

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

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

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1941 Member 1942
Associated Collegiate Press
ALL-AMERICAN 1942

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"While the Fascists regard the press as a nuisance and therefore suppress it, the believers in democracy also regard the freedom of press as a nuisance and thank God they have so glorious a nuisance."—Lin Yutang.

Watch Those Shadows...

IF it is true that great events cast their shadows before them, shadows now are being cast in direction of the student government setup on the University campus.

Last spring the executive council, without a huge fanfare of publicity, started looking over a tentative constitution for the ASUO to replace and modernize the present tangle of by-laws, constitutions, and legislative action under which the ASUO now acts.

After weeks of discussion, the tentative constitution was in fine enough fettle to be presented to Dr. Erb for his approval and suggestions.

THIS stimulated a series of meetings between Dr. Erb and some of the members of the executive council that had been working on the program during spring term. During these meetings, it became evident that the students and the faculty do not agree in some cases on matters of policy. To bring all the student grievances out in the open, Dr. Erb appointed a committee, composed of Dick Williams, educational activities manager, Les Anderson, student body president, and Wes Sullivan, senior class representative on the executive council, to draw up a letter which would make these points of difference more specific.

THE letter outlining the problems and their proposed solutions from the point of view of the students was submitted to Dr. Erb a few weeks before the beginning of school. In the pre-rush period more meetings were held at which tentative decisions were made concerning these problems. In the near future, a letter embodying these decisions will be presented to the educational activities board for its approval.

With these grievances out of the way, discussions was reopened on the constitution itself, and within a few weeks that too should be tentatively settled.

That is the story to date—watch those shadows deepen.
J.W.S.

Facing the Facts...

OURS is a great responsibility. During this next year—a war year—we who will have the privilege of attending the University, or any university, should stop before we approach the registrar's desk to evaluate our motives and to try to visualize our aims.

Some students will be training directly for various branches of the service. They must realize that they must do more than just study. They must learn.

To the student who prepares for the service, his aim is tangible, ever present before him, but we who are not entering these specialized fields, the average year-to-year student, must realize that we too have an added responsibility.

We have been granted an education. Therefore it is our responsibility to use that education to think out the problems of today.

THIS is not an easy aim to fulfill.

A campus is a more or less isolated community. The round of campus life can altogether too easily take one's mind off the war and the problems his nation faces.

If we can use our education to analyze clearly the problems that are to come; if we can keep those problems before us, and if we can at the University of Oregon prepare ourselves to better aid in the war effort when it comes our time to serve, we can say that we have lived up to the responsibilities of the American college student in the year 1942-43.

—J. W. S.

At Second Glance

By TED HARMON
NEWTON WAS RIGHT!
Here's an ode
to a strapless gown;
What goes up
must come down.

With McArthur court bulging this morning with the trials and tribulations of registration, fall term officially opens with a bang as well as a checkbook. Gone far into memory are the record-breaking pledge classes, the "Strip Polka," California limousines and the life of a collegiate Riley.

Between The Lines

By ROY NELSON

A fellow stopped me on the campus the other day and asked me where Johnson hall was. Being but a sophomore I stopped a moment to think. Then I got up.

"Johnson hall?" I asked.

"Thanks," he said, and left.

Student and More

The place is over run with freshmen and new students. There are many interesting pledges.

Gamma Phi's Shirley Casebeer, who is a transfer from St. H. hall where she ran the yearbook, in high school days steadied with Beta Don Mayne . . . the Phi Deltas have a Bob Hope . . . Alpha Chi O's Lois McConkey was a celebrated tap-dancer at grammar school . . . the same housee has pledged Pat Ring, Jeff high Rose princess of the year before last . . . Sigma Chi's Hal Abelsen was once named "most handsome physique" by a high school feature page.

Canard's Dan Mindolovich, who came down to school to learn how to spell his last name, claims to have the autograph of a gent who didn't work in the shippards last summer.

The Oregana editorial office has moved from its site in McArthur court to suite in the journalism building—on the second floor.

Cars on Way Out?

President Erb's request that cars be left at home this year hardly seemed to take effect. There's more cars on the campus this year than you can shake a rubber tire at. In his column a few days back, Winchell mentioned something about a rumor about a possibility that maybe there was a chance that the government was considering the probability of buying up all cars older than '35s, perhaps.

A campus without cars would look like a Phi Delt without a rubber band fastened from his slacks to his shirt. But it might happen. Things change.

I remember how we used to build up the merits of the Finnish soldiers and tear down that of the Reds'. Now it's quite the opposite. And I read an account in the paper the other day of how a woman was arrested for preaching anti-communism and "tearing down soldiers' morale."

Free for All...

(The Emerald welcomes signed contributions to this "safety valve" of public opinion. Lone right reserved is to edit extra long copy to 250 words.)

Dear Ray:

. . . I have been here nearly three weeks now (Santa Ana Army air base). The first part of last week I was classified as a pilot and transferred to a pilot squadron. Kahananui is in the same squadron with me, in fact we sleep in bed next to each other in our tent.

We have all our uniforms now and feel like real soldiers. I real-

Hard Work The Emphasis

Even though Sisie and Buz-zie hate it, too, war-time college will be emphasized with more hard work, more concentrated study, and gym classes every day, instead of the usual three-times-a-week. At any rate, we're bound to be a leaner bunch.

Being inevitable as a Pi Phi, Rush Week didn't pass without incidents and mixups. F's instance, there were two freshman girls who insisted that Oregon had a sorority with the moniker of Alpha Delt (meaning, of course, ADPI), and the anxiety of the Thetaz who found out whom they had pledged when the baggage of theirs-to-be arrived some hours before any of the girls. Instead of throwing their arms about the new members, who weren't there, the KATs embraced the luggage, screamed and squealed as they read each new name on the luggage tags.

And while we imagine that the Betas made Dale Carnegie's best-seller required reading for all of their members during the summer, the Tri-Delts, Alpha Phis, Gamma Phis, Alpha Chis and Thetaz are bound to raise campus-civilian morale.

MUTTERINGS AT MID-NIGHT: Newest polka to hit wax disks is the "Bubble Dancer Polka" which sounds amazingly similar to the episodes of the "Strip Polka's" Queenie . . . the air-raid lookout station, once atop the library, is now squatting informally on the edge of the Uni-High's practice field . . . gay, sprightly Norma Trevarrow is back after a summer of volunteer defense work and acquiring a deep California tan . . . the eleven o'clock curfew for rushees stopped many from seeing the "Rendezvous With Death" floorshow at a local nitespot . . . Philanthropic Dottie Horn is giving away knives, especially designed to sink in between the shoulder blades . . . Looks like Harry James and trumpet will be hitting Portland soon, along with some 20,000 defense workers . . . One of the most subtle and irritating remarks at the pledge dance came from two girls. Said one, "She's positively liquid!" The other one smiled, "Todded and whispered, "Drip?" . . . Best-bet for social chairmen: secure "Cow-Cow Boogie," new disk sensation . . . No one can tell us that there's a priority

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ize classes start at Oregon next Monday, but I don't feel too bad about it all. I actually like it pretty well here by now and am anxious to get out to primary flight training. We have from seven to nine weeks of school here before we are sent out to primary.

Wilbur Bishop

(Bishop, editor of the 1941 and 1942 Oreganas has been in army air corps training for three weeks. Letters from him and other recent Oregon alumni will be relayed to readers as they arrive.—Ed.)

Treadgold:

Ten Million Men Are Not Mere 'Toys' ...for War

By DON TREADGOLD

Most of us men students know we remain in school only because of the simple fact that the war situation is not getting much worse right now. Since that is so, it might be worthwhile to try a look into the crystal ball to try to estimate how long it will be before the need for men becomes critical.

It is not hard to see that the lives of Oregon students, in this respect, will be vitally affected by such remote events as the fighting in Stalingrad and the Solomons. How long is the war to last? Will it get worse before it gets better? Probably.

Do We Lose?

Some say we are losing the war. It would be more accurate to say that we have not begun to win it anywhere as yet. Yet tomorrow the British may invade Norway, Italy, or France. Tomorrow Gen. Alexander might start to wipe out Rommel's army in Egypt. Tomorrow the Russians might start a real counter-drive. Tomorrow England might give India her independence. Tomorrow the Allied Air Forces might begin to reduce Germany's industrial areas to rubble, one by one.

Tomorrow all these things might happen. Probably none of them will, right away. But until some of these happenings do appear in the headlines, no one should take any bets on the duration of the war.

When: Men

When will they need men? A good guess might be January, when the elections are safely over. Drafting five million men—especially married men and boys—cannot be too popular at any time, when the need for them is not clearly explained.

Why does the country need ten million men? Something more than tiddly-winks is in store for them, it is certain. We can only guess at the decision of the general staffs as to that. They may have decided it is necessary to invade Germany and Japan by land, and that we cannot avoid taking four or five million casualties. They may plan to undertake a real air offensive against Germany, keeping these massive armies only as a reserve in case that fails.

1943 the End?

Will the war end in 1943? No one can say. If Russia can hold the Baku oil fields, keep her armies from being split in two at Astrakhan, and withstand an attack by Japan at the same time—if China can keep fighting—if India can somehow resist the Japs—the war might end in a year. The wiseacres say five years. Yet when the Axis really starts falling apart, it will probably fall fast.

However, it is dangerous to hope for too much now. Remember that the Solomon Islands were the first inch of territory yet reconquered from either Germany or Japan in all this war—and they are not very large. One might sum up in saying that the average young man of draft age ought not hold his breath until the war is over, but probably will not be a soldier all his life.

How About a Plane?

The man-hours required to make an aircraft propeller are more than double that of an automobile.