

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

JACK L. BILLINGS, Editor BETTY BIGGS SCHRICK, Business Manager

Marjorie Young, Managing Editor Bill Lindley, News Editor

Dwayne Heathman, Advertising Manager Zoia Quisenberry, National Advertising Manager

ASSISTANTS TO THE EDITOR
Marjorie Major, Editorial Page Assistant
Betsy Wootton, Chief Night Editor

Fred Treadgold, Fred Beckwith, Co-Sports Editors
Edith Newton, Assistant News Editor

Day City Editors:
Fred Weber, Bill Lindley
June Taylor, Edith Newton
Betty Lu Siegman

Night Editors:
John Gurley, Roger Tetslow,
Marian Schaefer, Betsy Wootton,
Carol Cook

UPPER BUSINESS STAFF
Daily Advertising Managers:
Gloria Malloy, Lillian Hedman,
and Lois Clause
Yvonne Torgler, Layout Manager
Connie Fuller, Circulation Manager
Lois Clause, Classified Manager
Leslie Brockelbank, Office Manager

Represented for national advertising by NATIONAL ADVERTISING SERVICE, INC., college publishers' representative, 420 Madison Ave., New York—Chicago—Boston—Los Angeles—San Francisco—Portland—Seattle.

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.

NO appropriations, even thought they match the myriad stars of heaven, will buy for us a single drop of . . . courage, which alone can enable those who love peace to vanquish those who dedicate themselves to war. — E. C. Lindeman, professor of social philosophy, New York school of social work.

The Home Front . . .

NEARLY two hundred men have gone, taking with them the memories of Old Oregon . . . studies and the Side, cramming and canoeing, P.E. and picnicking; of professors and pigging. Most of these memories will be of the fun they had in school but it is those memories which will be putting the steel in their spines, the determination in their souls to see that their children and their friends' children will have the opportunity to enjoy the same privileges that are now being threatened because of a few men's warped minds.

Those men of the ERC left not doubting that they will do the task set before them. They left convinced that what they will fight for is right. They left certain that those they left behind at home, and particularly here at Oregon, would also do their job.

* * *

AND these men know that our job is not only to buy war bonds, work at the Red Cross and support the USO, but also to fit ourselves to become the citizens prepared to help the returning soldiers and sailors to rebuild a new world free of bigotry, deceit, hatred and greed.

They want us to fit ourselves to be worthy of the fight they make. They want us to prepare now for the future and keep on the home front the democratic faith.

—DON DILL, Enlisted Reserve Corps.

There's a Chance . . .

THE traditional campus luncheon has a chance in this year's Junior Weekend schedule.

A plan suggested by the members of Mortar Board is hanging fire waiting for student response. As outlined, the lack of rations, which was the only reason for cancellation of the luncheon, could be overcome if each living organization planned to pack lunches for its students. Students who do not live in houses could arrange for their lunches individually.

Mortar Board is at present attempting to discover how the campus feels on the question, and more particularly the opinions of house managers and Mrs. Genevieve Turnipseed, on the lunch-packing part of the proposal. Heads of houses has voted its approval and has stated that the idea of box lunches can be worked out successfully.

The interfraternity council will meet later in the week to offer their recommendations, and then the whole plan will fall into the laps of the Junior Weekend committee for action.

* * *

SOME houses have discussed the problem and have decided that they will cooperate, if the rest of the campus wants a luncheon—but the feeling is just neutral. Before the interfraternity council meets, there must be some backlog of discussion which will help them to decide. And that discussion rests with the students.

The campus luncheon means a great deal to three senior honoraries. The students they have pledged remember spring trees, the black gown of Friars, the red rose of Mortar Board, and the be-ribboned bones of the Escapians. There has never been the confusion which is an accepted fact when honoraries tap at dances. Their parents are watching.

The luncheon means a great deal to students. It is a time to eat outside the whole campus, it is a picnic touched with the excitement of pledging, the fun of music and a corny m.c.

— M. M.

Between The Lines

By ROY PAUL NELSON
LAST NIGHT YOU watched more than 200 ERC boys leave for active service. I'd like to tell you about one character who didn't leave with the ERC. One of the main reasons why he didn't leave with the ERC is that he is not affiliated with the ERC.

His name is Bert Moore. But he doesn't look like Bert Moore. He looks like Jack Benny. Bert Moore likes to write. I'd like to show you something he's written, but I'll show you the following, instead. It is by Bert Moore.

* * *

The day dawned bright and early and I awoke at noon with a fuzzy taste in my mouth. Close inspection revealed that it was caused by my roommate's cashmere sweater, which I removed by mousing imprecations. Suddenly cold sweat broke out all over me—today was the day that I was going to explore the fastnesses of the Mac, primeval habitat of the locus collegus and the slack-clad usherette (or Flynnius minor, as it was known to the Greek historian Satterlius).

A quick inspection showed me that my equipment was all in order; my address book, pencil, cords, and the aforementioned sweater lay neatly in place on the chandelier. I leaped from my bed, dressed swiftly, and fell downstairs.

The lunch was good—consisting of brussel sprouts, sandwiches with bread in them, and mustard soup. When it was over my brothers crowded around me with good wishes and a hearty slap on the back. (It would have been more pleasant if they hadn't been holding paddles at the time.)

I left the door with tears in my eyes and ASUO socks on my feet. I won't tell you of the trip, all I can say is that if I hadn't been so well fortified with brussel sprouts I might have fallen by the wayside. It was hell. Foot-slog - slog - slog - slogging down Eleventh street. At one-thirty I was in sight of my goal, and by two I had reached the marquee, where a head of hair with a doorman's uniform beneath it lifted me off my hands and knees, extracted forty cents from my wallet, placed me gently inside the door, and intoned, "There will be a two-hour wait for all seats."

This was all right with me; I would utilize the time conversing with the inhabitants. Approaching one of them I began with a brilliant mot just.

I said "Hello."

She said, "What frat are you in?"

I said, "I am an independent."

She said, "Seating is on aisle three."

A sadder but wiser man, I removed my hand to the accompaniment of a sharp, crack sound, and hastened to aisle three. Spying another I cautiously approached here from an angle where the light would fall on my roommate's cashmere sweater, and began again.

I said, "Hello."

She said, "What frat are you in?"

I had learned my lesson. I said, "Rho Dammit Rho."

She said, "What kind of a car do you have?"

I said, "I don't have a car."

She said, "Seating is on the upper balcony only."

Brokenhearted, I staggered up the steps. Was my trip to be a failure? Was my address book

(Please turn to page three)

Mildred Wilson Spies . . . Henriette Horak, '36

The physical distance from being a Czechoslovakian war orphan—to the position of third officer in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—is indeed great—but the spiritual miles are short. This is shown in the career of Henriette Horak, '36, who is now in a position to fight for the things for which her parents died in the last war.

A New Front . . .

By BERNIECE DAVIDSON

The field of aviation, with its opportunities increasing by leaps and bounds, expects to provide women with 100,000 to half a million jobs in the war and post war period.

One of the newest fields open to women in aviation is the WAFS (women's auxiliary ferrying squadron). In order to join the WAFS you must have 500 hours of flying time, experience as a commercial flyer and service as a flight instructor.

Fifty Ferries

The WAFS duties will be to ferry primary trainers and cub planes to different parts of the United States. Approximately 50 women will make up this organization. Forty will be active pilots and the rest will be assigned to administrative duties.

Instruction is considered to be a more important field and one in which women have proven themselves to be well fitted, especially since they do not grow tired of the tedium of instructing. Anyone with a commercial pilot's license, who passes a CAA (civil aeronautics authority) examination is rated as an instructor.

Communications

Two other important aviation jobs are junior aircraft inspector and airway and airport traffic controller. The aircraft communicator's duties consist of elementary communication activities used by the CAA in its control of airway traffic consisting of radiotelegraphy, teletype, telephone and radiotelephone also

(Please turn to page three)

As a result of the war she found herself orphaned, with most of the friends of her family scattered over the country or—more likely—dead. Her only hope was to get away from the place that had been the scene of so much horror.

Miss Horak's chance came when a Presbyterian missionary from Pittsburgh wanted to adopt her. So the young child traveled the thousands of miles across the ocean, had her waiting and inoculation period at Ellis island, and a rather gruesome train trip to the Pittsburgh missionary.

It seems there was no one to tell the Czechoslovakian waif to get off when they reached the correct destination, so she was shuttled to New York, re-provisioned with a box of sandwiches, and again sent off northward . . . and from there on out, small Henriette's American life flourished.

Dark-haired, trim, and energetic, Miss Horak made a name as a hard-working activity girl during her four-year hitch at the University. Emerald duty took up the major portion of her time and she received the signal honor of having her name placed on the Turnbull-Hall plaque for the senior who had proven of most inspiration to fellow "shack" workers. She became a member of Mortar Board, national senior women's service honorary, and Theta Sigma Phi, national journalistic fraternity for women.

Many fascinating jobs followed her graduation from Oregon. She did feature work for the San Francisco Chronicle, free-lancing, editing for the Slav-American news in San Francisco, publicity for the San Francisco World Fair, and advertising work for the California prune growers.

This sufficed till the break of war—and then Miss Horak began searching for a spot where she could be really useful . . . and found it in the WAACS. Now,

(Please turn to page three)

IF A BUDDY MEET A BUDDY

By BETTY LU SIEGMAN

With the ERC leaving today, there will be nearly 200 more Oregon alumni who have joined the ranks of the hundreds of Oregon men now in the armed forces—a reminder of some potential "Buddy" news sources.

Bill Carney, '42, now a midshipman in the navy, was one of 25 men picked from 1200 midshipmen at Northwestern university to take a one-year course on industrial management at Harvard. Midshipman Carney, a well-known Oregon baseball outfielder, was transferred to Harvard in February.

Promotion Granted

Samuel E. Hughes, '42, of Eugene was advanced to the rank of captain in the army on March 9. He is stationed at Camp Adair, but at present is with a student training regiment at Fort Benning, Georgia.

Lieut. George L. Simmons, '40, is now stationed at Pyote air base, Texas. A member of the famous 19th bombardment

squadron of the army air corps, he has seen action in the south Pacific war area and participated in the battles of Java, the Coral sea, and Australia.

Lt. Simmons took his e flight training at Randolph field and received his commission on May 29, 1941, at Brooks field, Texas.

WAVES

Two alumnae, Norma T. Johnson, '41, and Harriet Minturn, ex-'41, are training with the WAVES at Hunters college, New York, and Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, respectively.

Miss Johnson, while on the campus, was a Phi Beta Kappa, member of Phi Chi Theta, Alpha Gamma Delta, and a business administration major. Miss Minturn majored in journalism and was president of Alpha Gamma Delta.

Borbardier Rice

Sumner W. Rice, ex-UO student, was graduated recently from the Roswell army flying school in Roswell, New Mexico

(Please turn to page three)