

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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A Case for the Dogs

THE other day when a journalism student saw a dog with forepaws upon a fountain, earnestly lapping up the clear McKenzie water (by courtesy of the Eugene water board) which spilled from the faucet, he hit an all-time high for editorial expression.

The smoke had barely been whisked away by one of Oregon's Chinook winds when reverberations from other sections of the campus began to be heard. From the athletic hangout in McArthur court to the administrative dwellings in Johnson came pointed thrusts at man's best friend.

In the face of these threats many of the dog lovers began to wonder if man had forgotten his friend. A few horses around Eugene (there are more 40 miles away) began to raise their eyebrows in expectation of winning back the coveted number one spot on the list of man's animal friends.

THE outside world, by now thoroughly interested, queried "What goes on here?" Up in the legislature the house of representatives caught the spirit and spent hours in debate of a bill to make the dog's owner liable if the dog took even one bite out of a visitor's trousers. After hearing a great deal of testimony and after careful deliberation they finally voted to let the dog have his one bite.

But on the campus the tumult continued. In the face of this grave problem a wise and judicious law school student came through with a two-fold program. (1) Make the dog stand in line and wait his turn at the fountain. (2) Educate the dog to keep his nose off the faucet. A few individuals without his vision and courage, however, turned down the proposal as "impractical."

FROM there the case went to the ASUO where Prexy Tiger Payne appointed a committee to investigate and report. The members of the committee spend hours dodging lobbyists, more time in discussion and finally dissolved without reaching a solution.

At present no workable solution has been proposed which is acceptable both to the dogs and to the students. The future is uncertain.

Quite seriously, however, the problem of what to do about the dogs is becoming important. The students and the administration won't stand very long for having the dogs drink from the fountains from which students drink. If dog-owners aren't willing to do something about it, someone will; and when they do it is likely to be in the form of drastic restrictions upon dogs on the campus.

'Tops!'

THE AWS reform of political alignments cannot be truthfully termed a complete success. Too many people had pledged their votes before the assembly convened on the condition: "I'll vote for you if you're up if you'll vote for me if I'm up." But thus works human nature. It was not the fault of the nominating committee that initiated the reform; for to them goes credit for selection of probably the most representative group of truly outstanding University women that they could have chosen for coed offices.

Few offered any criticism of the list of girls they presented for new officers of AWS, YWCA, and WAA at yesterday morning's assembly. For few believed that there were many other really outstanding women on the campus interested in running.

Introduction of the candidates was scarcely necessary, for each of them has made herself so well known on the campus—or at least in her special field of endeavor—that her record of activities and experience speaks for itself.

WHOLEHEARTED approval of the candidates presented was voiced by the coeds present, when they exercised their privilege of nomination from the floor only five times in the process of finishing off the choice of candidates for the three organizations. That is a record that the candidate-choosing councils of each of the groups may well be proud of.

Critics may scoff at the women's idealistic attempt to take the politics out of politics; losers may rightfully feel sorry, knowing that their candidate was best of the field; there may be broken hearts and crushed ambitions. But there can be no denying that the work of the nominating committees of the Associated Women Students, the YWCA, and the WAA in judiciously choosing a cross-section of the most outstanding women on the campus to vie for the positions was well done.

Those senior women who made the nominations could have settled down in their seats for a well-earned rest before the ballots were counted, knowing that whoever got the honors could handle the job with proven ability. Their selections were "tops."—H.A.

Cotton for Stockings

NOT so long ago Mrs. Roosevelt reminded American women that soon they must "start tightening their belts" and get ready to forego a few luxuries in the name of national defense.

Mrs. Roosevelt was not simply trying to make the feminine element feel included. It becomes increasingly apparent that the foot that rocks the cradle can do two jobs at once—the alternate one being to help alleviate the country's cotton surplus by wearing it. A cotton stocking vogue is getting under way.

Last June Will Clayton, then, as now, classified as the world's No. 1 cotton broker, told the Cotton Research Congress that the U. S. cotton situation was going to be grave. He pointed out that three fourths of the world's clothing had formerly been made from cotton out of a twelve and a half million bale world production. War was then cutting world consumption down to five million bales, and it looked doubtful if the U. S. could sell more than two or two and a half million bales of her five million bales outside of this country.

THEN, as now, he wanted the government to handle foreign markets gently, but encourage sales of our product. Recently he told an Augusta cotton council that stimulation of foreign cotton production by government price pegging would be hard on the ten million Americans who depend on cotton for a living.

Why don't we try using our own extra cotton? A two and a half million bale surplus "ain't hay."

Schiapparelli has appeared at her lectures in white cotton stockings. Life magazine prominently featured colored cotton hose recently. These moves were attempts to encourage American women to use cotton from the faddishness of the idea, even though they still prefer silk and don't object to nylon. But if our silk supply is cut off entirely or diverted to military use, and nylon production is inadequate, which it now evidently is, cotton stockings and other items of apparel will become imperative.

Tighten your belts, ladies, and ask the clerk for cotton. Sacrificing the appearance of a slim ankle or so will probably be one of the smaller things you'll have to do.—P.E.

What Other Editors Think

Dear Friend:

It is difficult to talk to a young man about his career and about the preparation he should make to fit into a glorious life of usefulness and successful achievement, while at the same time some draft board is placing his name in the list of those to be called for war and a radio announcer is commenting on the fact that terrific and crucial battles are in progress. It is difficult to instruct a young man concerning the arts and skills of peace time living, when every news story suggests that there is no peace. It is difficult to convince a young man that he has a pleasant and profitable life ahead of him in business, the professions, or in industry when he knows that soon he may be one identified by number only in some army camp.

Many are ready to give up the effort with the words, "What's the use?" Many feel that the lamps of civilization are going out and that all our efforts are in vain. It is logical that this be so but it is not logical that all of us should follow such pessimistic ones. While there are many who are always quick victims of defeatism, there are many others who will never give up confidence that we shall soon emerge from this terrible chaotic world condition with new and better social and spiritual idealism.

Yes, it is difficult to talk to a young man, who knows that his number is coming up, about the techniques of a normal program; but regardless of the difficulty, it is the most important task of the teacher. Vicious, power-crazed persons will not always have control of the achievements in science to use in systematic devastation. Soon, even this wild storm will pass and men can again apply themselves to the myriad tasks of a free industrious people.

Let us not despair. Let us teach with greater fervor than we have ever taught before so that, regardless of the wastage, there may be immediate reorganization.

There is a number coming up but there is also a man coming up. Destruction is interested in the number—construction is interested in the man. Let us bet on the man rather than on the number.

Very truly,
RAYMOND E. MANCHESTER,
Dean of Men, Kent State University, Ohio

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ON THE MILLRACE

The Passing Parade

By HUMBERT SEESALL
Spring in February—and already the Phi Deltas and Kappas are engaging in their daily games of softball in front of the Kappa house. But first—Humbert casts his sincere congratulations to three winners in a supposedly honest election, ELIZABETH STED, president AWS; HOPE HUGHES, president WAA; and LOIS NORDLING, prexy YWCA.

A poll was taken yesterday to sound off a few of the University students' opinion of WRIGHT'S gossip column—WRIGHT OR WRONG (mostly wrong). Because of their keenly analytical minds, five law students were quizzed concerning their opinion of Tommy and his column.

Says Phi Bete BILL ROBERT: "He reminds me of H. B. 'GOONER' COLLINS."

Says WENDALL WYATT: "I read Wright's column, but can't say that I enjoy it."

Another Phi Bete, PHIL LOWRY: "He's a little trout!"
DICK PHILLIPPI: "I'd rather read Edgar Guest."
JIM BUELL: "Not much to it."

Getting out of the law school, PAT KELLAR, who is rejuvenating the Rally Com at present, says: "There's such a thing as being dirty, and being nasty—Wright's nasty!"

Enough of that—Take a hint, Tommy, and "un-nasty-fy."

SAE BILL HAMEL is importuning pifi KAY ZIMMERMAN from Portland for the Military ball Saturday night. . . . The combination of JEAN BURT, Gamma Phi, and JIM CARNEY, SN, is seen around again (or yet) . . . Latest reports from the music school state that University house's personality girl, MARGERY WILLIAMS, is keeping up the general morale. . . . It looks as though Theta JANET MORRIS is starting her campaign for ASUO office kinda early . . . and boy! Is BUD McDOWELL ever a daredevil—on skates. . . . So's the majority of the Fiji house. . . . CARL KELLEY, SAE, is rumored to be carrying a torch for Theta CAROLYN CHAPMAN, the bee-ootiful creature who is getting as much publicity for refusing a movie contract as most stars get who accept one.

DON SEELEY, Sigmanew—seems to be keeping a tight grip on his pin—wonder what he's afraid of. . . . So does LARRY CELSI, who seems to be in kind of a mess, what with breaking dates—or trying to—or something—it's all so confoozin—still amozin.

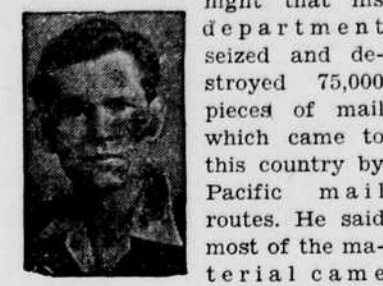
The Thetas pick beauty over experience and elect newly initiated ANNABELLE DOW as their president. . . . The Chi Omegas elected PAT SALISBURY. . . . JIMMY LEONARD is rumored to be in love with his pictures of DG EMMA VERDURMEN. . . . HARRY BERGTHOLDT gets a date for the Military ball with that really beautiful night nurse at the in-

International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

There was a food riot in Paris last night, the United States army is rushing planes to Hawaii, Turkey is taking a more belligerent attitude against Germany, a new senator came out against the Roosevelt dictator bill, and, among other developments, the U.S. postoffice destroyed 75 tons of "propaganda mail."

The new postmaster general who succeeded Farley, named Frank C. Walker, revealed last night that his department seized and destroyed 75,000 pieces of mail which came to this country by Pacific mail routes. He said most of the material came from Germany and Russia, with small amounts from Japan, Italy, and England.



Failed to Register
The mail was confiscated under a regulation designating it as "non-mailable" because the sender had failed to register with the U.S. government as a foreign agent residing abroad.

Walker asked that congress provide legislation "in the direction of requiring that all propaganda material be properly labelled. . ." and stressed that he did not propose the establishment of censorship.

Gen. George C. Marshall, army chief of staff, told the senate military affairs committee that the U.S. "has to be ready for anything," hence the transfer of latest type flying planes to Hawaii to reinforce air defenses in the mid-Pacific.

Winter Hits Europe
The food riot in Paris apparently didn't amount to much, but it is significant for two reasons. One is that news of it came from Vichy, not from Paris, which is under German censorship. The other is that apparently the occupied lands are feeling the pinch of winter.

According to dispatches, the hunger demonstrations broke out in the industrial suburbs that, under Blum's popular front government, were known as the "red belt." Women holding their babies high in the air and shouting for milk descended on the municipal halls of St. Denis, Brunoy, and Suresnes.

firmly, HENRIETTA HOLCOMB.

Now that the rally committee has been reorganized, everyone is hoping that they eliminate the idea of having the men standing out there trying to make everybody clap every time the band bursts into a song. Use the men for promotion and half-time stunts, the women for color. How about it?

A look-in at the Side: JOE GURLEY earnestly conversing with a luscious-looking blonde; PAUL BOCCI STILL playing that marbleboard.

HUMBERT'S second prognostication came true last weekend (the GOSS-OSC deal) but his first one is still on the fire—cunnon DICK, pop the question—GEORGIALEE'S undoubtedly expecting it by now, and we'd better sign off with that for today.

No men were mentioned in the dispatches, although if the Parisians are suffering from hunger the males surely must feel it as well as their women-folk. It was women only in the hunger demonstration that Willie witnessed in London a few weeks ago also. This indicates to me that the spirit of chivalry is not yet completely dead in this cruel world of ours, in spite of the throttling of liberty that comes with war.

God Bless the Women

If men had demonstrated they would probably have been shot out of hand as spies, traitors, and foreign agents. But the women, God bless them, can still raise Cain and get away with it.

That reminds me—the women aren't the only ones who can safely disrupt the coldly efficient military proceedings, at least not in Eugene.

The law school awkward squad, led by forghorn-voice Hugh Collins, marched and counter-marched in between the serious ranks of the ROTC yesterday afternoon as the boys in brown were marching to a lecture in Villard hall. In their trim paper hats the future jurists blocked the sidewalks, performed intricate maneuvers, and had an art school audience rolling in the aisles.

From All Sides

By MILDRED WILSON

Disputing the opinions expressed by employers in a recent job survey, professors at the University of Washington recently said grades were first in importance in obtaining a job.

Grades were rated no more than third in importance by the executive answering the survey. Citing facts, Dean Edgar A. Loew of engineering said, "Employers will only interview the top students. Out of 20 students recently given positions in leading corporations, only one had grades below the University average."

Putting forth the statement that many corporations will not take men who are not in the upper fourth of their class, the professors added that they, as instructors, would not recommend students with poor grades.

—University of Washington.
It was a "blitzkrieg" at the University of Oklahoma when, because of an error in the official class schedule, a German class and an English class attempted to meet in the same room at the same time. After

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taking turns ousting each other, the Germans won, and the English class retired to a room down the hall.

—The Indiana Daily Student.

Among a collection of goofy college-slang definitions—compiled by Les Carpenter of the Daily Texan—were the following gems:

1. Tangerine—A loose leaf orange.
 2. Milk bottles—Objects which, when rattled together, convince Pa that it isn't you coming in at that time of morning.
 3. Pan handler—One who gives facials in a beauty parlor.
 4. Russian—One who sits on nothing and dances.
 5. Synonym—The word you use when you can't spell the other.
 6. Parking space—An unoccupied space about 14 feet long next to the curb—on the other side of the street—a great distance from the campus.
 7. Telephone—Something Don Ameche invented after marrying Loretta Young.
 8. Rain—Something that when you take an umbrella it doesn't.
- The Daily Texan.

Students at the University of Rochester are experimenting with a combined junior year-book for their coordinate college.

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