

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Parade of Opinion

By ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS

"What's become of 'The Star Spangled Banner'—or have we abandoned it as our national anthem?" asks the Purdue Exponent. That's a question that a lot of college newspapers have been asking, half tongue-in-cheek, half seriously.

The Exponent "won't debate the merits of Irving Berlin's 'God Bless America' but we do dispute its right to the same honors as the national anthem. We think that the substitution of 'The Star Spangled Banner' for 'God Bless America' on a few public programs would be a welcome change—at least for college students who have built up a terrific 'hate' for the very obvious attempt to synthesize patriotism where patriotism has already existed."

The Daily Reveille raises a protest at Louisiana State university, taking its readers back to one of the recent football games. "When the band played the super-popular 'God Bless America,' thousands leaped to their feet, males swept their hats from pates and slapped them over hearts, and stood stiffly at attention while the tune swung on. We wish that such respect would be shown 'The Star Spangled Banner.'" The Reveille believes that "if the fervid standees would stop a moment to consider the silly tribute they are paying to the American god, Advertising, they might save their fervor for true patriotism. God didn't pick out this geographical spot to endow all his lofty virtues. We should be proud that we were born here; we should also remember that it's pretty much of a genetical accident that we are Americans. God doesn't 'bless' America; 'blessings' come where people are free to think and where those men act decently toward their fellows."

El Gaucho tapes up a similar cry at Santa Barbara State college. "Understand," says El Gaucho, "we don't object to people's rising to sing 'God Bless America.' We think it is a very nice gesture to the composer and to the singer who made it famous, and nothing more. But one's ability to bellow forth chauvinistic babble is hardly an indication of one's feelings towards the United States."

Realizing that "there will probably be FBI men on our trail by morning," the Dartmouth declares it is "unable to keep silence any longer on 'God Bless America.'" The song, says the Dartmouth, brings up a "mental picture of someone waving a flag because it's fun to wave a flag and everybody else is doing it. It seems as though we could do a little more than place America's well-being musically in God's hands and call it patriotism."

The Anvil Chorus concludes with the observations of the Cliff Dweller at the University of Pittsburgh, which recalls that "when the country was growing and expanding in every direction, it sang boisterously and challengingly. We as a nation must grow and expand again. We need a song of spirit and courage. Let the song pluggers play and sing Berlin's tune of apathy, but let Americans have a song like 'Onward America.'"

It is suspected the collegiate writers are not really as excited about "God Bless America" and its possible implications as they seem. But most of them feel America's patriotism must have a more fundamental expression than the musical plea for divine blessings.

Biography in Crisis

By J. PARKE

OF great significance to the ever closer collaboration of the United States with England is the appointment of Lord Halifax as British ambassador to Washington. It is significant because Halifax represents not the usual envoy, but in the words of Churchill, himself, "an envoy who comes from the very center of our counsels and knows all our secrets."

Lord Halifax, gentleman, sportsman, scholar has been called the "saintliest" character in British public life. Tall, big-boned, with a high forehead, clear eyes and a sensitive mouth, Halifax has a natural charm and dignity that caused one man to complain, "you know one trouble with the fellow is that everyone who comes at all into close contact with Halifax becomes enamored of him."

Representing the highest type of British aristocrat, Halifax's education and career followed the usual course. Oxford, parliament, and government service. In 1910 he entered parliament as a Conservative because of the Liberals' far-reaching social legislation. Active duty during World War I kept him in France. In 1918 Halifax was one of 200 Conservative members of parliament who signed a demand for harsher terms with Germany.

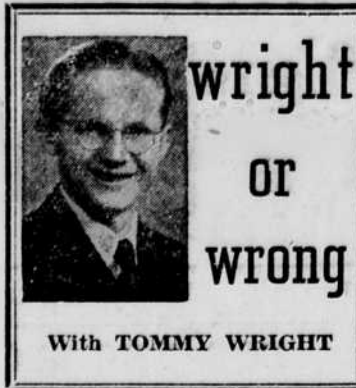
OTHER offices followed. Parliamentary undersecretary for colonies 1921-22. From October 1922 to January 1924 Lord Halifax served in Stanley Baldwin's cabinet as president of the board of education. From 1925 to 1930 Halifax's rule of India as viceroy proved benevolent. He won the admiration of Gandhi but lost the favor of British Conservatives who found him over-anxious to compromise with the Nationalists. Other services such as secretary for war 1935, and leader of the house of lords, 1935-38, rounded out his career.

The cabinet crisis in Great Britain in February 1938, which led to Eden's resignation as foreign secretary, ended with the appointment of Lord Halifax to that post. But the spirit of appeasement had come too late to Europe, and Halifax, like Eden, fared no better, especially after Germany had entered Prague. Five days later he admitted the necessity of collective security on the part of the democratic and post-war nations of the continent.

With such experiences as have been his, Lord Halifax might well become one of the participants in the shaping of a just peace, should that be ever possible.

Last night Columnist Tommy Wright, of Wright or Wrong fame, was proved wrong. In one of his previous columns he had referred to a group of Sig Eps as "Rabble." They had offered him a free haircut if he did not retract the statement.

He did not, and last night the pledges came to get him. Instead of a free haircut or other bodily harm as was expected, the Sig Eps proved him wrong by taking him to dinner and returning him, unharmed, to his job. "Rabble" would not have been that gracious.



With TOMMY WRIGHT

Singing the latest tune added to the Wright or wrong repertoire—"I'm the Bad Rumor Man"—we swing into the latest calm beating everyone's reputation eight to the line.

REBUKED . . . by friends of Betty Gregg for our insinuations. Being a second story man, we can't possibly see why Betty Coed of Hilyard could be interested in story three, Campbell co-op. . . by the Sig Eps repeatedly for the Rabble incident. So much that they're beginning to call me Rabble Rouser Wright. . . by Sigma Nus, Elliott Wilson, It was Mary Jane Spann he got lost with.

CAMPUS WHISPERS . . . The pitis break through with a nickel hop win by fair means or foul. Even at that four-bits is mighty low tariff for the best of the sorority gals . . . unruly by the mob spirit, the Campbell boys plan a millracing for Bill Bilyeu's 3-month old pin planting at 12 today . . . Arnie Mills, Sammie, catches Betty Wycoff in a weak moment and he isn't wearing his pin anymore . . . for the benefit of College Side cohorts, Dorothy Greer sends the pin back to the lad at OSC . . . ATO's Dave Browning launches a new campaign against Peggy Myll of the Gammafis . . . most of the boys are passing up the WAA hobble to make a little atmosphere at the Playground . . . The Gammafis blossom out with a few new pledges and the measles . . . Carl "Punjab" Little, inter-sorority wrestling champ, will try out some of his new holds in the All-campus meet . . . Ernie Hinkel, is having one heck of a time with his woman situation. He's been caught dividing his time between three Youth League beauties, and two from the 8B in Lincoln Grammar school.

As I sit here at the typewriter Sig Eps make a last minute stand in front of the door. Well, dear public, I mustn't keep the rest of my public waiting, so you won't mind if this calm isn't as long as the others. Time 5:15.

CONCLUSION . . . That's all and I'm afraid I'll let you do the EYEBROW raising. So long for a while. FLASH . . . Sam Dolan of the Sig Eps plants pin on shy Betty Chambers, Sigma Kappa. P. S. . . I offer my thanks to the house of Sigma Phi Epsilon for a most enjoyable evening. Time 6:45.

so be it.
by bill fendall

SINCLAIR LEWIS' definition of a college class, that bechained mecca with its forced pilgrimages . . . "a typical contest between a dreary teacher and unwilling children of 20, won by the teacher because his opponents have to answer his questions, while their treacherous queries he could counter by demanding, "have you looked that up in the library? Well, then, suppose you do?" . . .

"hya bwah? okeh gottaweed? yeh . . . herezamatich wareyugon? ohugintuklass gohalsen? naw, immfathprof watziname? LESCH othasdirnt lesgotathside yehemonesgrabbacuppamud yehlesdo . . ."

dear R. B.: please don't ask SO BE IT to deliver endearing messages through its coils . . . if I know MARY WORD she will be glad to get them in person . . .

"SALLY MITCHELL and PAT TAYLOR are about the same size aren't they?" "Yeh, only that PAT is a little rounder" . . .

campus quips . . . that the GAMMA-Phi's used publicity



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From All Sides

Exchange by Mildred Wilson

A new steel-plate machine, hidden in the corner of a room up on the twenty-first floor of the University of Pittsburg is responsible for all grades, from A to F, given on true-false and multiple choice examinations in the cathedral of knowledge.

The electric scoregraph, an innovation at the University this year, stands about three feet high and resembles a low desk. Not completely automatic the machine requires someone to feed the papers into it one at a time. The "brains" of the machine comes in the form of a set of electric brushes that send a ton of pressure through a black plate containing the "key" answers.

—The Pitt News

"I've a friend I'd like you girls to meet." Athletic girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus girl: "How much has he?"

Literary girl: "What does he read?"

Society girl: "Who are his family?"

Religious girl: "What church does he belong to?"

College girl: "Where is he?"

—Daily Trojan—Southern California.

The address book of the University of Minnesota contains 273 Johnsons although there are only 94 Smiths and 40 Jones represented. The book is printed with its usual gray and black cover, but plenty of color is furnished by 1 Pink, 15 Greens, 45 Browns, 28 Whites, 2 Golds and 6 Silvers.

Although four Fords, two Hudsons and one Dodge are listed, there are only six Carrs. Six Masons and six carpenters are probably responsible for two houses, two Churches and one Whitechurch. That's the Long (seven) and the Short (three) of it.

—The Minnesota Daily

EUROPEAN SONG HIT PARADE

- 1. When the Bombers Come Back to Picadilly.
- 2. Begin the Barrage.
- 3. Beat Me, Ajax, Three to the Bottom.
- 4. Heil, Heil, the Gang's All

we realize . . . but we didn't know to what extent they would go to get it . . . 137 students were counted through the SIDE front door in 15 minutes during nickel-hop night . . . the sign that tops the EMERALD ed's door in the journalism shack—"OREGON'S MOST ACTIVE STUDENTS PASS THROUGH THIS DOOR DAILY" . . . Somebody has suggested the hardest line that OLIVER had to buck last term was co-sports editor BOB FLAVELLE's . . . some SENIOR ball and DAD'S DAY committee members have grown under responsibility — others have just swollen . . . the D. G.'s are supposed to have had their open car for several terms now without a wreck—to be more exact they have had a wreck for several terms and never had a car . . . BILL GRANT who smokes a pipe for exercise . . . ROBERT M. HUTCHINS, proxy of the UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO once remarked — "the college graduate is presented with a sheepskin to cover his intellectual nakedness" . . . so be it . . .

- 5. Torpedo Junction.
- 6. Gunboat Serenade.
- 7. Tanks for Everything.
- 8. Whispering Blasts.
- 9. The Call of the Cannon.
- 10. All this and Hitler, Too.

—Benson Tech Pep (Portland)

Girded with everything from tin hats to a set of batteries, 28 members of the University of Washington mining class recently descended into the depths of one of the largest coal mines in the state of Washington.

The neophyte miners explored all three levels of the mine and were permitted to observe the "regulars" knock loose huge blocks of coal from their positions high in vertical shafts and get a general taste of the practical side of their future occupation.

—The University of Washington Daily

"Romeo, my Romeo, where art thou, Romeo?"

"I'm in the balcony; it's cheaper."

—The J Bird—Juneau, Alaska.

Without the previous formality of going steady, pin planting or an engagement, 19-year-old Sara Falknor, daughter of Dean Judson Falknor of the University of Washington law school, cloped with Ross Reid, 23, and president of the law school student body.

They were married at Moscow, Idaho, and after sending telegrams home to their respective parents the couple left for Los Angeles where they will make their home.

—The University of Washington Daily

For those who still have to break the sad news about grades to their parents (mainly flu victims) David Janison of the University of Colorado, has a few unique methods:

1. The Safety Match Method. Write a one-page letter, putting your grades in a lower corner. Fold this page, place it in an envelope so that the grades are in the left hand corner. Strike a safety match and burn off the entire left side of the envelope. Address and mail. Tomorrow write a second letter home and say that you heard there was a fire on the mail train. (A strike-anywhere match may also be used.)

2. The No-Lie Method. Simply write a letter home and say that you didn't get any grades this quarter, which, of course, would be no lie.

3. Write that you were told to see the Dean about your grades, but that you are afraid to go into his office because you heard that an NYA student who worked there last quarter is now in bed with the flu at his home in Alaska. Ask your folks if your grades are worth the flu.

—Silver and Gold.

University of Illinois Alumni News reports 85 to 90 per cent of the 1940 graduates are employed in work of their choice. Evidence that human beings witnessed formation of Crater Lake thousands of years ago is under study by University of Oregon scientists.

Twenty southern California communities are served through classes offered by the University of California extension division.

When There's Work to Be Done

JOHN Cavanagh's letter to the executive committee of the ASUCO, which was printed in yesterday morning's Emerald, occasioned more than the usual amount of comment. Political janssaries came out of their corners to deny or affirm the statements which he made, but the average student, his interest aroused only queried: "What's going on here?"

That question should have been fairly well answered by the letter, but to clear up any doubt we repeat the history of the controversy of chairman of Dads' day.

Sunday noon, January 5, the executive committee met to select a chairman. In accordance with the ASUCO practice petitions for the position of chairman had previously been called for. Three men applied for the position. They were George Mackin, Bill Bernard, and Buck Buchwach.

THE field was narrowed to Mackin and Buchwach in a short time. Of the two men Cavanagh and Nelson favored Buchwach and Payne, McLean, Bergholdt and Buchanan (by phone) favored Mackin. All agreed, however, that both men were capable of handling the job in an efficient manner.

A few days later it was found that Mackin also was chairman of the Senior ball. President Payne then took the only action possible and asked him to withdraw from the Dads' day appointment. It was a wise step.

When the executive committee met the following Tuesday, January 7, the Dads' day appointment was again under consideration. At that meeting the name of Stan Staiger, who had not applied and should not be considered under ASUCO minutes, was brought up. Cavanagh left the meeting early, and the committee voted 4 to 1, with Nelson still favoring Buchwach.

Both Cavanagh and Nelson felt that Buchwach should have received the appointment, since he had applied and since everyone had previously admitted that he was competent to handle the position.

THE controversy over the appointment put Staiger in a very bad position. He faced the possibility of doing a job without the support of a large section of the student body. It appeared that his ability was being questioned. Facing this Staiger felt he should resign.

His resignation should not be accepted. Staiger is fully qualified to handle the appointment. The decision has been made, he has started his work—proof that he is interested in the position. Already Staiger and Buchwach, who was appointed to handle promotion, are working together as well as, probably better than, most committee heads.

Dads' day isn't far off. The committee has a good start. The immediate incident can well be forgotten; the principle behind it is worthy of future student consideration.

Reason for Reminiscing

ASCAP's battle of the notes with BMI has been brought closer to home. Last night John Stehn's musical band of blowers refrained from playing "Mighty Oregon" at the Washington State game which was broadcast over a non-ASCAP station. Perhaps, John and the boys appropriately should have played "Practice Makes Perfect"—the single BMI tune that has provoked popularity in recent weeks.

Resurrected from dusty music files since January 1 have been such ancienties as "Beautiful Dreamers," "Zip Coon," "Liebestraum," "Blue Danube" often with boogie-woogie and rumba adaptations. Such tunes, reminiscent of other less dynamic days, have proven a pleasant diversion for avid radio listeners, not too many disliking the absence of pre-'41 popular hit songs.

WITH this absence, one is made to realize how many manuscripts of Southern spirituals, European waltzes, and even symphonic works—if not subjected to an overdose of syncopation—are admirable, offering satisfying enjoyment to one's listening pleasure. Out of this ASCAP-BMI bickering eventually will come the return of banned notes to the air lanes. One hesitates to prophesy when the present plight—if it may be considered a plight—will be past history. But this present period should encourage greater appreciation of compositions that have become classic through age.

In this streamlined era, life becomes just a little less complicated instead of more bewildering when the wholesale output of ASCAP honky tonk, timed at "eight to the bar" can be forgotten and familiar songs of another generation remembered by radio.—R.N.V.

The committee, says a recent Emerald story, will consider applications. Upon these applications the final decision will be biased.

News story: The publishers are here—alo and hearty.

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