

OREGON EMERALD

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Two Names Removed . . .

A janitor had an extra job to do on the Emerald yesterday. Coming into the basement of the journalism building, where liveth the Emerald, he moved to the first Emerald door on his right, and deftly removed the letters of "Associate Editor Hal Olney" from the frosted glass pane of the editor's office. Moving on down the building, he crossed the hall, to take the title "Bob Frazier, news editor" from the managing editor's office door.

The war hit the Emerald twice last week, and the loss of both these men will be felt keenly. Last night, in its usual hilarious manner, the Emerald's official "Three o'Clock club" said a farewell in its usual inimitable way by issuing special editions of their own private weekly newspaper in honor of these two shack favorites.

BOB Frazier, who during fall and half of winter term served as news editor of the daily, left the saff earlier in the week to take an excellent position on the Eugene Daily News. The step was made because of financial reverses. Bob has earned the respect of his reporters, his colleagues, and his professors for his flashy writing, his calmness in a situation, his unusually broad background of information, his cooperative attitude, and his pleasant, unassuming personality.

Hal Olney is an Emerald institution. He has seen five editors come and go in the narrow office of the journalism shack, and has dabbled in every phase of the newspaper's publication. Copy desk, night staff, reporting—he worked in all of them. He served as associate editor last year, and was reappointed to the editorial writing capacity again this year. A man of convictions, he is the shack's most spontaneous debater, willing to argue on any and all subjects. Friendly object of many staff jokes, he is a true representation of that "Emerald spirit" which is best typified by an inability to avoid spending every waking moment in the shack. Uncle Sam will hand him an army uniform next Thursday.

THE contributions of both these men toward making the Emerald one of the best college dailies in the United States cannot be estimated in words. Their spirit and true interest in journalism will remain with the Emerald staff long after their names are removed from the doors.

Educated Soldiers . . .

IT'S an ill wind that doesn't blow some good, and even University draftees are coming into their own with plans released by the state board of higher education. The potential selectee need feel no fear as exam week and his draft number seem to approach rapidly toward the same point at the same time. Plans now in operation provide that any student who must leave the University to join the army may receive full credit on all subjects in which he has a "C" or better average. No actual grade is given, no final required, but the hours and subjects are added to the person's record to count toward ultimate graduation. A substitute plan allows the draftee a rebate of \$29 on his registration payments, if he prefers the money to the credit.

STUDENTS of today, looking ominously toward the draft which needs come tomorrow, can find a comforting solace in this offer. For though they are glad to do all they can for armed forces, they would feel especially the evil effects of leaving school with only a short week or two or three before final exams could give them the fruits of a full term's work.

Although the plan has only been in operation since February 17, many men are already taking advantage of the offer. Educational leaders who planned the move showed special foresight and concern for the student problem when they drafted such a proposal.—R.J.S.

America's newest and strongest war-cry is another outgrowth of the Pearl Harbor attack. "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition," a statement by the Pearl Harbor navy chaplain, is the victory slogan of today.

Awful Truths

Alice Bloodworth comes down for a weekend wearing her Pi Phi pledge pin and goes home with "a something new has been added" feeling. The addition, Bob Sell's ATO pin.

People we like: Muriel Stevens, because she's such a good scout. A good friend to each and every Sigma Chi, but more so especially to her steady, Maurie Jackson.

So sorry we never say too much about the Sigma Nus but since social pro set in to plague them 'way last term they've been a wee bit on the unsocial side of things.

A good sign that spring term is just around the corner no matter what the weather: people asking about new picnic grounds. Won't the old ones do?

Have you ever thought you were still seeing double on a Monday morning when you ran smack-dab into the Sigma Nu Steer twins?

Beta Bob Duden has had a good many girls on this campus slightly perturbed. He just didn't take girls out or so they thought, but now the set-up has changed and not just mildly. Heave a sigh of relief, girls, and sit back and wait patiently while he makes up his mind.

Signs of to be—Spring term devotion: Phi Delt Dave Holmes and Phyllis Dyer, DG, and a fraternity brother of the former, Tommy Kaye and Jane Williams, KKG's Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

This has been coming for quite a while, but we're still amazed to learn that Pi Phi Lora Case has broken up with Marvin Gorie.

Tonight's the night we vote for Little Colonel—wish we could vote twice — once for brunette Carol Ann Evans, Pi Phi candidate, and once for blonde Jeanette Torney, Alpha Phi same thing.

Something horrible to look forward to: taking finals on Friday the thirteenth.

Posted on the Emerald bulletin board—a poem to end all Harmon's little ditties and if it doesn't succeed, we'll all keep trying.

**Pansies are purple,
Roses are pink,
Harmon's a poet,
We don't think.**

In the Mail Bag

To the Editor:

So at last the university has come to emulating our cousins at Cornwallley.

The reference is to the corsage ban for the military ball. The committee heads who dreamed that one up out of their opium pipes must be on the "cheap" side to have imposed such an asinine regulation upon the average university student and expect him to comply.

The excuse given for such a decree is in itself an absurdity. True there are more vital things to purchase than flowers—defense stamps, for instance—but will the ban accomplish the purpose? Perhaps, but for the majority it will mean that instead of the fellows paying that extra little bit of sentimental tribute to the girl with whom he is going by buying a corsage he will have an extra dollar and a half or two to spend for less worthwhile purposes.

As a matter of fact the girl that is without a corsage will in

A New Voice Speaks

The Question Mark of France

(Editor's note: The following guest column on international affairs is written by Milton Small, senior history major, and member of Phi Beta Kappa.)

By MILTON SMALL

In the midst of such increasingly familiar names as Bataan, Macassar, Batavia, Smolensk, and many others of equal pre-war obscurity, there is a tendency to forget the potential importance of a once great country, now a victim of German militarism. That country is France.

The greatest question mark of the Vichy regime at the present moment is: What will be the fate of the French navy? That is a

question that Sumner Welles, Adolf Hitler, Marshal Petain, and the rest of the world are trying to answer, each in his own way.

Let us consider the possibilities: 1. The navy remains in Toulon as a non-belligerent unit. 2. France turns over her navy to the Allies. 3. France turns over her navy to the Axis. At the present time, Allied diplomatic strategy is seeking to make the first hypothesis a reality—to insure French non-belligerency. Of course, the second would be preferable, but even the most optimistic observer could hardly hope for so much from the puppet Vichy regime.

The third possibility is becoming too real for comfort. Berlin is using heavy pressure to convince Petain of the wisdom of further collaboration — which means turning over the fleet. Since a two-ocean war has divided the Allied navies, and since the Far Eastern waters are being pretty thoroughly dominated by the Japanese, the danger of an augmented German navy becomes every day more real.

Dover Gray Hairs

It became altogether too real when, on a recent Friday 13, the world received the news that three German ships had evaded the British Dover straits fleet, to come to port in Helgoland. Although Churchill claims the Nazis did not better their situation by this daring move—in fact, quite to the contrary—it is hard to believe that even Hitler would choose to risk the safety of three valuable ships just to prove it could be done. It is apparent that Churchill has not adequately explained it to the House of Commons, either.

Between powerful pressure exerted on the one side by Washington and on the other by Berlin, Petain will have to make the final decision as to the future of his fleet. His answer may change the course of the war, in the Atlantic, in Libya, in France itself. Whenever the answer is given, it will be important; it will probably be given soon.

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

Get with Ballin' the Jack tonight Sid. Nothing but solid gold braid and solid murder with that moosic. The take goes to aid enfeebled seniors with less rocks, and also for bonds for the Blade.

Ken Christianson says it'll be a real nice get-together, sorta like the annual 145th area congregational choic taffy pull. 'Cept no taffy, just taffyta.

In the Big Field

In case any assorted cats have been losing sleep over whether the name ork biggies have to wear the Times edit page neath their instep, we shall now make with the larger digits. Jimmy Dorsey ork snared \$350,000 for work in "Fleet's In," which is a magic lantern thing made by the RKO colored slide people.

This figger ain't grease, but dig this Harry, J. D. personally netted, minus union dues (very funny joke), mgr.'s salary (ha-ha), and side men gravy (I'm knocking myself out), a frigid eighty-five thousand nails, the round silver-coated kind. Eberle and O'Connell, male chirp and fem chick with said band, also got a big fat group of stones running like ten thousand apiece.

Wanna Buy a Band?

But the killer of all time is when Clyde McCoy of the "who the hell gave HIM a mute to play with" McCoys, walks into a Defense Bond hangout in Milwaukee with intentions of piling a little scratch under Sam's whiskers. So corny is walking up to yea counter while asking George R. Sauer, local clerk, "What denominations can I buy into, Jack? For I am ready." So, the desk jerk, being in a clowning mood (best East Brain manner), is saying, "Heyuck, heyuck, way-ull, I can fix you up with about seventy five thousand dollars worth, heyuck, heyuck" (enormously satisfied with self over large joke). So our blond friend Mac is making with, "Fine, I am ready Harry, so make with the bond." So this character is pulling himself from the floor and watching with those glazed optics, the writing of a non-elastic check for \$53,675. Which goes to show you that Croesus didn't really die kiddies. They could kill this hyar ol' body but his soul went a marchin right on, and became trasmutated into Clyde's.

Late Per Maybe

There is an extremely fine deal coming up next Wednesday night at the Wintergarden in town. It is the annual Musicians' Benefit Ball, which is given to raise green to care for Eugene musicians who are no longer able to play for a living, due to illness, and to furnish a grant for the relatives and dependents of deceased members of this local. The event only goes to emphasize more graphically than ever before, just how the musicians of our country do care for their own, besides giving their share of support to other worthy causes.

The deal will start at 8:30 and (Please turn to page three)

all probability be the exception. And just how will that make the word-of-the-letter-follower feel? In the discussion of the question with a number of other men going to the ball, they indicate that they intend to disregard the request and send corsages to their dates.

A few feel that a formal date isn't complete without a floral remembrance of some sort and if they don't get a corsage they will send a dozen roses or some other appropriate token of their esteem.

Certainly, the flower ban will be regarded as a tactical blunder on the part of the ball committee as bad as the fall of Singapore.

Wrathfully,

—Don D.

Since 1696, Harvard university has offered a \$500 scholarship for an Englishman or Indian from "Petaquamscot in the Narragansett country otherwise called "King's Province."