

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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The Fight Goes On

THERE will be no sophomore informal this term and that is pretty definite. Heads of the class of '43 met yesterday afternoon and with the recommendation of the University infirmary staff and the administration before them decided to postpone their annual fall term frolic.

The large number of cases of influenza on the campus and the danger of spreading germs at such an affair were considered too great to permit the dance being held. The sophomores realized this and took the initiative in calling the dance off.

The opinion of the infirmary staff has not changed in the last few days as it may seem from previous various stories. A statement attributed to an infirmary official in yesterday's Emerald was a wrong interpretation of what he said. Dr. L. S. Porter, assistant physician, told a member of the sophomore publicity committee that the severity of the cases was less—not that the actual number of cases had decreased.

SOMEHOW in the passing of the story from the sophomore publicity department to an Emerald reporter the meaning that Dr. Porter had said there was no reason for postponing the dance was conveyed.

It is a tribute to the sophomores that they took the initiative to postpone the dance. They stood to lose a great deal by that move—a great deal of planning, of work, and of money. It seemed the best thing to do, however, and in a few short minutes they threw out weeks of work.

Their ability to come back after a disappointing setback was immediately shown when they began making plans for a dance next term. Although everything is tentative as yet preparations have already begun.

"It is the second effort, after the first has brought disappointment, that test the quality of a man or an age," says Sir Arthur Salter, noted economist.

The sophs are showing up well in the second effort.

A Change of Mind

LESS has been said of the several current wars among campus students this past week than at any other period this term. Quite likely the cause may be traced to the Saturday success at Corvallis, the Monday celebration in Eugene or the nearness of final examinations. Nevertheless, our minds have been occupied with many more thoughts unrelated to Japan's "incident," Germany's "luftwaffe," England's superior morale, and Italy's military boners. Thank God for that!

As long as we seem more concerned about localized affairs, Hitler's "war of nerves" will be less effective. Using our undergraduate citizenry as test tube objects, we feel the probing minds of military intelligence officers may be able to induce some solution. Perhaps such mental activity is more healthy than brooding on distant wars and should be encouraged. Perhaps not. Anyway, we'll drop the subject of war right here before fretting faces are encouraged.—R.N.V.

That Tests the Quality

SINCE the first beginning of that occasion called Christmas in a little town named Bethlehem, the world has come to recognize through the ages hundreds of special customs that to different people of the world mean the Christmas season. One of the loveliest and most humanitarian, as well as the most Christian-like, is that American tradition of buying tuberculosis seals.

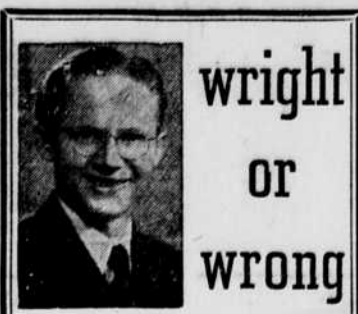
The annual seal sale began yesterday on the campus under the sponsorship of the Tuberculosis Association of America . . . in booths on Thirteenth street, in campus living organizations. The gay new seals, already beginning to decorate faithful letters home, picture three carolers singing Yuletide songs; they bear the double-barred red cross that typifies the fight against tuberculosis. With the launching of the drive comes a chance for Oregon students to add their small part to the universal fight that must be made to stamp out the disease. Tuberculosis has already assumed great proportions in this country . . . and no relaxing of the campaign is possible.

EACH living organization is expected to buy at least \$5 worth of the seals. This amount is certainly the minimum that should be given by 40 students . . . for the fight is for the future of the nation that is theirs. A large percentage of tuberculosis today appears in the age group between 18 and 25, so protection of college-age students will not be a small part of the program made possible during 1941 by the sale of this year's Christmas seals.

Too many times in the face of the modern interpretation of Christmas with its emphasis on turkey and gift-receiving, people neglect to stop and remember why Christmas exists. It is good for Americans that there is a custom that all can take part in . . . a custom that helps one to step in the midst of this highly commercialized world of ours and think for a moment of others.—H.A.

After having to postpone their dance because of an epidemic of influenza the sophomores should adopt "The Flu Germ's Ball" as the theme of their winter term dance.

In four years at the University there is at least one thing we haven't learned—how to take a good Oregon picture.



wright OR WRONG

WITH TOMMY WRIGHT

(Dear Tommy:) I don't see how people can start a letter with such sweet salutations and then say the things they do in the body of the letter. The fickleness of it all leads me to believe they are all written by women. But use of words over one syllable leads me to believe they are written by men.

WHO IS "CALIF" . . .

One note informs me that the possibilities are narrowed down to two. Quote—Odds favor curly-haired "Lou Lowry, last year's "Sweetheart of Alpha Chi," though it is rumored that his roommate and better half, "Gibby the Goat" Roberts is in there pitching hard to grab the title—unquote.

Maybe it is Queen Kroopnik, who even Dean Morse can't arbitrate with. What do you think? From the Alpha Chis comes the denial of ever having written to YT about "Calif."

THIS WEEK . . .

While breezing through the publication "The Japan Times Weekly" we ran across the word KAPPA. According to the accompanying article the word means a fabulous creature of the rivers, ponds, lakes, and seas, usually represented like a child about three to ten years old. Looks like a child with an ugly face. . . Its skin is greenish-yellow, and at the top of its head is a little cavity containing water . . . looks like a monkey, with a long nose and round eyes. . . Its hands and feet are webbed.

Any reference to persons on this campus is purely up to them.

CAMPUS WHISPERS . . .

Mary Thomas, Delta Delta Delta, with Les "Brummel" Anderson, of the DUs . . . Jean Van Fossen, Alpha O takes charge of Wilbur Greenup's Sig Ep pin . . . Canard club's Howard Lemons really gets in some interesting conversations in his sleep, we hear . . . understand that Art Sprick of Campbell co-op instituted a "blitzliebe" (blitz meaning lightning, and liebe meaning love, in the case of Adele Biggs of Hilyard house—He came, he saw, and she conquered . . . and Phil Sinnott-Phil Shaffer go on forever . . . everyone was with everyone else at the rally dance . . . what about all those dates we had fixed up for the soph huddle and hop. . . Mildred Wilson wins a Theta Chi pin from Ben Wohler.

International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

Past dead and wounded and piles of hastily abandoned war materials, Greek soldiers last night were reported to be entering the outskirts of Porto Edda, the Italian's southernmost port of entry into Albania.

The Greek advance north into Albania was said to have followed violent fighting in which members of Italy's crack Bersaglieri regiments who had been rushed in as reinforcements were taken prisoners.

Reports from Rome were meager and repeated the old story about the Italian lines holding firm, but weight of evidence seems to be on the side of the Greeks.

Last week when we were busily occupied writing obituaries of the last Genro and the boy plunger of Wall street the wire carried stories, from various Balkan cities, telling how the Italians were taking regiments which had retreated under fire and without permission and shooting every tenth man.

These border reports are not always to be accepted at their face value and it is possible that the stories were canards. But there is little doubt that Italy is using desperate measures in an attempt to stop the Greek advance. Fascist "suicide squads" are said to figure prominently in the fighting.

From Vichy, France, comes a story about how the Portuguese premier is sounding out the European belligerents on the chances of bringing about a negotiated peace.

The man's name is Salazar and his argument is said to be that only four European nations are actually at war—Britain, Germany, Italy, and Greece. But seven nations—France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Poland, and Albania—are occupied and blockaded into near starvation; and five other nations—Turkey, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Sweden—can't pursue a normal peace time course because of the need to keep great bodies of men mobilized in an effort to prevent invasion and prevent being dragged into the war.

Salazar has something in his arguments but, as Rabelais pointed out 400 years ago, the best time to propose peace is when both sides are thoroughly worn out with fighting. The quick way in which Pope Pius' appeal for a Christmas truce was knocked in the head indicates that neither side is quite ready to quit.

But good luck to Premier Salazar. Veteran Senator Hiram Johnson doesn't see eye to eye with him apparently, for the old-time isolationist predicted

last night that the U.S. is sure to get into the war.

"I will make every effort of which I am capable to prevent repeal or emasculation of the little act which bears my name," he told reporters, referring to the Johnson act which forbids U.S. loans to nations in default of their war debts.

"I strenuously object on grounds of common sense to fighting another fellow's war on our money," Johnson said.

But last night Henry Ford saw the other side of the shield. "If England wants money, I say give it to her," he said. "That's what it's for."

Take your pick, ladies and gentlemen, and I'll see you manana. This is our night to be objective.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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