

# 'Point'-ing to Victory . . .

IT IS NO longer a question of when or if on food rationing. To those who had doubts before, it is also no longer necessary to say that we are in a war, that hard times are coming. Not that this is the worst we will have to face at home; this is only the beginning. But a population cut to an average of three cans of food per person per month can get a graphic idea of what total war means.

Ration plans announced Monday indicate 48 points for each person each month. A can of beans, standard size, counts 16 points (three a month); a can of corn counts 14 (three-plus a month); peas also count 16. Young Americans will have their first real excuse for not eating spinach (14 points). But there is still the fresh vegetable market for parents to fall back upon. Baby food has the lowest count of all food and bottled goods (one point).

The food civilians don't eat will go to our fighting forces, and to the fighting forces of our allies. The menu means that the home front will have to cinch its belt one notch or maybe two, but it also means that the men who suffer most and who daily sacrifice the most to carry on in war will be provided a somewhat stable menu.

\* \* \*

EFFECTS of the rationing program will be felt in campus houses and restaurants just as they are felt in individual homes. It may be hard to readjust menus right at first, but it's certain it's not one-tenth as hard as the daily grind of troops in battle, from Tunisia to the Solomons. Our greatest worry is to adjust a menu from canned goods to fresh fruits and vegetables, while green Yank troops in North Africa battle all day in hopes of being alive for dinner at night.

The home problem is a challenging one for the new war bride. No longer can she plead "too busy" as excuse for the canned food dinner. And no longer can she experiment with canned foods before taking the bigger jump into the fresh vegetable market. It would be an interesting study to investigate this latest effect on war-time marriages.

The house cook and housewife and their eating "public" could still feel their sacrifice was not too great Monday night as they read headlines accompanying the ration announcement: "850 U. S. Servicemen Lost as Nazi Subs Sink Two Ships."

# Rally Call, by Bugle . . .

WITH SPRING playing peek-a-boo at intervals irregular enough to make any student a bit flighty, and with finals a week-end and nine days away, the University of Oregon is being torn by two new and strong forces.

It is clear that the promised call of the bugle come mid-March is enough to set the fine balance of student minds quivering. Now that these new elements have joined the conspiracy, will the student world tumble into a jumble of dusty books and low GPAs, with male students "kissing the whole thing off" saying, "I'm going away, why should I worry about a few grades?" and the others chiming in, "The men will be leaving, now's the only time to have fun!"

Lots of logs can be pulled from the fire in nine days and a week-end, and if it was ever worth it, now's the time. To justify that moralizing, here is the editorial message Commander of Battalion 10 at the Farragut naval training station gave his men in the Farragut News:

**"YOU RECRUITS of Farragut Station must learn in a few weeks what your enemies have had as many years, and more to learn. Axis fighting men have used this time to gain an advantage over you. In squared ring language, you men are 'giving away a lot of weight.' Your enemies are well disciplined, tough and battle-wise. Though their cause is spiritually hollow, they fight energetically because their existence is at stake. And so is yours.**

**"Your hope of success, and victory, depends upon your being the toughest and best sailors in the world. And here, at Farragut is where you must make yourself tough and disciplined. Now, during recruit training, is your opportunity to equip yourself with the means to defeat the Axis. Your equipment will be efficiency, gained by determination, initiative, and intelligent cooperation with your officers. This may very well be your only chance to prepare, and it certainly will be the difference between the success and failure of yourself and your country."**

Most Oregon men will hear that sort of exhortation personally within the next few months. But with a few substitutions for words like "sailor," that statement applies directly to everyone in the University situation. With determination, initiative and intelligent cooperation with faculty, the toughening can be started now, and efficiency gained.

The worth of struggling, here and now, was summed up by this commanding officer, "If you win this contest, and you must, your prize will be the highest possible: A free and happy life."  
—J. W.

# Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

Musical event of last week on the campus was Hoyt Franchere's jazz lecture in Uni high. Tracing the pattern of hot music's development from New Orleans to the present, he illustrated his points with recorded collector's items and in-the-flesh numbers. Live performances were rendered by Hoyt himself on baritone (the boldest ideas ever to come out of a moose horn), Gene Leo on piano, Bob Hays with the tram, Johnny Reitz trumpeting, and myself on drums.

The only trouble with the deal was that about the time we were foaming at the mouth and gnashing at the old biscuspid the lecture was over. If we hadn't all had a couple of jillion operations on the fire immediately afterward, the concert would have developed into a session ever to be forgotten. Which reminds me.

### Jazz Session

There are many people on this campus who would give a pretty penny to hear the famed Franchere account of jazz' unfolding. And there are still more who, sick of "good commercial" stuff, would jump at the chance to check a real, live, honest-to-goodness bash. I would like to hear from all those lovable characters who, when the lights are out and no one is within earshot, say over and over to themselves in a low whisper, "I crave evil music. I am a jazz hound and no one knows. Heh, her."

If enough of these jamophiles speak the word, a session will be arranged that will not soon be forgotten. Make with the communication, Jack.

### Orchids to Art

ORCHIDS DEPT. A big fat  
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## CAPITAL to CAMPUS

A. C. P.'s Correspondent Reports from Washington

By J. A. M. RICHTER

Those now in college who expect to follow careers in Washington will be most grateful for the following list of "capitalisms"—those time-honored phrases, those in-the-know catchwords, those respectable cliches which a good beaureaucrat wouldn't be found dead without.

You must remember, for example, that no government conference is quite complete without reference to the "over-all picture." The over-all picture, of course, is something you "should never lose sight of."

### Stalling for Time

When the conference is inter-departmental, you should remember to ask conferees from other

# I Cover the Campus

(After two weeks of retirement Columnist Fred Beckwith returns today for a last-week stand. Any relation of items herein mentioned to persons either living or dead is purely incidental and is not to be taken personally. Passed by censor.—Ed.)

By FRED BECKWITH

A HATFUL OF TID-BITS: It's the end of the romantic line for Tri-Delt Merl Huber and footballer Val Culwell, who have called it quits. . . . Paul Thurston, Campbell club senior, hung his pin on Doris Horton, Hilyard house freshman. . . . The Alpha Delta Pi women recently nixed three SAE pin offers. . . . Hmmm. . . . Johnny Emerson, president of the newly formed Fiji anti-Kappa club, hung his brass on Fee Jean Burrell. . . . Speakin' of Jeanie, with the brown tresses, recalls to mind that the weekend before last she received a lengthy phone call at two ayem in the morning from two of Uncle Sammie's khaki-clad lads, who were stopping at the Eugene hotel. . . . Jeanne Villaire is still footloose and fancy free. . . .

IN ONE EAR: They are calling Deborah Toomey, "PW" these days, meaning "pinned women." Hi ya, Cruiser! . . . Plans are formulating in the Pi Phi house to give all the cute l'il freshman women sophomore privileges. . . . Due perhaps to the manpower shortage on campus. . . . Ros Morrill and Tom Terry were married Friday eve. . . . Helen Crawford reports she is now in the Phi Delt league, but we hear that the Sigma Nu is still plenty interested. . . .

Kappa Peter Demmer and Beta Paul Beard are not going steady as erroneously reported the other day. Hank Voderburg still figures in the picture, despite rumors to the contrary. . . . And little Kelly Snow is thinkin' of giving Theta Jean Morrison the big rush. . . .

Personality girl of the week: Marty Beard, that little bundle of oomph at the A-Dee-Pi house. . . .

PICKED UP IN PASSING: The Gamma Phis anxiously waiting for news about Barbara Jones in this column, won't find any, except her name, some eleven or twelve words ago. . . .

Hollywood haircut man-of-the-week: Theta Chi Dick Schultz. . . . Put the baseball bat down, Earl Hall, it doesn't concern you! Doni Bennett, also of the Theta Chis, hung his pin on an Oregon State Tri-Delt. . . . Chi Omegas have mice in their house, too. . . . New mystery word of the week is a little concoction that Columbia Pictures whipped up: "Schmeer" . . . Wonder if it has  
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# Free For All . . .

To the Editor:  
If the Oregon Emerald offers any indication of the type of journalism we shall have to suffer in a few years when its proteges are unleashed on the general public, God help us! One day you print a column containing grounds not only for a libel suit against the Emerald, but also for charges of criminal libel against the author. The following day a reader sends in a mild and patient complaint to which you append a short apology. The amazing candor of that apology, I believe, unique in journalistic history. From it I get the following general impression: "We are sorry it happened. We have severely punished the offender by forbidding him the privilege of slandering any one else this term. Although the incident was most regrettable you must excuse us for we never read what we print."

The formula (Felony plus smile plus apology equals total absolution) may be very much the thing in Japanese journalism, but here in America I fear your apology needs a crutch. I sincerely hope that no one follows the advice of your advertisements and sends the Emerald either to the soldiers or to the folks at home. The general citizenry is ready doubtful concerning the advisability of maintaining universities in wartime. If the school be judged by the Emerald, God save us, for we will not be here long.

Sincerely,  
Charles Cunningham

(If the Emerald never made mistakes, it would be the first newspaper in the history of journalism ever to merit this honor. When the Emerald does err, we believe one apology is worth any 20 alibis we might advance. To assume "we never read what print" shows a commendable imagination on the part of Mr. Cunningham but one that reads in three meanings to an apology when only two are intended.—Ed.)

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