

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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.

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Investment in America . . .

(Contributed)

FOR the practical-minded, buying United States defense bonds falls into the same category as buying Fuller brushes or Beautyrest mattresses. Practical people must be convinced of the soundness of their investment, no matter how trivial. Any bank or financial establishment is convincing as to the soundness of a defense bond.

Salesmen may wax poetic about defeating the forces of hate, oppression, and treachery by aiding the forces of progression, love, generosity. These arguments contain a profound truth even if we are not a nation of saints, which of course we are not.

However, as long as "life, liberty, and the pursuit of the Japs" are the aims of this nation, buying defense bonds should be a pleasure, not a troublesome burden. We take pride in being people who, in 150 years, have built something worth fighting for. If fight we must, we should be happy that we are the generation that can do it.

A defense bond is not only a financial investment; it is an investment in the World Series, 1952; in the right to vote the Democratic ticket and cheer the elected, or to vote the Republican ticket—period; in the right to suffer with grandpappy Yokum, or Dick Tracy; to listen to Jack Benny and eat Jello.

Quite a few Americans have given up things like aluminum haircurlers, suspenders, and new tires for the good of their country. Many have given up big things; for example, their lives. One was named Colin Kelly and he dived his airplane loaded with dynamite onto the deck of a Japanese warship. No one told him to; it just seemed a good idea at the time. Perhaps he was thinking of the football team of which he was captain at college; maybe he was thinking of the three years he had taken Conga lessons and he still could only waltz; or maybe it was thoughts of his two-year-old son and the diphtheria shots recently given him, courtesy of the United States department of health. Anyway, it's pretty certain he wasn't thinking about the place of the proletariat in a totalitarian state. He simply had a deep and abiding conviction that America was a darned swell place in which to live.

A defense bond is more than a monetary or military investment; it assures a man's right to read the Encyclopedia Britannica or Esquire, to wear a sport jacket or a tuxedo, and above all to breathe air that is free and clean. If he believes in these privileges, he is an American; if he is an American, he will buy defense bonds in order to go on believing.—B.R.

A 'Must' in Fashion . . .

IMAGINE the campus on a nice sunny April day . . . students with sleepy half-closed eyelids paying no attention to the droning of professors . . . strolling couples, free from classes, regretting the barren Millrace . . . tennis matches in progress. Suddenly the sleepy sunshine-steeped campus is disturbed by the terrified moaning of the air raid sirens. Then added to the din of shrieking whistles comes the metallic warning of bells, of pounded saws, and other percussion noise-makers. A gas raid!

Chemical warfare will celebrate its 27th birthday April 22. It was on such a nice sunny April day that the Germans launched history's first gas attack and within 10 minutes Allied casualties reached 15,000.

IT was a new weapon then. The French and English forces were totally unprepared for it. "It can't happen here," the administration vowed when the United States entered World War II. Every citizen in vital defense areas on the Pacific coast will soon be issued gas masks—gas masks that must be kept within reach at all times.

Educating individuals on what to do and how to act when the percussion instruments join the air raid sirens in signaling a gas attack is also being carried out by the government.

PROFESSOR P. R. Washke, instructor for Lane county defense council, attended a three-day state-wide school period

At Second Glance

By TED HARMON

Nocturne With One Flat
Rosies grow thorny,
Petunias grow high;
Too bad Pat Taylor
Wasn't a Pi Phi.

MEMOS FOR MEN: Barbara-jean Tuttle reigns as the new Alpha Chi house prexy, while Mary Jane Dunn, of Thetaphi fame, takes over the Tri-Delt reins . . . Exotic ex-Oregon Bev Tobin at the Military ball; an example of what campus males dream about all winter . . . the prevalence of corsages, while five Thetas ordered their own . . . all the red formals flitting about the McArthur pasture . . . sources point to Phi Delt Bill Hopper and Degee Bonnie Robin seem to be able to hold a steady course . . . we know what makes house mothers gray: peroxide . . . the freshmen who danced like sparrows at the MB; y'know the kind, from limb to limb . . . Favorite song-of-the-weekend: "Little Stone Hut, how I love thee." . . . the chap, Fred Freed, from Princeton, who stole the MB away from others by his wavy hair and white tie and tails.

CONCERTIBITS: Frankly, the attitude of most students at the Sir Thomas Beecham (and his buddies) performance was above all expectations. Most students showed appreciation for the music, and a genuine desire for encores so they wouldn't have to be in by 10:30.

But being a sparkling personality, Beecham proved his worth, especially during the lighter, more enjoyable portion of the program and Chabrier's "Es-pa-ña." Somewhere from the balcony we heard one coed scream, "Gosh, Methusalem, that sounds like one of Cugat's rhumbas." . . . One of the most appreciative listeners was Theta Marge Dibble, and we're mighty proud of her . . . why don't they ban freshmen from concerts; they're the ones to leave so early and obviously . . . we couldn't find Hallock anywhere, either . . . The Sigma Chi rate a medal for good behavior, too, for they politely and quietly sat through the concert. . . . As one student said about the concert, "It was swell; everything was so quiet that you could hear a coke bottle drop!"

GOSSIPATTER: With the mill race now dried up, the oft-quoted slogan may well be changed to "spring term at peuw!" . . . seems to us that the Emerald contest for a "Cover Girl" might have a little undercover politics behind it . . . Up for dinner Sunday, the Thetakis found a new way to make their guests leave without any forceful action. As the phonograph was playing, a Conga chain started and before the guests knew it, they were out on the sidewalk . . . easily one of the best pianists on the campus is Phyllis Taylor, whose evident knowledge of black and white keys is better than any artist . . . At the MB Saturday p.m., some jolly sophomore danced by the (Please turn to page seven)

where he was advised by national experts on tasks civilians should perform during a bombardment crisis. He, in turn, has passed this information on to citizens giving 35 lectures to full houses in the last few weeks.

Tales of the usage of gas (which may smell like anything from garlic to shoe polish) have been buried beneath headlines of incendiary bombs and other war atrocities, yet Japan has put into play the deadly lewisite gas which camouflages its fatal effects behind a geranium perfume.

The Pacific coast is all too vulnerable to attack as the submarine shells Monday night at Santa Barbara proved. Gas attacks may be next. But before they come, the federal government insists that gas masks will have already become a "must" in everyone's wardrobe this season.—B.J.B.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE . . . By Chas. Politz



Coast Bombed . . .

The Future of Sabotage

By BILL HAIGHT

While the president Monday evening was telling the United States and the world that we had been compelled to yield ground' a submarine, presumably Japanese, fired with timed fury at the coastal oil refinery between Goleta and Elwood, about 25 miles from Santa Barbara, California.

According to the reports there was little damage done and perhaps it will be the answer to the critics' cry of a need for something to awaken the American people to the dangers of this war. Many a columnist has expressed a belief in the value of an enemy action against a coastal city to arouse John Public.

Why Now?

The axis action was undoubtedly executed to weaken the strength of the president's speech on foreign peoples. The enemy propagandists will hoot and jeer at the democratic assertion of a victory for the United Nations by playing up how easily their submarines "are" shelling our supposedly defended coastline.

The real danger in the attack lies within the reports of the fifth column activity. Responsible persons in the Santa Barbara area noted the flashing of signal lights from a hill to a ship in the sea, this on the deadline night for all enemy aliens.

No Kidding Now

Without a question we are now well aware we do have active fifth columnists on the coast. Previous to this time the accusation lacked definite, specific truth.

The shelling should expedite the Federal Bureau of Investigation's problem of applying drastic actions to eliminating undesirables. No longer can we afford a moment's doubt as to the patriotism of any individual.

It would appear that the problem of enemy aliens will not be half as hard to solve as the difficult situation of disloyal citizens that have attained their American rights within the past few years and do not come under any alien enemy legislative action.

Traitors Have Advantage

The "Benedict Arnold" few will have far greater freedom of movement than the most respect-

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'Snap' Judgment

By DON DILL

Haawww—it does something to a guy this hint of spring, and running across Bette Miller in the Burd it was decided to find out why she has a strong desire to be a photographer and stuff.

Bette has the wanderlust and likes to go places, she says, so she decided to make it practical or at least to provide an excuse for following the birds south in winter and vice versa. Result: study of journalism on the side with lots of photography so as to be a news photographer and work on PM or Life.

In the Beginning

It all started last summer when Bette thought it was time to decide on something to help her make a name for herself, so taking a note on Toni Frissel and Margaret Bourke White, darned successful as news and advertising photogs, she decided to do likewise.

Landscape and Structure

Landscapes and structural shots are the most interesting to Bette, but she also thinks she'd like to do a bit of advertising and women's fashions. And best of all, Bette believes, is the fact that photography as a career not only offers new and interesting experiences all the time but is an avocation which is new enough to promise greater things.

Scenery Time

Soon more people will be going to the coast or mountains for spring picnics, so don't forget to take your camera, as what is more fun than an underexposed shot of Jasper with his pants rolled to his knees and him struggling across a creek with Matilda clinging to him like a mustard plaster.

Was that when the lens fell out?

A new type of racket has put in an appearance at Iowa state college. A friendly stranger engages in a conversation with other students and leaves his bags in their room. Then he goes alone to get the bags and in this case took a typewriter and \$20.