

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Nothing Sacred

By J. SPENCER MILLER

To whom it may concern:
 Have you noticed that Nelda Rohrbach isn't wearing her Theta Chi pin lately? We think she's open for dates. Yours for more dates.

Signed,

A Friend

We received this harbinger in the mail yesterday, and so far we have uncovered that its origin was the Alpha Chi house. If we track it any further we'll let you know . . . She's been seen here 'n' there with DU Merritt Kufferman.

ADD SCREWY LIVES OF NEWSPAPERMEN . . . The phone rings at the "Shack." Ted Hallock answers it.

"This is the Kappa house. We have a story for you. Will you please come over and bring a camera?"

Hallock walks into the KKG manse. There in the center of the living room is Reid Ferrall's entire bedroom, complete with all equipment, etc. Ted sets up his camera to take a shot. All of a sudden the Kappas decide they don't want him to photograph anything, so they cluster around the bed. Hallock snaps them in this pose, so they charge at him in an attempt to destroy his equipment. One gal gets a used flash bulb and holds it up triumphantly.

"Now, we've got you."

But the older and wiser sisters decide to let him take a shot. As he leaves, the KKGs protest they never called in the first place. So as he crosses the Commons about eight FIJIS close around him. Some guy about ten feet tall tells him,

"Listen, bud, we don't want those pictures printed. Do you understand? Just remember that!"

OUR COMMENT . . . Just where in Hades are we?—America or Nazi Germany! Those boys evidently think they're the Gestapo.

DIGGING THE DUCKS No. 6. . . . Thetaki's Bob Newland and Bill Davis were hard at work in track practice. The competition got so keen between them, that they bet on who was the better sprinter, the loser having to plant his pin. So they raced, and when they left they were still arguing over who won.

That night, Wednesday night, they double-dated with Gamfi Carolyn Vaughn and ADPi Jean Villiar. Yea, you guessed it . . . Vaughn has got Newland's brass and Villiar has Davis' ditto.

PiKAP Jack DuLong (smoothest boy they've got including Roblin) has been seeing plenty of Cynthia Caufield, but still Pat Howard is taking him to Mortar Board. Maybe for once she is taking the short end of a deal. . . . More stuff from the PiKaps.

Jim Richmond and Theta **Judy Eccles**—well, awright . . . **Cliff Giffin** standing on the Theta lawn for more than a short time, caroling, "Goodnight, Louise, goodnight, Lou-i-i-s-se." **Louise Gordon** leans out the second-story window and watches Giff disappear down the street.

MORTAR BOARD . . . We want to report success from our ad the other day. We got six offers, finally accepted one, and now she can't go. **Some guys ain't got it!** **Ted Sarpola**, who is one good boy, and **Bob Boyd**, both want dates to MB. So do a lot of other boys. . . Any gals that want dates just phone us at the Emerald. We guarantee satisfaction or your date refunded . . . "Available" Miller, that's us—if we run out of men, there's always me or **Dunk Wimpres**. . . .
 Be sure to get down to the

Bad News Yet . . .

New Enlistment Plan For Students Analyzed

. . . On Russian Front

By BILL HAIGHT

The war department, following in the wake of the navy and air corps, has created an army reserve corps specifically for college students. The new enlistment plan will affect many students on this campus and will provide a much-needed outlet for those students unable or reluctant to join the air corps or navy.

The essence of the war department plan seems to be that the students will enlist, complete their university education, and then be eligible for officer training schools.

More West Pointers

Congress is working on a bill for an increase in the number of appointments to West Point. Previously the total enrollment could not exceed 1960 men but under this new plan 536 men will be added.

At the same time an appeal is being made to college students the congress of the United States is still wrangling over the increase of pay for the legion of the unknown, the Buck Private. Apparently there is an assurance Uncle Sam's doughboys are due for a raise but how much is still under fire.

Only Sadness

Elsewhere on the fronts of war only somber news is coming in. The Germans claim a victory in the vastly important Kerch operations but London and Moscow deny the German claim and insist that advances by the enemy have been made but it is not decisive. The determination of truth over these claims is a difficult one.

Great Britain has a poor record in admitting defeat and Russian

and German claims are almost completely unwarranted.

Bad News Ahead

The concensus of competent military observers indicates that we are in for some severe and dreadful news from the Russian front. A curious point in the predictions is that every victory but the final one seems to be given to Germany.

Both sides are taking civilian precautions against the use of gas and observers indicate a safe prediction that gas will be used within the next month.

The opening of the winter in various parts of the world has started the military machines operating in full force and the next few weeks decisive and brutal battles will be waged from Kerch to Australia. The Allied chances for great success are small however most observers point out that the Axis chances for complete victory this summer are remote.

Continued Axis success but under the shadow of crippling blows seems to be the springtime estimate of the summer's military campaigns by most observers.

Jam For Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

There are lots of things about the grass that I like. No one can change it really. They cut it, but they don't drain the green, and they can't sweep away the scent. It stays fresh even when city air and the air of people sweeps over it trying to pollute all of the fragrance that's not fragrance.

There is not a lot of time left to do things. But of all the seconds that none of us have for long, there are fewest of all the moments spent lying in the grass that has no footprints or humanness in it. It is more a friend than even a dog or a mother. It can hear all the things that you want to say and are not like you and it will say nothing. It will maintain the silence that all friends should proffer as advice, but never do.

To feel the blades bend beneath the body weight, and the earth knowing your presence. For if you have chosen grass as recluse, then dirt and organisms unite to tell you how much a person you are to come to them without pretense.

It's very fine, I think, to stand on top of a great field of blades that whisper among themselves of your coming. And then you look down and see all of it re-

Greek-Independent all-star classic this afternoon at 4 o'clock. This fray shapes up to be a great show, and it is FREE. Don't miss it!

Remember, gals, there are plenty of gals left without **Mortar Board** dates (hint). Don't be bashful—we aren't. . . .

Jack Benny's ebony butler, **Eddie "Rochester" Anderson** was

vealed as a gathering of friends. You cast all thought, not merely care, away so far that it falls useless beyond the edge of this joining place. And then you open your arms and give yourself to yourself, just for even that moment, but you surrender all the truths within you to yourself and you become very unafraid.

And only the grass has seen, but having seen so very much, the grass is very wise and says nothing. To the grass you say: "I am not as knowing as I would profess to be, I am not as hard as life would have me be." And you have deceived life for that moment. Life has expected you to struggle for all your allotted time and cease being taut only when eternity says it is ready. But you have loosened all over, before the time has come. You have told a living thing, a beautiful thing all of this, and it has understood when all around you would not condescend to understand.

A Clean Sweep

And when you have said all the words in the world that are never said or categorized, but merely thought, you don't feel better because there is still the fight. But you have found a father and a mother and a God that is more than sky and being up. And you are all new again and all coy and highly secretive, for the grass would never stand for having its story told. And I am really sorry, and I apologize to all of the fields and meadows and golf courses and front yards. But now you know where to go when it seems to be rotten inside you and even the little bits of time are too little. There are lots of things about the grass that I like.

Throttlebottom II . . .

OREGON'S yell king may well become an integral cog in the Executive Council wheel if a new ASUO constitution partially okayed by the council Wednesday is approved at a coming campus-wide vote.

The yell king to fulfill his new position might find his annual tryouts turned into a double bill. Requisitions for the job are still undetermined but he might be required to lead three yells, then deliver a 10-minute oration on the value of a 2.00 GPA as a pre-requisite to participation in campus activities. Nevertheless, the inclusion of this new official has far-reaching possibilities.

Many affairs of the council do not affect rally activities specifically, one member of the executive council argued. All affairs, however, touch in some way on school spirit. School spirit is important. The yell leader is interested in school spirit. Therefore, the yell leader should be included as a non-voting member in all Executive Council discussions.

The negative side suggests: Many affairs of the yell leader and rally squad do not affect the whole University specifically. All rally functions, however, in some way, interest the entire University. The University and the students' interests are important to the Executive Council. Therefore, members of the council should be included as ex-officio representatives of all future rally squads.

* * * *

LOOK at it from another angle. Picture the emotional unfairness of a yell leader in a serious session. For though he has no actual vote, his power can never be under-acclaimed. Take this crucial situation: The sides are split, three and three. Do we have class cards or don't we? To which the yell king gathers his roofers 'round and leads them in this cheer:

"Strawberry shortcake,
 Huckleberry pie;
 Make 'em buy class cards,
 Or sock 'em in the eye."

And when the final vote comes, there's the yell leader, "Come on now, gang. Rock into it. Make it big. One, two, three . . ." The other side, lacking organization, must in all unrestricted fairness to school spirit, join long and loud in the affirmative yell.

* * * *

IT was suggested that the yell king, mass psychology man that he is, still needs the added prestige of a council seat. If this is the need, our nomination for the post would be Joe Zilch, local coke dispenser, who comes into daily contact with far more students and consequently school spirit. He knows little or nothing about campus politics. This is certain to give him the same impartial attitude as future yell leaders who will contact problems with which they are in no way familiar. Joe also has a very definitely "under-rated" job and could certainly stand the added prestige which the Executive Council would no doubt give him.—R.J.S.

Trade Last

By MARY WOLF

How Do You Doodle?

That's all right, don't shrink away, "even the best of men do it."

Of all the different habits students acquire, there is one that everyone is guilty of—doodling.

There is a great variety of this from hair-raising pictures to stately looking squares and hexagons and whirling circles. Wild-cats do not have to go far to observe this unique art work done by the doodler in one of his dazed and pensive moods. The

desk blotters and notebooks well display this art work.

The next time you see some one "doodling away," notice his style. It has recently been said that the true personality of a person may be found in the way he doodles.

Do you while away your time drawing swirling, overlapping circles or do you indulge in squares or numbers? Circles signify that you lean toward the domestic and tender side; if you

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