

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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"Of the important shortages, that of steel is one of the most serious. Therefore, the importance of collecting all available scrap iron and steel can not be exaggerated."—Donald Nelson, head of WPB.

The Eye-Catcher Oregana...

"WEE WILLIE" BISHOP, '42, now Aviation Cadet Wilbur Bishop of Santa Ana, Calif., set two powerful records in his two years of Oregana editorship. In fact, after his 1941 book was awarded Honor Roll of Distinction as one of the best 10 or less annuals in the nation, few thought he could surpass himself in the 1942 enterprise. But "Bish" came through again, and although no Pacemaker or Honor Roll of Distinction has been announced for last year's judging as yet, judge's jotting comments on the Oregana are the most lavish ever heaped on an Oregon yearbook.

Here are a few of the praise-worthy remarks directed back to Eugene with the rating: "... the book is a real eye-catcher... While a theme, as such, is not strongly evident, the book has marked unity and coherence... The stranger could 'see' Oregon completely in (in school life section)... A singularly attractive cover... You have a book of which you can well be proud. Congatulations!"

THE Oregana 1942 rated 1540 points, the highest total in its class. This mark was also highest for any of the nine college classes judged, for annuals throughout the nation. As different officials judged different sections, as some graded "stiffer" than others, it is not fair to say ipso facto, the Oregana rates number one over the entire nation. It is not only fair, but true, however, that it rated at least excellent in each section, not once "slipping" down to very good, and in almost one-third of the marks rated superior.

Tall, wiry, red-thatched Wes Sullivan, editor 1943, paved a hard road for himself last year when his job as managing editor of the yearbook played a strong part in gaining this highest rating of all time: That his work contributed to this record is even greater assurance, however, that the coming year's book will carry on in appropriate style the Oregana's top-ranking tradition.

Your Head and Hand...

RELAX, Webfoot.
Comes now a chance to rinse out those quadratic equations and Mendel's laws, and use the old brain for something bright and refreshing. Homecoming Chairman Pat Cloud is waving a tidy little pack of five dollars to be given to the winner of the Homecoming slogan contest.

The contest is an easy one.
English themes, grammar exercises, short stories, and theses require a certain talent. They demand the polish of training. But your brother in the eighth grade can dash off as good a motto as the first-string center in the senior six.

From "Trek the Oregon Trail" to "Blitz the Beavers" we have heard the ring of some excellent quips in the last few years. Those who have been around the campus for a while know how the slogan is run in every form of publicity, how it becomes a phrase on every tongue. They know that it is not a forgotten thing like the winner of a soap company slogan competitions.

SO, IN addition to the fun of winning the contest, and of receiving the five dollars from Chairman Cloud, the winner cannot help getting a lasting satisfaction from hearing his idea express the thoughts of the whole campus.

How about it? Why don't you relax for a while, and try your head and your hand at a motto for the Homecoming celebration?

It's Our WAR

By NORMA TREVORROW
We hereby make a call upon that red, red bluff of pouting lip belonging to the pretty coed, frowning into the distant blue and wishing that there was something she could do.
Naturally, there's plenty that she can do—not just the small monotonous duties either. Yes, strangely enough, real, constructive necessities, by order of the army and Red Cross, can and should be done by the quick wits and enthusiastic fingers of college girls.

Surgical Sewing
Already, surgical sewing is one of the best managed and fully organized defense units on the campus. Under Carolyn Holmes, Adliss Boone and Sue Sawyer have handled the situation beautifully, appointing Lyn Campbell, Beverly Beals, and Grace Williams as superintendents, and Nelda Rohrbach and Mary McCandless, assistants.

The Lowdown: Every Friday from 2 to 5, and every Saturday from 9 to 12 only, surgical sewing holds its ever-growing circle in the home economics department in Chapman. You don't need any experience at all; at the same time the more of a super-duper sewer you are, the higher place you will take in the world of surgical sewing.

Honor, Too
Then, the nicest honor of all—your official cap and veil with the Red Cross badge after 72 hours of work. Careful records will be kept by the Kwamas of all of your hours. Credit will not only be given to the girl but to her house also. Here they must insist that this be kept entirely voluntary; compulsory methods cannot be exercised. Essentially, however, war work should be done in the spirit of cooperation, everyone trying hard toward one good.

So, you see, pretty coed, you don't have to go around banging your head against walls and things any more for want of something to do for the defense of your country.

And to the Red Cross surgical sewing division, sincerely—we shake your hand and wish you luck!

scene at Random!

By DOROTHY ROGERS
Groans from tortured lips... the thud of falling bodies... cries of sympathy... a dominating voice urging "Do it again!" are all typical of the class of jui jitsu in section C2 of the physical fitness program at the University of Southern Cal.

—Daily Trojan
Women's superiority has been displayed in yet another field—tomato picking.

A pretty Berkeley coed harvested more tomatoes in the University farm volunteer group than any of the 20 men on the same job.

—The Daily Californian
Inauguration of a "Chimes" fund to which students may contribute for the purchase of war bonds, which will in turn supply a jeep to the United States army in the name of the university, is the new project of the University of Washington.

—U. of W. Daily.
A certain Oregon State coed was floored with the remark that the Spanish corn her cooking class had prepared for the men's dormitories was tasteless.

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AT SECOND GLANCE

By TED HARMON
BEACH-COMBER
Concerning her past,
We won't say more,
Nor bother to cast
Driftwood on the shore.

Associated Press dispatches which brought the news of the gallant but tragic end of Dale Lasselle brought back to us bits of conversation we had with another former student last month. While Lasselle will be remembered for his former gridiron activities from 1934 to 1936 in varsity football, this friend of ours has only a medium-sized college career behind him, and war ahead of him. And for another comparison, Captain Dale Lasselle crashed to his death only 10 days after he had arrived in England; our friend expects to be there before the end of the year.

Not a Sermon
This certainly is not any sermon on the fact that "war is hell," but merely to mention what the human mind goes through in certain moments. This friend of ours has secured his air corps wings and is merely adding finishing touches to the career be-

fore him, but already a strange philosophy is weaving its pattern in that young man's mind.

Naturally military discipline is, in part, acceptance of duty without personal regard. And this is a large order, especially for our generation that has been weaned on a democratic life, nursed with the warm milk of peace-and-plenty. But this friend has to forget all that for a bigger job; the philosophy that he has created within himself, we think is important enough to pass on to others.

Not Big Things
"One doesn't bother to think of big things" we were told. "Of course there is the job to be done, but it's always the smaller things that linger longer than one can imagine. On routine flights I have often thought about how the eight o'clock bell used to ring in Oregon, how the words of some song I heard way back in 1937 went, or even the hollow sound of a cheering yell at a football game. It's those little things, not how many committees I worked on, who was

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