

At
**Second
Glance**

By TED HARMON

WEATHER FORECAST East of the Sun and West o' the Moon.

Here we are, down in the corner surrounded by all these faces on the page. If, like us, you haven't seen them for a long time, might as well look them over. Meanwhile, we'll proceed with our business.

At week's end, we thought we were going to sink our teeth into a good story. It seems that the Washington basketball team Saturday night became thoroughly acquainted with the campus. About 10:15 there were screams from the Theta house while the Pi Phi merely giggled. But that's not the point in question. The invading team hit nearly every sorority, garbled about the late hours they have up at Seattle (two in the morning), and then proceeded to drown their sorrows of a campus closing down early.

The moral might easily be he who goes out for wool may come home clipped.

In Memorium

AVERILL showers
Bring not only May flowers,
But a column of pun and wit,
With CONNIEtations so clear
It was competition, we fear . . .
And we'll be forced to quit.

In fact, we're going to set up a book stall by the library and sell copies of "How to Lose Friends and Alienate People." The benefits will go to broken-down columnists. As an added feature, Mr. Hallock is donating an album of Sammy Kaye records to the cause.

We've finally discovered why all the fire alarms being turned in by the sororities. You will recall it was the Alpha Chi first, then the Piflies . . . Last Friday when the fire department turned up at the Tri-Delt house, and there was no evidence of flames, we decided that it must be that men are becoming so scarce these days, that the girls resort to calling the fire department just to get a man into the house. . . .

Little time was lost after the weekend's initiations as far as the Pi Kaps were concerned. Both Bob Wylie and Al Kasmeyer are now veddy, veddy happy that Pat Bowers and Mavis Nelson are wearing their fruits of many a joyless pledge day.

CULTURAL DEPARTMENT: Social chairmen check this tem. Delt pledge Chuck Larson gives a dandy talk, illustrated, on women's fashions.

MAIL-BAG DEPARTMENT: We received a letter from Bob "White Lies" Whitely yesterday and portions of it are good enough to pass on to you:

"Am working at the Oregon shipyards and I think there are more bootiful women working in this jernt than all the beauty queens put together, although am having a time keeping former Oregon wolves away from my front door.

"Here's an item that might interest you. I went down to the boiler room of Meriwether-Lewis just for fun, and what should be chipped into the side of the boiler, burned with an acetylene torch were those magic words that C loves N. Y'see, t'ain't only Johnson hall that carries those magic words. They're holding up National Defense!"

GOSSIPATTER, or by the dorm's early light. Sigma Nu Don Daniels returned to the campus last weekend, sort of a long, last look at things before he goes into

(Please turn to page six)



An Individual Decides . . .

A chance to "give until it hurts" is given to every University student this week in Oregon's initial drive for funds to finance the war. Today Lou Torgeson, ASUO president, will meet with presidents and treasurers of all living organizations in a plea for sacrificing of part of their pleasures for a really worthwhile donation to national defense.

Tonight around firesides throughout the campus, secretaries will call the roll and ask each member of a living organization what he or she can contribute to the University's defense bond quota. To those individual contributions it is hoped that there will be added a significant amount by each house as a whole. Hard-to-equal example is that of Kappa Sigma, which has already bought a \$5000 defense bond.

STUDENTS from time to time come into the Emerald office with a thwarted feeling of being unable to help. This week's drive is one that gives a chance to every man and woman student on the campus. It is all-enveloping in its scope.

The reasons for living organization purchase of defense bonds are obvious. Primarily, of course, every student is vitally interested in defeating the Axis powers. Last week President Roosevelt asked for \$58,000,000,000 as a starter on the war program . . . and it must come from the pockets of Americans. To win the war at any cost has become the cry in this country.

Secondarily, houses are not only aiding their country but they are keeping their money in safe-keeping until after the war. No one expects the college living groups to come out of this conflict financially "on top" in the face of ever-decreasing enrollments. A "nest egg" to begin with when peace is restored is a significant point to consider.

This is a real chance for the usually pleasure-seeking Oregon campus to show what it can do in time of emergency. May the coffers be full when the defense committee leaves Eugene.

The Insignificant Nickel . . .

PITY the insignificant nickel. It is spent with a careless ease and thoughtlessness. And what is its value? Five little balls which can be made to scoot erratically across a brightly-patched board under a large sheet of glass. A tune ground from a cafe juke box. A highly-flavored, highly-bicarbonated drink from an electrically controlled icebox. A candy bar. A few minutes of dancing with a girl you've probably never seen before.

Oh, most unvalued coin. Unnoticed it lies in the pocket of its owner. Comes some idle moment when its owner for lack of something better to do drops it into the slot of an intricate machine. It tinkles merrily for a few seconds as it drops into its resting place among myriad brethren. It is gone and as soon forgotten.

BUT perhaps the little nickel is not so insignificant. For mechanical minds have concocted countless numbers of ingenious devices to woo the unwary coin with the buffalo face.

It was Woolworth who first discovered and proved that the small coin was as well worth snaring as the larger ones. He only had dime stores but they made millions.

A nickel isn't much money. But twenty of them are a dollar.—H.O.

Gun-Toter Provides . . .

Fireworks in South America

By BILL HAIGHT

Oswaldo Aranha, ex-gun toting gaucho, and now foreign minister of Brazil and the austere, intellectual Sumner Welles, American under-secretary of state, together have been exploding diplomatic bombs under the axis seats at the Pan-American conference in Rio de Janeiro.

Hemispheric solidarity was a theme the First Lady Eleanor said to the Americans at \$1500 per lecture last year but today the Brazilian Oswaldo and the American Sumner have almost accomplished the dream without a gun fired.

Argentina will cooperate with the other republics (term used for propaganda purposes), but her foreign minister remembers the rancho owners at home with too much beef on their hands. Argentina is still saying "yes, but—"

So Sorry

Even so, when Hirohito goes to report to his ancestors on the state of affairs of the "Setting" Sun he may say: "So sorry, Rio, but" and save his face by pointing to the naval base at Davao, southern tip of the Philippine islands.

The naval base, originally under United States control, was left in excellent condition for the Japanese to use as a port to transport troops from and as an air-base to launch attacks against the Netherlands East Indies. Davao provides a good harbor plus accessibility to the richest loot in the Far East.

Hitler can tell his folks at home that the axis forces are maintaining their positions in Russia but more than likely he will tell his people that their Japanese partners despite American and Australian aid are still forging ahead.

Rewrite Ahead

British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, will have to re-write part of the speech he was planning to make to appease the House of Commons and offer a whopping explanation of why the allied forces have let Japan establish a protected base at the Port of Tavoy.

Tavoy is a deadly thrust at the heart of the life-line to China. Rangoon, the capital of Burma, and the seaport and truck loading terminal for supplies to China is only 225 miles by bomber from the strategic port of Tavoy.

With this port under their expanding belts the Japanese can attack the democratic sea routes in the Gulf of Martabon, on which is the harbor of Rangoon, aside

from the fact they have cut off more than 300 miles of the narrow strip of Burma that parallels Thailand and connects Burma proper with the Malaya peninsula.

From Rio to Rangoon, from Malta to Moscow the world of tomorrow being shaped with words and swords and like the roulette wheel Oswaldo Aranha likes to watch whirl around — no one knows where it will stop — at D (democracy) or A (axis).

**'bit'
parts**

By ROY METZLER

Picture of the week "How Green Was My Valley" should carry off many honors at the academy award dinner in 1943. This picture showed everything with fine directing, acting, and photography. The plot is woven around the simple life of Welsh coal miners as portrayed in Richard Llewellyn's novel. Roddy McDowall, Walter Pidgeon, and Maureen O'Hara give top-flight performances in this stirring film. "How Green Was My Valley" should be on everyone's "must see" list.

Permission Granted

First instance whereby a studio can move into a defense plant to shoot a picture since the beginning of the war, has been arranged between Warners and Lockheed for "Shadow of Their Wings." After weeks of negotiation, the aircraft officials okayed the request with certain limitations. Each worker will have to carry a birth certificate for identification in order to gain admittance to the Lockheed plant.

Tobruk in Films

Fourteen thousand feet of film recording all phases of the fighting around Tobruk during the past year, all photographed under fire or on battle lines will be made available for Columbia's "Salute to Tobruk." The film is privileged to Columbia because of cooperation of the Australian government through its ministry of information. Half of the film was photographed with sound.

Changing Times

Word has been passed to the heads of all studios, that in the filming of all modern scripts at least one man in uniform is to be seen for every 15 persons cast in city crowds, to correspond to the normal proportion of uniforms seen throughout the nation.

Dots and Flashes

Come March, Amos and Andy will celebrate 16 years of broadcasting, twice a day, five days a week with but two broadcasts off in all that time . . . Mayor LaGuardia's dream for New York to become a film mecca has finally been realized. The Paramount studios at Astoria are going on a 24-hour schedule—shooting government pictures. . . . Did you hear about the motorist who was in an accident, pinned under his car and in a bad way? When help came and got him up, he said, "Never mind about me—how are my tires?"

*In The
Mail Bag*

Dorms Again

To the editor:

Last week you gave prominence to the story on the five-cent an hour raise given to dormitory workers. But you failed to take notice of one very interesting fact. The women workers no longer are given their breakfast and lunch as before the raise. They must now pay for them or bring their own. The dormitory management in reality gave them no raise at all.

Despite the increased cost of board the food has failed to show any signs of improvement. In two different instances last week the kitchen ran out of meat for dinner. Another time they ran out of desserts. This would certainly seem to indicate that some degree of bad management exists.

And has anything been done this term about the rumored plan for a meeting of a dormitory investigation committee? The war should not interfere with the cleaning up of this deplorable situation as it now exists.

Sincerely,

A Dorm Inmate

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