

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Coeds Look at a War

A college campus might be defined in one sense as a "group of people living together in an artificial world all their own, where the immediate problems of studying and social contacts cast most of the important crises of the outer world into a shadow of unreality." It is unusual then when a campus organization—particularly a coed group—comes out with a material contribution to a disaster in that "outer world." The organization was the Associated Women Student council . . . and the contribution is \$30 to be donated to British war relief for use to buy three cots for English babies in the air raid shelters.

Such action produces a startling train of thought. The war is becoming closer and closer to home. The conscription, which directly affected a large percentage of male Webfoots and in an indirect way a large number of coeds, was the big-scale step that changed the war from something to provide good reading over the morning coffee to a war with a personal angle.

THE step of the AWS council does not, it would appear, indicate that the University is becoming more strongly pro-British. It does not indicate that the large percentage of anti-war believers famous on the Oregon campus have changed their minds. It does not mean that we believe it is America's fight, even now.

It seems to be only an indication of a realization by University students that there is the fiercest war the world has ever known now in progress . . . and that there is suffering and disaster that follows in its wake. Americans are full of humanitarian principles . . . and Oregon coeds, just as thousands of others all over the country are doing, made a contribution to relief for suffering, not to war itself.—H.A.

The Broadcaster's Serenade

THE American public certainly is well informed—I just jumped at that conclusion after dodging, or I should say trying to dodge, ten news broadcasters on my radio.

The people in other countries are forced to get their news through an official newspaper and thereby get only one side of it. They listen only to a few special news flashes, but not so we Americans. We have 976 news commentators on the air by courtesy of 976 advertisers to tell us that Mussolini piddled while Athens spurned. We must be well informed at any cost, even if every news commentator does say practically the same thing.

Usually at night when I come home I enjoy settling down beside the radio and working with some kind of a musical background. It does not hinder my concentration, but the minute a speaker starts I can no longer study. Never has there been a night that I could study for much longer than half an hour without having to get up and turn the radio off some behind the headlines or Hollywood gossip reporter.

It seems that my static inhaler is infested with these fast-talking, ear-splitting reporters, but I know that others are experiencing the same thing. A friend of mine in Chicago recently told me that he could tune some kind of a news broadcast at every hour of the day from 6 a.m. to 12 p.m.

I recently counted 1101 special news broadcasts listed in one of the national radio magazines. This did not include 12 or more special network programs and about as many special Hollywood gossip reporters.

Perhaps it will be charged that this is a tirade by a newspaperman against the newspaper's competitor—the radio. Perhaps it is, but a newspaper can be read whenever convenient. Furthermore, a new edition isn't pushed before you every half hour.

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen this is Tommy Rot bringing you the latest news of the day through the courtesy of Big Ben your local plumber . . ." have become familiar words to every American radio owner.

Americans are great people, they must have something to do, some fad to follow. First it was yo-yo, then miniature golf, jig-saw puzzles, and "Confucius say" . . . now it is a new game called "Can You Take It" or "Dodging the News Broadcasters."—L.N.

Biography in Crisis

By J. PARKE

If it is a prerequisite for aspiring leaders who wish to join the "new European order" to have spent some time in prison or exile, then Premier-General Ion Antonescu of Rumania, too, is well qualified.

For only three days after his release from prison, September 5, 1940, Antonescu was made premier by King Carol II. Not only was parliament dissolved and the constitution abolished, but Iron Guardist and other pressures forced Hohenzollern Carl II to leave, as well.

Assuming the ministries of war, armaments, navy, and interior to himself, Premier Antonescu started his rule with the intention of establishing a broad national government, with a strong army flavor and in which all parties and the Iron Guard were represented.

Among his first acts were the lifting of the press censorship and the cancellation of extraordinary police measures which had been in effect under Carol. But to smooth over the difficulties caused by Rumania's territorial losses to Hungary proved not easy. In the spirit of the Vienna agreement, however, Antonescu sent messages of assurance to both Hitler and Mussolini.

Antonescu, described as honest, serious, clever, well-informed, pro-German and pro-British was educated at military academies in France. At

the end of World War I he was a colonel and later served as military attache in Rome and London.

In the summer of 1938, Antonescu, then chief of staff, fell into disgrace. At a social function he refused to kiss the hand of Magda Lupescu, King Carol's mistress, and was thereby demoted to a minor command. Shortly after Antonescu's resignation from the army in November, 1938, an abortive revolt against Carol broke out and Antonescu was imprisoned for a short time. Opposing the cession of northern Bukovina and Bessarabia to the Soviet Union in July, 1940, Antonescu was again imprisoned until his appointment as premier.

Recent developments in Rumania would indicate that the country had experienced one of the first phases of all strong dictatorships, that of political purges.

REX
TWO TOP FEATURES!
"Three Men From Texas"
with William Boyd and Russell Hayden
— plus —
Boris Karloff in "The Ape"

wright
OR
wrong
With TOMMY WRIGHT

Pan mail continues to come in and we're becoming not a little worried. Maybe we wouldn't look so good without any hair, and with cold weather coming on we might catch a death-cold from a dip in the race.

REBUKED . . .
by Vic Sears, Oregon Aggie tackle (as quoted in one Portland paper) "Some writer for the Oregon Emerald has referred to us as a bunch of Aggies from the Cowlege. Unless I miss my guess, he'll regret that statement." Help me out please, Ducks, and bring me a couple-o-dozen beaver pelts.

. . . by the Phi Deltis, for putting one and one together and getting one-half. Carl Jantzen's ring is on the digit of Esther Horstkotte not on her sister Mary's.

. . . by friends of Pat Taylor. The lad she is seeing is in the army air corps, not a marine.

WHISPERS IN THE DARK
Who is the law school chum they call Caleb, we've seen hanging around the Alpha Chis lately? . . . ADPI's Beverly Sutton gets a Delt pin from OSC—the loser Roy Boals of the northern branch . . . (note: George Varoff is out of town) so it's Jim West for Alpha O's Penny Mullen . . . and what happened to the Howard Cavanaugh-Yvonne Torgler affair . . .

Sigma Kappa Peggy Carnie drafts an SAE pin from a California institution and how is she, going to wear it with the Kappa Sigma pin she has from deare olde Oregon? . . . Another late pin wearer is Milo Daniels of the Gamma Phi with one from a fellow named Hunt . . . Freshmen spent a half hour before they discovered they were at a sophomore meeting.

THIS WEEK . . .
University of Oregon students move en masse to Corvallis to view the great game of punt, pass, and prayer—and to consume any other experience and stuff available.

Here is a warning to Oregon Piggers who desire to do a little fussing on the State campus. It isn't easy to take those girls. If you have any such plans. Expect to sign your name and life away on the house registers, and if you don't make the curfew deadline, get ready to make a pass at your pocket-book and pay for your overtime pleasure. And you had better keep one eye open for this columnist unless you want the friend back home to hear about this weekend fling.

And please don't point me out to any vicious looking Staters, "Cause I love life, and I wanta live." And I hear that sometimes they have some pretty tough farmers patrolling Bell field on Saturday afternoons. OK. We're all going to the game, and we're going to watch the Webfoots flop a spot of cockiness out of those funny creatures with the pelts. To make it a big day bring along your Echo, and Shadow.

OVERHEARD . . .
The coed who says she has a very good reason why she shouldn't have to register on January second—Quote—I won't be awake before then—unquote.

CONCLUSION . . .
Oregon I pledge to thee. That where there's dirt, Well there I'll be. Both now and in the days to be, I'll write it down for history.

At a recent tournament at Marquette university, in which 1,000 youngsters participated, a "human chessboard," with children as pawns, was used to popularize the game.

The original manuscript of a report signed by Hernando Cortez, sixteenth-century governor of New Spain, is in the University of Texas library.

An English psychologist says: "When a man is so ill as to believe he is ill when he is not ill, he is very ill indeed."

Moscow youngsters average a bath every eight days. It's things like that that attract some people to Communism. —Daily Texan.

Enrollment in French has fallen off sharply at the University of Texas. Students seem to think it's a dead language.

Hitler isn't the only one who is changing the map these days. An assistant to the dean of student affairs at the University of Minnesota has invented a sponge rubber relief map which will be much cheaper than the cumbersome plaster of paris maps now in use. "A kid could throw an eraser at Pike's Peak on a plaster map and it would break off," the inventor explained. "But these rubber ones, you can bounce on 'em!" —Minnesota Daily.

Harriet Elliott, only woman member of the national defense advisory commission, is on leave as dean of women at the University of North Carolina.

International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

It is 1:45 p.m. Saturday afternoon. You are sitting in Bell field, Corvallis, waiting for the game to start. You are holding the Emerald in your hand. The reason for that is you brought it over with you so you can look up the players' numerals on the sport page.

You have been sitting in the bleachers for about twenty minutes and you have read the game story very thoroughly, looked over the front page, and digested some of the editorials.

You exchange greetings with some passing acquaintances, murmur a remark about the weather to your seat-mate, and finally in desperation turn back to the edit page.

Let's see if that guy Cummings has got anything to say today, you think, and then you read the first line and say "how does he know that?" and we've got you hooked.

Dangerous Point
But if we have got you to read this far then this is the dangerous point where we may part ways. We could be coy and make a play on "civil war," tying Oregon-OSC up with the fact that fighting in Rumania between the Iron Guardists and the army verges on outright civil war—but it is not a joking subject.

From
All Sides
By CORINE LAMON

Draft Evader
Declaring that his conscience refused to let him register or have anything to do with the national draft, a former University of Kansas student awaits arrest and conviction. A philosophy major, the student withdrew from the university a week after registration day and made complete preparations for the arrest.

"I am utterly against anything to do with war . . . I couldn't permit myself to register . . . When I get out of the coop I intend to re-enroll at KU and get my degree," he stated. Punishment for violators of the selective service act is a \$10,000 fine or five years imprisonment. —University Daily Kansan.

Rubber Maps
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London Bombed
London took a serious bombing last night, one of the heaviest raids in weeks.

On the other side of the world Japan formally recognized the puppet regime of Wang Ching-Wei in a treaty signed at Nanking. Spokesmen of the Chung-King government described the action as "illegal and meaningless."

Chiang Kai-Shek probably laughed in his sleeve. Manchukou, a puppet itself, promptly recognized the Wang regime, but it is very doubtful that Washington or London will follow suit.

StUFF . . . The New York Philharmonic - Symphony orchestra is this year going to take its longest trip since 1930. In fact its going to come way west to Pittsburgh—practically on the Pacific coast. . . . People who conduct public opinion polls are finding a new and very fertile field among the many products that sponsor radio shows. Radio selling is becoming a science, and what the poor mute listening public thinks of the air wave programs is a vital problem to the sponsors. . . . If I have one half hour a week to convince you that my hair oil is better than somebody's else, I want to make the most out of those thirty minutes and the five thousand dollars that they'll probably cost me. So I hire a poll to tell me whether you would rather hear screeching sopranos, sports commentators, soft chamber music, mystery dramas, or wild swing bands. Then I'll know how to sell more hair oil and make more money.

HEILIG
DRAMA AND ACTION!
"Men Against the Sky"
with Richard Dix and Kent Taylor
— also —
"Law and Order"
with Johnny Mack Brown

MAYFLOWER
Carefree and Collegiate!
"TOO MANY GIRLS"
with LUCILLE BALL and RICHARD CARLSON

MCDONALD
A NEW BILL!
Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor in "Escape"
— plus —
"Dancing on a Dime"
with Grace McDonald and Robert Paige

The
BAND
BOX
By BILL MOXLEY

Snaring a big name band for a campus dance is like looking for a needle in ten hay stacks with somebody continually moving the hay. Orchestra-getter Pete Riley and his dance committee have been ransacking the country in search of a big name for the sophomore informal this December 7.

Telegrams have been flying thick and fast, but fate, failure, and the school authorities have dogged the heels of the dance committee from the start. Two of the nation's top negro bands were available for the 14th. We could have had our choice between Floyd Ray or Lionel Hampton. But no soap because exams will be lurking just behind the door by the 14th.

Sophs Are Stymied
So at present the sophomores are stymied. But with a dying gasp they swear that they'll pick off the best campus talent available. Hurrah for a good try at least.

The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers sends a special bulletin to the University regarding the second year of its \$720 Fellowship award. Last year ASCAP started its nation-wide Fellowship Competition for Composers and Authors of College Musical Plays in the belief that improved standards of college theatricals and musical shows will reflect in better work for the professional stage, and that the entire entertainment field will benefit.

The nation is divided into eight districts with a \$720 prize going to the best college show in each district. The Northwest section includes Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, and Colorado. Last year the University of Wyoming won the award with its student show, "Here We Go Again."

Longest Trip
The New York Philharmonic - Symphony orchestra is this year going to take its longest trip since 1930. In fact its going to come way west to Pittsburgh—practically on the Pacific coast. . . . People who conduct public opinion polls are finding a new and very fertile field among the many products that sponsor radio shows. Radio selling is becoming a science, and what the poor mute listening public thinks of the air wave programs is a vital problem to the sponsors. . . . If I have one half hour a week to convince you that my hair oil is better than somebody's else, I want to make the most out of those thirty minutes and the five thousand dollars that they'll probably cost me. So I hire a poll to tell me whether you would rather hear screeching sopranos, sports commentators, soft chamber music, mystery dramas, or wild swing bands. Then I'll know how to sell more hair oil and make more money.

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Harriet Elliott, only woman member of the national defense advisory commission, is on leave as dean of women at the University of North Carolina.

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