

OREGON Daily EMERALD

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Within the Law

THE question of membership in the ASUO was settled beyond doubt yesterday when the judiciary committee ruled that members of the student executive committee had acted within the power given them by the constitution when they voted to extend membership to "all regular undergraduate students registered in the University." The question was brought to the judiciary group in the form of a test case to determine the constitutionality of the executive committee's action in granting membership to all students.

The decision was fair. Under the stipulations of the ASUO constitution the executive committee is given the right to determine what fees shall constitute the requirement for membership in the ASUO. They voted that the regular fees paid by all undergraduates should be all that were required. It was plainly within their power to do so.

THE effect of the legislation will be great. For the first time in many years every registered, regular, undergraduate student will have the right to vote in the ASUO elections. It will take the power from a few who possess some kind of a card and will place it in the entire student body. By giving the right to vote to all students, ASUO leaders hope that many more will become interested in student government. An increased activity program will be the result.

The action of the executive committee and the decision of the judiciary committee is encouraging. It is a step toward what the Emerald has been fighting for—the right of universal suffrage in the ASUO and in classes. If the new setup in ASUO government succeeds in getting more students interested, if it proves a success in encouraging participation in student activities, then the classes will undoubtedly follow the leadership of the executive committee.

His Own Successor

THE brown-thatched "man in white" who brought yell queens to Oregon and a Webfoot twist to the UCLA "rocker" yell received a hearty slap on the back yesterday. For Oregon's student body elected Earle Russell as his own successor to the position of yell king. They picked him from a field of eight well-qualified applicants . . . which means they like his policies.

But the critical observer could have told that long ago. It's a fairly simple matter to note whether a student body likes a cheer leader or not by the way in which they react to his leadership at games. And Earle had that support.

He seldom lacked wholehearted backing on new yell arrangements. Students listen to his directions and follow him well. His yell sections noisily express their enthusiasm for the between-the-half novelties and pantomimes he worked up from time to time. His introduction of Assistant Bette Christensen was his crowning glory; the stands went rampant the night she made her debut.

KING EARLE has announced plans for his new reign that include the addition of three peppy girls to assist on the directing side of yell maneuvers and a series of new stunts. What's more, the rather quiet, bashful sophomore shows genuine enthusiasm and pep when he gets into that white sweater. Real interest is probably his greatest asset.

He deserves the vote of acclaim which came to him at yesterday's polls, for he has worked hard at a thankless job, and has gained student support in a time when rally leaders were the crux of student barbs and criticism. —H. A.

Anna Had a Birthday

THE Emerald believes in keeping up with the times. It has even been remarked that the editor feels a responsibility to have this page follow in the wake of the news, on time. But a fairy story can laugh at time.

Anna Sklepovich's birthday, from the press flash point of view, is by now dead stuff. But in the light of our time, in days when exciting Romantical Things don't happen often, it is very much alive.

Anna's birthday, as a number of newspapers recounted the facts, occurred on the same day as President Roosevelt's—January 30. He was turning 59 and she, 14. So Anna wrote the President a happy birthday letter and got a White House thank you note. Someone, presumably a joke-minded brother, intercepted her note and added a p. s. asking her to come to Washington to meet the President.

SKIPPING the details of her journey, in Washington we find Anna: removed from the White House, put in a children's home, and flashing into the headlines. Hearing of Anna's plight, the President himself pressed the magic button or waved his magic wand and lo! Anna was Cinderella for a day. She occupied a royal spot in his Birthday celebrations. Her homecoming must have been that of the fairytale peasant who has been smiled upon by the king and who was, of course, a princess in disguise all the while.

This story, like all good fairytales, must have a moral. The moral is: when a busy man, such as President Roosevelt, hounded about by international intrigues and explosions can take time to think of even the least of one of his fellow citizens, joyousness in living cannot be dead.

A fairy story can laugh at time, and a jumping jack world. —P. L.

In the Editor's Mail

February 13, 1941

To the Editor:

If no girl on the Oregon campus wore wooden shoes there would still be plenty of noise at concerts. The behavior of the audience at Gladys Swarthout's recent appearance here was a disgrace. If people buy reserved seat tickets why can't they come on time? At least 50 people came traipsing up the aisle anywhere from 5 to 15 minutes late. Miss Swarthout had to wait three times or more for late-comers to be seated; once, having started to sing she was forced to stop because people were being ushered to their seats—late!

Also, it must be very gratifying to an artist who has spent years training her voice to have an audience clap loudly for a student who puts down the lid

on the piano. High school stuff.

If you clap for an encore why not wait to hear it? How would you like to sing an encore to the tune of departing feet?

We suggest that all ushers be instructed to make late-comers wait until the first group of songs is over at any concert. It is only common courtesy to the artist and those who come on time.

The rest of the problem: whispering, leaving noisily, and indiscriminate clapping is up to the students to correct. Just remember that if we get a reputation for discourtesy it will be increasingly difficult to secure worthwhile artists to appear on this campus.

M. C.
P. P.
B. P.

Parade of Opinion

By Associated Collegiate Press

"It would be bad," quips the Daily Texan, "if some of these CAA boys flunked a test, especially at 10,000 feet." In more serious vein, there's a deal of pro-and-conning these days on American campuses about the merits of the federal government's flight training program for college students. Some editors have voiced flat opposition, others go "all out" in their praise.

The Tulane Hullabaloo does neither, but it raises some pertinent questions: "Are the institutions of higher learning serving their broad purposes in following the narrow aims of this enterprise? Or should they protect their supporters from such exploitation? And are they making their best contribution to peace by becoming eggs in the program to prepare youth for war?" Similar questions are raised by the Lenoir Rhynean at Lenoir Rhyne college.

Charging "they call it the CIVIL aeronautics authority, but they mean MILITARY aeronautics authority," The Daily Northwestern advises undergraduates as follows: "We neither recommend that you sign up for the program nor that you shun it absolutely. We ask you only to recognize that you are, in effect, signing up for training in the military air force of the nation. Be under no delusion that this is simply an easy and cheap way to learn to fly with no strings attached. It isn't."

It would appear from an Associated Collegiate Press survey that the pros outnumber the cons. Here are typical arguments of the former:

Cornell Daily Sun: "Actually the CAA is not concerned with developing military pilots. It is training thousands of civilians who some day may want to own their own planes, or fly just for the pleasure and convenience of it. It is very likely that never again will students have an opportunity to learn to fly under such ideal conditions."

Michigan State News: "Turning out of crack pilots may have been the original purpose of the CAA courses. But it is in the sideline of arousing public interest that the program is really going to click. Enormous strengthening of the country's aerial defense is vital. Public understanding of the aims and realization of the needs for such a move will remove the biggest stumbling block that defense heads might encounter. CAA flying schools are already supplying much of that understanding and realization."

The Aquinas, University of Scranton feels "that the benefits are obvious. For \$25 the student is given training valued at well over \$400. Fear that students would be edged into the army after completion of the course has been shown to be false by experience of the students who are now licensed pilots."

The Kentucky Kernel: "CAA is perhaps the best method available for building a sound foundation for the army's air arm. There certainly is no method more democratic than that of CAA. With aviation apparently destined to play so large a role in the world's future, it is essential that some agency assume the responsibility of training youth for that future. And since aviation necessarily demands intelligence, and since intelligent youth are most highly concentrated on the campuses of the nation, it seems only just that the universities take the lead in schooling future pilots."

From All Sides

Exchange by Mildred Wilson

Lynn Clare, student at the University of Minnesota, being without ready cash, wanted to hitchhike to a job at Sun Valley resort in Idaho. To determine the best hitchhiking routes, Clare wrote to a railroad for travel information.

He was very much embarrassed a few days later when a salesman, tickets in hand, came to call on him. Clare explained his lack of funds to the salesman. And not long ago he rode by coach to Sun Valley—as a guest of the Union Pacific railroad.

—The Minnesota Daily.

Sing a song of sixpence
A penny and a nickel
The other guy had fifty cents,
Gee, but dames are fickle.

—The Y News

Something to tell the freshmen about is the case of J. G.

Miller, candidate for the BA and MA degrees in June, from Ohio State university. Last quarter he signed up for 29 hours—while his classmates struggled with their average "loads" of 15 hours—and emerged with a straight A average.

In addition to his high scholastic record, Ohio State's "star student" is active in a number of extracurricular activities and is working his way through college. So time won't hang heavy on his hands this term as he has signed up for an extra two-hour course—which means he'll be carrying 31 hours this term.

—The Indiana Daily Student.

"You said a mouthful," is my idea of a phrase that will burn itself into the language of the future," says Drake University Professor Paul Barrus in defending the much maligned present-day slaughter of the English language.

College English, Barrus believes, will enable the student to adapt his speaking vocabulary to any level of intelligence or type of society and slang "pumps spice, color and vitality into our every day English."

The Passing Parade

By HUMBERT SEESALL

Question no. 9,876,543: Do you know anyone who has a friend who has ever heard of anyone who was polled by the Gallup Poll?

Walking into the Side Wednesday night, who should one run into but that piggin' fool, JOHN "More space for Student Union" CAVANAGH, debating whether or whether not to buy BETTY MAE LIND a coke.

Attention, girls! Grab your Sigma Chi now. They're going fast! Last two victims were GEORGE KILLMER, who lost his brass to ROBERT A FISCHL, and DAVE JAHN, who really pulled a surprise on everyone in town as he brought his pin to rest on Alpha Chi's get-around-girl, LORRAINE LEWIS. Wonder how long MD GOSS will last.

Latest alumni group to be formed on the campus is the "Myll Alumnus" — from the Gamma Phi of the same name. The "alums" celebrate the occasion with a set-to every Wednesday night.

Beta DICK DAVIS was riding along, minding his own business in Beta JOHNNIE MATCHEK'S car the other day, when, swish, MATCHEK takes a corner, the door takes an opening, and DAVIS takes a ride all the way across the street on the south end of his spinal column—he didn't hurt anything, and made a beautiful save of an "article" which he clasped in a death clutch as he took his ride.

It appears as though WARREN TREECE was born with gold-dust in his veins—he is blessed with type one blood—which is worth about 50 samolians a pint! LOU TORGESEN doesn't have type one—but his type, strange as it seems, corresponds perfectly with PHYL DUBE'S—so he donated a couple jars the other day . . . BUTCH THOMPSON, (whose real name, incidentally, is Lester) is unhappy 'cause he's just plain, old type 2. In fact, the campus seems to be bloodtype conscious since so many of the men have been tested during the past week for transfusions.

"DAPPER DICK" DRAPER, a transfer from Silo Tech, is working up a very consistent date-list with Kappa HELEN MOORE . . . Gamma Phi JANE WARLICK decides that absence doesn't make the heart grow fonder—and sends back a Maryland Beta pin after a year of steadyship . . . ART WIGGIN doesn't try out for yell leader again, but makes a bid for JANE GRAY.

RAND (Just call me Bunny) POTTS—Thetaki pledge who takes such delight in embarrassing Kappas, goes into his shell with 94 cents left between now and next term—so he says . . . Canard Clubber BLAKE HIRSCH had to go the trouble of making an announcement in the assembly to get a Heart Hop date—but he got one!

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—The Utah Chronicle.

George Grant Mason, Jr., member of the civil aeronautics board, received his AE degree from Yale in 1926.

International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

Rumors held the international spotlight last night—significant rumors it is true, but still rumors.

Conjecture number 1 was that Great Britain is on the verge of breaking diplomatic relations with Bulgaria. Just a few days ago ties between Britain and Rumania were severed

Cummings and many observers predicted English air attacks on Rumanian oil fields, but nothing has happened since. Now "reliable reports," a more impressive way of writing rumors, have reached Belgrade in Yugoslavia that at least 20,000 German troops are already on Bulgarian soil.

A Strike at Greece

If this is true it may presage a Nazi strike across Bulgaria into Greece, which would naturally bring little Bulgaria into the war, either on the Allied side if she resists or on the Axis side if she permits the free passage of German soldiers.

Russia is significantly silent. A few months ago it looked like Russian neutrality, but no body seems to know which way the Bear is going to lumber now.

Speaking of Russia brings up rumor number 2. It is to the effect that trade negotiations between the Soviets and the Japanese, now being held in Moscow, are taking a favorable turn. It's hard to say how these stories start—perhaps a Nipponese delegate walked out of a public building . . . smiling over the good lunch he had just finished (if people really can get good lunches in Moscow), and a reporter sensed the story.

Russia at the Helm

However, it is entirely possible that the Reds and the Japs are getting together. Some time ago this column pointed out that it is Russia who is really in the driving seat as far as international politics go, and that it was entirely possible that Stalin would smoke the pipe of peace with Matsuoka or the Mikado or whoever is chief smoker for the Japanese. As the United States ties its destiny closer and closer to England and China, Russia correspondingly gains in freedom of maneuver.

I have an idea that the Soviets would be glad to let this country go to bat for China. Chiang Kai-Shek hasn't been treating the communists any too well lately.

Developments in Mexico

It may be far-fetched, but this development brings to mind a story that originated in Mexico last week and has since been ridiculed by the Soviet press. Written by Robert Conway, it revealed a purported plot for Japanese-Russian cooperation to "liquidate" the war in China as the first step toward a Russian invasion of Alaska next year.

I rather doubt if Russia has territorial ambitions in North America and so, apparently, does our strong, silent state department, which recently took the Indian sign off Joe Stalin and said it would be all right for U.S. airplane manufacturers to send aircraft to Russia—AFTER British and U.S. orders were filled. That is a big "after" but it was a friendly gesture and merely strengthens my contention that Russia is the big gainer in this international game of grab.

Law School Disapproves

I didn't have to use a single quote yesterday and as a result Hull Phillips, law school waster, said the column was "trouty," which is Hull's cute way of saying fishy.

So here's a quote to end with: "Will we be dragged into the struggles of a morally and financially bankrupt Europe? . . . The decision to fight (in 1917) came when an invisible plutocracy made up its mind and turned loose on a defenceless public an avalanche of propaganda . . . These same forces may be at work today, as invis-

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ible as they were then . . ."

A Quote from 1936

That, my friends, was not written yesterday or last week. It appeared as an editorial in "The Argonaut" on March 13, 1936. Five years ago. The Argonaut is a weekly paper published in San Francisco and the editorial was provoked by the marching of German troops into the de-militarized Rhineland.

The Nazis have done a lot of marching since then and the same dictators who preach hate and the glory of war are still at the helm. I agree that the ideology of hate is a menace to the world, but I can't see why we should adopt the same ideology and put on uniforms and go over and try to police Europe.

so be it..

by bill fendall

during supper hour the Campbell gang always sing "Happy Birthday to You" to every girl on her birthday . . . this song is finished off with another ditty, "Stand Up, Stand Up" until the girl with the birthday stands . . .

Wednesday, February 12, a group at the head of the table commenced to sing "Happy Birthday" and it was taken up by the others . . . but despite the "Stand Up" verse, no body stood . . . puzzled, the girls stopped singing and asked just whose birthday it was . . .

came the answer from the group who had started the song—"ABRAHAM LINCOLN!" . . . he is a dramatics major . . . she—well, it doesn't matter . . . he called for her the other night and to the cadence of his extensive knowledge (self-admitted) in dramatics, they walked downtown to the McDONALD theater . . .

all through the showing of the main feature he kept abreast of the picture, telling her all about the technique of production, how the filming was done, the acting—and, when possible, just what was going to happen in the next scene . . .

at the end of the reel she agreed with a slight smile that it was a "fine picture" . . .

the previews of coming attractions flashed on the screen next . . . featured was "THE PHILADELPHIA STORY" . . . he turned to her again and said—"that will be an excellent picture, the production and all," and asked, "would you like to go see it with me next week?" "yes," was part of the answer . . . the rest went like this—"I'd LIKE very much to hear you in "THE PHILADELPHIA STORY!" . . .

this one dates back a bit, but last fall just before a big game one of the CUNARD boys

had a pre-game mixture in a pint size tucked in his belt between himself and shirt . . . you know how it is—something to balance the blood pressure with . . .

three abreast the boys headed out for the game over on HAYWARD with the one prepared for the alcoholic skirmish in the middle . . .

but 'twas a sad day . . . for about halfway there the constant jostling of the contents in the bottle (not the boy) created so much pressure that the bottle exploded forward—blew his shirt to ribbons and drenched everything and everybody within a "hello" distance.

SEI recently quoted ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS, president of the U of CHICAGO, and soon after received this quote in the mail also attributed to RMH . . .

"It is not so important to be serious as it is to be serious about important things. The monkey wears an expression of seriousness which would do credit to any college student, but the monkey is serious because he itches" . . . so be it. . .

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