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RAY SCHRICK, Editor; BETTY BIGGS SCHRICK, Business Mgr.

Dunc Wimpres, Managing Editor Jack Billings, News Editor
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Where's the Draft?

ALL summer long the rush chairmen worked and worried. They talked house to the rushees almost as confidently as ever. They hoped and spoke optimism, but when rush meetings rolled around they knew their lot would be slim in pickings. It had to be. This was a war year.

When the sudden end of summer came, they rushed to the campus to count cards, dollars, and old members. The first surprise was a homecoming discovery: In near all cases a larger number of "old hands" were back than they expected. Their second surprise: More men were down to go through rush week than in 1941.

Yesterday full force broke on the fraternity scene when four days of rushing saw 54 more men pledged this year than last. It was more than the best had hoped.

The story had its other side, too. It completed the paradox, and it took the coeds to do it. Surprisingly, the rush leaders saw the as yet undraftable women pledge 15 less rushees than for 1941. They had a larger number to draw from. They took fewer.

The dean of women's office reported one of the "scanningest" rush weeks in history. For grades. For high school records. For more and more background. The office put a special worker on payrolls to handle the fact seekers. One house threatened to pledge no girl with a high school grade rating lower than seven.

Men's houses pledged an average of almost 18 men each. The women drew an average slightly over 16 coeds to each house.

All day the horn blasts and yells greeted new members. For one house a horse-drawn wagon replaced cars to cart pledges around the campus—the war-time touch. The rush was over. This was the shout of relief. Evening came, and so did sleep, the first good rest in four days of rush.

Water Worth Gold...

WATER again is skimming along between the grassy banks of the millrace. The fresh, swelling stream has hidden the ugly mud slough that has lain at the foot of the campus since the Christmas floods of last year. From the fraternities and sororities lining the near-legendary race comes many a shout of glee, for the waters started rising with the opening of rush week, and even the hill houses are trekking race-ward, canoe money in their jeans. And freshman and senior are picturing the broad, green sweep that is the campus of tradition.

But perhaps more deeply felt than any of these manifestations is the feeling, permanent and strong in every true Webfoot, that Oregon is once again the real Oregon, the Oregon of song and memory, for there is no tradition, no habit, no custom more inseparable from the University than the millrace.

—J. M.

Tribute in a Room...

GREATEST tribute to the late Ethel R. Sawyer lies not in words, but in a room 90 by 30 feet. It is a house of many mansions built by the jovial, gray-haired librarian in five years of work at the University.

The room is everything a student would ask of home. As Willis Warren, head librarian says, "Miss Sawyer's interest and foresight did it."

* * *

THE bubbling energy, clever remarks extremely apropos, and high culture which were Miss Sawyer's life still are stamped on the shelves though she is gone.

Miss Sawyer's 90 by 30 feet were the Browsing room. New librarians will come, but the name and room stand lasting tribute to her work.

Trade ❖ ❖ Last

By LOIMAE RODENBOUGH

About Face . . .

Coeds will all but shoulder arms with men in a new training program at the University of Indiana. Designed to furnish advanced information on various military subjects to women who want to join the W.A.T.C., corresponding with R.O.T.C., the training will be under the supervision of the department of military science and tactics.

—Indiana Daily.

No Victory—Until . . .

Portland's Victory Bell built by the engineers last year has been silenced for the duration. The Rev. Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C., supervised the removal of the clapper and in commenting on the ceremony said, "There can be no real victories until our boys return victorious to their homes."

The Beacon, Portland

Number Please?

Columbia university sophomores studying humanities are permitted to don earphones to listen to musical recordings while they learn their lessons.

—The Utah Chronicle

California Fog . . .

The sunny south has at last recognized the bay regions' natural attributes. For nearly two hours recently the entire west side of San Diego was enveloped by a man-made fog which was designed to obliterate entire cities from the air.

The "fog" comes from white chemical smoke sent up from hundreds of flame pots spotted throughout vital areas. Planes flying overhead were not visible through the fog and the pilots noted they could see very little.

—The Daily Californian

New 'Ding' . . .

Alexander Woolcott was nearly voted out of his fraternity because he insisted on wearing a red fez around the house.

—The Cauldron

In the Mood . . .

Thousands of music-lovers in colleges throughout the country that Glenn Miller's orchestra has passed on to the Valhalla of swing bands.

Miller, impresario of the Lit-

War-Time Welcome Greet New Students

To you freshmen, we give a hearty welcome. Undoubtedly you have already lost that slight feeling of insecurity that comes with entering college, and are rapidly becoming accustomed to the informal friendliness which is so apparent here at Oregon. We are proud of you, because we feel your freshness will give new vitality to Oregon spirit of which we are indeed proud.

Another great year enforges upon us, and new problems are facing us. We all realize that it will be necessary for us to forsake some of the things which have made the past so colorful, but nevertheless this year will be equally enjoyable. We have successfully met the problem of enrollment which proves that we will be able to meet those new problems that face us, and make a greater year for Oregon.

Then there are students who are more disappointed than glad that the dimout rule doesn't apply to Eugene.

Nothing Sacred

By J. SPENCER MILLER

THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM . . . If any words characterize the look of the Webfoot campus this last week, they are these prophetic ones. Practically all the men are back (those that couldn't make reserves are 4-F and the rest are too young). But we are on short furlough before marching off to the more serious things at hand.

As for Duck-tivities this summer . . .

How Times Change . . .

So Sorry, New Policy

Yosuke Matsuoka, former Japanese minister, issued a plea that the young people of both America and Japan "cooperate more closely to the common interests of peace" in a page one interview writer by Jasper (Jack) N. Bellinger, '34, for the April 8, 1933 Emerald.

Author Bellinger, since graduation an employee of the Japan Times Advertiser, recently returned to the United States on the international exchange ship Gripsholm, after he was slapped, kicked, and generally brow-beaten by Japanese authorities.

"Whoever, either among Japanese or among Americans, dares to create misunderstanding or misapprehension between the two great nations facing each other across the Pacific is committing an unpardonable crime against humanity," Matsuoka told Bellinger in the 1933 interview. "We must not do or say anything that will hinder the program of this endeavor to create the new Pacific civilization."

Bellinger returns from Japan nine years later a sadder, thinner, and wiser man.

Not Without Reason

Greater festivals of the church were written in red ink in old manuscripts to distinguish them from the lesser festivals, written in black. This gave rise to the term Red Letter Day which now signifies an outstanding or fortunate day.

tle Brown Jug, the Anvil Chorus, and Kalamazoo and Chattanooga symphonies, shortly will join the army as a captain in the specialists corps. His orchestra now is disbanding.

—California Daily Bruin



ASUO President Les Anderson

. . . his is the message to incoming men and women.

Physics have slowed down extracurricular activities on the campus to a slow crawl this summer—former smoothstones and operators spending their Saturday nights wrapped around a text book.

Pi Phi Winnifred Wilkelan married to Beta Jim Buell a couple of months ago—they are living in Oakland . . . Babs Read of the sun-washed Fees is wed to Phi Delt Knox Parker in the Air Corps. This is sudden as she was engaged to Beta Don Turner at the beginning of spring term—and went with Lee Spitzer after that broke up . . . Kappa Alyson Wales had lots of fun, this summer with San Jose's Roa Hadley . . . Dave Holmes and Walt Kresse went to Balboa Isle, Cal., to visit PDT brother Bud Steele—took two looks at the female pulchritude and stayed all summer. . . .

War Bonds Honor Roll . . . Lee Flatberg, Emerald sports ed., who was rejected by the army, put \$4,000 in War Bonds—doing his part . . . Theta Edie Onthank getting daily victory letters from Hugh Collins in Australia, is putting all her salary as Eugene playground instructor into War Bonds . . . Plenty of other Webfoots could take a hint from these two . . . Fee Adele Canada is engaged . . . Aldine Gates was married in Las Vegas, Nevada to a lad from Seattle . . . Canard's Jackson Billings, the bouncing Emerald news editor, fell 16 feet on his head, working on Swan Island, so he decided he wasn't cut out for manual labor . . .

There are plenty of gals that aren't coming back to school—especially Alpha Fees and Gamma Phis—but OSC is due to send over a large contingent, on account of the close proximity of the "Farm" to the soldiers new cantonment . . . Delt Dave Zill and Kay Korn are approaching "that" stage . . . Suzie's Jean Phillips, who we think is the best looking girl on the campus along with her four-point, has been holding down a Portland office . . . Thetaz gem from Hawaii, Terry Watson has been the recipient of much attention from ASUO President Les Anderson, who received his pin back this summer from Kappa Peggy Johnston by registered mail.

SAE Jim Marnie put his pin on KKG Janie Williams before leaving for Med school in Philadelphia . . . Plenty of Ducks at work in Washington . . . Theta Janet Morris, Figea Neal Farnham, Pi Phi Peggy Forney, Phi Delt Hugh McMinnamum, and a host of others. Dotty Green, Loh Spaniol, and Alice Trullinger Kelly (wife of Lt. Maury Kelly, SAE, '41, now bound for 'destination unknown.') have been ever ready to help the boys with math, physics, or bridge. Greer's theme song is getting to be "Happy Day(s) are Here Again." She had his Phi Delt pin for a day this summer. That was, this summer. . . . Demure little Miss Spaniol has been spending most of her time writing Tom "Rimrock" Oxman in Idaho . . . Jack Lansing and Lou, the Torg, are now in Fort Sill, Okla., and Fort Wall, Texas Army khaki . . . Kappa Sig Bill Rapson has taken to caveman tactics as a last resort with "Shoil, the Poil" Gravelly. They went a good ten rounds in front of the KS house the other day. . . .