

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## Nuf Sed

By CHARLES POLITZ  
 Our World Beloved Leader, Adolf Hitler, Belchersgarden, Germ-any Dear Foo-her:

It iss now two weeks since von Schlutzenstein and I floated into the University of Oregon via camouflaged grapefruit crate to sabotage the math department. The California border inspectors were very accommodating and flew us across the line when we said we were seedless Florida grapefruit.

The math department is located in a building which looks like what we left at Rotterdam. No class bells are needed in this building. It sways on the hour, and groans from the cellar up on the ten to. Tell Herr Boring our two cans of ersatz breath will be more than sufficient to destruct the four nails that hold it together.

**Easy Arrival**  
 About our arrival here. No one recognized us in our clever disguise of brown uniforms with blue lapels, wooden rifles, and unwashed brown sox. We got demerits for the swastika clocks in our sox, however. Von Schlutzenstein thinks the copies of Mein Kampf make a too noticeable bulge in our trouser seats, but of course Schlutzy iss wrong and you are right, dear Foo-her. Heil Hitler.

We were met at the station by a fleet of outrigger canoes that just dropped in while the water was high and a representative of some sort of welcoming committee called der Local Draft Board. Sort of like our "Say It With Chloroform" Visitors greeting committee.

He presented us with a lovely engraved certificate with a big gold 1-A printed on it. This we guess is like a free key to der ersatz beer hall and a great honor, so we are forwarding it on to you.

**Was Ist Los?**  
 We were then driven to a McArthur court where we witnessed the unleashing of the mad, uncontrollable disorganization of  
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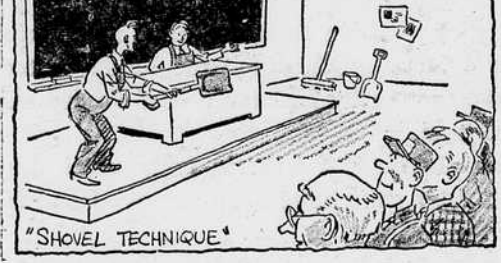
## Ad Lib

Another big cash disk is beckoning sheckels to the not exactly empty pockets of Tommy Dorsey these days. "There Are Such Things" seems destined to join "I'll Never Smile Again," "Do I Worry," etc., as one of those dreamy masterpieces that are the forte of Brother Dorsey. The only times—rare ones—when anyone cut him on fine sweet stuff, the challenger was Capt. Glenn Miller.

A weakness that first began to show itself when the T.D. combo did the Homecoming job right here has now grown annoyingly apparent, however.

Just for kicks, play over half a dozen of Tommy's latest releases. Almost any will do. Play them over and see if you can distinguish between them as for treatment and musical ideas. Or save yourself the trouble and take my word for it: the difference just ain't there, brother.

**Fine Note**  
 This is a hell of a note. Dorsey has been the principal source of pleasantly dreamy music that still did not cloy, and that let every tune retain its own personality, without subjugating the music to the "style." And now he is beginning to edge in



## Return to Religion . . .

THE modern generation university student has been notorious for his lack of interest in poetry. Most students could read the page one verse of a J.W.S. or an H.S.G., and even enjoy it some. Even a dash of Ogden Nash wit might show possibilities. But the "heavy stuff" of poetry was considered too deep and something for aesthetics, not for someone who lived and breathed like a human being in the everyday world. Now, strange to say, poetry is coming back. The transformation is in part the work of war.

Not necessarily on the University campus where war has not yet struck home to the realism of a bombing does this hold true. But from our servicemen and alumni, the collection of poems is trickling home letter by letter. They are not all strokes of artistic genius, yet they all show the attempt to write on a subject we might often scorn—the world of thought.

THESE poems are not written by someone in an ivory tower. The authors were students last year, or maybe the year before, and they probably didn't think any more of poetry than the average campus student of today. But through the realism of sudden death in World War II they think a lot about their world that used to be, and it comes out in the form of verse.

As we get deeper into war, this "lost art" may regain its plane in the respect of the common man. Though this trend has not yet hit with full force at home, watch the verse as it filters back. As more men leave, watch its volume grow.

## Our Pledge to Oregon . . .

THE pledge song was in order. It was the end of a "guest night" dinner in a feminine living organization on the University of Oregon campus.

A member remarked in an aside to her neighbor, "I think it's silly to sing the pledge song."

Finally, through the chatter, someone put the question, "Why do you think it's silly?"

With a round-eyed look the critic answered, "Oh, it seems so sort of trivial—you know, to pledge your loyalty to such a little thing as "Old Oregon" in times like this, with the war and all."

Just a moment before, the same co-ed had been avidly discussing ways and means of "making the raise" of a new formal. She'd "just love to have one—only had three that were decent, and one was definitely dated for spring." And she thought it silly to sing a Pledge to Oregon!

IT MAY be granted that the Pledge song would be silly, and even trivial if it meant merely pledging honor to an ivied wall, fidelity to the millrace, or loyalty to a formal.

Although those are all a part of the Oregon we know, are they what the citizens of Eugene thought important when they struggled to establish the State University in their city? Are they what Villard meant to subsidize when he donated so generously for Deady's roof? Are they what the legislators emphasized when they voted appropriations for the U. of O. at Eugene? And furthermore, are they what the tax-payers of Oregon have thought of these past 70-odd years when they dug up their taxes?

The University of Oregon is a state institution, part of the national scheme of public education. As part of this honored national pattern it stands for all that Americans are fighting for, including: equality of opportunity—where else is it more nearly achieved; freedom to learn—of thought, and speech. Within Oregon's walls the tenets of democracy are taught—through history, the why; through social science, the wherefore; through science, law, art, journalism, and allied fields, the how. Drill is even given in the mechanics of this democracy. Example: the popular spring course, student politics.

So, Oregon, representing those things for which our nation stands, may it long be sung, "thy name shall be written high in Liberty."

"Now, uncovered, swears thy every son," may it long be sung, "Our pledge to Oregon."—J. W.

## I Cover the Campus

By FRED BECKWITH  
 The train from San Francisco was only two and a half hours late last Saturday afternoon when we checked in to see Oregon-1943. The changes?

The lone taxi was still idle by the station, the same line of platform faces were craning to get a view of the gents and misses stepping off the Beaver. But it wasn't raining, Jack. Nope! No rain. Then. Back on campus they were still talking a lot of New Year's Eve parties, and a lotta people evidently didn't show up for their Friday morning classes.

There were a few persons conspicuous by their absence. Teddy Harmon, the clever columnist, got a hurry-up call from the marines, and went to Paris Island, off the shores of North Carolina. Before he left he planted a shiny Theta Chi badge on Alpha Chi Omega Arliss Boone.

Don't know whether he'd like this or not, but here's a funny

angle—during a recent initiation by the Theta Chis, there was a shortage of pins for the new members, and good-joe Arliss was called on to lend hers. She had to write Ted, "Sorry, but I'm no longer wearing your pin."

**Pin Talk**  
 Pins were flying back and forth. And talks of marriage. There's a rather cute Tri-Delt of Scottish descent who may journey to the altar with a certain Joe Wicks. We said "may," and this is strictly in the rumor stage.

**Bobby Aiken** of the Tau clan can polish up his Maltese Cross again after having received it from that Fee, who is again dating the field. But genial Oglesby came through and wrote the finishing chapter to his Alpha Phi romance by hanging an ATO pin on vivacious Dorrie.

Swimmer Dick Allen is splashing about quite a bit of late. Maybe cuz Dee-Gee Marge Turner has his pin. And then the jive-columnist, Jawn Mathews removed his Sigma Phi Epsilon jewelry and saw to it that a certain Miss Huffaker, Gamma Phi of a couple of semesters back, and sister of copy-boy Vic, got the pin.

**Steadies Now**  
 We might also say that Roger the Lodger Dick and Jean Brice Sigma Nu and Fee, respectively, are going steady. Which cooled things for smiling Frank Sardam, who's now dating Emmy Lou Fargo.

The Deltas have the man with the biggest line on campus, though, beyond any doubt. He's got no competition, brother, and we do mean smilin', sweater boy, Pete Hill.  
 The Pi Kaps were afraid Bud Moore wouldn't make it back for the winter semester, but he only delayed for a short while, mainly because of the slow service a Gerber beanery.  
 Yes, Jack, we've seen the new Kappa pledges and they're veddy nice. But then so is the DeeGee's prize package, Gloria Malloy.  
 (Please turn to page three)

## By John J. Mathews

the direction of—that I should live so long—Sammy Kaye, Blue Barron, and Guy L-1-1 . . . I can't say it, fellas.

It is sincerely to be hoped that this is merely a manifestation of the war, something that will pass in time.

After rumors flew faster than bottle caps around the campus for a few days, real news comes that the Holland was NOT flooded during the recent carryings-on of the Willamette. New Year's eve I heard tell that there was three inches of water on the dance floor, and later on the story was that the boards had warped and revealed a game (not ping-pong) room in the cellar.

Luckily for all concerned, except the newspapers, none of the yarns was true.

Speaking of the Holland, though the Perennial Maestro may not reopen there. Local band boys whisper that Vern Spaugh may be handed the baton (figuratively, Jack) and that most of the personnel will remain the same.

More rumor Thursday morn.