

Awful Truths

We'll bet you still can remember: when that popular little place up the highway was closed for 21 days, when the woman with the sucker wandered into the reference room of the library (or do you study there), what a great time you had last spring vacation—think hard because it was your last.

Congrats to Bob McKinney, newly elected house prexy of the baby pink and baby blue boys—and to Dorothy Walthers, Kappa, the picture of an up-to-date Daisy Mae with her pigtails.

Generally speaking, there's always been some quiet(?) feuding between the Kappa Sigs and Sigma Nus, but now we get down to particulars and find a good reason why at least two boys of those respective houses do a little on the side. She is Virginia Lees, Gamma Phi Beta.

Barbara Dingwill, Kappa, has that "1-A in the Army and A-1 in my heart complex" since Jack Wagstaff, formerly of Fenton hall steps, was called into service.

Weekly diversions on the Oregon campus: waiting to see who Bob Koch, Beta, takes out on the weekends—the triangle still seems to be going strong, except, of course, for the fact that Bob has the measles and will be out of the running for the next two weeks. Viewing those Sigma Chi pin-planters in the familiar stocks in front of the Side—next week Kelly Hobart, who planted his pin last term, will pay the penalty while Dot carefully tries each key.

Two new combinations: Caroline Cordan, Pi Phi, and Ray Farmer, Beta, plus Pat Carboe, Hendricks and Dave Hart, Delta.

Trade Last...

By MARY WOLF

Phi Kappa Sigma brothers at the University of California at Berkeley are offering to give away a homing pigeon. One flew into their house during the vacation built its nest in the kitchen flue, creating a great nuisance. Several attempts by fraternity brothers to dislodge him have proved futile, so they now offer him free to anyone who can get him out.

"I shall illustrate what I have in my mind," said the professor as he erased the board.—Timberline.

Have you heard about the pair of rimless glasses without any lenses for the little man who wasn't there to read between the lines of the unwritten law.—Jeffersonian.

Students became defense minded even when bestowing honors and choosing favorites last week, when Columbia university seniors voted Loretta Young their favorite raid-shelter companion.

Friends: Those who dislike the same people.

Political bedfellows: Those who like the same bunk.

—Idaho Argonaut.

Ninety-four high schools are represented by freshmen attending Potsdam (N.Y.) state normal school.



OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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The Oregon Daily Emerald, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$1.25 per term and \$3.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Black Out on the Race...

NO canoe fete this year.

No weeks of painting and building of artistic nonentities to change the contour of ugly flat barges to romantic fantasies of color.

No sitting on cold benches with robes tucked around one's knees and a program rattling in his lap while the orchestra plays the overture, and the first student-built floating fairytale slides beneath the foamy water curtain.

No water-splashed princesses and queen curling uncomfortable legs on the high platform across the water, as they watch their pageant move silently down the moonlit waters of the race.

No panting half-naked freshman boys swimming through the icy water to churn their house floats past the reviewing stand.

No searching of musty unused library shelves for forgotten childhood fairytales to be used as the theme for a script brought to modern life by imaginative college students.

No harried 1942 version of Canoe Fete Chairman Jim Carney, who gained at least 12 gray hairs in the course of getting all the floats ready at the same time last spring.

THE idiosyncracies of this year's Willamette valley winter, with its unexpected flood, left Oregon's traditional willow-shaded millrace with only the shading willows. And last night it was learned officially that the annual Junior Weekend canoe fete will probably be impossible this year, since the flood-ruined dam cannot be rebuilt before school is out.

Something was gone from "Spring Term at the U" because Junior Weekend and its water feter are as much a part of the campus as the Side itself. And yet, there was little complaining on the campus... for this is a year in which the main issue is so vitally important that personal pleasures assume a less-emphasized place in the individual's value scale.

And everyone knew, as they know about the war too, that there'll always be another spring.

Death of the Jaloppy...

TIME was, in the good old days, when the Oregon campus was literally alive with what was variously classified as "junkheaps," "jaloppies," "tin cans," or "whatever-you-want-to-call-'em." But that time, that grand era, has, alas, become history.

True, one still sees occasionally a conveyance which could come in the "jaloppy" class but it is now a much more rare sight. A few radiant gaudy specimens of the bygone era still exist. But no longer can these remaining relics cross the campus in nonchalant manner. Now they draw stares, laughs, or, at the very least, amused smiles.

Yes, the war, with its rubber shortage and federal tax on automobiles, has made itself felt, even on our own little campus. No longer do the jaloppies roam up and down Thirteenth street.

Perhaps, some day the jaloppy will stage a comeback—the federal government and the chief high moguls of the rubber industry permitting. We can cling to that slim hope.

In the meantime perhaps the few campus jaloppies still in existence should be captured and placed in a campus museum before the species becomes extinct.—H.O.

How do we stand?

America's Navy Takes Role

By DON TREADGOLD

Today is our day for facts and figures. With naval action in the tremendous battle of Macassar strait holding the spotlight, we figure it might be pertinent to consider a few straight statistics. In peacetime all most of us hear about the navy is limited to Annapolis, "Anchors Aweigh," and the Army-Navy game. In war things like tonnage and gun mounts may mean victory or defeat.

Let's start with our own navy. Everybody knows by now that backbone of any navy is the battleship, and when one is lost it's a body blow to any fleet. According to the October 1938 Naval Calendar, we have 15 now, 6 a-building.

Those 15 fall into eight classes (ships of the same class have the same general tonnage and armament: (1) 35,000 tons: North Carolina, Washington, and four ships identified only as "C, D, E, and F." (2) 31,500 tons: Colorado, Maryland, West Virginia. (3) 32,300 tons: California, Tennessee. (4) 33,000 tons: Idaho, Mississippi, New Mexico. (5) 33,500 tons: Arizona, Pennsylvania. (6) 29,000 tons: Oklahoma, Nevada. (7) 27,000 tons: New York, Texas. (8) 26,100 tons: Arkansas.

Death Notices

It is not hard to guess after looking over this list that all U. S. battleships are named after states. Something else may occur to you: that you have recently seen the obituaries of two of them. The Arizona was destroyed at Pearl Harbor through a lucky hit by a bomb which, believe it or not, landed in a smokestack; the Oklahoma capsized, and carried Oregon's Verdi Sederstrom and many other boys to death.

But battleships don't make up a fleet all by themselves. Lighter ships, each with tactical uses of its own, include aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, as well as auxiliary craft. We have 39 cruisers, 243 destroyers, 6 aircraft carriers, 84 subs (with 15 a-building). Since these figures were published, though the navy yards have not been idle, we know that the general picture has altered little. Unfortunately, we cannot afford to put all of this navy in one place.

Only Part of It

When Allied units caught a Jap invasion fleet in Macassar strait and sent dozens of Jap ships to the bottom, the navy department said proudly, in effect: "People have been asking, 'Where is the fleet?' Now you have the answer." But this accounted only for the Asiatic fleet, formerly based on Manila under the command of Admiral Tommy Hart; the Pacific fleet, based on Hawaii and larger by far than the Asiatic, is still not accounted for.

Last September Admiral Hart had 2 cruisers, 13 destroyers, 17 submarines, and smaller craft. Plaintively he said, "Every damn thing I begged for two years ago, I can have now, but it takes time, time, time, to get it here. Meanwhile I can get along on a shoestring." And in Macassar Everybody knows by now what the right around the Jap's neck.

Vespers Start

(Continued from page one)

Means. Laurie Pratt, freshman in music, will play the organ for the vespers.

Program

The program will be as follows:

Three organ numbers: Menuet Gothique by Boellman, Priere a Notre Dame by Boellman, Allegro maestro, Sonata no. 3 by Guilman.

Choir number: "Jerusalem, Turn Thee to the Lord Thy God," from Gallia, by Gounod.

Scripture reading, prayer, and choral response constitutes the meditative part of the service. An organ postlude will conclude the service of worship.

Members of the choir are: Margaret Zimmerman, soloist, Lolita

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

Look, my dear reading public (I sure cater to you, don't I, Harry) do not forget that the big fat item this evening is the Senior ball. Pray do not be a square from Delaware, and dig. And how about this bizz in the Emerald (which all columnists are required to read to serve them right) concerning the thirty-three hunnerts dividends that all Ball-get-with-its will snag come ten years from now. Can't you just see yourself collecting that ever lovin gold in 1952 (by then the original 33 plus 4,000,-813 will buy one postage stamp on a warm day). Oh you can't.

Now follows a galaxy of funny stories and jokes and hot stuff and jokes. And info.

It's Here They Are

Kenton's towel aces are at Jerry Jones' Rainbow Rendezvous in Salt Lake City. Stan's manager, Gastel, must have arranged things with the Famous Door people re-option picking off floor. Probably asked for \$12 per week instead of just scale. Eventually Stan should get east, but whether sooner than the Donner party got west for the pre-Palladium stand is debatable.

Dorsey's still at Palladium with air time. (Forgot, Kenton's shots each eve CBSing 10:30-11 p.m.)

Bob Weston, who can be found at the Falcon, either on the sign, or hanging by feet from candelabra, tells this hot joke. It seems that this character who changes waxes each year on the Bird's box was in doing his annual bit, when in strolls this disagreeable character who has intentions of changing the records in the Falcon to the juke in his suite at Mrs. Turnipseed's Way Up Inn. So what happens but he does. Which seems quite dishonest when you ponder. But clever as all get out when you ponder further. Anti-climax to Bab W's Aesoping is that the platter turns out to be Horace Heidt's or something just as nice. So the ick who did the sharp disnapping must have turned the hari-kari trick upon digging the label.

On the Campus

House dances (which is the name you have to use if you want to get your stuff printed) start next week with some interesting beats on hand. Phi Psis go like mad Friday evening, with Saturday night's grandeur being offset by the Florida Three. Others too.

There is a record out called "Blues in the Night," which is usually by Artie Shaw and his large orchestra which has many men and it is good so you ought to listen to it because it is very good. (Above is the Mormon Teacher's College Sun's review of Art's gummy waxing of the Warner Bros. pop which is a killer with "Lips" Page scatting, or if you like, Basie, Calloway, and Herman have it.) Tom D. has Victorized Barnett's "Swingin' on Nothin'," coupled with "On the Alamo." Good.

Pierson, Ruth Merritt, Beth Siwert, Meryl Corbett, Fred Beardsley, John Noble, Lee Ghorley, Ray Leonard, and Donald Chamberlin.