

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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In Der Feuhrer's Face...

WITH thousands of games already to his credit, it's too bad Mr. Hoyle forgot the most popular American pastime. It's a little game known as "Passing the Buck." Young and old play this game; for instance: "Sorry I didn't get out to see you last week, but I was so busy down at the filter center." (She went to see Charles Boyer three times). Or: "I'd have come in first in the 100-yard dash, but I sort of sprained my toe." (He hadn't been in training for more than a day before the meet.)

But the game's popularity is international. It was introduced into Germany by a Munich bar fly named Schickelgruber, alias Hitler. This Hitler person was a crackpot politician, but he could talk, and talk fast, and soon he had thousands of followers.

Finally, through a judicial use of words, his party came into power. But people began to complain. "Our great feuhrer is in power and still we are in poverty," they said.

* * *

NOW it was time for the old game to be introduced.

"It's all the fault of the Jews," Hitler said. And he said it often enough so that people didn't have time to consider that maybe Hitler was to blame, and not the Jews.

But the Jews refused to be a scapegoat for Hitler. And they fought him in the best way they knew how. And throughout the world, millions of Jews took up the fight against the man who was persecuting their race.

* * *

HERE on the campus there are a loyal group of Jewish men, who, until they can actually take up arms against the oppressor of their race, are doing everything else they can to bring about his downfall. For a group their size, the Sigma Alpha Mus deserve some sort of award for their great contribution to the war effort.

They topped all other organizations on the campus in the coat hanger drive. Their small membership outshine houses with twice as many men. Shortly after the Red Cross drive began, 19 SAMs went down and rolled bandages, setting an example for most of the men's houses, and many of the women's houses on the campus.

* * *

IN THE recent Emerald cover girl contest, the Sigma Alpha Mus placed second in the sale of war bonds. They also gave generously to the Red Cross war emergency fund, the scrap metal drive, and took second place in the cigarette drive.

The Jewish race is in a definite minority on the campus, yet they are doing much of the work for which many of us take the credit.

Hitler was wrong when he accused the Jews of being behind all the trouble in Germany, but he's right now. Whether still in Germany or in America, they are all working for a great cause—victory for the nations which give all the minorities an even break.

—B. L.

Why Not Again?

BEGINNING in 1930 and continuing each year until about six or seven years ago, the Emerald and station KORE jointly sponsored an entertainment competition between the fraternities and sororities on the campus. The programs were broadcast over KORE directly from the College Side and were a great success. Prizes in those days were radios and table lamps.

Why wouldn't such an idea go over just as well now—only with a different theme? Sometime during the middle of next month, before junior weekend, or at the beginning of May, after Junior Weekend, the programs could be condensed into one or two big shows in McArthur court. The same spirit of enthusiasm could be promoted and a direction contribution to the war effort could be made.

Price of admission for the big shows would be a small war stamp, 25 or 50 cents, and the first prize would be a large denomination war bond.

This stunt would be a natural for the campus war board. Why not?

—J. L. B.

'Even Bravest Heart May Swell . . .'

By BETTY BIGGS SCHRICK

We are just back from our first military farewell. Seventy-five lads within three days had thrown over their college books and were at the station headed for Texas.

We matured 10 years in those last 10 minutes at the station. To us they looked so young for the task ahead of them for all their 20 summers. Their faces were not sad. They were going forward into a new adventure.

' . . . In the Moment

It was the women's eyes which were wet—and many fathers' too. We were of the other goup. We dammed our tears with feeble jokes about southern draws, Texas women, and how swell we thought uniforms looked.

The captain cleared his throat with a sympathetic glance toward the parents and sweethearts. "Now men," he announced. Seventy-five pairs of shoulders went back a little straighter. Their eyes gave him the respectful salute that their arms hadn't learned. "Follow me," said the greying captain and did a quick about face.

' . . . of Farewell'

We watched them march off— young, but content and proud. There was no brass band but the same patriotic atmosphere was there. We tried to make up for the lack of blaring music gayness with a cheerful "Good bye, Steve," "good luck, Whizzard" to the other boys we knew. We even sent a friendly forgiving smile to an Oregon Stater with his rooter's lid at a jaunty angle.

Not one of the 75 looked back. As they trudged after their first captain, they were exchanging handshakes and names with the fellows around them.

Bridges Crossed

They weren't looking back. They were looking forward . . . to a new goal.

We turned away. Our heart was like cold mush, yet down deep within, an atom of pride was swelling for we knew, with our man in it, the war would be over just a little quicker.



Aircraft Identification

A new and improved method of aircraft identification has been perfected at Northwestern university by the use of silhouettes projected on a motion picture screen.

Silhouette views of the front, side, and bottom, of 110 different types of the world's fighting aircraft have been drawn to scale and photographed on two-inch slides.

In tests this method has surpassed in efficiency and accuracy those used by the army and navy training schools at the present time.

Sky-Gazers

"Wanted: 1,000 sky-gazers." This was requested by the assistant professor of meteorology at Pennsylvania State college, who wants to use students to estimate the shade of sky blue.

The professor wants to find out if the untrained eyes of an average person can be used to deter-

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

For years we have noticed that San Franciscans and their wet bay (referring to the bay, of course) brethren had a peculiar style of speech; but then for years we kept putting our fingers in electric fans.

To be explicit we did nothing about it because we always had the melodiously soothing guttural grunts of the natives to

take our minds off San Franciscans—and then there was that well poured pair of well constructed legs that used to amble by our abode each morn complete with girl . . . We have a basement apartment.

S. F. Again

But spring vacation we went to . . . do we have to repeat the word.

There, we were in the atmosphere most conducive to the breeding of this peculiar (steady brother) type of speech—its birthplace.

We chistened it "the SF whine" or "the Meawing Slow Leak."

The "whine" is unique, a quaint mixture of South Brooklyn and South Carolina. Predominance can be claimed, none too enthusiastically, by the former.

Dem Daze Is Gone

It all goes back to the good old daze, the daze of the Gold Rush and Sutter's Mill when Edward Arnold was shooting crap in pre Sacramenton and Jeanette McDonald was paid \$50,000 to waddle across the stage and strain high-C to the breaking with her plea for mamma to open up the damold door—"San Francis-co, o-pen your Golden Gate." Those were the daze before Clark Gable, mustache on upper lip, rescued millions during the San Francisco fire, and a dog buried a bone in the park across from the St. Francis and came back to find it a garage.

It was in these daze beyond recall that Ming Toy O' Ginsberg, of the Brooklyn bridge Beerhall and Bath House O' Ginsbergs married Ishmael O'Gutter-idge of the South Carolina julep dripping O'Gutter-idges. Oh.

Then the trouble started. They had children and propagated. And with children came the "whine." This has nothing to do, of course with the fact that the little diapered fellows blew Sherry soap bubbles, and could utter "Italian Swiss colony" upon birth.

They were the first to have the "whine," because no others had had it before them.

This manner of speech merits description—alto destruction. It sounds as if its possessor had drunk a cat (pedigreed of course) on New Year's eve, (by mistake, of course) and that the thing insisted on humming while you were speaking.

Result: The SF whine.

Or you sadistically had thrust a perpetual sinus trouble on yourself while at the same time insisting on gargling warm soup—also talking.

Result: SF Whine.

Then there are other ways of acquiring this unusual and attention-attracting manner of speech, the best way being to have been born with it.

You, Too, Can Be . . .

For those interested in becoming popular at Nickel Hops other than at the Pi Phis, please write us for our little book "Glamorous Gurgle" wherein we explain on paper with pictures 96 ways of acquiring the "SF Whine," also how to make pastel mud pies and neck in Frigidaires.

You may then give it to those interested.

Small Talk

By LEONE LADUKE

Peachy old spring term weather! All the freshmen are disgusted; with disillusionment and cynicism they ask, "Where are the canoes, sun-bathing on the roof, that we've heard so much about?" So all the frosh stay home—and, for fun, the cute Theta freshmen cut their hair Sunday—check Joan Halstead and Phyl Evans! By the way, "Mis Fit" Evans returned Al Crowe's Kappa Sig Pin at the beginning of the term.

Everyone, including campus dogs, appeared at the Eugene hotel Saturday night . . . to cheer our quintet. And it was worth hearing. Those kids show a lot—oh, yes, the complete group is Eugene Cecchini, Frank Sardam, Paul Beard, Don Bridenstien, and cute li'l Charlotte Gething!

Lonie Gets Around

Katie Smith, Gamma Phi, announced her engagement to SAE Mac Hand Sunday. And someone ought to follow Don Lonie, ATO frosh, around the campus some Sunday—that boy really gets around. While Bud Putnam gets around the baseball diamond! Of course he chipped a bone in his knee doing it. The Theta Chis had a great game Friday night in the dark.

Marvin Gorrie—political boy from a year or two back—is on the campus for a few days—en route to further CPT training.

Party Big Success

The Senior party Friday night was a great deal—for those few who did attend. It was gay fun and it's too bad more seniors didn't turn out. . . . Wayne Strohecker and little Bobby White, who's the little brother of "Skipper" White, Gamma Phi, swung out with some solid boogie-woogie. Bob is only 13 years old, or so. You might begin rushing early, fellows, before the draft gets him.

DU's Whitey Logan is one of the nicest men on the campus. But let's not start on that subject. There aren't enough left to consider, anyway—men that is.

mine this type of meteorological study. If a majority of untrained students can agree on the shade of sky blue, the usefulness of color estimations would be established.

* * *

War Zone Parasites

A group of select students at the University of Washington are being taught to diagnose and control disease-bearing parasites of the sub-equatorial war zones.

The professor of the advanced zoology course believes it will aid on the battle fronts and prepare the students for combating tropical maladies.

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Turkish Students

The University of Michigan has nine students from Tukey enrolled in their school of engineering for spring term. Three of the students are civilians of Tur-

key and are transfers from Robert college of Istanbul. The remaining six are officers in the Turkish army and were sent to Michigan by the Turkish embassy in Washington.