

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## A. Lincoln: 1809-1865

Today it is customary for the press to carry Lincoln editorials, the public schools to re-read the Gettysburg address, and the journalism students to gee-whiz over the 21-deck headline the New York Herald ran on April 15, 1865.

A few will recall that in 1850 Abe Lincoln turned down President Taylor's offer of the governorship of the Oregon Territory, mainly at his wife's insistence. She was a shrew.

Cartoonists on some papers will show the statue of "Honest Abe" washing its hands of the country for the "mess the New Deal made of things."

Politicians will use their "Lincoln Day" speeches to plug their latest bids for approval. Their packages will be offered in a wrapping of the American flag and praise of the great man.

There is Lincoln, the legend, the brooding man in the White House who stayed the execution of privates and sent sharp telegrams to generals, Lincoln the railsplitter, the martyr.

The legend is in the fabric of our history and our folklore and yet it is no less great than Lincoln, the man. He is credited with possessing uncommon physical strength and sharpness of wit. His endowment in these respects was probably somewhat greater than that of the common man of the Lincoln legend.

In his exuberant youth he is said to have played a monumental joke after his neighborhood's biggest double wedding. The attendants who guided the wrong grooms into the wrong boudoirs kept mum as to who had bribed them, but biographers sheepishly admit that circumstantial evidence pointed to "Honest Abe."

Much has been written of the man who promised on his second inauguration, "with malice toward none, with charity for all . . . to bind up the nation's wounds." The University library has a room full of books about Lincoln.

Millard Lampell opens Earl Robinson's "The Lonesome Train" like this . . .

"The long war was over, and the tall man with the sad eyes and the stooping shoulders was tired. And so, one night he did what everybody likes to do sometimes when they're tired. He went to a show. He went down to Ford's theater in Washington town and he sat in a box, and it was a number one box because he was a pretty big man . . ."

## Where Credit Is Due

Sometimes we reflect sadly that much good work on behalf of the students and the University goes unnoticed. Usually, those students who do the most good, who give their time and talents most unselfishly, have little time left to beat their own drums.

This is why we are particularly happy with the Class of '48 and their president, Bob Daggett, for their appointment of Jeanne Simmonds as vice-president.

The importance of the position may be negligible insofar as it contributes to the well-being of the University. But being vice-president of a class is an honor—especially when that vice-president is chosen from petitions on the basis of merit rather than elected under the sometimes dubious political aspects of class elections.

We consider this appointment of Miss Simmonds, then, as due recognition of her past services to the University as a member of the Emerald staff, as a worker on numerous committees, and as a member of Phi Theta Upsilon, the junior service honorary.

Two lads from McChesney hall inform us that it is common knowledge on the campus that a contest to name the successor to Puddles was held by the Webfooters. They want to know what happened to Puddles! We wonder too . . .

## Oration for Peace...

# Rex Gunn's Prize-Winning Speech Stresses Action for Peaceful World

(Editor's note: This "Oration on Peace" by Rex Gunn won first place in the recent state peace contests sponsored by the Intercollegiate Forensic Association of Oregon. The prize of \$50 contributed by Ruth L. Reimann, president of the Reimann Furniture Mfg. Co. of Salem. Gunn is a sophomore in liberal arts.)

By REX GUNN

It is not unusual to give a speech on peace. Never before has there been so much talk on peace. The speeches continue usually from the time our friends are just newly dead to the time for choosing sides in preparation for the succeeding war. Then they fall out of vogue, the new war rages, and the cycle begins again.

Such a cycle has just ended. Blood has hardly dried in the sands at Saipan, in the soil of Normandy. Now we are in the era of peace, the era of speeches on peace. Speeches on peace fill our newspapers and flood our radios. From the rostrum of the United Nations Security Council in New York to a sleepy conversation in a taxi cab in San Francisco; from a fashionable bar in the Loop in Chicago to a quiet farm in Oregon, the by-word is peace. Everyone talks about it, apparently wants it. But there is seldom anyone who knows exactly what it is.

Is this elusive peace an ideal or an obtainable goal? What kind of a world must we have to get it: a utopia or the world about us?

If to have peace will require a utopia, then we will do well to assign all speeches on peace as mere exercises in rhetoric. But if we seek a peace, not in an ideal

world, but in this one, then let our speeches show a way that it may be obtained, not in some far distant future, but here, now, for us.

Up to this time, peace has never been looked upon as an obtainable goal. For example, there was the idea of universal love of mankind. Christ rose up in Nazareth almost 2000 years ago and gave us that way. It has been held as an ideal by millions but only a few have attempted to practice it. Centuries later came the concept of the League of Nations. People in every nation cheered but when it came time to put the ideal into practice, we in this country refused to enter the League and of those nations which did enter, several soon walked out. Then there was the attempt to legalize peace. The Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact outlawed war in 1928 and stamped it a social criminal. Sixty-three nations signed that pact. But there was no power back of the signatures. Peace was left on an idealized plane, so the social criminal came back, stigma and all, less than a dozen years later.

In each of these instances, it was easy to pay lip homage to an ideal but too difficult to translate that ideal into practical action. Here, somewhere in the sky was peace, the ideal. Somewhere about here was man, living on earth, mouthing the ideal, but motivating war.

If we are to have a real peace, we must stop our intellectualizing about it, and DO something about it. We must step down from the abstract ideational plane and be willing to act for peace. What, specifically, can we do?

(To be continued Thursday)

## Telling the Editor

### ABOUT THE BAND

I am writing this note, knowing that it is likely to be a complete waste of my time; nevertheless it should be written. I have been told that the Emerald criticized the band for not appearing at last Sunday night's rally and made various suggestions regarding same. Such a statement is completely in accord with Emerald policy as I have found it to be for the past fifteen years—namely, to run off at the mouth first and then, if ever, ascertain the facts. This policy would not disturb me in the least except for the possibility of various high school students throughout the state reading your juvenile rag and forming opinions accordingly.

Here are the facts of the case: if the same percentage of bandmen as other students attended the rally, there would have been a five or six-piece band there. Evidently you people have not yet realized that this University has undergone a change in the past few years and high school activities no longer intrigue a very large part of the student body. This is particularly true of the band, a great many of the members of which are married and not in the slightest interested in today meaningless affairs such as Sunday night rallies. It might further interest you to know that there are many bandmen on this campus who will not play in the band simply because in the years preceding the war they had enough of the wading in the mud at games, attending rallies ad infinitum and ad nauseum, and generally contributing a considerable amount of their time without any reward for same. We have no difficulty whatsoever in maintaining a good concert band—as good as any on the coast; the difficulty arises in interesting students in the "lunatic" activities such as Sunday night rallies, etc.

In this particular case, some girl asked me on Friday afternoon at 4 p.m. whether or not the band could appear Sunday night. My answer was "No" and I explained to this girl as I have explained to countless rally committees that the band rehearses on Monday, Wednesday, and Tuesday, Thursday, and unless we are notified of affairs by 4 p.m. on Wednesday it is impossible to contact the bandmen. So you will see

that the band's not appearing at the rally was not, as your somewhat less than bright writer stated, due to the unwillingness of the authorities of the School of Music to cooperate.

In the future I would appreciate your NEVER mentioning the band in the Emerald if you are unable to check on stories before they appear and, at the same time give us credit for what we do contribute. For example, last Friday night 55 members of the Concert Band gave up their evening to give a concert for the March of Dimes in Cottage Grove. Has this item appeared in the Emerald, or is such activity beneath the mention of such a metropolitan sheet as yours.

In some colleges and universities it appears to be the function of the school newspaper to aid campus activities as much as possible. For the past fifteen years the total contribution of the Emerald to the building of the band has been negative.

John H. Stehn.

Editor's note: We respectfully request Mr. Stehn to "ascertain the facts" before he—er—uh—makes comments:

1. The Emerald's sports editor's comment in "Duek Tracks" (Emer-

ald, February 4) was devoid of malicious intent; he suggested that a band, more than any other single item, could make rallies successful and asked, "How about a little help here, musicians?"

2. The statement that for the past fifteen years the Emerald's contribution to the building of the band has been negative is simply inaccurate:

a. In January, 1945, Mr. Stehn asked the Emerald to conduct a campaign to enlist more musicians for a band to play at basketball games. The Emerald published several stories and an editorial urging students to join the band. In addition, the Emerald's managing editor and news editor joined the band with their trumpet and clarinet. As a result of the Emerald's campaign 13 students joined the band, without whom there would have been no music at basketball games.

(Please turn to page seven)

### DANCING

Saturday  
Nights  
to  
Art Holman's  
Orchestra

### Willamette Park

Ph. — Springfield 326

### PLANNING YOUR HOME?

If you're wearing a decoration on your third finger, left hand, our modern heavy, casual china will mean much in your life.

Don't miss the soft blue-band dubonnet, our answer to simple living. It's beautiful!

## The Gift Shop

Next to the Rex theatre