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Collegiate World

By Associated Collegiate Press

A survey among 520 college students, male and female, from five universities, reveals the interesting fact that the girls rather like to play poker. In fact, they also like to watch race horses and get all riled over political problems, just as the men do.

Dr. Clifford R. Adams, assistant professor of psychology at Pennsylvania State college found out these things through his personal audit test.

Men, he says, aren't so much different from girls. They both like to act in movies, perform on the radio and play golf and bridge.

But there are differences. Men like to be big shots.

Deep down inside, the gals are still just as the men like to picture them.

Social activities and charitable work are their forte. The coeds said they enjoyed entertaining and going to picnics, masquerade parties and full-dress affairs.

Because a United States sailor took time out from the Solomon Island-New Guinea fighting to think about his alma mater, the museum of anthropology at the University of California is today the owner of a fine specimen of Melanesian carving.

The sailor, Donald Simmons, was graduated in 1941 and entered the navy. Recently the mailman placed a brown paper parcel on the desk of Edward W. Gifford, curator of the museum. Inside it was a carved wooden fish charm, compliments of Sailor Simmons.

Gifford says that while the postmark failed to specify the place from which the charm was mailed, it is typical of work done by the Melanesians, black natives who inhabit the Solomons and New Guinea. Made of very light wood, the charm consists of a long painted face with shell eyes. The natives hang these charms on their fishing lines or on the prow of the fishing canoe in the belief that they lure fish to the boat.

Mildred Wilson Spies . . .

Arno Dosch-Fleuret

For a typical piece of excitement out of the life of newspaperman Arno Dosch-Fleuret, '00, picture him sprinting for the Finnish border followed by a group of incensed Russians—with guns. If you follow the picture through you'll find Dosch-Fleuret on the other side of the border bridge, puffing, and watching while Finnish and Russian patrol argue as to

whether he lives in the Finnish bank—or is "dealt with" on the Russian side.

It all happened during the Russian revolution in 1917 when Dosch-Fleuret irritated the Russians—chasing him out of the country. Incidentally, the Finns won the argument.

Arno Dosch-Fleuret loves excitement and he's seldom more than two feet from it. At the present time, as far as his sister, Mrs. David Campbell can ascertain from news reports, he is somewhere in Germany with a party of American newsmen, diplomats and Red Cross workers recently interned after Germany took over all of France. At the time of the Toulon incident Arno was in Cannes, France. At the time of the Toulon incident Arno was in Cannes, France, and from there went to Lourdes, France,

Nothing Sacred

By J. SPENCER MILLER

INSIDE STORY of the Fred Beckwith abdication shapes up as internal pressure from the brothers Alpha Tau Omega, who feared that, through the sometimes annoying pen of Brother B., they were losing their unsullied reputation as the "friendly fellows" of the campus. It seems that several sororities were getting overly annoyed by the remarks of the bums—quations Mr. B. and R. P. Nelson's "Ode to an ATO Mistake" was the last straw!

Sic transit Beckwith.

Which goes to prove our contention that—to successfully write one of these things—a guy has to be un-attached, un-friend-ly, and un-social. That seems to be me, God save my hair! We predict Becky will get much further with the "Beckwith Greater Publicity Program" by his radio, sportswriting and otherwise talents. . . . Then perhaps he won't be stood up at 4 p.m. the afternoon of his house dance by various and sundry Thetas . . . Wonder who he took anyway?

A HAS-BEEN PICKS UP FROM LAST SPRING . . . Tiger Payne, past-prexy of the ASUO, Sigma Nu, and other Greek-letter organizations, took the marital vows last night with ex-Fee Connie Waibridge in a Paso Robles army camp . . . Living next door to them now are Lt. Bill and Lorraine Sampson Regner—the connotations of the whole situation being obvious to those who have been around the campus awhile . . . Sigma Chi Art Damschen received his brass back from XO Helen McKean, not surprising considering the way he had been operating while she was away from the campus . . . We apologize to Frank Watkins for accusing him of slowness. His FieDelt shield adorned Lila Lee Chaney, 10 days before it was announced in ICIT. Which must have been around his second date. Kappa Shirley "Call Me Legs" Beller went to Survey of Creative Arts the other day in her gym shorts, as she lost her skirt in the gym, and Zane promptly paraded before the class to the board . . . Lovely gams, too . . . Since it's been on for over a week we can call our "scoop" on the

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Between The Lines

By ROY PAUL NELSON

The meeting will please come to order. We will dispense with the minutes. Not to mention the hours.

We are about to take up a problem of interest to women only. Hello, men. And you, too, "Scottie."

Alpha Chi's Miss Helen Johnson, in her letter featured in Saturday's Emerald, tells of the need of a lovelorn column, and introduces the following problem: "How can I get a man to ask me for a date?"

Substitute

You could probably take the problem up to Mr. Anthony, but he's probably working in the shipyards by now, so we shall do our best to fill in.

But first—a brief message from our sponsor:

Friends, have you lost your love for parties and fun? Do you stay home nights while others are out enjoying life? That math is tough, ain't it?

And now, back to our problem.

So—you want a date, huh? Why?

Advice

In the first place, I would advise you to be subtle in working the boy around to the point where he will want to take you out. Don't come right out and say "Why don't you ask me for a date?" He might think you want to go out with him. Work up to it gradually, such as: "Nice weather we're having—why don't you ask me for a date?"

Or, you might write him a letter, dropping him a hint. Send the letter to his address. You might word it like this: "Dear Sir . . . I have nothing planned for Friday night . . . Hope you are the same . . . My phone number is in the Guide. . ."

Mix It Up

As a girl, or reasonably exact facsimile, you should not ask another girl for a date, as mixed dates are more desirable here at Oregon. And, too, you should never offer to pay the check unless the boy insists.

If you have been neglected late, perhaps it may be attributed to the following:

Have you seen your dentist? Often girls have been dated after going up and visiting him. But maybe he already has a date.

How about your personal appearance? Does your participle dangle?

Well?

And your personality? Do you make yourself interesting? Or do you have scruples?

Can you cook? Well! Phone 854.

One more question. What kind of a man do you want? Do you want a big, handsome gent likeable, talented, easy to get along with—with a car and gasoline? Are you kidding?

Once having decided on the man you want, and by the application

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Education Goes to War . . .

POSSIBILITY that army or navy men may use the University of Oregon campus as a training ground next year still exists, this despite the fact that Oregon was not included in the first 281 schools named. The first schools chosen were picked by a joint committee of the army, navy and war man-power commission. They are but the first group selected to train men and women in technical studies for the armed forces.

The announcement made it clear that this is only the beginning, and that "many others will be designated later." The joint committee is considering use of every institution in the country.

The decision to use college and university organizations is a time-saving step in technical training. The armed forces can use institution living quarters, institution class rooms, and institution instructors. With some course revisions, universities and colleges are ready to train, awaiting only the arrival of men.

* * *

THE WEEKEND announcement shows that armed force officials will use the institutions for training of women as well as men. A training center of 800 WAACs will blossom on the Oregon College of Education campus. These plans have a two-fold advantage: To the armed forces they offer a ready-to-go instruction program. To the schools selected they offer an even greater opportunity to prove their worth to the war effort and to remain open. That university instructors can be of positive aid is shown by the large number already in technical civilian or armed force service. Now their value will come home to the campus, as many classrooms open to student soldiers and sailors.

The University has been cooperating with military officials in outlining facilities available here. As the training program broadens, and as "the many other" schools are designated, Oregon may find its role in the war program. That even a liberal arts university can serve a technical war program is proved by the vast number of math and other technical courses added in the past few months.

Handslapping Is Outgrown

AN ATTITUDE that one faculty member termed, "American indifference to responsibility," can be spotted in many forms more easily defined every day on the campus.

Beginning while the morning is still dark this negligence in matters of being somewhere at a certain time is most marked in 8 o'clock lumber yard sessions. The classroom is occupied by a few sleepy freshmen who had to get up for house duty anyway, a host of empty chairs, and a stray dog that wandered in out of the early morning fog.

At 8:05 the instructor comes in followed at irregular intervals by those who couldn't possibly have gotten up five minutes earlier. And they all have excuses; good excuses. They were held up by inclement weather. They were called to a phone. They waited while a classmate shaved so they could both be late together.

* * *

THE WORST offenders are those who don't show up at all. They too, have excuses, a headache, had to study for a 9 o'clock midterm, or the classmate didn't finish shaving in time to be even fashionably late.

Alibis have become so perfected that responsibility can take a rest. There are a few departments, however, that frown on alibis to replace responsibility and these are favored by astonishingly regular attendance. Students who find an excuse for missing a military class have a hard time finding one for missing a Saturday makeup. Grades and attendance go hand in hand up at the physical education plant.

Because there may be lack of security and a feeling that this is the last term in which to enjoy school, it should not follow that grades or a good old bawling out are needed to emphasize responsibility.

—A. T. G.