

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Voters Not Victims...

TOMORROW 1046 Oregon students will be given what is to most of them their first opportunity to exercise their right to vote in governmental affairs.

This right has been theirs for 165 years. They are accustomed to this privilege of free expression for or against the administration. It rests lightly on their shoulders.

Tomorrow they will leave their classrooms, join a friend and under Oregon's new-born sun they will stroll to the polls. They experience a faint excitement as they slip their first ballot into the box.

ACROSS the gray Pacific on small islands, formerly noticed only as dots on the map, Oregon graduates and classmates are fighting for this peaceful voicing of the opinion of our government.

In Japan, in Germany, in Italy the people never know a free and unbiased election. If they go to the polls, they are driven there with bayonets to "approve" the latest move of their dictatorial leader. A vote of "no" is a plain vote for suicide.

Other European countries—Holland, Switzerland, Poland, France—have had this power to vote stripped from them. They have become victims not voters of the government.

Tomorrow Oregon students should realize that they are exercising right of a free citizen in a free democracy, a priceless possession which fewer and fewer nations can boast. As they walk down the campus with laughing friends not ushered by bayonets, as they pass a non-belligerent cop, as they vote for or against the administration, they are doing their duty as a free citizen of the government, not a cowered servant for the government.—B.J.B.

Trade Last

By MARY WOLF

"Weak soap" can be used by Physicians to cure chronic snoring. Dr. Jerome F. Strauss, professor at the University of Southern California, told the laryngological and otological society last week in Chicago. The "weak soap" hardens the tissues of the throat and nose.

True snoring, said Dr. Strauss, is a coarse, low-pitched noise produced by vibrations of the soft tissues in the nose and throat of the sleeper.

The resulting noise might vary in intensity, but never in pitch because the resonant material has a "natural periodic vibration" that never varies in frequency and does not produce noise until it is vibrated at that frequency, Dr. Strauss explained.

The cure, said the physician, is in hardening the tissues with sodium, psylliate, a weak soap.

Gene Williams, Phi Gam freshman at the University of Kansas, is a victim of the new rage of the scientific world—he claims to have become a victim of the mumps germ by mental telepathy. His brother, who is in attendance at Oklahoma U., contracted the disease one day last week, the next day Gene also had the mumps.

An unknown lad paid for the

following which appeared in one of last week's Daily Texans:

LOST: Vicinity Petroleum Engineering building one thirty-inch suction hose with mouthpiece. Slightly worn. Notify Charles E. Grant, 1845 Osage.

Story behind ad: Grant was being attributed with having a great deal of suction with his professors.

Result: Grant was looking for the unknown lad Saturday. There was fire in Grant's eye.

If Prof. Karl Sax of Harvard's botany department has his way, all "fat flabby, pot-bellied university professors will take compulsory physical training.

Undergraduates began a compulsory exercise program April 6, and Professor Sax believes faculty members should join them in their four-hour-a-week workouts.

In a letter to the Harvard Crimson, college daily, he writes that last fall a dozen professors eagerly began exercises, but enthusiasm waned so quickly that only four or five redoubts whether many of his fellow teachers would be able to follow the student conditioning program.

Professor Sax practices what he preaches. The 50-year-old rugged teacher hoes his calisthenics at a college gym twice a week with his son, William P. Sax, a Harvard sophomore.

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

To make with an extremely rough idea as to how rumors get around, note the following: frills from Portland, coming here for this all state music contest, are arriving with the sincere expectancy that Glenn Miller is to play for Mortar Board. How or why the illusion is present would be difficult to analyze. It'll scare hell out of them to see Holman. Just something else about our fair greensward to disenchant prospective Webfeet (press colloquialism used to describe Eugene residents).

No Go

Tom Todd didn't take the ivory tower that Teagarden offered after all. Said Todd: "High school is all. Music is but trivial." Said father Todd: "I agree perfectly with Tom. And if he hadn't said just that I would have beaten the *lb@lb*lb** out of him." Said grieving Tea: "That's all right gate. Any time you want to step in the band, the spot's yours." And to think we nearly scooped Downbeat yet.

Add camp cat of the week: Mrs. Ruby Marks, housemother at Sigma Kappa house. Reason: this Gene Leo is playing solo 88 at the annual housemother's party; playing the kind of jazz he is went to play, even at the annual housemother's party. So an elderly woman is strolling up, and Leo is thinking "This is where I am getting the needle for 'Rose of the Rio Grande'." But no. This pleasing female is sitting down and talking like Bix about the Austin High gang and Chicago when Winchell and Capone got haircuts in the same tonsorial parlor. Really knowing her jazz. How about that.

It Happened Here

The kick of all time occurred during the Junior Weekend luncheon. It would seem that Scott's band, a bunch of rosy cheeked fellows blowing hard, are playing their left ear out through the end of a Conn 2-A cornet on "There'll Be Some Changes Made" all loud and pretty, when some unidentified character is dashing down the steps of McClure, running to the fore and shouting "Cease." Just like that. "Stop all this infernal racket," he says, "who is responsible for this noise." So leader Scott, not thinking his playing should be left at noise, is saying, "I am, and what are you rambling about, pcps." So it turns out that this individualist who demands seclusion is a professor of science who is working diligently on the dissection of a phlographialogotrophis' left lobe when the faint, lilting strains of jazz disturbs his work. So not being exactly a cat, he becomes very unhappy and threatens to have the entire weekend called off because of phlographialogotrophis.

Back to Muriel

To get back to Muriel Meier, after three months (and who wouldn't want to get back to Muriel Meier after three months, or even three days), there is nothing more pleasing in this old world than her inimitable rendition of "Tangerine," not even "And Where Were You MacPherson When the Lights Went Out Huh" in F. Just ask her to sing it for you. Anytime. The kid is reet. Sings sort of like Billie Holiday, Helen O'Connell and an unknown character in a checkered jacket seen loitering near Kelly's Stables on January fourteenth.

College enrollment in French classes has dropped 23.5 per cent, and in German 11 per cent, since last September.

You're in the Army Now.

A few months ago W. Henson Purcuss wrote a letter to his son, a Utah college student, who had just been drafted. The letter has been reprinted several times because it seems to be a real classic. Following are excerpts:

DEAR BILL:

Well, son, you are going into the army. There is a job of serious, nasty, uncivilized business to be taken care of and you have been assigned a part in it.

The task is unpleasant, repulsive. The assignment is different to anything you had planned. Yet it is a privilege as well as a responsibility. For only Americans—the pick of the nation's manhood—are eligible to march with Uncle Sam's armed citizenry and participate in this grim game of war.

As you go from your fine home and splendid university into the army, I want you to put all you have in this business of soldiering. It matters not whether you wear bars or stars if you are a man enough to be a good soldier. And being a good soldier means more than drilling and marching and fighting—and dying.

It means living—in a man's world—as a man should live.

There is on the part of many men, once they're in the army, away from the influence of home and family and reputation, an inclination to cut loose, to go the gaits. In the army, as in civilian life, there is every type of manhood and social strata. Every man is on his own. The choice is yours.

MEN, like water, ultimately seek their own level—in the army as elsewhere. Don't lower your standards, Bill.

There are two things I am sending you this week—both went with me to the army 25 years ago. One is a khaki-covered textbook on military methods and soldiery. Peruse its pages and endeavor to master the art of being a good soldier. It may not bring you promotion and high honors, but it will bring you the satisfaction of doing well whatever you do. It will help you to learn more quickly what is expected of a good soldier.

The other, also khaki-covered, is a Bible. Don't feel that to take it is being a sissy. There will no doubt be times when just to hold it in your hand will bring a mysterious comfort. I confess that I read it but little while I was in uniform. Yet there were times when its nearness—the knowledge that it had stood the test of all time and countless other wars—seemed to sort of satisfy my longing for you and Mom—lull my homesickness for all the peaceful ways of life that had been disrupted by war.

TAKE them, Bill, and use them. Make the most of the army and come back a better man than when you left. There is, you know, a personal as well as a national victory to be won.

It seems a bit silly, doesn't it, to send you away with a gun in one hand and a Bible in the other? The gun to kill. The Bible: "Thou Shalt Not." There is no explanation except that the gun appears for the present to be necessary to our national security. The Bible has ever been our hope of eternal security.

I remember well that day, almost 24 years ago, when sitting in a lecture period at Camp Gordon, I was handed a telegram that announced that you had made me a father. I was the soldier. You were the war baby.

I remember the day, four months later, when I gazed for the first time upon your face. I remember every day of your life since that time. I shall watch—and pray—every anxious day for your return.

When you have a son of your own some day, as I hope you shall, you will know what I mean. I hope your going to the army will be more successful in freeing your sons from the scourge of war than was mine for you.

Learn to use the gun, Bill, but rely, finally, upon the Bible. Your Father.