

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Dollars for Days

FRIDAY'S low registration figure was no surprise to most of the campus. Predictions that a great many students, particularly those from out of state, would wait until Monday to register were made as long ago as the middle of fall term. Those predictions certainly proved true as only 2439 students passed through the mill on opening day—the lowest for winter term in several years.

What was more revealing was the very small percentage of out-of-state students who registered. With but one day to get back to the campus after New Years these students apparently decided to pay the late fee and enjoy a few more days at home.

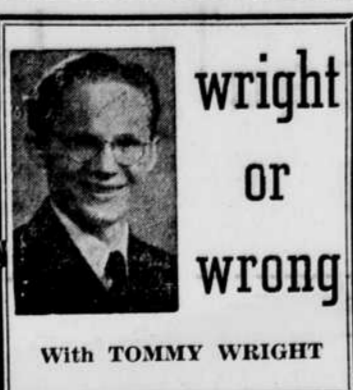
It is hard to blame the late registrants. Some of them would have had to leave home on New Years day, some as early as New Year's eve. The late registration fee of two or three dollars probably seemed cheap for a couple of days at home under such conditions.

It cannot be denied, however, that the large number of late registrants will cause considerable congestion at the business office and will prolong the actual work of registration far into next week. The purpose has always been to get as many as possible through the "mill" on the regular day set aside for registration.

With advisers, fee checkers, housing, departments, etc. all centered in the Igloo the system of registration is made much more efficient both for the students and for the officials. Students registering late must seek the various officials in their campus offices.

No great catastrophe will be caused by the flood of late registrants, but a great deal of work could have been eliminated by a larger "opening day" crowd. If registration had been Saturday, with classes beginning Monday, the figure for first-day registrants undoubtedly would have been larger.

When next year's schedule is planned it would be well to allow a few more days between New Years and registration day.



wright OR wrong

With TOMMY WRIGHT

The old boy with 366 days' growth of whiskers is dead! But let the dead past bury its dead.

It seems greetings are in order, and so we thought that with hangover heads back again to the size of your hat, and the bicarbonates back on the shelf with the pink pachyderms, now was the best time to say:

'Happy New Year'

None of ye editors '41 resolutions erased our efforts so we are back building this muddy pillar of disordered intellect. And we're glad to get the chance to write the things we hear but dare not speak.

CAMPUS WHISPERS . . .

Eugene (Fibber) McGee, prexy of the Theta Chi house of Beau Brummels, gets our recognition as 1941 pin planter number one, and the girl is

Patty Wright, Alpha Chi brunette . . . Forty miles isn't too much distance for Betty Ann Lemon's romance with Oregon Stater Jack Hanneman . . . flash—at last the gates that the Papas donated are open—unflash . . . SOMEONE said, this is no country club." It might be added that the Oregon sorority is no convent. . . Lou Torgeson falls heir to a frosh telephone gag during exam week and takes his share of the estate in front of the library waiting for the girl, who didn't know, to show up. . .

OVERHEARD . . .

"Please, now, honey, just once more."

"No."

"Why not? Do you hold off just to be obstinate?"

"No."

"It means so much to me, darling. Please now, just one more and then I'll—"

"No."

"Most girls would be flattered to death to have me urging them like this."

"Still no cooperation. 'Sweetheart, pul-lez!'"

"N-No."

Double "N" shows signs of weakening.

"Come on, now, be a sport, dear. Just close your eyes and—"

So she did.

He smiled, for at least he had succeeded in getting his small daughter to eat the last spoonful of cereal.

THIS WEEK . . .

Back to the classes they love so well, go Oregon's GPA unconscious ducks. House prexy's are searching for a new kind of apple polish to hand out to the upwards of 50 per cent who hit the probation rolls. Yours truly's grades, too, looked about as uncertain as a jitterbug eating Jello.

3-MINUTE POME . . .

This column, I dedicate To you who never laugh, I do not mean to educate, So don't read more than half.

DONALD

DON'T MISS THESE!

"Hudson Bay" with Paul Muni and Jean Tierney — plus —

"Christmas in July" with Dick Powell and Ellen Drew

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TWO BIG FEATURES!

"Oklahoma Renegades" with the Three Musketeers — plus —

"Ellery Queen Master Detective" with Ralph Bellamy and Margaret Lindsay

REX

He's Back Again!

WALLACE BEERY in "Wyoming" — plus —

"Up in the Air" with Frankie Darro

International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

Well, here it is the first edition of a new term and there has been a lapse of three weeks or so since this column last appeared and I suppose I ought to make some sort of comment on what has happened during the interim, before launching into what is new Thursday night.

The United Press teletype is banging away at my elbow and since I have read it every night anyway it is simple enough to give a digest of what's on the wire. Giving the facts, or what foreign correspondents think are the facts, is simple enough. It is when one gets in the realm of interpretation that one treads on controversial and shaky ground.

An Easier Method

To make a digest of events since exam week would be merely a methodical job of research that would use up more space than is available. To tell what I think it adds up to is easier, but it is merely one man's opinion and does not necessarily reflect the views of the Emerald editorial board, or anyone else.

As I see it, we are considerably nearer to involvement in the European war today than we were a few weeks back. In fact, there are some who maintain we are already in it in all but name.

The course that started with the repeal of the neutrality act in order that war materials could be sold on the cash and carry plan to those who could come and get them and pay for them (meaning England) has been amplified to "all aid short of war to Britain"; and that "short of war" slogan has taken us to "non-belligerent" participation that is dangerously close to actual war.

President Roosevelt has been the motivating force, the prime mover, although there is no doubt that he has had considerable popular support.

Has Doubtful Odor

Some of the support has a doubtful odor, however. Dorothy Thompson, who during the last year has written so much tripe that one can't help wondering if she hasn't got a couple of morons ghosting for her,

has an article in this week's Look magazine which hails the President as the great white father, the hope of Europe and the world.

One thing I feel sure of, along with Senator Clark of Missouri — if Roosevelt had made his Sunday night fireside chat the night before election, Willkie would be president now.

Not that that would have made things so much better, because although Roosevelt seems to be getting a Messiah complex he has a certain finesse which Willkie lacks. Roosevelt is moving slowly, surely, but politely and along accepted diplomatic lines, toward war with Germany.

Might Have Exploded

Willkie, I have a hunch, might have exploded.

Jack Buker, who is back in journalism school this term after spending half a year seeking fame and fortune in California, tells an interesting story on Willkie.

Jack was in Frisco (San Francisco, you'll insist if you happen to be from the "city") when the Republican candidate made his speech on foreign trade. Jack is still carrying around a Chinese press card he used when he worked in Shanghai, and on the strength of it he managed to crash the press section and was seated next to Roy Howard, who runs the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers and is one of the top men in the profession.

Copies of Mr. Willkie's speech were passed out and Mr. Howard, resplendent in a loud checked suit and a fancy shirt, got one. Jack stuck out his hand and was given one also.

Got Warm Up

Well, Willkie started speaking, Jack says, and pretty soon he got warmed up. It wasn't long before he was translating the speech, rephrasing it into simple, forceful language that had all the typewriters in the press box clicking furiously as the reporters tried to get down Willkie's punch phrases.

Now that particular speech was for home consumption and it didn't do any harm to make it strong—but just imagine

The BAND BOX

By BILL MOXLEY

Daffodils and Orchids

Daffodils and orchids to the seniors for signing Bob Crosby for the Senior Ball. The famous Dixieland crew can certainly be classed in the first ten top-flight bands of the country. And what a line-up of musicians. Names like Jess Stacy and Muggsy Spanier are familiar to every follower of swing music.

The roll call of stars in Crosby's band is a long and illustrious one. Mr. C's appearance at the Igloo should draw a crowd resembling the motley hordes that flocked to the old maple floorboards last May—when Benny Goodman lifted his clarinet to the rafters and drove the most conservative into a frenzy. . . .

Frenesi Clicks

Temperamental Artie Shaw is back again which seems to show that talent no matter how eccentric need never go begging. Shaw's "Frenesi" after being released nearly a year ago has finally caught the public's fancy with a vengeance.

It's a beautiful tune though and well deserves popularity. Artie has just finished another first rate recording job on the famous "Stardust." A nice clean trumpet starts out on the melody all by itself and then the rest of the band casually

Willkie putting Roosevelt's speech about making the U.S. the "arsenal of democracy" into the vernacular and it's hard to say what would be the result.

Well, the space is gone and I've given you more opinion than news tonight, but there's always tomorrow. Meanwhile, if you want some stimulating reading, don't overlook the editorial in this week's Saturday Evening Post. It points out that to defeat Germany an American expeditionary force will have to be landed in Europe.

drifts in with Artie taking his usual few bars later on.

Goodwin Not Through

Benny Goodman isn't through with swing as idle rumor would have it or according to his recent broadcast on "We the People." Benny supposedly read the script wrong on this broadcast and so gave the impression that he intended to spend all his time on classical music.

And speaking of Benny's ability as a clarinet player, every New York music critic gave him excellent reviews after his recent concert with the New York Philharmonic. Benny played Mozart's "A-Major Clarinet Concerto" and Debussy's "Rhapsody." The only fault critics could find was the fact that Benny's interpretations were perhaps a bit too refined and conservative! Goodman has, however, established himself as one of the best two or three clarinetists in the world.

Willamette Park is giving a special dance tonight with Eddie Gipson's band featured. It's a

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sort of welcome-back-to-Oregon-after-the-strenuous-holidays dance.

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681 High St. Phone 238

so be it.

by bill fendall

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT in the library was really taken out and trampled on one afternoon about 4 o'clock shortly before vacation. . . . in the browsing room the lights were at about the right reading shade . . . students quietly slipped in and out the double doors . . . at the east end of the room sat a group of elderly ladies and some coeds near an evergreen decorated in all its XMAS glory. . . . then to disturb this scene a student walked in and began talking in tones above a whisper to some friends . . . immediately, HEAD BROWSER ETHEL SAWYER grasped the book from which she was reading to the group in a hand knotted by momentary stress and strain brought on by the slightly-loud tones of the newcomer . . . all this while students in the room attempted to shift ears out of the vocal draft of the reading SAWYER. . . . after a moment of silence the thoroughly temper-drenched SAWYER separated the distance between herself and the newcomer in about two steps and launched herself on an oration that included the probable brain capacity of the newcomer, his doubtful purpose in even existing and finished off with an insulting command to leave the room . . . even after the newcomer had managed to slip in two apologies for thoughtlessly talking so loud . . . the newcomer fled in the wake of further statements which ordinarily anyone would require proof of. . . . which the newcomer didn't hear. . . . striding back to her place in front of the embarrassed group of listeners meanwhile adjusting her shoulders in a shrug of "I told him, yes sir," the now heavily-breathing ETHEL traced a finger down to the line of interruption and asserted over the top of the book—"NOW WE'LL GET BACK INTO THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT". . . . it is doubtful, oh head of the browsing room, if anybody that left the CHRISTMAS spirit with the gusto exemplified by you that afternoon could re-

turn . . . the width of your statements that afternoon revealed the breadth of your spirit, yes, your CHRISTMAS spirit . . . anyway the colm wishes you a HAPPY NEW YEAR in spite of yourself . . . with apologies: —break, break break oh my bankroll, dear E.P. and I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me oh well for the high school boy who imitates us and ours oh well for the GREEK set who play among frat towers registering still goes on in the IGLOO on the hill but oh for the tick of a vanished watch and the touch of a greenback bill break, break, break 'till you've got all E. P. for the spending grace of a roll that is gone will never come back to me. . . . campus quips . . . only 356 days until CHRISTMAS . . . a note to frat men cleaning up around the house after vacation—don't step on any broken glass . . . but all kidding aside, frat men will have some good looking labels to paste on their lamp shades now that CHRISTMAS vacation is over . . . a little volume completed just before vacation has been entitled "VIRGINIA MICHAELS SEES THE LIGHT" or "STAN HANSEN PLANTS THETA CHI PIN" . . . riding in on the airwaves via MUTUAL on NEW YEAR'S day came SPORTS ANNOUNCER ERNIE SMITH'S translation of SAN FRANCISCO — typical the EAST-WEST game from play by play translation was "there goes HARMON on a TO-BACCO ROAD run — a long one" also "there goes KISSELBURGH through that line like a bullet through an EASTER bonnet" . . . dear folks: I didn't pass, but I was right at the top of those who failed . . . so be it. . . . An account of studies by Dr. H. E. Crosland, associate professor of psychology, was run in the Associated Press feature service recently. The studies concerned the comparative reading capacities of right-eyed and left-eyed persons. Journalism and photoplay classes heard talks by Ralph Vincent, Oregon Journal staff photographer, Monday.

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