

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Quotable Quotes

"In a fairly short space of time you can, if need be, turn a chemist into a fighting man; but you cannot turn a fighting man into a chemist." — Vice Chancellor Sir Hector James Wright Hetherington of the University of Glasgow sums up the case for deferment of technicians.—(ACP)

Off for Berlin. . .

APRIL 7 marks the end of an era. One hundred and sixty University men will come out of their immature cocoon of cords, sport coats, and sweaters. They will don the army khaki.

It is true that the University has already furnished many times that number to the colors. Why then an end of an era? Because it is the beginning of an era . . . the University will be all-out in the big way, the man-power way, for winning this war.

These 160 are first of the rapid evacuation of men going this spring term. The air corps, the navy, the marines have speeded up their program and are ready to take the men now to finish the job that much sooner.

* * *

TO RING out the old era, one thinks of a celebration . . . a sincere flag-waving farewell with the spirit of a pre-Oregon State rally for those 160, the first students to depart en masse from the University.

April 6, 1917, marked the end of an era too. Twenty-six years ago April 6th University of Oregon men went to war against Germany the first time.

On April 6, 1943 we can say good bye and good luck to Oregon's ERC men by a mass send-off. The day, April 6, would be a symbol of the 1918 victory to those who are marching off a day later to do the job again . . . and better.

—B. B. S.

Laughs at the Axis

IT HAS been said that morale is a lot of little things and the greatest of these is—a sense of humor.

The famous "underground movements" in the interior of German-occupied countries are banking on their indomitable sense of humor in order to carry on their activities and keep up the general morale of their people. Stories burlesquing the Nazis are circulated from person to person.

Some of these stories have come out of Europe via the underground, and the office of war information at Washington has circulated them in this country.

Norwegian patriots in a Trondheim movie palace, for instance, were astonished to see a propaganda film showing the German forces giving food to the Norwegian civil population. For a few minutes they were too amazed to speak. Then one of them stood up and cried, "Stop! You're running the film backwards!"

* * *

SO THE underground says. True or untrue, these stories irk the harried Hitlerites.

Another example: After the attempted bombing of Hitler in the Munich Brauhaus became known, the following notices appeared in the windows of several butcher shops in Prague the next morning:

"There will unfortunately be no lard or pork today as the swine wasn't killed yesterday."

Better luck next time!

—J. L. B.

Beside the Point. . .

What with butter rationed to one quarter pound per person per week we really won't be able to tell which side our bread is buttered on.

* * *

It used to be people would invite soldiers to their homes for a good dinner. Now it's getting so soldiers will have to invite civilians to army camps for a good look at a square meal.

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

This is the second in a short-lived series of (if the California Chamber of Commerce has its way) articles on when-we-could-still - get - butter trip to San Francisco, that fabled city of fishy smells, and all those other lovely things that our editor wouldn't let us print in our last article.

We had just been awakened by our two hands which were beating "first call to breakfast" on the diner porter's head. Funny, we were hungry. He was asleep. Zip! . . . We were asleep—artificially. Dangerous to awake porters when they're dreaming of those \$1000 tips that never snuggle under the empty pie plate . . . we found out.

Surprise Arrival

We arrived in Oakland at 2:10. We were due in Oakland at 2:10. We fainted.

Oakland is that town that was built around Trader Vic's

We then rowed across the bay, with the help of the ferry. Our aunt met us at the station, helped us pick out the best golf bag in the baggage room. We brought a tennis racket.

She had our day all planned out for us, so we just jiggled the chains in enthusiastic approval.

Sight Seeing

She siphoned a gallon of gas, and we were off. We went to one of her middle-aged friend's houses (she too is middle-aged with past tense on the "middle"). We enjoyed ourselves immensely listening to "how I got this nasty run in a perfectly new pair of \$1.87 nylons, see" . . . we didn't look.

Then they got on the meat shortage, and "Isn't Johnny a little young to be cut up in steaks? Let him hang a while."

Long Wait

"Soon" (Emily Post-ian for a *th\$&** long time) they noticed that we didn't rip our ration card in shreds laughing at their patter, and that our finger nails littered the living room (Please turn to page three)

scene at Random!

By BERNIECE DAVIDSON
"E. R. C. Spree"

The University of California students will climax two days of entertaining the ERC with the Junior informal dance. The queen of the dance will choose a king from four junior contestants to share her reign. An all-class sing and rally will also be held in honor of the ERC.
—The Daily Californian.
* * *

Not Licked

The members of International house at the University of California found one way to combat the help shortage. Unable to find steady employees, Sunday night supper is served from paper plates with wooden utensils.
The Daily Californian
* * *

No Dream

Although 15 men to every girl might sound like a coed's paradise, the cadettes studying engineering at Rensselaer polytechnic institute in Troy found this wasn't the case.

One former Syracuse university coed believes the 93 cadettes who invaded the engineering school will be ignored until they can prove to the men that they can tell the difference between a slide rule and a T-square. In the meantime the girls hear remarks

Between the Lines

By ROY PAUL NELSON

Earle Russell, currently announcing over KORE, got the surprise of his life at registration. I think it's only fair that I should tell you about it after having brought up the matter.

When he went to get his registration papers he was bombarded with this question:

"What do you want registration papers for?"

The yell king thought hard and at length he said, brightly: I want to register."

"But you have graduated."

It seems that Russell had taken more hours than he needed during his earlier terms at the University or something, and had forgotten about it. Said the noise man when he had heard the news: "Make mine vanilla!"

On the House

Harley Davis has come up with a novel way of cutting down on board and room while on the campus. Here's what he proposes:

The SAEs and the Phi Delt are eating together now, you know. At meal time you can wander over to the Phi Delt house where the meals are being served, and simply sit down and eat. If a Phi Delt asks you're an SAE, and if an SAE asks your identity—you are a Phi Delt.

You must be satisfied, or your money back.

Censored

The illustrious Chas. Politz, who bats out the Nuf Sed column apparently felt that there wasn't Nuf Sed in his last writing—as was featured in Friday's Emerald. It seems that the editor rubbed his blue pencil through some of the stuff Politz felt would make good reading.

Undaunted, the columnist has erected several posters on the campus with his column typed out as he would have had it.

In Friday's Emerald, incidentally, it was told that there would be 158 women roaming the campus without a man, according to spring term enrollment. Well. In fact I might even go so far as to say well, well.

My office is in the journalism building.

like this when a plane flies over: "Girls, do you know what that is? That's an airplane."
Syracuse Daily Orange
* * *

Women Commandos

Women physical education students at the University of Colorado, anxious to prove that they can keep up with the men in physical ability, have begun a commando training of their own.

This includes everything from swinging from rope to rope Tarzan style, to vaulting a five-foot fence and walking the length of a two-inch wide plank.

The Silver and Gold
* * *

Victory Gardens

Indiana university employees and faculty rationing needn't worry about food rationing this summer, that is, if they are fast enough to stake a claim on the land that the University has made available to them for victory gardens.

There will be no charge for the land and it will be plowed and harrowed by the University.

—The Indiana Daily Student
* * *

Officers Appointed

The Student council at Louisiana State university, in order to cope with the shortage of campus politicians in class offices,

Free For All . . .

(The March issue of Reader's Digest carried an article on profit. It was a man's written explanation to his young grandson of the profit system. Al Larsen discussed the article in his column Friday, and today's letter is in response to that column.—Ed.)

To the Editor:

I was glad to see that Mr. Larsen and others were not taken in by Grandpa's short course in economics which was recently presented in the Reader's Digest. With due respect for that old, gray beard I too, would like to enroll myself in the Not That Gullible club. As I see it Grandpa's entire system depends on the truth of a single proposition. "The man who invented and installed the water system is the man who gets the profit." In a few cases this may be true but it certainly is not always true.

"Well," Grandpa might say, "The man who makes the profit does administer the enterprise."

Yes, Grandpa, he does, but the water system may be administered in two ways: 1. To make the most profit. 2. To the best interests of the public. If you were a business man which would you choose? That the two purposes do not always coincide is obvious; that they sometimes directly contradict each other is directly contradictory examples. Wasn't there a railroad once that was in good shape when some "administrators" took it over, sold its stock high, wrecked the road, bought back the stock low, patched up the road, sold the stock high, and so on for six very profitable "wreckings"? I don't advocate the overthrow or abandonment of the profit system; we've had it a long time and like the railroad "administrators" I'm not hungry; but I do hate to be fed such a stinking argument in such a sanctimonious guise. I am not worried about preserving capitalism, nor would I mourn its loss. I do not think it is the sine qua non of human existence or of modern industry as another Reader's Digest article. Your Stake in Capitalism would have us believe. Perhaps our system is superior and we are more efficient than the Russians, but, for God's sake, the Russians don't get everything on lend-lease. By no means do I think that preserving the profit system is as important as winning the war, but as long as the system doesn't impede the war effort I have no objection to it. Let the government build its ships and give Kaiser his profit on them as some kind of a religious offering if it works out better that way; but, for God's sake let's not make Kaiser a kind of overseer of public opinion who warns us in full page advertisements what not to think.

Sincerely,
Charles Cunningham

decided to appoint 20 students to fill the vacancies. Out of 57 offices, no candidates filed of 22 of them.
—The Reveille