

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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'By Courtesy of Oregon Mothers'

THIS week while the Emerald's columns were full of news of Dads' Day and plans for Dads' Day, the Oregon Mothers came forth with a little announcement of their own—an announcement which will undoubtedly prove very important to three Freshman next year.

The announcement was that this organization will again offer three cash scholarships to entering freshmen. The scholarships will be for \$200, \$150, and \$150. As such they will be very substantial contributions towards covering the fees and expenses of three deserving first year students.

This program of the Mothers in offering scholarships to outstanding and needy freshmen students is one of the most worthwhile contributions to education here at Oregon. The list of students who have received Mothers' scholarships and have gone on to become Phi Beta Kappas, student leaders, or other outstanding officers, is impressive. Very often these students were kept in school by the scholarships.

THE RESULT of such a program as the scholarship donations of the Mothers is often intangible. It is difficult for those "out of the know" to realize how much is being, and has been, accomplished by these gifts to students. No monument is erected at graduation listing all those whose diplomas are made possible by the Mothers. Perhaps each such diploma should carry a little line "By Courtesy of the Oregon Mothers."

As a rule the Mothers have been contented with a small space in the commencement program acknowledging the gifts and with such small bits of recognition as the story in yesterday's Emerald. They haven't asked for anything more and probably never will.

It must be some satisfaction, however, to watch the students who have come to Oregon by way of Mothers' scholarships go on and emerge as Phi Beta Kappas, student leaders, or other officers. It must be some satisfaction to know that the funds contributed are going into someone's education.

Another Queen?

WELL, Oregon is off on its merry-go-round again.

Before undergraduates could scarcely get the ink dry on their registration checks, some enterprising soul launched a contest for selection of a "Valentine girl" . . . and all the campus pushed forth the prize queens.

Yesterday morning's Emerald announces that the fall term contest to select a typical "Betty Coed" and "Joe College" is off to another booming start, and ere the Soph Informal becomes a reality, we'll have a couple of more of these collegiate "ideals" on our hands.

Exactly two weeks after these two second-year students resume their places as average Americans, another male will get his taste of glory as Oregon chooses with all the flourish of a pitched battle its 1941 "King of Hearts."

BUT of course the real "queen" of the term is the Little Colonel, elected late in February for the Military Ball . . . and running a close second her two majors and two captains. Nothing (except of course Junior Weekend queen in May) can approach the tense excitement that goes with selecting Oregon's coed colonel . . . swishy formals, dashing uniforms, and a patriotic theme.

Now that's a pretty good beginning for the shortest term in the year; and what's more, there's plenty of time to slip in another contest or two.

What seems to us its greatest evil would be the gray hairs that sorority politicians must get staying awake nights trying to budget their "queens" throughout the year, so they'll have enough to go around for each contest.

Short Wave's War of Words

ALMOST everyone has heard of the "War of Words." Few, particularly out here on the Pacific Coast, have realized its nearness to their daily lives. They think of it as a remote thing for intellectuals and European propagandists.

They do not know—or do not care to know—that powerful short wave broadcasting stations, located in Berlin, London, Rome, Paris, Moscow, and Tokyo are blasting their ways through to the Pacific Coast with the volume of local stations. It is no feat—not even difficult—to tune any of these foreign short wave broadcasters.

THE FLOOD of propaganda reaching this country by way of these short wave stations is enormous. Most of the stations located in the capitals just named are on the air 24 hours a day with the latest concoctions of fertile minds of highly paid propagandists.

All any listener with a modern all-wave radio set need do is twist the band switch over to short wave and pick up accounts of the latest scurrage in the "War of Words."

War travels fast via radio.

Walter Millis Believes US Safety Depends Upon 'All Aid to Britian'

(Special to the Oregon Daily Emerald from the Brown Daily Herald)

By Walter Millis

IN the year 1935 I published a book, "Road to War," which described in severely critical terms the whole process whereby the United States went down into the first World War. I have since seen this book more than once referred to as "the isolationists' bible."

I don't know how many times I have heard the isolationist spokesmen exclaiming, as Senator Wheeler did the other day, that present administration policies are simply "running down the road to war." I don't know how many times in the past year or so I have been asked how, as the author of "Road to War," I can support these policies of active opposition to the dictators, of all aid to Britain, of a bold attitude upon the world stage, as earnestly as I do.

Yet it seems to me that no argument is more irrelevant, and that no question could be easier to answer.

I NEED only call the calendar in evidence; 1941 is not 1914, nor even 1915 nor 1916. This is not the same year. The problems which it presents to the United States are different and deeper problems; and the policies ruling today in Washington are not the same—despite similarities of appearance—as those with which Wilson and House once fumbled their way through the early months of the war of 1914.

The enormous processes of political and social disintegration put in motion by that war, and which might conceivably have been arrested in their early stages had the American people followed a wiser course, have run on instead through a whole quarter of a century, producing at least a situation to which remedies which might have been appropriate in 1915 or 1916 are now wholly inadequate and indeed completely inapplicable.

Few of those who criticize the American entry into the war in 1917 have ever suggested that, once in, we should have halted the war effort and backed out again before it was won. We may or may not have been unwise in what we did in 1917 but we could not undo it in 1918; we could not undo it (though we tried disastrously to do so) in 1920 or in the subsequent decades. And we cannot now undo the history of those decades by imagining ourselves back in a time which they have destroyed.

IT HAS always seemed to me that the best outcome for the first World War would have been the "peace without victory" which President Wilson sought to secure in 1916; it has always seemed to me that the most tragic aspect of the whole episode was the manner in which the United States disqualified itself, in the early war years, for working to such an end.

But after 1916, and especially after the American declaration of war, such an outcome was no longer possible. It would have been patently idle to work for it in 1918; and in the same way it seems idle to me now to suppose that in the far more desperate times of 1941, we can fall back upon any given solutions simply because they might conceivably have worked a quarter of a century ago. In solving the problem of the present, we can learn certain things from what I believe to be the blunders of the past.

We can learn not to be misled by the merely trivial or accidental or falsely emotional. We can learn to avoid errors of method—as indeed we have learned, in refusing again to set such a trap for ourselves as Wilson's submarine policy, which put the peace of the United States at the mercy of the strategic calculations of the German High Command. But whatever the past may teach us, it is still the problem of the present which must be solved.

THIS is all that matters; and though in the debate over it both sides often cite the last war, the debate itself has really very little to do with the last war. Sooner or later—and generally sooner rather than later—this debate boils down to the two positions about this war between which there is no rational reconciliation.

War of any sort, says the one side, is so colossal an evil that it would be worse than anything which could happen to the American people in the event of a Hitler victory. A Hitler victory, says the other side, would be so colossal an evil that it would be worse than anything in the way of war which would be likely to happen to us if we exerted ourselves now to prevent that victory.

Between these two views there can be no scientific or rational decision; neither the evils of any war in which we might in fact become involved nor the evils of a Hitler victory are exactly measurable; they are not even exactly foreseeable.

AT THE bottom, no doubt it is an emotional reaction; and perhaps both sides tend

to clothe their instinctive attitudes in pseudologic. The one side, I am certain, exaggerates the ability of the United States to defend itself alone in a totalitarian world; it indulges in fantastic hopes of negotiated peace; it hides its head in contemplation of the crimes of the British, or the failings of democracy, both of which are completely irrelevant to the fact that the British, however criminal, are in fact fighting for the reconstruction of the kind of world we have known and that democracy, however faulty, is still preferable to the totalitarian rule of force and fraud. Of this I am certain.

Perhaps the other side, which seems to me on incomparably firmer ground, also buttresses its position with wishful thinking. Perhaps it minimizes the risks we run by acting now to hold the line while it is still being defended for us in Europe; perhaps it exaggerates the horrors of government by castor-oil and the concentration camp; perhaps it places too high a value on the liberal-democratic system in which all of us have been bred and brought up and has too vivid a fear that if the war is lost in Europe that system will inevitably be destroyed in this country, with or without a military attack upon it. Perhaps, I do not think so; but I do not know.

I DO NOT know what the future is going to look like. I do not believe that any course of action which men may take today can guarantee them happiness, or comfort, or indeed guarantee them anything, tomorrow. But as between these two views, it seems to me that the second is immeasurably the more appealing. It seems to me that the actual, practical risks it involves—in the expenditure of life and property—are relatively small; the actual gain it promises—in the averting of a vastly greater expenditure of life later on, in averting the establishment in this country of a reign of atavistic barbarism, whether imposed from without or encouraged from within—are relatively immense.

The second view, it seems to me, promises the maintenance of more of those things we regard as worthwhile, at less actual cost in blood, disorganization, and despair than the first. This is the practical calculation. It may be wrong. No one can say. But there is a further consideration.

THE SUN of the pre-1914 world, and its long, pre-1939 twilight, have vanished forever. That much is decided already. The real issue of the present war is not whether the past is to be preserved—it cannot now be revived—but who is to construct the future. Our practical calculations of costs and gains may be wrong. What is a certainty is that whoever wins the war now joined will be charged with building the future world.

I would like my country, my kind of ideas, the society of which I am a member and in which I feel there to be much greater creative forces than can be found in the barren and backward dictatorships, to share in that work. Even if the costs are greater than I believe them likely to be and the rewards less satisfying. I would still prefer that the people of the United States should grasp that chance to control their own destiny than they should resign it to others. Even if the chance should be as badly misused again as it was before, I would still rather that we had seized the chance than that we had abandoned it to a Hitler or Mussolini.

We cannot fight for happiness or for perfection, for those are unreal qualities. But if, at such a decisive juncture in world history as this one, we have as a society the energy, cohesion and self-confidence to fight for a chance of shaping the future of the world, then I believe we are likely to approach much nearer to happiness and perfection than if we announce that our role in the world is over, and sit back to allow other forces and other philosophies to determine our destiny for us.

This Collegiate World

(By Associated Collegiate Press)

The player's chance of being dealt a straight flush in a poker game is only one in 64,974 times (if the deck ain't stacked).

And the chance of getting 13 spades in one hand of bridge is but one in 700 trillion times, however many that is.

So figures an Eastern New Mexico college Ph. D. professor in mathematics, following a Dartmouth professor's use in his class of chances in a crap-shooting question.

Intrigued by the utilization of homely happenings in higher mathematics, the ENMC professor fascinated his students with problems dealing with bridge, poker, and slot machines, with the slot machines for once coming out at the losing end.

For students found that the slot machine offers a sure chance to lose money.

The Passing Parade

By HUMBERT SEESALL

The sale of eggs must have increased tremendously last week with all of the Greek frosh collecting co-ed signatures—and just to prove they weren't so green—the boys were getting the phone numbers, too.

We hear Bud McDowell was the life of the barn-storming fiddler Sunday—gathered more lipstick per mile than any other two initiates.

The six qualities necessary for popularity on the campus as taken in a recent poll (???) of the girls' auxiliary shows the following:

1. He must have a car.
2. Must possess a good personality.
3. Have a car.
4. Be good looking.
5. Have a car.
6. Be a good dancer.

and—oh yes, items 2, 4, and 6 may be omitted if he happens to have a car.

And then there was the rumor that the KKK pledge, Dotie Clear's Senior ball escort had a little talk with a little man with a little bright badge with a little star on it—her escort was a Salem lad and the cop—I don't know what his name was.

Carolyn Chapman, that striking Theta pledge, brushed off a movie contract just to come to Oregon—whatta gal!

The seven would-be valentine girls that blossomed forth from the large entry list can all go out with Humbert anytime they want to—in their pictures, Dorothy Havens looked beautiful—too beautiful for the ideal campus coed, though—Emma Verduen looked just like an angel—Jean Hoover, looked—well, it can't be put adequately in words—but we'll say—queerly—Carolyn was Hollywood all over again—Jean Morrison resembled a professional model with a lotta umph . . . Edie Bush reminded one of a Coca Cola ad—really tops, and plenty collegiate—Eleanor Sederstrom looked like Betty Co-ed all right—with a beautiful smile . . . Congrats to some square, tasteful judges for a change.

Sigma Nu Cliff Sexsmith has had a puzzled look on his face all week—he's wondering what the h— one of his tong's pledge pins was doing on a coed he happened across on the campus a couplea days ago . . . Pi Phi Phyllis "Dube wit da bangs" doesn't have either the bangs or Lou Torgeson's oven-door anymore . . . Speaking of pifis, I see where Hope Hughes, walking proof of the fact that an independent girl can go places on this campus in activities, bolts the independents and pledges the arrow-laden house.

Today's short, short, short story . . . Ex-Alpha Chi Alice Lyle and the daddy of the fiddler house, Romney DePittard, got house, Roney Depittard, got engaged quite a while ago. There was some mixup over invitations to his relatives. So Alice gets so mad that Romney, is very soon made an ex-fiance, and the very next week—Miss Lyle goes to the altar with someone else, and is happily married . . . end of story.

A Sigma Chi pin becomes unpainted as Betty McNiece regains her sovereignty, and Len Surles regains his white cross . . . but Blondie Back supplants that by going into the stocks yesterday for Shirley Gillette. Betcha that certain DU would burn until crisp if he ever came face to face with the Tri-Delts after a "one way" conversation he had—by one way—is meant that he didn't THINK anyone else was on the line—next time he shouldn't pick the gals to pieces while waiting for one of them to come to the phone.

secretly slipped out of the KAPPA SIGMA mail by a member one morning last week was a letter addressed in a feminine hand . . . the return address included Portland . . . the envelope read: (quotes are the addresser's)

"The Man With a New Pack-ard"

Kappa Sigma Eugene, Oregon.

"SPEACH Department" is the spelling used in the return address on a batch of letters recently mailed from the UNIVERSITY SPEECH Department to high school principals throughout the state . . .

a GREEK on the campus whose pin is on a CAL coed mails her blank postcards regularly just to let her know he is thinking of her! . . .

campus quips . . . TRY DELT'S JEAN MORRISON who is allergic to STEPHEN FOSTER'S "JEANNIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR" . . . SIGNATURE'S JIMMY SELDER saying "Prun" in the

International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

A little over a year ago, on December 2, 1939 to be precise, President Roosevelt declared a "moral embargo" against nations whose airplanes were bombing civilian populations. Roosevelt told American airplane manufacturers that they should keep in mind that this government and its people condemn unprovoked bombing and machine-gunning of civilian populations.

At that time Russian planes were dropping bombs on Helsinki, capital of Finland and practically all shipments of aircraft were stopped between the U.S. and Russia. The moral embargo also applied to Germany, Japan, and a little later to Italy. Last night the state department advised Russia that the embargo was lifted.

No Reasons

No reasons were given, but the state department made public a letter from Sumner Welles, undersecretary of state, to Constantine Oumansky, Soviet ambassador, in which Welles said he was "happy" to report that the president's policies were no longer applicable to Russia.

The event coincides with two significant events. Japan, through her mouthpiece, Foreign Minister Matsuoka, had just called the Japanese Diet's attention to danger of war with the U.S. and emphasized Japan's unit with Germany and Italy. If the U.S. should get into this European mess (heaven forbid!) then it would be to our interest to have Russia gnawing at the Japanese flank. A fleet of American planes based on Vladivostok could do a lot of damage to Tokyo, Kobe, and Yokohama.

That's number one. Number two is the Balkan situation. In Rumania rival factions are rioting again, killing each other in the streets.

Germany May Move In

Premier General Ion Antonescu has fixed a 24-hour deadline for the reestablishment of order. But the general is on shaky ground and it is possible the Germans will move in and take charge politically . . . they

have already occupied the country militarily.

Now Rumania borders on Bulgaria, and rumor has it that the only thing that has kept the Nazis from occupying that little Balkan nation is Russia.

It is only a rumor, but there seems to be some basis for it, for only last night the Soviet press referred to the "spreading flames of the second imperialist war" and boasted that the USSR is "the bulwark of the small, weak nations who alone cannot secure their independence."

Another Reason

If Bulgaria is not a "small, weak nation" I don't know what is. If the state department, which is apparently fighting Britain's war, thinks Russia will bar Germany's penetration into the Balkans, then that is another reason why they should remove the Indian sign from the Soviets and lift the embargo on planes.

It's all a very complicated game and I'd like to see the United States keep out of it. So would Joe Kennedy, apparently, for yesterday he announced his opposition to the lend-lease bill in its present form, although he did favor all-out aid to Britain.

War Wags on

Elsewhere the war wags on, with the Greeks reporting successes in Albania and the British making gains in Africa; but all Europe seems to be holding its breath, waiting to see whether America is going to give Roosevelt dictatorial powers.

According to United Press Roosevelt got facetious yesterday about the provision in the bill that allows him to give away the American navy. He said there was nothing in the bill to prevent him from standing on his head but he didn't intend to do it, and would oppose an amendment that forbade it.

That strikes me as misplaced humor. He can stand on his head without damaging anything but his dignity, but giving away the fleet is another matter. Or don't you think so?

so be it...

By BILL FENDALL

KAP SIG'S PAT RILEY and company is about as mixed up as eggs thrown into a fan . . . the "and company" includes among lesser fry, CAROLYN HOLMES, of last spring and this fall's following, and now, MILODENE GOSS, a sorority sister of HOLMES' . . .

because of the social stigma peculiar to social sorority for young women such as ALPHA CHI OMEGA concerning a fella going with first one sister then another, PAT is about as depressed as the lights at a fraternity dance . . .

then at the recent dessert exchange between KS and ACO CAROLYN offered to introduce PAT to MILODENE . . .

but PAT, who moves in the best of triangles, should be getting a set of answers ready for such emergencies for he was in a like three-way tieup in the THETA house once . . .

the real yawn is that PAT is now worrying about which of the two dates he has made to his house dance he is going to take . . . ho-hum . . .

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SIDE annex to a little brunette last Saturday night . . . four EMERALD writers got the same idea the other night concerning the five w's—who, where, when, why, what—as JO ANN SUPPLE of THETA way walked in . . . so be it . . .

12.95
to
16.95

Swing
Tucked
Back.
25-inch
Jacket.
Beige
Natural



Hadley's
1004 Will. St. Phone 633



He's on His Way for a Delicious Nu-Way

Everyone is talking about this delicious all-beef sandwich especially prepared. Why not try one today? Curb service.

Hickerson's RAINBOW Formerly the Polar Bear 99 at Moss