

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Spike a Rumor . . .

THE war-time sequel to monopoly, jig saw puzzles, and triply hit the campus this week. It is the latest in games, and in addition to being fun is of "all-out benefit to the war effort."

The game does not have a name as yet, but that has no effect on the joy of playing it. Quite handily, it does not require a card table, \$1500 in paper money, or a 20-page book of instructions. Also quite handily, it can be played by two, three, four, five, six or any number of players. It does not interfere with a coke date or any ordinary boy-meets-girl conversation. The best part of all, you can insure that you will be winner every game.

It runs like this:

Walking into the Side, some male student runs into a friend (either man or woman) or maybe it is five or six friends. They talk for a while, then pretty soon someone starts the game by exclaiming, "Say, have you heard: Reserves are being called out today. The ERC is going to such-and-such a place by Friday; the navy is going to this-or-that base Tuesday, and the air corps is going into immediate training on the mud flats next to Hayward field."

* * *

THIS starts the game, and it is the "opening for the prospective winner. "Is that truth or rumor?" Whereupon he receives the reply, "Oh that's the truth!" Then's the time to march in for the kill: "Who said it?" Three words; that's all you need. Then comes the answer, "Well, I was just walking across the campus two minutes ago, following two fellows. One of them said he had just heard from a friend at Oregon State who is cousin to an Oregon woman, who goes with some reservist on this campus, who saw an army and navy man on the campus last month who (he thought) saw Carl Kossack—and doesn't it all add up?"

Your answer is, "No. Stop spreading rumors." And the game is safely won. With the number of rumors floating rife, there is no end of contestants. Aside from the spirit of winning, additional prizes are being arranged for winners. Dr. Kossack would gladly give the Distinguished-Rumor Spiking Cross to any student "shooting down" 10 rumors in action.

It's a Women's World . . .

"WOMEN Fill Top Five Bruin Posts" yelled headlines of the UCLA daily January 14. Between the lines of the announcement reads the story of war's effect on campus activities. A woman editor, a woman managing editor, and other women sub-editors monopolize Bruin editorial positions.

The Emerald has not had to make the precarious jump to a woman sports editor as yet, but more and more women are "coming into their own" on the paper. To date, with enlisted reserves not called, the Emerald has lost one managing editor, one news editor, a sports editor, an associate editor, three city editors, a night editor, and an assistant managing editor directly to fighting forces. These are men in key positions, outside of miscellaneous reporters or general staff members.

* * *

WOMEN are stepping into copy desk and night staff editors positions, which in the old days of peace were considered "jobs for the men." Marjorie Young has taken over the heavy news editors' position for winter term. Changes taking place on Bruin and Emerald staffs are typical of those taking place in all activities at war. The changes that have come, too, are only the beginning.

Woman's fight for equality fostered so painfully and so slowly by Susan B. Anthony and other women leaders, is no longer a question of "if." It is being forced upon them—and rapidly—by the war. There are opportunities for women on the Emerald as never before. Just as they keep production lines rolling war, it will fall their job to keep the Emerald and curtailed campus activities alive as reserves are called. "It's a Woman's World" has outlived the realm of wishful thinking.

War Digest

By LYNN JOHNSON

Out of the vague hints and rumors of the past few days has finally come the report of one of the most important meetings of the war. President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill have just ended a 10-day conference in Casablanca at which they served notice to the Axis that they could expect nothing in the way of a negotiated peace.

These two Allied leaders have pledged the resources of the world to the complete and unconditional surrender of Germany, Italy, and Japan, and the destruction of their power to make war.

The communique issued after the meeting disclaimed any intent to harm the Axis peoples when victory is attained, but announced a firm resolve that never again would they be allowed to threaten the peace of the world.

Although invited, Joseph Stalin did not attend the conference, declining for the reason that he is directing the present Russian offensive and was unable to leave the country. Both Stalin and General Chiang Kai-Shek were kept informed of the progress of the meeting, however.

Another, more local, phase of the meeting was the accomplishment of a meeting between Giraud and DeGaulle on the French North African political set-up. As a result of this meeting the two French leaders announced that they were in full accord on their war aims, and with few exceptions, had ironed out their political differences. It appears evident that Roosevelt and Churchill exerted considerable pressure upon the two factions to end their bickering and devote themselves to a unified effort to liberate France.

While the future aims of the United Nations were being discussed in North Africa, Allied armies were busy hastening the day when those aims may be realized. Germany's position in Russia is becoming more and more serious as the winter offensive continues to thrust out new encircling tentacles.

The fall of Tripoli ended any
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I Cover the Campus

By FRED BECKWITH

. . . It sez here. The truth is, I cover the covers. . . Here we are smack in the middle of the week, and time is still flyin' faster than you can say mid-term . . .

By way of the grapevine, and a special battery of carrier pigeons, we hoid:

Bill Loud, Beta, is still seeing a lot of Fee Carolyn Loud. No relationship there, although spelling of names is the same. He calls her "Grandma" . . .

. . . Two of the lovelier freshmen women were down at the train depot the other day when the Portland special rolled in. They couldn't resist the temptation, so they pulled out with the City of Roses rattler . . . The Jones-Russell affair is colder than the weather outside.

MEMORIES: The time the Sigma Chi mill-raced Phil Burco, and discovered to their chagrin, that he couldn't swim . . . The time that red-headed activity man tumbled down the steps of his fraternity house and fractured his head . . . The time the Fijis went into the barber business . . . Dick Jurgens' band at Jantzen Beach . . . Summers at Seaside . . . The Reid Farrell - Elaine McFarlane combination, still a strong one . . . When Pat Longfellow was the rage of the freshman class . . . The song-hit, "Let There Be Love" . . . Jimmy Newquist, billed as the greatest athlete ever to come out of the state of Washington . . . Ted Loud's classic comment on the Oregon varsity football squad in their game at Corvallis: "Our team's all wet!" . . . Beta Ken Jackson who has been aced out of three sorority leagues by a certain smooth junior . . .

Personality girl of the week: Kappa Claire Demmer.

Brownette of the week: Fee Peggy Gardner.

Poem of the Week

Here's to Errol, Gene, and Fran
Out of the fire into the pan
Here today, gone tomorrow,
Some with joy, some with sorrow.
The public may worry, start to fret
But this trio will get out of it yet.
Shoe-clad Errol may have had his fun,
He'll wind up attraction number one.
Krupa's the boy, the jitterbugs know,
They can't stop him; he'll keep up the show.

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Between The Lines

By ROY PAUL NELSON

GRADUATION EXERCISES in Portland high schools were postponed last week. The snow, you know. But who gives a Bonneville about graduation exercises in Portland high schools?

Ray Cook from Campbell went home last weekend to see someone graduate . . . He ain't happy . . . Doug "The Brush" Millican, that recent hermit who came out and the exploits of whom you read last week, thinks Connie Wilson of Hen hall looks like Lana Turner . . . The kid has changed . . . He sits around reading the dispatches on the Flynn case without batting an I . . . someone asked Duke Wied if he read one of those news items the other day . . . Duke said he read it twice.

Speaking of Clams

Pi Kap J. Gilbertson has his pin on one of the Motley twins of Susie . . . Just which one I am not prepared to say . . . Canard, "The House of Characters," leads the campus in the number of SDX pledges with three . . . Two, not counting "Clam" . . . Some of the followers of the "Clam" might be interested to learn that he has finally got on the boat with the Pi Phi . . . What price, clam shovels.

Ex-Theta Chi Prexy Jim Frost returned to the campus in uniform, and slushed promptly up to the Dee Gee house.

Pigger, First Class

Sig Ep Ferd Reinke, according to the story, shook hands with the Father as he left a Newman club meeting . . . "Be good," was Reinke's farewell address . . . "Irish" Carl Backstrom got a taste of gorilla warfare when a little kid sneaked up and heaved a chunk of ice in his face . . . Bruised and bleeding, Backstrom staggered into the house and told the story of the attack.

Freshman Ray Currier not only broke an Oregon tradition but also his housebrothers over at Omega hall when he seated himself in the female rooting section at Saturday's game . . . He picked up a little over five bucks on a house wager . . . A "pigger" chant volleyed forth from the male rooters, and some Theta Chis, anxious to hold their recently-acquired title, bounded over and removed the Flynn-like intruder . . . After the story of the bet was known they let him go back with their blessings . . . Later some letterman "suggested" that he retire to his own section, and Mr. Currier obliged . . . But he got the dough.

Goodbye, Oregon

Whoever it was who said: "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke," didn't know any Tri Deltis . . . A sophomore at drill got a demerit for not shaving, and his excuse was that his watch was fast . . . That 5 o'clock shadow . . . One of the houses on the campus has a cook who's a bit queer . . . "Don't touch the cockroach powder," warned a table waiter, as she went downstairs for some salt.

Yesterday I heard some ru-
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Mildred Wilson Spies . . .

John MacGregor

"If you ever go to New York—look up John MacGregor, '23."

That's the advice that has been dished out to University of Oregon graduates for the last 15 years—concerning "an attorney who plays the part of thoughtful godfather to bewildered Oregon alums new to New York," as the alumni magazine Old Oregon chronicled in 1935.

The fact that MacGregor has attained considerable success in his law profession is quite overshadowed by his accomplishments as No. 1 Oregon booster and official "bell ringer" for Manhattan alums.

Part of his success as an outstanding Oregon booster can be traced to his campus career which climaxed in a blaze of presidencies—he headed both his fraternity, Alpha Tau Omega, and the entire student body, John MacGregor's class of '23 (to which he is particularly loyal) claims credit as being the first class to start student union agitation. Over \$100 in subscriptions was donated by his graduating group.

With his BA degree in economics tucked figuratively under his arm, MacGregor migrated to the Columbia school of journalism where he received his law degree in 1926. From then on life was a succession of advances up the legal ladder—and a whirl of arranging social functions for Oregonians.

Most every alum who visits Gotham writes back, as did Vernon Motschenbacher, "I had a nice visit with John MacGregor, '23, and have already met a number of Oregon men here." Or as did Clyde Fillmore, famous Broadway actor, "John Mac-
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