thirteenth streets. As soon as machinery and labor is available a parking lot will be prepared on Alder street between the Sigma Kappa house and the veterans' dormitories. Only the unavailability of labor and the inconvenience of waiting for borrowed bulldozers is holding up completion of these projects. It is predicted these lots will be ready for use sometime this term, however.

Many have inquired why the empty lot between Alder and Kincaid on Fourteenth street is not macadamized for parking use. The explanation: this lot is the site of the proposed new science building. Construction engineers require accurate knowledge of subterranean rock structures before plans for the foundation can be completed. A shifty, treacherous type of blue rock lies under that lot. Holes, 20 or 30 feet deep, will have to be drilled for determining the structure of this rock. Drilling machinery is difficult to obtain. Until the holes are drilled and the plans made, it would be a waste of time and money to build a parking lot in that location. Consequently, we must wait. . . .

There is another empty lot on Eleventh. This belongs to the state highway department and the University has no jurisdiction over its use. Negotiations are underway and the department has promised to level the lot the next time their equipment comes through. Until then, we will have to wait. . . .

The large empty lot on Thirteenth and Alder streets, opposite the Lemon O, belongs to the Sacred Heart hospital. University authorities have asked city officials to obtain permission from the hospital for use of the lot. Until such action is granted, until the lot is worked over, we will have to wait. . . .

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Those are the facts. All of us must realize that nothing permanent can happen overnight. Every attempt is being made to make living here convenient and pleasant. But the day when we could park our cars conveniently near every classroom building is past. The University is growing up—and so must we.

OFF LABEL

By POPS WINDUS

It has just come to my attention that there are several characters around this pile of masonry that think I am somebody else. To elucidate, they are under the impression that someone is doing this column under the pseudonym as given above. This is to state that I am myself, nobody else, and have never been. If I'm not me somebody had better tell my wife.

I had a very interesting and enlightening talk last week with Dick Williams, head of Ed. Activities. I found that someone else besides my friends read this thing. I also found out that the Ed. Act. set up HAS been chasing down this and that band, sending telascratches to hell and gone and back, and generally doing things that we on the outside knew little about. It was brought to my attention that as far back as last summer feelers were sent out to the three big bookers in L.A. re. a band for Homecoming. After discarding such pap as Chuck Silver-skull and his 8 Clavacles, and other nonsense, Mr. W. and staff had the large choice between Pinky Tomlin, who is nowhere, and Big T.

It seems that we are so far off the beaten path that we get only bands that are up here on tour through the Northwest. And dances are not planned to fit the tour of a band, but rather must be chosen to fit the schedule set up by the committee. We are thrown for another loss. Dick wanted Herman as bad as anyone, but H. was just not available at this time. Thus my sincere apologies to Dick and his staff, and lots of better luck for coming dances.

Mr. T. had an ordinary band, danceable but not startling or thrilling. Big kick was the French horn man who didn't double on anything else. A rarity indeed. It was kind of sad, however, to have to watch the grand old man of jazz, sick, tired, playing his heart out for a bunch of kids who, I think, hardly appreciated him for what he stood

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in the title of his latest book, Where Are We Heading? (Sumner Welles, Harper, \$3.) Welles says that his successor Ed Stettinius, didn't know anything about modern history, that Byrnes is sincere but terribly ignorant. In keeping with the current line of the Henry Wallace liberals, Welles says we are headed for war unless—

It should be mentioned here, that if America is confronted with a choice between peace or militarism as the Henry Wallace liberals now say we are, war is less likely now that the Henry Wallace liberals have suddenly chosen not to beat the war drums. In speaking of Wallace he too has taken to the pen in accepting the editorship of the New Republic magazine.

But we have only mentioned a few of the potential historians emerging from the administrative family. There are others beside Eliot, Harold, Sumner, and Henry. Miss Perkins is busy writing history. So is Eleanor, and big Jim Farley is going to have his say.

Actually, there is one distinguished American historian who is writing history as it should be written, who holds an unchallenged position as the dean of living historians. When posterity turns to a history of the thirties and forties, it will consult the works of a scholar like Charles Beard. If you are curious about how a classical historian will size up the past few years in the grand sweep of time, read the last chapter of Beard's Basic History of the United States, or better yet, peruse his latest book, American Foreign Policy in the Making, 1932-1940. A Study in Responsibilities (Yale University Press, \$4.)

RIGHT of center

By O. Larson

At a time when unpleasant events like the Henry Wallace episode and the Yugoslav incidents are bringing the era of 1932-1945 to its climax as a period in American history, we are being deluged with books by people who are doing a terrible job of writing the story of our time. The administration holdovers who are trying to pass themselves off as historians are worried about the same thing—that posterity isn't going to accept the last fifteen years as the glorious age of civilization. The exaggerated importance which these people attach to our epoch is exceeded only by the conceited interpretation they apply to their personal roles in the current world drama.

So we are being overwhelmed with books. Everybody and his dog who tied his wagon to the administration star is writing books. In Elliot Roosevelt we have another would-be historian making his bid. (As He Saw It, by Elliot Roosevelt, N. Y. Duell Sloan & Pierce.) Son El-

liot says in so many words that no one need think that Mr. Roosevelt was taken in by that awful man Winston Churchill. He avers that the former saw through Mr. Churchill's attempt to prop up British imperialism with American power.

As to who came out without his shirt when the two got together, we leave to more competent historians than Elliot to decide. Even the darling of the anglophile left wing, Harold Laski, couldn't stomach Elliot's analysis. Writing of the latter's book in the October 7 issue of the New Republic he said, "At any rate there is nothing here of the Churchill who . . . was able by his speeches to keep alive in every heart where it still burned the flame of freedom."

Sooner or later we expected Harold Ickes to return to the field of his initial frustration, journalism. Through his syndicated column Ickes is giving us his version. Another deposed New Dealer, Sumner Welles, asks a pertinent question