

And Everybody Went on Drinking

'Winnie' Offers Old Formula--Courage and Iron

By Hal Boyle

NEW YORK — (AP) — The vaudeville act ended, and the face of a war veteran flashed on the television screen in a small sidestreet bar.

The voice was as before. But it was the first time they had seen his face as he talked. The cruel television lights wiped out any wrinkles in the plump face but Winston Churchill showed his 74 years.

"He looks old and tired," said a man at the bar.

"(Even in this darkling hour I have faith . . ." said Churchill.) And as the old hero blew a triple

bugle call—a hope for peace, a warning against Russian aims, a stand-ready for action—they talked of him, these men at the bar.

They spoke of him, probably, as men were speaking across the sea in the pubs of England. They spoke with affection, old loyalty and fresh doubt. For they had hoped he would bring up an easy formula. And all he offered was the mixture as before—courage and iron morality.

"Life is a test and this world a place of trial," said this bluntest-spoken English statesman since Shakespearean times.)

"He is the one guy in the world who is trying to get me back in a khaki suit," complained a curly-haired veteran of the Pacific war, younger than his mustache. "I love him for what he did in wartime. But the world has



"WINNIE ARRIVES in Boston for his speech. (AP Wirephoto)

passed him by."

"(War is not inevitable," said the white face on the screen.)

"Yes," said a veteran of the north African campaign. "He stands for an age that is dying. He's a medicine man—the last orator. But at least he looks different from Joe DiMaggio on television. That's something. If television had more entertainers like him the movies would die quicker."

(From the screen came the sound of applause. Churchill had scored.)

"What'd he say?" mumbled a drunk. "What're they clapping for? I missed it."

"Ask my wife," said the man next to him. "She's a communist."

"Oh, I'm a communist, am I?" the wife shrieked. "I am not! What is freedom? The important thing is tolerance, and Churchill isn't preaching tolerance in this speech."

"(We seek nothing from Russia but goodwill and fair play," said Churchill, and there was more applause—from the screen.

mor applause — from the screen.)

The husband and wife didn't hear him. They had forgotten the war, Russia, and world peace. They were arguing about the usual things married people argue about—themselves.

The young Irishman behind the bar, a combat veteran of Pearl Harbor and the Pacific jungles, moved toward the television set.

"I shouldn't have turned this program on," he said. "Where there's smoke there's fire—and there's smoke at this bar. But I'm a Churchill fan, and I wanted to hear him."

He nodded toward the young man with the moustache at the end of the bar.

"I believe in this hands across the sea stuff," said the barkeep. "And I'd rather wear a khaki suit again than a red suit. Russia breeds on guys afraid to fight for what they believe."

He twisted the dials to a new program. It was a roller skating derby. And everybody went on drinking. And some may have been thinking.

An Old, Old Story

She Was S-o-o-o Very Sorry-- Should Have Told Him Before

By Hank Kane

The best girls are taken first, and the laggard admirer hears "Sorry, but I'm going steady . . ." for the first time.

He stakes his claim against all trespassers. The first good-natured smile changes the passive, distant admiration to first-name friendship. He makes a mental note to some day

tell the mutual friend the importance of what she considered a routine introduction.

He discovers with excited wonder that she is not merely another lipstick-smeared, sweater-stuffed coed, but the gentle personification of everything commendable in women.

But he doesn't tell her in emotion-paced words his sense of idealized desire and humbleness at his good fortune.

Instead, he cautions himself: "Go slow, this may be a false alarm. Her smile that tears you apart may be but a compliment freely given to every new friend, and nothing more. Yet the way she seemingly hangs on your every word, the smile of pleasant anticipation . . ."

With difficulty he continues the small talk by which two young people learn to know each other the first time they meet. He speaks with seeming casualness, meticulously polishing each phrase before delivery to arrive at a balance between self-defeating eagerness and overdone disinterest.

When he overstays his time in the lounge, the understanding and indulgent housemother puts him at ease by telling how she always has to explain the rules to the boys the first time.

He thinks that she expects him to spend many future evenings in the lounge. The thought is comforting, yet disquieting, for he wonders if he has unintentionally revealed his secret to her experienced observation.

"Oh well," he rationalizes, "It's an old story to housemothers."

After they agree to a coke date for the following evening, he plans the schedule as precisely as an army officer drawing up orders for a troop movement.

First, there would be the actual part of the coke date. They would sit in a booth and try to hear each other over the noise of the blaring juke-box and the chatter and laughter of other couples.

Then, after a suitable interval, he would suggest that they get away from the crowd, and she would be willing.

The cool evening air would allow him the excuse to draw her close to sense the perfume of her presence, the touch of her knee and her hand resting in his.

They would park near the campus about an hour before closing time and continue the innocuous conversation that conceals what people would like to say but as yet could not.

She would be compliant and yielding when he finally drew her to him and rested his face against her cheek, his lips barely touching her neck, and his hand stroking her hair.

They would then kiss, not in a sensual desire for wet, ardent lips, but in unvoiced understanding of mutual respect and awakening affection.

Promptly on the hour he arrived at the house, pretending to ignore the automatic appraisal of the couples in the lounge.

She soon descended the stairs and in reply to his offhand question as to whether she was ready, motioned him to an unoccupied corner.

The strained conversation that followed left him with a feeling of psychic nausea. She had been dating a boy for some time who had disliked learning that she had been seen with someone else. Therefore, she would have to break this date and was sorry to have caused this misunderstanding by not telling him before.

"Forget it, I should have asked in the first place."

Cutting her short, he leaves the house, his face a pleasant noncommittal mask.

Alone in his room, he stares into a mirror and says: "It serves you right for losing your head."

An Editorial

SOAR

A student, Stephen Talbot, proposed in a letter appearing on this page yesterday that a chapter of Students' Organization for Academic Rights be formed on this campus.

We agree with Mr. Talbot that the recent firings of professors at the University of Washington and Oregon State indicate the possibility of a serious wave of "witch-hunting" on American college campuses.

However, we question seriously the wisdom of bringing SOAR to the Oregon campus.

SOAR and similar organizations have a habit of attracting mostly persons of left-wing views, often end up being "captured" by communists, and rarely stick to their avowed purposes.

It is our belief that the problem of academic freedom is one which must be studied honestly by all intelligent students, professors, and college administrators; not just a few members of the "lunatic fringe."

Therefore, we suggest that the problem of academic freedom be presented instead before the various discussion groups already established on the campus, at informal living organization "bull sessions," and in classroom discussions.

In this way, we feel, the problem can be given adequate hearings without the danger of becoming a weapon whereby a small group could foster bitterness and hatred at a time when American education needs cooperation, understanding, and unity.

One World or Two?

Churchill's Speech, Atlantic Pact Complete Rift With Russia?

By Bud Hurst

The split is final, complete and absolute. It seems a shame to start a brand new type of column with such a statement but there is no other news of recent weeks which is so important or will affect so many people. What then, does this statement mean?

We refer to the rift between the Communist people of the world and those who believe in, and live by, the doctrines of socio-democracy. It is a chasm which has widened by fits and starts over the past five years. The last two bridges have collapsed in the last two weeks.

THE ATLANTIC Pact was made public on the 19th of March and Winston Churchill spoke in Boston Thursday night. The nations of the "West" are solidly aligned in a mutual defense agreement and the most perceptive statesman of our generation has made it known that he sees no chance for reconciliation with the Soviet Union.

The next question is, "Where does that leave us?" It's hard to say but a few things are obvious. At least the picture is clear and a good many people are a lot less indecisive than they were last month.

In other words, we all know where we stand and can go on from there to either war or peace. At last we have found a working base on which we can construct effective counter measures for the actions, teachings, edicts and philosophy of Russia and the Cominform.

THAT BASE is unity of purpose and unity of ideal and unlike 1914 and 1938, it is a solid one.

Does it mean war or peace? It's hard to tell. It reminds us, however, of a fable they are telling all over the world.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who lived near a big forest. The little boy heard that on the other side of the big forest there was a land where nobody got into fights with each other and everyone had plenty of everything. The little boy was afraid, deathly afraid of the dark forest but he decided one day to try and walk through it to the wonderful land on the other side. Off he went, apprehensive but eager.

WHEN HE WAS about half-way through the forest a big snake bit him and he turned around and ran home as fast as he could go. Home was safe at least, even if it wasn't as nice as the land on the other side of the forest. So he stayed there for the next twenty years.

As he grew into manhood he couldn't keep from dreaming about that peaceful land beyond the forest, nor could he forget the fierce animals that lived in the forest. He resolved to try the trip again, however, and this time a big tiger jumped at him and instead of going on, the young man ran back to his home. He was still afraid of the forest.

AFTER HE had been home a few years he became a little ashamed of himself. "Why was I afraid?" he asked himself. "I was stronger and smarter than the tiger and if I had gone on I would be living in that wonderful land right now."

So he set out on the third trip and when he met a big black bear he stood his ground and showed that he wasn't afraid and the bear looked at him for a minute and then ran away to hide and the young man went on to the peaceful land. He has lived there happily ever since and is not afraid of anything any longer.

On the 19th of March, 1949, we started our third trip through the forest.

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