

OREGON EMERALD

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Casing 1947

- Sixteen shopping days left before Christmas.
- Eight days of registration proceedings left.
- Eight days left to turn your breakage fee over to the student union fund.
- Five days left to buy Christmas seals in the annual campus drive.
- Ten days left before finals begin.
- Five performances of "Dark of the Moon" left.
- This is the last issue of the Emerald for 1946.

It looks like fall term is about ready to be forgotten. And a good thing that is, too. Fall term is always an uncomfortable period of adjustment; freshmen have to be oriented, politicians have to lay their groundwork, professors have to size up their prospects, seniors have to include unwanted required courses in their schedules in order to have time for their last spring term busts on the banks of the Willamette, and everyone has to become accustomed to the Oregon weather.

Winter term is always much nicer. True, the rain may make you miserable but there will be so many interesting events you won't notice it.

Already there have been hints of the things to come. The pre-season basketball games indicate that the Duck team will be a winner. If the success of the Homecoming and sophomore dances is any forecast, the senior ball in January should be tremendous. And this affair will be followed by a full program of social activity: house dances galore, the Heart Hop, rally dances, the traditional military ball and so on. Concerts and plays will furnish more date material. The annual Dads Day activities are always something to look forward to. The Greeks already had a bloc meeting this week to discuss winter term politics; the freshman class election should prove much fun, and perhaps will show which way the wind is blowing. . . . Yes, indeed, winter term is promising.

In addition to the regularly scheduled activities, one can conjecture about possibilities. Who will be named Oregon's football coach? Will the housing situation improve? Will we get the promised traffic lights on Thirteenth street? Will rapid headway be made toward materialization of the student union? Would it be possible to abolish finals and otherwise improve our educational system? Will the Oregon state legislature act favorably toward the University's needs for bigger appropriations? Will veterans be given a raise in subsistence checks to parallel the rocketing cost of living? Will something be done about dormitory cafeteria food? Will the situation in the library improve?

. . . . And on the national scene: Will the UN settle in San Francisco, bringing world affairs closer to home? Will taxes be lowered? Will strikes continue to tie up the national economy? Will the U. S. clean up the loused up occupation of Germany? Will the 80th congress checkmate every move by the President? Will the nations continue to move toward the first dropped bomb of another world war?

Not only on the campus, but throughout the world, the coming winter months may well determine the course of many years to come. Perhaps during winter term we shall be able to discern some pattern, some meaning in the confusing conglomeration of events this year. Not without some skepticism, we look toward 1947 for some new reassurance that all the work of the past has not been without significance or benefit.

You cannot believe everything you hear, but you can repeat it.

Footprints on the sands of time are not made by sitting down.

And God Bless You All ... Christmas Sans Chaplains, Passes, Anticipated by Overseas Veterans

By BOB WHITELEY

There just ain't no doubt about it . . . this Christmas is going to be the happiest holiday that many of the Oregon students have had in five long years. For most of us it was a lean Christmas last year. A lot of the men were still in Sam's volunteer army, and were still looking at a foreign flagpole, topped with a foreign flag. There is nothing to compare with a Christmas spent in India . . . with its suffocating heat . . . trying to sing O Little Town of Bethlehem and Joy to the World . . . when you're halfway around the world from the Pacific coast. Some of us tried to sing "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" looking longingly westward while sitting on some infinitesimal hunk of coral and dreaming of fir trees instead of the monotony of cocoa palms and screaming monkeys.

For the married veterans who snatched a little happiness before they hit the high seas and wound up just another APO number, this will be the first real Christmas they've had. This will be the first time they'll be able to play Santa with the kids they're just getting to know. Turkey will be served piping hot out of the oven instead of a can . . . and it will be wonderful not to have some joker sign your pass for Christmas day off.

It didn't take long for us to get back in the swing of Oregon . . . fall term saw the flood break the gates, with an enrollment hitting 5600. Basically when you get right down to it, things haven't changed a bit. The campus hangouts are still in the spotlight when it comes to illegal pigging activities . . . the women still say, "wellll, I don't know" when you call up for a date three weeks ahead, and the more destitute men are frantically writing home to the folks for Christmas spending money.

Yes, this will be a swell Christmas . . . one that will be happy and gay for all of us. A map is just a map now . . . not a piece of paper that is longingly gazed at to see how far it is in statute miles to home. We'll have a real Christmas tree . . . not a palm tree, banyan tree or a shoe tree all dolled up trying to fool someone. Presents will be personally delivered this year, and the chaplain won't have to give out his jaw-breakers and Raleighs. A year can make so much difference for our whole perspective and attitudes.

Ol' Scrooge really had something when he grumbled . . . "the merriest of Christmas' to you all . . . and God bless you.

Teachers and Coal Miners

Eugene and the University of Oregon are honored this week in playing host to the Northwest Association of Secondary and Higher Schools. This gathering of educators is, potentially at least, a high-powered bunch. They, as much as any group, have the future of America in their chalk-dusty hands. What America and the world are tomorrow is what today's and tomorrow's citizens make it. These citizens will act and react as they have been taught—by educators.

Yesterday's Emerald carries a paragraph to the effect that this meeting is the first one since the war. That gives the educators a lot to catch up on. Things are a lot different now than they were in 1941, and they are growing more complex daily. With the exception of a few learned physicists, educated people had never heard of an atomic bomb in 1941. The Bomb was an imaginary weapon, featured in pulp "science" magazines. Now it is so real. The United States as the breadbasket of the world was not the grim reality five years ago that it is today. If the many new problems that have been heaped on top of the old ones are to be solved at all, it will be educated men who solve them, and the teachers will make the educated men.

It is reasonable to assume that if we are to become a better educated nation we must have better teachers to shepherd us along the paths of learning. It seems to us that one of the prime responsibilities of a group like that meeting in Eugene this week is to work toward improvements in teaching staffs. Unfortunately all they can do is recommend, but we hope they recommend with a vengeance. We hope they come out for decent salaries, salaries that will put teachers on an economic level with locomotive engineers, powder monkeys, longshoremen, and coal miners.

Telling the Editor

The campaign for the Basic School Support Fund reached a successful conclusion on Nov. 5. Your fine editorial comment on the bill was in no small measure responsible for the support by the public and we wish to express our sincere thanks for your part in making the success possible. . . .

May we express the hope your support of this program will continue until the legislation has made these gains permanent.
Mrs. Gladys P. George, Chairman.

About Resigning

Because of a personal financial problem I have been forced to reluctantly resign my position on your staff as news editor. I should like to take this opportunity of expressing to you and the Emerald my deep appreciation of the pleasant associations the Emerald has given me. Although I cannot continue my present job after the close of this term I intend to maintain a close contact with the Emerald and will assist it in its news-gathering functions in every way I can.

It has pained me to note that some members of your upper staff

have recently resigned and it further pains me that I am now forced to be included in that group. My inclusion in that group, however, is involuntary and I wish to assure you, the Emerald staff, and the University that it does not indicate a decline of my high regard for the Emerald. . . .

Herb Penny

. . . In my opinion this year's Emerald has disowned all of these principles (of collegiate journalism). Its editorial policy is immature and vacillating and its editorial opinions are often inflammatory and representative of the editor alone. . . . Since there is no indication that the efforts of myself or any other staff member, to place Emerald policy on a sound foundation, can succeed under the present editorship, and since, with sincerity, I cannot support the present policy, I am submitting my resignation.

Marilyn Sage
(Associate editor)

About the Emerald

. . . I have used several items from the Emerald in my lecture be-
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Banter

By LeJEUNE W. GRIFFITH
"Did you say teacups?"—(From Saturday Review of Literature personal column): Gentleman Adventurer desires unusual employment, or that of body-guard companion to wealthy young man. At home in the jungles of New York City; on land or at sea; with guns or teacups.

From Ambrose Bierce's Devil's Dictionary — Abstainer: A weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure. A total abstainer is one who abstains from everything but abstinence and especially from inactivity in the affairs of others. Eccentricity: A method of distinction so cheap that fools employ it to accentuate their incapacity. Witch: (1) An ugly and repulsive old woman, in a wicked league with the devil. (2) A beautiful and attractive young woman in wickedness a league beyond the devil.

The prolongation of life — The June, 1946 edition of Encore magazine contains the first English translation to appear in America of "The Prolongation of Life," by Dr. A. A. Bogomolets. This book reports that Russian scientists now believe human life may be expanded to 150 years and that serum ACS has been developed for the cure of infections and degenerative diseases. Dr. Bogomolets died in August before he was able to lengthen his own life through his experiments.

German occupation, American style—(As transmitted via Moloney's "Dirt Dish") "The Germans are not treated with gentle hands these days. When we needed room for quarters the boss simply notified a streetfull of families that they were moving out and would be gone from their homes inside of two hours. They were. I've no idea where they went, but the lady and English-speaking daughter who inhabited the place before we moved in begged to be allowed to return daily to use the kitchen. In return for this they offered to make the beds, clean the house, wash our clothes and teach me German. From our respective pedestals the four of us who now live at No. — signified our impartial approval, and such is now done.

"The division's been detailed as permanent occupation troops, and the word "permanent" is their word, not mine, although it probably applies to me. I don't like it because I have a yen to go home before they
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