

Oregon Emerald

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays...

PAUL DEUTSCHMANN, Editor
BILL PENGRA, Managing Editor
HAL HAENER, Manager
DICK LITFIN, Assistant Business Manager

Upper business staff: Jean Farrens, national advertising manager; Bert Strong, circulation manager; J. Bob Penland, classified manager.

Represented for national advertising by NATIONAL ADVERTISING SERVICE, INC., college publishers' representatives, 420 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Nobody Wants War!

THIS year, more than any other since the World war, is a year which needs a strong protest against war. It is a year that has seen the United States embark upon a billion dollar rearmament policy...

PACIFISTIC groups meet all over the country. There is the Emergency Peace committee, the Youth Committee Against War, the War Resisters league, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom...

They sponsor advertising campaigns, programs, speakers; they print pamphlets, distribute handbills, march with banners. They call for action against war. They call for a program. They say we must act. But somehow, these many peace organizations remain disorganized and localized...

What Other Editors Believe

GOLDFISH AND SISSIES Not long ago a Harvard student, eager to vindicate the general devil-may-care spirit of youth (and incidentally to win \$10) swallowed a live goldfish. This gesture is a reassuring one. It proves that the pioneer spirit still lives, and also that today's college students, like those of yore, will do almost anything for \$10.

FROM CROW TO ANGLE WORMS Publicity-hungry Oregon State college has found a new way to make the headlines. One student, more zealous in the chase for elusive fame than choice in his selection of foods, crashed headlong onto many a front page when he ate 139 angle worms.

The Calliope!!!!

By BILL CUMMINGS You and you and you are no doubt suppressing a shudder as these lines are glimpsed again under the battle-worn caption, "The Calliope," but the editorial department of the Emerald has reached into the ashecan and hauled out the mud-spattered heading at the top of this column for a good reason.

Webster defines "calliope" as an instrument for the letting off of steam. So far this department has lived up to that definition to the "u". Steam was let off in great style last spring when the Calliope brought the wrath of the politicians down upon the editorial heads of the Emerald.

Already, the campus medicine men are starting their annual hullabaloo. Time grows short, and much must be done to make sure that the wheels of the traditional gray train roll smoothly. But at the start the going seems to be rough.

Jim Pickett, ATO, has forged into the lead as the most plausible candidate for Junior class prexy. Art Hannifin, Sigma Chi, apparently had his aspirations blasted by Sederstrom's ASUO plans, and Fiji Stan Staiger is out of the running because he is a class president this year.

Round 'n' About

with WEN BROOKS

I suppose all of us have at some time or other in our lives found it expedient or desirable . . . perhaps both . . . to place our lips upon the lips of some other person. How well I remember the first time I ever kissed a girl of reasonable years!

Well, she didn't go right in as I had hoped she wouldn't. But I hadn't had an awful lot of experience in such situations . . . the pretty girl and the glorious night . . . so I just sort of waited. After what seemed to be hours a rather pained expression came over her face . . . as though I might be standing on her feet but I knew I wasn't because I was looking right at mine.

And then it happened! So suddenly I didn't even have time to catch my breath and the door was closing and all I could do was a feeble Mickey Rooney and beat it for home, feeling like I was flying instead of running as I happened to be. I'd actually kissed a girl! Maybe it hadn't exactly been my fault but I didn't mind that! Boy!

Now whatever started all this? Oh yes, I was going to talk about the evils of kissing . . . or was I? Darn, I sure get mixed up!

But that's beside the point. Got a letter from one of my readers the other day, and it's sure nice to hear from your public! Well, the guy . . . excuse me . . . gentleman, informed me I was all wet. He was nice about it, though, insinuating I might only be a little damp so I don't mind. At any rate, JACK BRYANT IS NOT LONESOME. I'd heard that he was but what's hearsay?

Jack also tells me Ruth Holbrook, Marjorie Buck, Lila Heldberg, and Betty Funkhouser are among the Oregon transfers now attending Eastern Oregon normal. Most of them want to be teachers, Jack says, but cupid has a queer way of disrupting plans at times. Jack hopes to be back here at Oregon next fall . . . will perhaps be down for Junior weekend.

Most of us drop into the Side occasionally and see Newt and Mrs. Smith who are going on their tenth year at that establishment. And we see a good many students there . . . the girls in blue . . . and the boys behind the fountain . . . but I darsay we don't know many of the students' names.

Most recent addition to the Side's fountain staff is Bob Berghen, Fiji pledge. And there's Bruce MacIntosh, Paul Christensen, Jack Young, and Steve Winquist . . . all serving their time out front. Bob Littleton and Bob Norris both work in the back room. And, of course, there's the boy with the drawl and the dancing feet we call "Tex"

SIDE SHOW . . .

By GORDON RIDGEWAY Americans are finding themselves confronted now more than ever since the last great world conflict with the issue of what stand to take in respect to foreign diplomacy. It is evident that they must adopt one or the other of two alternatives—either they must pursue as best they can a policy of neutrality based upon principles of isolation, or they must join the other so-called democratic nations in formulating the defenses offered through collective security.

Flash! I feel better now . . . someone actually planted their pin on a coed which gives me new life and hope . . . the boy, Jim Broad, Beta transfer from Washington State . . . the girl Francella "Dolly" Oliver . . . a veritable blonde menace, I hear!

Oh, yes . . . meant to tell you, rather warn you . . . there's definitely going to be another GREEN GOOSE this year. I don't suppose there'll be much in it. Nothing ever happens around the campus.

Well, I'm about winded for today. Besides, I don't feel very well . . . it's not Bob's cooking, either . . . just that everything seems to be going wrong. And to top it all someone suggests I write a column of advice to freshmen . . . as if they needed any!

And another kindly soul comes along and reminds me that no matter how bad my troubles may seem, just think of the other millions in the world who are in much worse shape! Just think of the poor American college boys who have to subsist on angleworms and goldfish! I'd rather not.

agreements or only tacitly to support such a scheme.

The direction to be taken will probably be indicated by congress within the next month when the two chambers take up the problem of enforcing a system of embargoes on trade with aggressor nations or of directing business to a "cash and carry policy" with all nations alike.

If America will only remember that, perhaps the best decision will be available through clear and orderly procedure. But even now, colored news reports are abundant in thousands of sheets run off presses in almost every corner of the world. The public goes to see Mickey Mouse, and it gets a picture of some motion picture tycoon shaking hands with the deposed leader of some small European state recently taken under a "protectorate."

This procedure has led us to one decision—instead of throwing in with the bund organizations, the American Legion, or any of the groups who command that America be kept out of foreign wars, we are going to inaugurate a brand new organization.

Our slogan: Let's Keep the Bats Out of the Public Belfry. Eligibility: Presentation of five good examples of the wool used for eye-pulling-over.

(Note: The membership requirements are made particularly low in order to facilitate rapid organization.)

The Show-Off

Turnabout! . . . Some two years ago, the heads of CBS passed the word down the line that a certain announcer was to be given all the tough assignments. The idea being to ease him off the payroll. That man was H. V. Kaltenborn. Today he is one of the highest salaried men in radio and certainly CBS's top foreign commentator.

Waxworks! . . . Larry Clinton and company have waxed a tune that will go well at any exchange dessert. Easy to dance to is "Over the Rainbow" on Victor. On the other side is "The Jitterbug" from M-G-M's "The Wizard of Oz."

Hopes! . . . Every once in a while a song from some college musical hits Big Ten rating. A few years ago it was Princeton's "East of the Sun"—last year "When I Go A-Dreaming" was right up there—and this season it seems to be Yale's "Here We Go Again."

Author! . . . Perhaps you read the charming article in the current Liberty called "Hollywood Treated Me Like a Lepet" and supposedly written by Elaine Barrymore. It was actually written by the Hollywood correspondent for the Boston Globe, Mayme Ober Peak.

Bluenoses! . . . Movie censor trouble usually means double box office attraction. Warner's "Yes, My Darling Daughter" is doing wonderfully well since New York bluenoses started fooling around.

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A Real Queen---Is Maxine

She was normal about the whole thing last night, was Queen-elect Maxine Glad, just after being told she had won her race.

All the usual adjectives fitted her state of mind, as ought to be when one has just won one of the most coveted honors which can fall to a University of Oregon girl in her college career.

She's Level-Headed About It

But she was level-headed about it at the same time. "It's no use to say it's exciting, because everyone knows that," was the way she disposed of the "thrilled to death"—for publication idea. "But I can't get used to it."

She's Got 'Umph,' Too

As for the vital statistics department, Maxine Queen Alice is not so tall, 5 feet 3 1/2 inches, to be exact, and manages to tip the beam at 110 pounds. Her hair she classified as "brown," but she didn't classify a pair of upsetting blue eyes. At the age of 20 she still wears only her own pin, by choice. Her major is English, although it used to be journalism. A town girl and member of Alpha Phi sorority, she pronounced herself "a pillar of Eugene."

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