

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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

G. Duncan Wimpres, Managing Editor; Marjorie Young, News Editor; John J. Mathews and Ted Bush, Associate Editors

UPPER BUSINESS STAFF

Advertising Managers: John Jensen, Cecil Sharp, Shirley Davis, Russ Smelser, Dwayne Heathman, Connie Fullmer, Circulation Manager.
Lois Claus, Classified Advertising Manager.
Elizabeth Edmunds, National Advertising Manager.

UPPER NEWS STAFF

Fred Treadgold, Co-Sports Editor
Fred Beckwith, Co-Sports Editor
Roy Nelson, Art Editor
Marjorie Major, Women's Editor
Janet Wagstaff, Assistant Editor
Edith Newton, Assistant News Editor
Joan Dolph, Assistant News Editor

Member
Associated Collegiate Press

ALL-AMERICAN 1942

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.

Quotable Quotes

"Actually, the effectiveness of work on the home front, rather than anything else, determines how many men we can put under arms and how substantial our contribution of implements of war can be to our allies. Therefore, it is inconceivable to me that the government would remove the entire body of young men, beginning at 18 years, from colleges without provision for their continued training, or at least for the training of a substantial portion of those qualified to profit by higher education."—Dr. Walter C. Coffey, president, University of Minnesota.
—Associated Collegiate Press.

Class Panzers. . .

IF FRESHMEN could fight the Japs half as hard as they fought for their pants Tuesday night, the war would be over in short order. Skull and Dagger sophomores decided last week that too many freshmen had broken from their "tin pants" tradition, that jeans or moleskins were made for second year men only. Skull and Dagger determined to "reform" freshman opinion that considered jeans as pants, as cheap pants, and as pants easier to get than the "tin" type. Sophomore leaders determined to lead the class of '46 to reformation — through peace. Last night they did all but use clubs to prove it.

* * *

EX-YELL King Ted Loud again proved his yell leading abilities rallying freshman against a forced change of pants in mid-term. Freshman objected to tradition when sophomores threatened to change their pants for them.

A "quiet" attempt to reform freshman opinion was met by a "quiet" counter-attempt to arouse class spirit. The moves got out of hand when sophomores forced the issue last night. Greek encountered Greek with Independents taking little, if any, official part. The untimely move ran rampant for one night. Freshman President Hank Doeneka has wisely declared opposition officially at an end. Freshman too realize Oregon needs class spirit, but not this kind at this time.

Dads' Day 1943. . .

DADS' Day 1943 will be an unusual picture of curtailment, priority, and transportation shortages. But through it all some of the tradition and spirit of the weekend will carry on as a reminder of what used to be, and what will be again after the war.

The Oregon-Oregon State basketball fray scheduled Saturday night shows the athletic spirit is still alive. A "Smile's a Million" girl replaces the Valentine queen of '42, but she will greet the dads who can make it down. A "point ration" luncheon will combine war with pleasure, and "The Whole Town's Talking" is the Guild hall's scheduled play. Another new note, too, will be added to a weekend that promises neither "the biggest nor the most super-colossal" program in University history: Mothers will double up on the transportation with dads for the Eugene trek.

"Come if you can—but defense comes first" say the handbills going to Oregon dads. Many won't be able to come because of war business, or transportation troubles ranging from "A" cards to shortage of tires on the family car.

* * *

MANY more won't come this year who might have had sons at Oregon but for the war. Five men of the class of '43 already have died in World War II, one of them overseas. Hundreds more, would-be sophomores, juniors, or seniors, now they must wait "the duration" for a real Dads' weekend. They serve in fighting forces. These dads, and mothers too, know that realize it more strongly than those who now have sons on the campus. But maybe all dads—those who have sons, but can't come and even those who come—realize that this week-end is one next-to-last chance to see their sons before they enter service. A lively program will show the home fires are still burning; yet the real day for any dad now will be the day the war is won. Only then can a Dads' Day, Homecoming, or Mothers' Weekend really pick up where it left off on December 7, 1941.

Between The Lines

By ROY PAUL NELSON

Jay Dubbleyouo Ess, the Emerald front page poet, got a call from the Beta house in response to his epic about the Phi Beta who retired to a cave in order to work on the code featured in the "Terry and the Pirates" strip. "We got it!" screamed a gent from the house which rolls up its sweater sleeves. "We figured out the code!"

And Sullivan listened. This is what he heard:

Dot's Dot

The message involves the Morse code. You take the dots over the "i's" and the periods as your Morse dots, and the strokes crossing your "t's" as your dashes.

Using this system, the words "Am in a mess" work out quite readily from the first part of the note. But the rest still remains a little jumbled. But it's being worked on.

Credit for first discovering the clue goes to Warren Finke. He capitalized on the "eye-teeth"—I-T(eeth)—hint in yesterday's panel.

Goodie!

Mr. Finke paced the way. Good for Mr. Finke. Let's give a split six for Mr. Finke. Finke! RAH! RAH! RAH! rah, rah, rah! Finke!

Let's give a big three for Mr. Sullivan. It was his poem which offered the inspiration. Sully! RAH! RAH! RAH! Sully!

And to the paper boy. He was the one who got up bright and early to bring the comic strip to the Beta house. Let's give him a hand.

Originality, Inc.

In case you are not quite sure on any issue contained in this report, I would suggest you read the report again tomorrow. It'll probably be in Beckwith's column. That imitation Joe Miller makes it a point to reprint "Between the Lines" on occasion, contrary to his denial of the charge in Tuesday's Emerald.

He declared that his item about the girl who looks like Lana Turner was original. In this column, the day before Beckwith's originality, but by coincidence a gent named Mr. Fidler also features a "No Bells Dept." And as for the title, "I Cover the Campus" — a journalist some years back wrote a book, "I Cover the Waterfront." But that, too, is only a coincidence.

About Hoppy

Harry "Hoppy" Guerrin has finally found out what the sym- (Please turn to page six)

Mildred Wilson Spies . . .

Dr. William Murphy, '14

Meet Oregon's Nobel prize winner — Dr. William Parry Murphy, '14!

He looks the part of an absorbed research doctor—square-faced, lean—a little bemused. And he's gained more honors in 23 years than most men can hope for in a lifetime.

Crowning professional honor was being one of three men awarded the 1934 Nobel prize for medicine. The prize was

given for discovering a potent liver extract for the relief of pernicious anemia. With Dr. George Minot, of Harvard, and Dr. George H. Whipple of the University of Rochester, Oregon's Dr. Murphy shared the honor—and the \$41,000 award.

International Renown

Dr. Murphy's recognition has been decidedly international in scope. He was decorated with the Order of the White Rose from Finland; presented the

Free for All. . .

It is good theory to say students study two hours out of class to each hour in—but that's all. Show us one student who does, and we can show 50 who don't. Nor is this "minimizing the work done by students here." It is not minimizing the University physical education program to say marine "bootcamp" is much the tougher. Neither is it minimizing our academic load to say that concentrated army or navy study will be harder. Physically, the armed forces must whip the best possible men into the best possible shape in the shortest possible time. The same technique must be applied mentally through technical training. University war-time courses "step up" a student's training; they better prepare the student in technical studies for the day he enters armed courses. But the University is never—either physically or mentally—a substitute for intensive army, navy, and marine corps training.

Twenty-three hours of supervised study in army service in addition to 23 class hours mean just that—not a hypothetical two hours out of class to each hour in. Fifty-one hours of navy courses mean in many subjects that the student doesn't have time for two hours "out of class" even if he wanted them. The student takes the subject as it is given, or he doesn't get it. Other navy courses do allow out of class study, and it is study that must be put in, because of the intensive program.

The Oregon reservist today faces an accelerated program. So do reservists in almost every other college of the United States. Campus study today can prepare the student for advanced training—not elementary training—once he enters active duty.

The student who has satisfactory grades in these background studies has placed himself in the majority group above Emerald editorial criticism. The 45 students who had to be removed from reserves for low grades did not. It is against these and similar students that the Emerald editorial was directed. The student who doesn't register a 2.00 on 12 University hours hurts or kills his own chances for the more intensive army and navy training.

Your remarks following my letter of yesterday so closely approach insult they demand an answer.

Whatever my GPA may be has nothing to do with the criticism I offered.

You claim that I should "read the editorials more carefully," but you obviously hesitate to point out any evidence demonstrating that I misread you. The basis of my statement was the editorial as written, the comparison presented, and the assumption made. Whatever your "purposes" were in writing it certainly didn't appear in written form. I criticized only what appeared in print.

The validity of my criticism is certainly not vitiated by the personal remarks you made.

Sincerely,

Frank King

I Cover the Campus

By FRED BECKWITH

Wallowing in the wake of Wednesday . . . Jack and Jane, it's seven ayem, about time for you to shake the sleep out of your eyes . . . Breakfast and school awaits . . . But let's put a block on this intro and get down to the gossip at hand:

Speaking of the Delta Delta Deltas, they've been havin' no end of trouble with Mice. Even on the third floor! . . . Looks like we'll have to send a few catty acquaintances over that way. . . .

Two more pin-hangings at the Chi Omega house: Barbara Kor-

ell took Vernon White's Sig Ep pin, and Dorothy Fleming took ATO Bill Burnett's Marine Cross . . . Lemme see . . . On the back of a claim adjusting bill, I had some notes . . . oh, yes . . . here they are:

Jack Koines of the Sigma Chi house has been coming home lately with red hairs in his teeth. . . Phi Delt Pat Cloud is the lucky man who rates Gamma Phi Barbara Jones' house dance bid. . . .

The Beta sophomores have no control over their freshmen, according to all mill race reports of late . . . Tom Terry and Roz Morrill are hunting for an apartment.

This morning's amusing yarn: Head character: Salem's Bill Phillips, now stationed at Camp Roberts in California. During the past six months, Bill has asked the following young women to marry him: (1) Jean Beryl (2) Barbara Bell (3) Mary Jane Simmons (4) Mary Jane Brabec. A few days ago, Phillips, on leave, asked woman number five, Engel . . . Answer was no! . . . Phillips, the eccentric lad, is still batting .000!

Jean Briggs, gorgeous Alpha Chi Omega, has finally won her three-year battle, and this morning has Theta Chi Dick Schultz' pin. Barbara Isaac of the same sorority house is engaged to Bud Rex of Portland . . . Then there's the tale of the little moron who went around in the army saluting all the light bulbs . . . Cuz he thought they were GENERAL ELECTRIC. . . .

Blonde of the week: Shirley Gillette of the lovely Thetas. . .

Brunette of the week: Anne (Please turn to page three)

(Please turn to page three)