

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## Yell King Shortage? . . .

THE University of Oregon is having peculiar "shortage troubles." For in addition to having a shortage of athletic material to make up teams to be inspired by yell leaders, they also have a scarcity of potential yell leaders to lead the teams on to victory next year if they had teams.

Unless some "dark horse" talent is discovered between now and tryouts on Friday, February 27, it looks like the ASUO exec committee may have to get up and do its own yelling.

For capable Earle Russell, who has been doing an admirable job of leading Oregon rooters for two years, became ineligible when the new 2.00 GPA requirement was put in force by the ASUO governing group. He is only a junior, and had intended to run again if elections were held spring term, because the grade drop is probably not permanent.

BOB Weston and Max Miller, present yell dukes, do not intend to run again since Weston will go into the air corps soon and Miller "doesn't want to."

Of the others who ran against Russell in the 1941 elections, Blake Hirsh is no longer in school, Wilbur Osterloh is a senior not returning, and Louis Salinaro is scholastically ineligible. Bud Steele is the only one of this group now eligible.

The main purpose for holding the yell king election in winter term is so that the new king may sit on the exec committee meeting when the incoming rally squad is chosen, since he will be working constantly with them. Winter term elections are definitely specified in the constitution.

THE exec committee can do one of two things to solve its newest problem: it can move the elections to spring term (by constitutional amendment) in the hope that a few of the ineligible will regain their scholastic right to participate in activities; or it can hope that some new talent will present itself so that the election may be a fair one. Tuesday afternoon's unanimous decision to set tryouts for February 27 was a fairly good indication that they intend to put their stakes on the latter hope. A third alternative is possible but not probable: if only one man applies, elections obviously will have to be moved to spring term to provide any kind of a contest.

## Colleges Accept Challenge . . .

UNITED State naval training stations have to set up units for the physical development of at least 30 per cent of all their inductees, even after these recruits have passed the relatively stiff navy physical exam.

This is a damning statement of fact. True, medical journals and life insurance folders were stuffed with figures which proved ostensibly that America was raising a healthy crop of youngsters. But the navy's physicals revealed that this crop wasn't too tough.

Immediately blaming was in order. Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox averred that "our educational institutions have tended to neglect the physical education of American youth for their intellectual development . . . and . . . the time to build up the health of . . . young people is in the school."

PHYSICAL education leaders flayed the academic men for not allotting them enough hours in which to train, toughen, and harden the country's youth under expert supervision.

Of course, America wasn't realistically girding for war prior to December 7, and in peacetime, academic pursuits naturally take preponderant precedence over physique-toughening processes. No, America wasn't expecting war; she was simply stumbling toward it and was necessarily being goaded into it; but she shut her eyes to reality until it exploded in her incredulous face at Pearl Harbor.

Even then, though physical toughening of American youth was being buried beneath mountains of pig iron statistics, tons of steel and ships, and thousands of horsepower. It is only recently that this aspect of the nation's war effort has inherited its due estate.

Damning as results of navy physical exams have been and are, they constitute a challenge. And the challenge is being accepted by American colleges.

VARSITY and intramural sports, despite swaths being slashed in their ranks of personnel by the draft, are being boomed in universities throughout the country. Columbia has dropped softball, badminton, fencing, and bowling to concentrate on combative sports—boxing, wrestling, swimming, and long-distance running.

Harvard and members of the Southern Intercollegiate Ath-

## At Second Glance

By TED HARMON

By the Weigh-Side  
Roses are red,  
Violets are blue;  
Sugar's reduced  
So why don't you?  
Today's bottle-cap printing machine goes to Marjorie Pengra, red-haired frosh, for the above poem. And if you can't make the machine work, Marjorie, just throw it away; we've had it in the basement for years.

There are a lot of loose ends that should either be cut off or tied together. Indecision's the word. Which reminds us of the dinner party when Jean Pimentel asked why the salad tasted so badly. "It must have ether in it," she said. The hostess, in her late twenties, laughed heartily and said, "It has. I told the cook to put ether mayonnaise or dressing on the salads."

About this lookout watch on top of the library, there's really not much to say except that it's cold and dark. In fact, Wednesday night it was so cold that the fellows' knees were knocking together in unison. On the second chorus, Hallock lost the beat while the other chap leaned over the side of the tower and told the mice to take their shoes off.

There is a pack of cards up in the tower, but with only 51 cards. On Saturdays and Sundays, the boys bring up a double socket so they can have a heater to add to mental distress. Conversation, we've found, must be carried on in a whisper, otherwise, every window-shade in the adjacent sororities pops up an inch or two and horrible bits of finger-nail polish or matted hair falls on the sill.

GOSSIPATTER: According to some, this won't be news, but the best fono-record we've heard in a long time is Harry James' "Record Session." It is so hep that wearing three-inch heels are dangerous . . . Wotzall this about Gamma Phi Jane Furrow going home for the weekeend and taking her pin off so she could go out with local boys? . . . from what we've heard, there's nothing wrong and plenty sarong in "Wingless Victory" . . . we can't get over the personal valentine a coed sent a friend of ours, to wit: "You may be 1-A in the army, but you're just 4-F with me." . . . there's the frosh who wrote on his midterm that the battle of Bunker hill should be fought over 'cause it wasn't fought on the level . . . Suggestion to rally squad: Why not adopt a new basketball yell something like this: "Rhea! Rhea! Rhea!" . . .

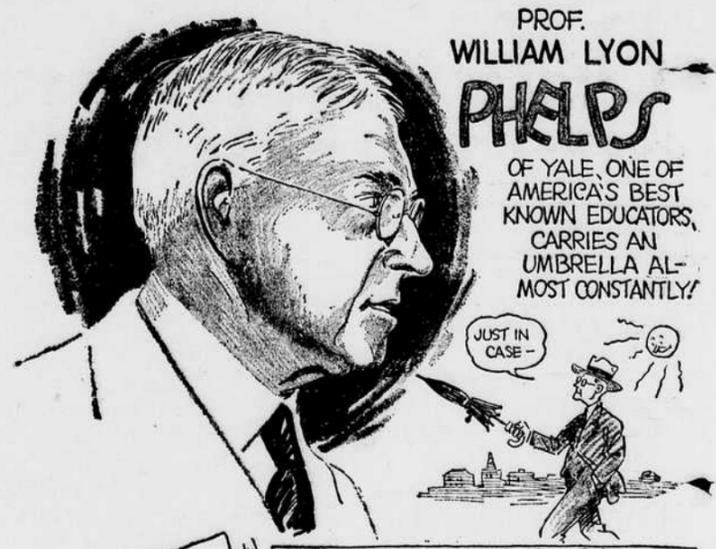
To G. Dunc Wimpres, we give one Oregorchid for his contribution to today's SHORT STORY-ETTE:

Tales Twice Told  
A teddy-bear sat on the ice  
As cold as cold could be.  
Then suddenly he toddled off,  
"My tale is told," said he.

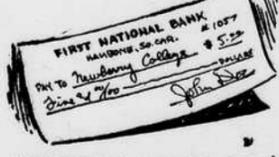
letic association have already opened gruelling varsity competition to freshmen. Oregon athletic representatives have unofficially sanctioned adoption of such a policy for Pacific Coast conference members.

OREGON'S intramural program was streamlined before the start of the academic year and is readily conducive to physical toughening of students. Gerald A. "Tex" Oliver, Oregon football coach, has already disclosed the necessity of tapping other than the normal source of supply for next season's Webfoot gridmen, thus opening up opportunities for more to compete in the most combative of American sports and the most vital in view of the nation's war effort.

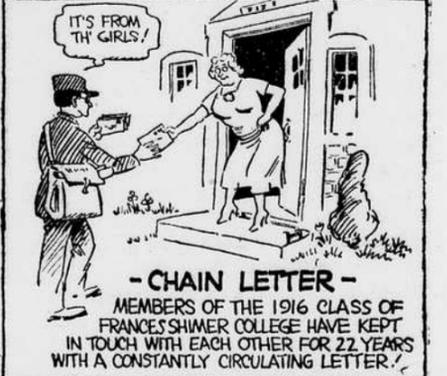
Damning and challenging are results of the navy's physical tests, and American colleges are accepting the challenge.—J.K.



PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS OF YALE, ONE OF AMERICA'S BEST KNOWN EDUCATORS, CARRIES AN UMBRELLA ALMOST CONSTANTLY!



ATTENTION DIOGENES!  
PRES. JAS. C. KINARD OF NEW-BERRY COLLEGE RECEIVED A \$5 CHECK FROM A FORMER STUDENT STATING—"IN PAYMENT, WITH INTEREST, FOR A TICKET TO YOUR 1927 THANKSGIVING DAY FOOTBALL GAME WHICH I ENJOYED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF A MISSING BOARD IN THE FENCE."



## Jam For Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

In case the gals who have been shy and timid all winter (am I kidding) would like the golden opp to snag a desirable or undesirable as long as he has a pipe and spats male, this is it. The Gamma Alpha Chi fashion cruise thing is like Mortar Board and all where you beat the guy over the skull with a large bat when inviting, for this GAC affair is strictly with the equality of rights where fems will snag men. It is even rumored that, like the Oklahoma homestead deal the women will line up on the state line with covered wagons and start via the governor's checkered flag. Are you ready?

Second item is this ROTC item Saturday. Not a reason in the world why you should miss it. Holman is fine. No graft on the Little Colonel this time, and manys the colored light. Nothing but statues too.

Don't Miss It  
The ball is the last decorative business for the duration, so if you miss it you'll just have to subsist on "keddy on, empiah," for the duration. And furthermore there'll be nothing but glamour and nothing but Little Colonels and big ones too floating around. Well au reet then.

Much fine info to relate. Shaw's band is all gone with the stuff like was said, and already is coming plans for another 32-piece job. Art bought his contract from General Amusement Corp. and gave it to William Morris Agcy. for Easter, which is real nice considering it cost him fifteen thousand stones to express the obvious sentiment that GAC is a hell of a booking group.

Dave Tough from Shaw's shell to Spivak's wonders. Charlie Tea-

garden already out of Jimmy Dorsey's men after a week. Louis Armstrong is taking a page from Krupa's diary and suing for divorce. Cootie Williams new band debuted at the Grand Terrace, Father Hine's stand, in Chi, with a fine reception accorded thereto.

Kento East  
Kenton finally is East. Playing the Roseland with only Carole Landis missing as Miss Dime-a-Dance Hostess of 1934. Mgr. Gastel saved the day for Stan rewhat was to be played, with a contractual stipulation to the effect that the Kenton readies did not have to get with the Cugat kick and make with Siboney every four minutes as have bands in the past been forced to do.

Friends of ours from Susan Campbell hall now hold the velvet lined bathtub for moronic sayings of last Tuesday. Said friends, now ex, are females, as might well be expected, as one learns to expect. Said friends emitted, and we quote, exactly, "Hey Sid, ain't that hots record of 'Lodged in the Bosom of the Gulf State' sharp as a railroad spike, or are we munching ether for naught." Whereupon we are replying with a will, simply, "Yea."

One of the many things in this world which tends to disenchant youth is the recurring appearance of Sammy Kaye on the Saturday Spotlight. Absolutely unexplainable, it is all the more confusing when the statement comes forth that such position is secured through sale of "How the h— can anyone forget Oahu when its strains are with us at least nine thousand four hundred and three times a day."

Another deal about that Spot Slot is being debated. It seems that each of the week's winning orks have been a Victor artist. No other labled has seemed to get a click crew.

So ponder over every word as we know you will.

Most persons dance to the music of Glenn Miller and his band, but at Moulton hall, Kent State university women's dormitory, the girls do reducing exercises.

Each night from 10:30 to 11 o'clock the girls take off pounds in time to Miller's dance music. The "music reducing half hour" is a popular feature of the dormitory's activities.