

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## Editors Both . . .

FOUR years ago, two high school seniors were putting out the last editions of the Franklin High School Post in Portland. The brown-haired boy, Ray Schrick, was editor, and red-headed Wes Sullivan was feature editor. They talked of taking journalism at the University of Oregon and of their hopes for the future.

The next year they came to the University, became outstanding students in the freshman class. One became assistant managing editor, the other assistant news editor for their sophomore year. Idealistically, they made plans to run for the office of co-editor of the Emerald this spring.

Later in their sophomore year, however, Wes Sullivan was offered the managing editorship of the Oregonian, and regretfully he left the Emerald and his aspirations for editor. Ray Schrick became managing editor of the Emerald.

Last week the educational activities board chose capable Wes Sullivan as editor of the yearbook for next year. Yesterday afternoon the board likewise appointed Ray Schrick as 1942-43 editor of the Oregon Daily Emerald.

The educational activities board, in selecting these two men, have chosen intelligent, thinking publication heads, who understand the problems of the University and of their jobs. The Oregonian and the Emerald are in good hands next year.

## Grab-bag Again . . .

HITLER has now reached down into the high school ages for 900,000 new soldiers. To many this is an indication that the Nazi machine is weakening, but to others it is merely an example of the all-out effort the German government is making to conquer the world, an effort the United Nations may some day have to more than match to retake Europe and a large part of the civilized world.

The news dispatch, of Russian origin, reports that nearly a million youths of 17 and 18 years of age have been called to the Nazi colors. In addition it was reported that boys 10 to 16 will be put on home front services. What such measures would do to the American colleges and high schools is frightening, but the necessities of the military superiority required for an allied offensive do not make it out of the question. The problem is not whether it will ever be necessary in America, but whether or not America will be reluctant to undertake the full measures if they are required.

THE lack of intensity in much of our war effort, the lack of a realization of what we are fighting for, and an apathy resulting from false security has made for much waste in this country. Many of the technical wrinkles in our industrial and military programs have been ironed out, but many experts claim Americans are beginning to settle back again and that the morale is lower than shortly after Pearl Harbor.

Many people have asked for something to do towards the war effort, but the government hasn't been able to fit them into a spot of real value, has often been unable to find tangible things for willing hands to do. And the desire to help has been lessened with inactivity.

The Germans know what they are fighting for, because they have been told what defeat will mean. We should know that our defeat, if it comes, will be far worse.

It is hoped that it will never be necessary to call up adolescent youth for armed forces in America. However, let us hope that Americans will be able to realize how important a job it is to go more than all-out for victory over world slavery.

# Nothing Sacred

By J. SPENCER MILLER

The Sigma Kappas pulled one of the "biggest upsets of the year" surprising everyone by galloping home a length ahead of the Pi Phis and Thetas (our choices) to grab the Five-cent Handicap. This is almost as big as somebody beating Joe Louis, or something. They claim to have had 496 men in their house the whole evening, which is a lot of men.

DIGGIN' DUCK DOINGS . . . PiPhi's Lora Case and Marv Gorrie are back on the beam again, but solidly! Which is something a lot of their friends are happy about . . . At 6:15 Wednesday night there was exactly one man in the Gamma Phi house. Betty Kincaid looked around disgustedly, and then marched off upstairs. One of the pledges mourned, "Gee, we get all dressed up, rush through dinner, and then, NO MEN!" . . . Tom Terry took our friend Pat Kaarboe to the Phi Delt picnic last Sunday. In the course of picnicking he lost Pat's watch (cost, \$69) in the waters of Swimmer's Delight. So he takes her home and says, "Well, you're a great sport, Pat, old girl." WHAT NERVE! . . . At that same deal one of the Phi lads took it in the neck, though. Jack Six brought another Coe Omega, Lois Hafele. Near the end of the afternoon she asked to be taken back to town as she had another date. Jackson was none too receptive to her plea, so she called her other date up, and he came out and got her, which left Six holding the bag.

Pins are flying at a fast rate now, in typical Spring term style. . . . One of the swellest Gamma Phis, Anita Fernandez, ended her long period of eligibility by taking George Dugan's DU pin . . . Popular Kay Jenkins of the Fee coop boasts Clyde Hollenbeck's White Star of Sigma Nu. . . . Another Gamma Phi, Milo Daniels proved she and Sigma Noo Johnny Bubalo are not "just friends" by taking his brass. Still another one of these GPB gals, Mary Wright, has become an SAE Sweetheart by wearing Homer Thomas' badge (No, they don't pay us) . . . Alpha Gam Margot Bullier passed the candy (10 lbs.) last week to her sisters announcing her engagement to Walt Ackerman, in the Med School in Portland.

On the sadder side, Fiji Gale Feithouse left school suddenly, leaving steady gal-friend Kappa Nancy Davis none too happy . . . Don Turner was reclassified into 1-A, and this will postpone his marriage to Fee Babs Read "for the duration." Esther Bruce's aviator fiancé was unable to come down for the Henhall formal, so she turned around and went with Sherry Ross' Herb Lawrence, frosh sprint ace. Al Dodson went, too, but evidently he "won't talk about that!"

Oh! Time, dear time,  
Speed on in thy flight,  
And have thy bell ring,  
Before I recite.—Franklin Post.

What the professors say:  
"If it comes to the point where it is necessary to the army for you to knit in class, I'll knit with you."—English prof.

"Were you merely scratching, or did you want to ask a question?"—Geography prof.

A history department professor in speaking of the morals of 1917: "It isn't that they didn't have any morals; it's just that the old standards broke down and they forgot to put up new ones temporarily."

Change Here . . .

# The 'Have Not' Nations Now Seem to 'Have'

. . . Rubber

By BILL HAIGHT

Several years ago the boastful Mussolini proclaimed from his balcony that England had made "peace a racket" by her control of raw materials vital to the existence of the Italian nation.

Indeed the lack of raw materials in Japan, Germany and Italy was the source of many articles and much discussion and given as one of the fundamental reasons for the war.

A Verbal Mix-Up

A strange situation has developed from this earlier picture. Today the "have not" nations "have" and the "have" nations "have not."

Rubber is the most dramatic example of the switch of control of materials. The Japanese capture of the Dutch East Indies has seriously crippled our war machine because we lack the rubber from Java and practically knocked the civilian use of automobiles down to a nine count.

Japan needed rubber, needed oil, needed gasoline, needed manganese. With her swift and sure thrusts into the heart of those resources she gained everything she needed. And America and Great Britain today are classed in the "have not" class for rubber.

Before the War

Chromium, an important metal for armaments, is another example. Previous to the conflict we imported our needs from Turkey, Russia, Rhodesia, and Cuba. Today Turkey sells to Germany; Russia needs her own production; Rhodesian chrome stays in South Africa for lack of ships, and Cuban export is not large enough or quite good enough to meet all of our needs.

We have large deposits of this strategic mineral in the Northwest. Montana and Oregon are particularly noted for their large but low grade deposits.

The development of substitutes or our own resources will take valuable time. Eventually we will overcome this initial handicap because tucked around in various parts of the Allied nations all the needed resources are available. But in many instances plants, railroad facilities, or shipping facilities will have to be developed before we can use them.

99 Per Cent

Quinine is not for the greatest part of the Allied nations a necessity but in parts where it is a necessity life without it is impossible. Today, Japan controls approximately 99 per cent of the world's production of quinine.

Record fans on the campus are in for a big let down on purchasing of new recordings. Shellac is used to preserve and protect the records and the greatest source of shellac is in India. Aside from the record usage of the liquid, it is most important for ship building and furniture. The next few

months will bring the lack of this item home with a bang.

A recent government report indicates the already hard hit "juke" boxes may fold up. From my viewpoint it will be one of the smaller blessings out of the chaos.

# Trade Last . . .

By MARY WOLF

Dedicated to the coed, who has found the going rather tough lately . . . Collaboration on Operation in Ten Easy Lessons—

1. Put your best foot forward (I don't mean in your mouth.)
2. Be enthusiastic at all times — never bored (even with Phi Delt).
3. Neat — especially in approach, technique and followup (if you trip them, don't break all their bones; never strangle them — not the first time, anyway; don't be too obvious about always being where they are, and last and least—comb your hair occasionally, and try to look nice once in a while.)
4. Be a good conversationalist by being a good listener (if not in your head, be sure it doesn't rattle.)
5. Remember, never give up—try, try, again (it's a long process we know.)
6. Do or die—that's our motto! (It ain't original, though.)
7. Mind over heart is essential.
8. Discrimination — only the better men for us!
9. Toast — Here's to the future and what it may hold—men, we hope!

—Iowa Daily Student.

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The little boy rabbit and the little girl rabbit were chased into a cave by a pack of foxes. Squatting there, as rabbits are wont to squat, and panting for breath after the hard run, the little girl rabbit looked out at the foxes, poking their snouts into the narrow mouth of the cave, and asked of the little boy rabbit, "What will we do now?" The little boy rabbit thought for a moment, then sagaciously replied, "Guess we'll just have to stay here 'til we out-number 'em."

—Barometer.

