

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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The Importance of Drive

CHARLES M. HULTEN's talk to an Emerald audience last night contained bits of philosophy which should not have been confined to that small group. Mr. Hulten titled his talk "Eat Wheaties," and stressed the importance of drive in various phases of journalistic work. He might just as well have said "all work."

The added quality in some leaders which carries them beyond the mediocre has been the subject of many talks, of many articles. It has gone under all kinds of names from energy to gusto and has been preached to college students probably ever since there have been colleges. Yet it always needs repeating.

Particularly does it need repeating at this time. The war in Europe, with the possibility that it will spread to this country, and the uncertainties of the future have caused many students to adopt a "don't care attitude." The amount of slipshod work during the last term has been greater than in any other term in a great many years, most University professors will agree.

THIS condition, it might be added, is not localized to the University of Oregon campus. It is a condition which is becoming more and more prevalent among the young people of the nation. It is difficult to plan for a future when there might not be one, they feel.

It was, therefore, particularly appropriate that Mr. Hulten should stress the importance of energy—the importance of going ahead—of driving towards a goal. Although his remarks and examples of "lack of drive" were limited to cases of journalism students, they were typical of a great many, of the vast majority, of young people.

It might pay us all to "eat a few more Wheaties" for breakfast.

They Earned A Rest

JOE Gurley's announcement yesterday that he is cancelling the winter term athletic card drive because more cards have already been sold this year than ever before is a startling one. Particularly in the face of all the grumblings that came forth on the University campus after the state board ruling last spring that regular \$15 activity cards would be eliminated and a new athletic card system initiated.

It would appear that the poorly-received innovation of adding two dollars to the registration fees of each term for educational activity presentations, and the consequent sale of cards purely for athletic purposes "hit the spot" with student fans.

The 2500 cards sold since the beginning of fall term is an indication of one of two things: either students like the idea of segregating cultural and sports attractions and choosing to partake of them as separate units; or Oregon's athletic teams this year have brought forth greater support than before.

IN any event, the success of the sale is a credit to Gurley and his staff of salesmen. They were working under an altogether new system, had to sell a completely new idea to a student body that was unresponsive to the change which they believed had been forced on them against their will. The sales staff did their job well . . . for Oregon likes the athletic card system, and responded to it better than to any similar drive in recent years.

The drive crew deserves its mid-winter rest.—H.A.

No Nightmares, Please

THREE times a year University students go through an experience which has commonly become known on the campus as the "nightmare of registration." Students dash hither and yon across McArthur's polished floor with bewildered looks on their faces. Advisers, with groups of worried youngsters clustered about them, frantically attempt to arrange their thoughts in an orderly manner. And the loud, constant hum of hundreds of voices drones maddeningly on.

This "nightmarish" experience seems to assume gigantic, horrid proportions in the eyes of most University students. It seems to confuse and befuddle everyone from the greenest freshman to the most self-controlled senior. And yet it seems to us that the maze of registration is becoming a little less like a hall of mirrors. Perhaps it is because we are getting more experienced at it and are getting to know how to take advantage of the breaks.

BUT we are still inclined to think that the registration system is becoming much simpler. We seem to remember spending the whole day wandering through the "nightmare of registration" for a whole day and still not having finished the first time we signed up in this institution. We seem to remember being hopelessly confused, hopelessly enmeshed in the angry whirlpool.

There is probably a long way to go. Registration is not likely ever to become a pleasure but we hope and believe that the process of simplification will be continued. Maybe some day the registration officials will put us through the process of entry without so much as a hint of a bad dream.—H.O.

PITTSBURG KANSAS ST. TEACHERS COLLEGE HOLDS THE INTER-COLLEGIATE RECORD FOR CONSECUTIVE BASKETBALL WINS.

THEY PILED UP 55 VICTORIES . . . IN A ROW!

ESTHER AND JANE CARLYLE, GRADUATES OF WILLIAM SMITH COLLEGE IN 1928, ARE SAID TO BE THE ONLY TWINS EVER ELECTED TO PHI BETA KAPPA!

CAN'T EVEN START AN ARGUMENT!

THREE'S A CROWD! ONLY ONE PAYING CUSTOMER. ATTENDED THE WHITMAN-PRESBYT BASKETBALL GAME PLAYED AT WALLA WALLA, WASH.

NOVA '34

Oregon Hits Top

THE remarkable job of selling which has been done on the Oregoniana this year could not have been apparent in the few figures given in the Emerald yesterday. The total of 2700 books is the largest order for Oregonians ever placed by the ASUO. It represents an increase in the sale of books to almost every source, the students, the faculty, outsiders, and others.

What is more remarkable about the present campaign is the small amount of books remaining to be sold to students during this term and spring term registration. Latest reports made available to the educational activities board reveal that only 75 books remain unsold. Contrast this with the 260 copies sold in spring term registration last year and the result will be evident. If the demand for books this spring equals that of other years—and there is every reason to believe it will—some 185 students will not get books. At least that many more could have been ordered and sold.

Credit for the Oregoniana's fine showing goes to a long succession of editors who have made "All-American" books a tradition, to a capable and well handled staff, and most of all to Business Manager Dick Williams who, in his third year in that position, has carried out the greatest sales campaign in Oregoniana history.

Parade of Opinion

By ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS

From across the Atlantic for the second time within the past quarter century Britain proffers an empty pocketbook to support pleas for financial aid from glib Uncle Sam. It seems that noble-hearted England is always willing to adopt a cause and jump willingly into the fracas just as long as someone else can and will foot the bill.

The primary check to such loans is of course the Johnson Act, which prevents the extension of credit to any nation still financially indebted to the United States from the 11 billion dollar spending spree of 1917. Britain is in dire need of money; we can supply her with that which she needs. But is the investment one that will pay?

In the financial realm, on the secretary of treasury's report is a five and one-half billion dollar deficit marked against Great Britain. Only a negligible amount has been repaid by England in the past twenty years. This pittance payment has been one made by victorious John Bull! Are we to toss cool cash after a bad debt only to have England, should she win again, libel us as Uncle Shylock when we begin to request pay?

On the other hand, if we turn our Fort Knox to Great Britain only to see her go down in defeat, our cause and our cash as well would be lost. If England is sincere in her desire to make solvent her credit, let's make a trade. To clear Morgenthau's books let's cancel the five and one half billion debt for a hundred years lease on Canada and Bermuda. For further financial assistance let England turn over to us the Honduras and Guiana, the islands of Barbados, Grenada, Montserrat and Martinique, so vital to Caribbean defense, "for the duration" and until her obligations to us are cleared.

If we must lend money to Britain, let's make no bones about plucking from the English empire all of the crown jewels that can be of service to us in the Western Hemisphere. There could be no more appropriate or opportune time to do some of the renowned Yankee trading than in 1941.—Tennessee Collegian, Tennessee State College.

What Other Editors Think

We're Efficient Killers Ourselves

Diatribes against reckless driving on the highways are so laudable and so fully approved by all that no one pays any attention to them. Editors get only a yawn from their public when they observe that there were more than 30,000 traffic deaths in 1939, and that some 30,000,000 vehicles travel 260 billion miles yearly on 3,000,000 miles of streets and highways.

Yet it is a horrible fact that our highways are overcrowded with machines which travel at a speed far beyond the capacity of human reflexes to respond. It is a horrible fact that we kill each other in this country with an efficiency and blitheness unmatched by Hitler.

It is difficult to dramatize or personalize these facts. It means little, for instance, to say that 119 of the 564 persons killed in Minnesota traffic accidents last year were between the ages of 15 and 24—the high school and college age group—unless you yourself were in the back seat when your roommate flew through the windshield.

In an attempt to make all of us think a little about others, if not about ourselves, the Minnesota Editorial association has begun a campaign to cut that 564 figure down to at least 464 by September, 1941. The association calls it the "Save 100 Lives" campaign. Of those 100 who will be saved if we realize that our 1915 highways are pitifully inadequate for our 1940 cars—if we realize that we can dawdle away more time over a slot machine in a roadside tavern than we can save by travelling 75 miles an hour from here to there and back—it is reasonable to assume that 20 will be high school and college students, and a couple will be from the University of Minnesota.

So we join in the association's campaign, to add what we may. We would like to feel that because we ran the chart you see on this page, and because we carried this editorial, 15,000 University of Minnesota students used their heads, which is really all that is required. If they do, none of them ever will experience that sickening feeling that comes when you look at a smashed body on a highway slab and realize that it is your work. None of them—and this is more—will be carried onto that slab.—Minnesota Daily.

The Passing Parade

By HUMBERT SEESALL

The noon train Monday brought in the remainder of the California clan to the campus, and the down home chatter about the ol' maestro at the Victor Hugo—the beautiful top of the Mark, etc., immediately sprung forth.

Things in Portland were not too dull—the Chi Psis did their best to liven things up at the Heathman with a party the desk clerk is still talking about. . . . the ATOs ended up at Gene Cobbs after anything but a dull evening—the Betas, Phi Deltas, and Sigma Chis had the most riotous time of all at the Triad—at least Dick Davis didn't do bad for a guy who didn't even bring a date. Wow! The Theta Chis had a four-hour set-to at Duke Karterman's Westover heights mansion. . . . Canard clubber Don Vernier was seen on Broadway at various times from dusk to dawn.

Beautiful Girl!

A glance into the stands at the Utah game showed that blonde DG, Emma Verdurmen looking bee-utiful to the boys on the other side of the floor. How those Phi Pih howled every time Red McNeely got his hands on the ball—which was pretty often.

Beverly Tobin, the Tri-Delt cute lil' deb, felt quite sorry for the Utah boys, who weren't doing quite so sharply. Those fellows on the scoreboard didn't miss a play all evening—they just forgot to record the points on the scoreboard. When the closer games come along, I hope the guys on the scoreboard can at least count—else it could give a small riot.

Some law school chatter: Man of the term over at the "Salt mines," as Fenton hall is so sentimentally referred to, is Phil Lowry, who set a good example for his Theta Chi freshmen by leading all first-year students with a 3.29. . . . Jeanette Thatcher led the way for the co-ops as that Hillyard house lass finished up second among the law school freshmen—Tom Stacer, Bob Payne and versatile George Luoma round out the top five. . . . a round of exam week flu swept the law school, and lots of budding bar-risters still have exams to take.

Norville on Top

Gerald Norville is leading the second year studes, while Jack Hay and Wendell Wyatt are tops on the senior honor roll. Sorry to see one of the campus' couples from way back break up—Bob Calkins, the likable chap you may be voting for next spring, and Marian Marks, Theta, have decided to call it quits. . . . and speaking of Thetas, Janice Gifford isn't coming back to school this term. . . . Gil Getner, the Fiji with the vicious left hook, planted his pin shortly before exam week on that cute frosher with the pertly red hair, Marge Cole. Kim McKim and Anne Hawkins are independent again—Kim is wearing his ATO pin—Anne was at the Park Sat. night with someone else.

The Chi Omegas really hit a jackpot over the holidays—Genevieve Tompkins took an out-of-state Fiji pin. Dorothy Greer now has a Cornvalley ATO pin, and Alice Trullinger returned clasping Maury Kelley's Oregon SAE pin—still more prospects, the grapevine says.

I Overheard

Overheard here and there: At the Side: "Gee, I got my picture in the Oregonian this morning!" also at the Side, "Try this ace of spades in that hamburger and see if you can tell the difference." At Siberian, "Wow! what a girl, what a night—dam this marble board!" At the Emerald shack, "You lout! You stole my story!" Barring any further epidemics of flu, Arabian Gonk, or athletes foot, the soph informal will be held February 22—probably in Gerlinger, and the Whiskerino will move up to spring term, on April 19—so it might not be too late to get a date for the Whiskerino with one of those Kappa date girls—probably too late for the Informal, though, as that is only a month and a half away.

No—I refuse to end this with a poem—just say goodbye for the present.

so be it..

By BILL FENDALL

the rally committee pendulum swings from past to present . . . it used to be "what about a rally committee?" . . . now it's changed to "what rally committee?" . . .

like counting rings in a bathtub, SO BE IT counts back into the past of the "why-a-rally-committee?" campaign of last term and brings out a little-told-of happening in the EMERALD-rally committee scuffle. . . .

near the end of fall term the rally group decided they had a little money to use up . . . table space at the DEL REY was contracted for and away went the boys and girls one evening to have some eating food and quench a contraband thirst. . . . after the eating food was finished the group started to washing it down with stuff you could peel brass rails with by merely allowing the fumes to strike the finish. . . . getting a smell of the cork clear up on the campus, EMERALD photographers loaded their GRAPHICS with film and flash bulbs and using their noses traced the group who were really rallying for once. . . . with cameras behind their backs the EMERALD duet entered the DEL REY back room . . . like a quarterback calling signals they shifted into positions about the room and exploded not only their flash bulbs but the rally committee. . . .

best pix of the lot showed the chairman and a coed member of the group vainly trying to get a quart bottle (the label shows vedy vedy plain lake) under the table. . . . the effect left on the negative is that she is waving it in a moment of glee. . . .

no, the picture has not been published and probably won't be . . . it just exists in case future reference is needed concerning —well, what group would you suggest?

GEORGE "BALL HEAD" MACKIN will guide BOB CROSBY to this university campus for the senior ball—let's hope he guides BOB better than he guided the HOME-COMING NOISE PARADE, of which he was also chairman, or he'll have them playing on the OREGON STATE campus.

a banana peel
a flash of hose
a little squeal
and down she goes. . . .

campus quips . . . LOWELL DICK'S comment about the SIDE—"crowded so bad you couldn't cuss a cat without getting fur in your mouth" . . . ASUO BOARD TO SLATE

TALK BY FIRST LADY" head-lined yesterday's Emerald—that little talk will cost the student body just about \$1000 . . . overheard in a line at the libe desk—"hope that book isn't in I'd like to get a date tonight . . . some coeds on this campus will enjoy an old age if paint is the preservative manufacturers claim it is. . . . DEAN ALLEN has a large library which he terms "disgustingly miscellaneous" . . . according to authoritative cemeteries in France, youth will die for a cause it believes just—do we need more authorities? . . . so be it. . . .

From All Sides

By MILDRED WILSON

Ancient jalopies—the older the better—were at a premium during the recent taxi day at the University of Southern California. The high point of the celebration was the Taxi day parade at which a perpetual silver trophy was awarded the most original and interesting taxi. The entries were judged on four points: originality, humor, age and size. When not on parade the decrepit vehicles, driven by Trojan Squires, transported students to and from classes for five cents a ride.—Daily Trojan—Southern California.

esquire is a magazine that shows what men should wear and what women don't
—Fresno State College Collegian.

Founding a "Movement for the Protection of Crimson Palates," two Harvard juniors have started a revolt against the constant inclusion of Hubbard squash on the house dinner tables. Carrying out their objective by means of petitions Hen-

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ry M. Smith and Robinson Murray declared to the press representative, "When we have achieved our first objective—getting rid of the watery, tasteless pulp which is onomatopoeetically called squash—we plan to start a crusade against stewed celery."—The Harvard Crimson.

My momma told me
Not to smoke.
Ha, ha, I don't.
My momma told me
Not to cheat.
Ha, ha, I don't.
My momma told me
To study a lot.
Ha, ha!
—Los Angeles Collegian.

Setting up a campus blind date bureau at the University of Washington, varsity ball leaders plan to classify campus cuties from four dimensions—by height, age, eyes and hair. Date seekers can apply to the bureau in person or call up if desired. The bureau is supervised by Hurst Clark who emphasized the board's temporary character by saying, "Any similarity to a marriage bureau is purely coincidental and of no import whatsoever."

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