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How Would a Woodchuck

Meteorologists may not agree, but we think the main reason Willamette valley weather is so capricious is a serious shortage of groundhogs. Anthony's "Field Book of North American Mammals" reports that some species of woodchuck is found in the Cascade range and quite a few live over in Eastern Oregon. But we've never seen one around Eugene.

As you know, there is a definite connection, established by legend and tradition, between groundhogs and weather and spring. On February 2 all woodchucks shudder out of hibernation, shoot the sun and decide whether or not spring is about due. If the little animal can see his shadow he makes a mad dash for his hole-in-the-ground and doesn't come out for six weeks. That means that spring is delayed for six whole weeks.

Can you imagine six more weeks of cold wind, gusts of icy rain, and the constant threat of snow? You can be poetic and say the sleet looks like mica sprinkled on the sidewalks or snow looks like stardust in your girl's hair . . . uh huh, but have you tried starting your motor on a cold morning?

* * *

Now back East things were different. There are a lot of groundhogs in New Jersey. When we were kids we used to hide up in an old apple tree and watch them take sun baths on the old mossy planks near the horse stables. They were fat little animals who waddled when they nosed around for food. 'Course we'd watch for them on February 2. If it was a cloudy day sure 'nuff come the middle of March we'd be finding handfuls of dogtooth violets down by the brook. All the old grey leftovers of snow in the shady hollows would be gone and tender new grass would welcome the colts to the pasture.

* * *

Naturally, it was all the doing of the woodchucks. And if you don't believe it, well, just ask Uncle Remus or maybe your granddad. They know.

* * *

Something really should be done about this weather. We suggest that some public spirited citizen import a couple of groundhogs and keep them on the campus. A few woodchuck holes wouldn't look bad in the lawn around Deady or Villard—be perfectly appropriate.

. . . Wouldn't it be wonderful if spring really came in six weeks?

GPA vs. Education

Like Reader Freauff Friday, the Emerald deplores the archaic grading system that measures students by GPA. The editorial Wednesday used the fresh-out-of-high school illustration to point up the main fallacy of the present grading system. It grades the amount of success a given student achieves when working toward a given goal when that goal is a letter grade and the tools are neatly laid out for him. Period.

The Emerald has always held that it is a combination of all the forms of knowledge and intellectual experience, the things Mr. Freauff says can't be measured by GPA, that make an educated person.

One of the basic concepts of the traditional university is that educated, or at least people capable of being educated, go there to develop ideas and to learn to study. What they study and the grades they get should be of minor importance. In the traditional sense of the word, many a veteran who went back to the farm innocent of any book learning, may be called an educated man.

No reasonable man would detract from those people who

Toward One World...

No Longer 'La Belle...' France Described by Returned Professor

By ONE WORLD CLUB

(Editor's note: The following article was written by Dr. Carl Johnson, assistant professor of Romance languages. Dr. Johnson visited France last summer as a guest of the French government which had invited 50 American college professors and 35 high school teachers of French. Only four came from west of the Mississippi; these represented Washington State college, University of California, Fresno State college, and the University of Oregon.)

In thinking of France today, one must keep in mind that in 1940, she was invaded, defeated, and occupied by the Nazi army. About two million foreign soldiers lived in the French cities, controlled all French industry and commerce, took the food, clothing, household articles, living quarters, luxuries, and whatever else they needed or wanted.

The requirements of the Nazi army were filled first. The French people got what was left. Then in June, 1944, the Allied Forces invaded France. Cities along the coast of Normandy and Brittany were heavily bombed for weeks before D-Day—Le Havre, Brest, Lorient, and many smaller places. Bridges, railroad stations, factories, harbor installations—anything that could be of value or help to the Germans was destroyed by the French and the Allies. Anything that might be useful to the Allies was flattened by the Nazis.

Little Bitterness

To my surprise, there was very little bitterness toward the Allies for the damage done by them. But the resentment toward the Nazis was deep and burning. At LeHavre, however, I was told that the French will not permit an American flier in the city. Infantry soldiers, sailors, or marines are welcomed there, but not aviators. The heart of the city from the harbor to the downtown railroad station two miles away was bombed and leveled like a desert.

It looks as if a giant rock crusher had gone through the city and ground it to dust. A temporary iron pontoon dock reached out into the bay. There is no custom house, no cranes for loading or unloading ships, no trains to haul passengers and cargo to Paris.

We stood on the dock and patched porters unload our baggage by hand. Some looked up at us and made signs that they wanted a cigarette. We showered them down like snow. But very few of the porters picked up more than two or three.

Dead City

The whole city of LeHavre seemed dead. Many of the houses around the outskirts appeared unhurt, but on approaching them, we found very few without broken windows, cracked walls, falling roofs, or burned out interiors. The railroad station would be a miserable place during a rain. When we left the port city it was a relief to get into the country where there was less evidence of the war, less obvious suffering, more of the things we have seen in better years.

We went straight to Paris and friends took us to the Cite Universitaire where we got single rooms with hot water every Saturday, one blanket, no sheets, no pillows, no curtains, now towels, no soap. The Nazis had been there during the four years of occupation.

Paris Lost

We felt like going to bed but we had to see Paris first. We took the Metro to the Place de l'Opera, and as we came out on the square we knew so well, we thought we were lost. There were no bright lights, no one on the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix, very few people on the sidewalks, no taxis honking, very little noise. We had in our simplicity expected the gay night life of Paris in the twenties and thirties.

We walked up the Rue de la Madeleine and picked out a cafe where we might sit and wait for something to happen. We were the only customers. There was no garcon. Instead, a waitress watched as we took a table and sat down. We hardly knew how to call her. It would hardly be appropriate to say "Garcon" as we had in the past. It was hard to order "Mademoiselle" around. But that is part of French life today. Girls and women are doing the work of men. If you go up to a policeman to inquire about something or other, you will probably discover that he is either a boy with hardly a beard at all, or a man past middle-age with white stubble on his wrinkled face.

We went back to the Cite Universitaire. All the teachers were sitting around talking. Each one had gone where he pleased and come back with his own story. But all boiled down to the same simple fact—France had changed; Paris was not the same. One young man walked over to the stage in the ballroom, sat down at the piano and played with one finger, "Home Sweet Home."

(Conclusion next week)



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"Come, dear . . . don't let him see that you care"

Telling the Editor

ABOUT ISA

I would like to take this opportunity to thank publicly the nearly one hundred students who gave their time, their energy and their enthusiasm to the Independent campaign of Art Johnson and Donna Gericke in the recent Freshman elections, and to congratulate them on a job well done.

Also, I want to clarify some of the statements and misunderstandings related to the campaign. In an editorial January 29, it was stated that the Independents in an Emerald advertisement "screamed 'Freshmen—don't be fooled'" and through posters "exposed" the fact that the A.S.A. is the new name of the Greek bloc.

I wish to assure you, Mrs. Wright, we were not "screaming," nor did we feel that we were "exposing" anything. Rather, we wished to make known a change of name of the opposition which, with the exception of a single editorial, received no publicity.

This change apparently came after the nominations, because both Jim Bocchi and Jeannine Maccaulay were nominated at the freshman nominating assembly as Greek party candidates. The next morning they were being advertised as Affiliated Students' association candidates. We feel this sudden change of name immediately before the election was a deliberate attempt by the Greek bloc to confuse the A.S.A. with the I.S.A. in the minds of the students.

We hope we're wrong in feeling that the Greek bloc's change of name was political expediency, but attempt of the A.S.A. to publicize its meetings and membership, and become a democratic organization.

Clay Myers

I.S.A. campaign manager
freshman elections

do make good grades while pursuing their education. Most of these students get their education and the grades follow as a matter of course.

But as we said before, grades are inaccurate at best, and the degree to which the University comes of age may one day be measured by the degree to which it can free itself of the GPA fetish.

To build a reputation of the highest caliber takes many years of conscientious work on the part of entire student-body, but only a few words or a single act committed out of turn may completely jeopardize such a reputation.—Barometer

Life can be like the weather when bright sunny days remove the memories of dark rainy days. Thus we can remember the beautiful parts of our lives and forget the dull, unhappy days.—Ind. Student.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army.—Edward Everett