

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Vote Again

IT'S unfortunate that the last election was called off. It's unfortunate, but it's true. Today the students will again be asked to go to the polls to express their desires in the race for student body president and executive committee positions.

It is just as important today that EVERY student vote as it was last Thursday. It may take a little more effort, but it is worth it in the long run. It is the only sure way of securing good government.

Many people claim, and with good reason—that the evils of student government stem not so much from bloc politics, but from the student himself. Smugness, laxity, and apathy are real causes of bad government.

It is, therefore, very important that YOU vote.

The 'Big Stick' Strikes

FORMER President Theodore Roosevelt's famous maxim, "Speak softly and carry a big stick," finds a close adherent in Edwin N. Atherton, Pacific coast conference commissioner. Atherton, for all his gentle and well-modulated voice, struck swiftly and sternly with his "ineligibility stick" on 22 athletes Friday, among whom were six Oregon players.

The blow came at an inopportune moment for the Webfoots. Four football players were clipped from the Oregon roster—just two days after spring practice, after the same four had fitted into the Oregon football scheme of things for next year.

It was expected that Atherton would release his special athletic communique, but that it would come the first of April. The long wait merely prolonged the mental agony for northern division and Stanford coaches. It upset their best-laid plans.

UNFORTUNATELY, although Oregon was hit the hardest by the conference ineligibility rulings with Stanford, it still isn't the school, but rather the athlete who suffers the most. The school can always rely on other athletes, for the world is full of players.

The youth, on the other hand, must give up his fraternal and other affiliations which he has made during his school year. He must leave the school in order to compete athletically. Wherever he may go in the conference, there is bound to be a stigma attached to him—however slight. There will be the feeling among some that the ineligible athlete is in his present plight through some fault of his own, although an over-anxious alumnus is to blame.

Because of this uprooting of an athlete's friendships and affiliations, because of this inevitable feeling on the part of some, the rulings are working against the athlete, rather than curtailing of a school's proselyting measures. The athletes will recover from the blow, but at the same time it causes them temporary embarrassment.—K.C.

Many Thanks, Jupe

THERE are those, albeit mistakenly of course, who will openly scoff when it is suggested that the Oregon Emerald had anything to do with the sunshine, and the clear skies, and the cloudless days that blessed the campus over the Junior Weekend celebration. There are those, albeit mistakenly of course, who will pooh-poo the suggestion that Jupe Pluvius could be deterred by a college rah-rah newspaper, filled with gossip columns and spicy social details, and perchance, once in a while, with school news.

But not down here at the "shack," where the freshman reporters laboriously type away at their curious masterpieces, and the copy editors in moleskins cross out a word here and there with worldly knowledge; down at the shack where the sportswriters sit and dream of covering a world series or a Rose Bowl encounter, or perchance a Joe Louis prizefight,

Counterpoint...

By GENE EDWARDS

It is a peculiar attitude for me to assimilate . . . that which feels that we are but "pulling Britain's chestnuts out of the fire" by our present active moves to alleviate the distress of our sister nation. It seems all the more peculiar to me in view of the Anglo-American tradition of friendship which has been such a very real factor in past years. To ignore a present need or to refuse help at this time is such a breach of common faith as to be practically indefensible. But such is the isolationist's plea.

What if Britain's throat is cut? What if her lifeline is throttled and her people are subjugated? Such a totally callous attitude might be thinly rationalized if through some foolishness of her own Britain had brought these things upon herself; but in an aggression motivated solely by greed and the lust for power can there be any excuse for standing by as morbid spectators at a scene of ruthless rape?

To Blame?

Whether he were to blame or not, if a personal friend got into trouble who among us would shrug it off as outside our sphere of responsibility? I doubt that even the most rabid isolationist would be so lacking in personal loyalties as to allow such a thing in the case of an individual friend, but yet that is the very essence of what some would advocate as a national policy.

where the editorial scribblers start out in true Pulitzer award-winning fashion and end up trying to stall for three more lines to fill up the page.

NO, down here at the journalism school a new feeling of pride has swept through the corridors. True we have gained All-American honors with the Emerald for the past four years; true the Emerald has contributed some outstanding writers to the press services, and the local papers, and not too infrequently to the big metropolitan dailies. But to earnestly ask for sunshine in the editorial columns—to influence Jupiter to cease for three whole days . . . that is an achievement not to be so lightly dismissed.

To the unbelievers, to those who would hastily dismiss the entire phenomenon, for in truth it is that, let us remind of these pertinent details:

1. Verily it was showering Sunday, and Monday, Tuesday, and even Wednesday of the week prior to our Junior celebration.

2. The Emerald very humbly asked the showers to abstain, to cease and desist, just for Junior Weekend, you understand.

3. Thursday, on the opening day of Junior Weekend it stopped raining, and the sun came out, and the warm rays of Old Sol caressed the campus even as a mother welcoming an only son home on vacation from college.

AND verily, for the entire three days of the Junior class events not a drop of rain fell from the heavens, nor did a single cloud peek out to cause the least consternation among beaming mothers, nor did the weather man (who had predicted rain for the whole weekend) manage to get in any of his sly tricks.

Sunday at 2 p.m., just an hour after the last official event had started, the rains started sprinkling, just enough for a warning mind you. Then Jupe ceased, and the guests packed, and down to the trains went our weekend visitors, tired but satisfied.

Monday it rained. Hard. But no one minded, least of all Junior Weekend heads, who could do naught but look up with thanks in their hearts. Our prayers had been answered, and the Oregonian, which aided our youthful efforts by reprinting the first editorial and thus adding its powerful editorial voice to our pleadings, had helped Old Jupe Pluvius to change his mind, for which the Portland paper gets the Emerald's whole-hearted thanks.

And we promise you we will be careful of what we ask for—we don't intend to abuse such a revered journalistic privilege.—B.B.

And then there was the Emerald headline: "Nominations Divert Frosh." We always thought campus politics were little more than a diversion.

Britain's "imperialism" is censured as being something nauseous and blameful and her "world-wide commercial interests" are mentioned in the same tone as we might use in referring to the possession of illicit properties. What of our equally widespread commercial interests? Are we not in our own way just as imperialistic as Great Britain? Capitalistic nations, both of us, our commercial interests are what have made us what we are and, since this is true, these interests are certainly worth defending against totalitarian marauders.

Barring even the sentiments of friendship and international loyalty, there is still a very sound economic basis for preserving the common interests of the Anglo-American sphere for in fighting to save Britain we are fighting to save our own skins. Greed and avarice are never satisfied and if the axis gains dominate Europe there will be no means as long as there are further boundaries to eliminate.

Ideologies

This is not merely a fight of guns and ammunition. It is a battle of ideologies. The insidious germ of world domination has moved others to attempt to scale the pinnacle of absolute power and it is alive today, regenerated in awesome ferocity and in a mental fever of desire. We cannot hope to live in a world dominated by paranoia.

With authority and conviction, Cordell Hull's words ring with ominous truth in my ears:

"It makes a difference who wins, the difference whether we stand with our backs to the wall with the other four continents against us and the high seas lost . . . or whether we keep our place in an orderly world."

Addenda:

On his recent axis "grand tour" Foreign Minister Matsuoka depended mainly upon ENGLISH in his conversations.

Salve

Isolationist salve: At a Jamaica racetrack Peace day came in a winner paying 28 to 1. The jockey was LINDBERGH!

Hitler's indoctrination of some 650 selected youths from the occupied countries is supervised in a special Munich academy of "kultur" and "the new order" by one Alfred ROSENBERG!

Contemplating the convoy scene, a Scripps-Howard wit has been quick to put a little black mustache on the "Face that launched a Thousand Ships!"

At the recent dedication of Woodrow Wilson's birthplace President Roosevelt uttered these provocative words in speaking of the last wartime president:

"He taught that democracy could not survive in isolation. We applaud his judgment and his faith."

Selah!

From All Sides

By MILDRED WILSON

One day when they were in a mood to complain, Everton Doon and John Conard from the University of Kansas, wrote to four tobacco companies describing the defects of their cigarettes.

Their story was that at the dinner table, before important guests, they pulled out a pack of cigarettes of that brand and pulled forth a weed. Lo and behold, before their very eyes it crumbled into nothing, spilling over the tablecloth and making everyone titter, much to the embarrassment of the complainants.

As an added corny touch they enclosed "the wrapper from the defective weed" with the note, "Perhaps this will serve for identification purposes."

Friday they received a courteous answer from P. Lorillard, maker of Old Golds, apologizing for the incident and enclosing three packages of cigarettes.

Friday afternoon the Chesterfield representative came around with diplomacy on his tongue, tried to sweeten them up on his product, and left a whole carton of Chesterfields.

Now they are considering complaining to the Packard company. —Daily Kansan.

* * *

Decided to a Roommate

We're broommates

Dust us two

We sweep together.

—The Utah Chronicle

* * *

Realism in its purest form may be found in an item from Hamilton college. A Hamilton student wrote a thesis entitled "My Roommate Gives Me a Haircut." Clinging to the paper the instructor received from the student were several small, closely clipped hairs.

—The Hamiltonian.