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No Black Market...

AS THE Tunisian campaign comes to a head and the threat of invasion looms over the continent, the United States government is launching the greatest financial drive in history—13 billion dollars to finance the war effort.

College students have a very vital stake in helping to raise this money. Many of their classmates have already seen action on the battlefronts and many of them will see action themselves in the near future. The money that they invest in war bonds as students will guarantee them the finest equipment in the world to use as soldiers. Continuing the high standards that our armed forces have established depends in large part on the success with which this drive is met.

Any student of economics can point out the importance of the campaign to those who stay at home, for its impact will be felt on the home front fully as much as on the battlefield.

* * *

UNLESS surplus purchasing power can be siphoned off into war bonds and stamps this country faces inflation and runaway inflation would wreck our entire economy; money would become worthless as prices soared, savings would vanish, production be curtailed, victory itself would be endangered.

This year the country will have an estimated forty billion dollars available for investment over and above current expenses. This money can be put to work in a number of ways: war savings bonds, tax savings notes, and treasury bills. In addition the treasury is offering a number of new issues designed for every class and type of investor so that everyone may participate in the drive.

Thirteen billion dollars must be raised to keep the factories turning out tanks, planes, and guns to feed, clothe, and transport the men who are using those weapons—and in the long run, to defend liberal education.

—J. L. B.

Saludos Amigos!

SALUDOS amigos—for this is the time of fiesta, and politics. But who will care for politics when the stench has wafted away along with the spring invigoration of our lawns?

And now for the fiesta part, and that means Junior Weekend. By Wednesday night all plans will have been executed, except for final decorations and the multitude of eceteras. House date bureaus are keeping the lines busy, and interesting.

The men are wheedling white coats from brothers, and worrying about the right size lapel carnation—girls are thinking about the Prom theme and deciding to look tanned and Latin, unless of course they are blonde. For this is the Weekend above all weekends.

Song leaders are hunting under davenport for the alto score for their champion singers, they hope. Asklepiads, Mortar Boards, and Friars are dusting off and pressing their ceremonial robes. Housemothers are ordering more waxed paper and pickles for the campus luncheon.

Junior Weekend committee members are almost ready to wire Buck Buchwach—so that he will wire a prayer of sunshine, and the traditional freckles on Queen Mary's nose.

This is the heyday of the Order of the O., and many will be the duckings, many the paddle whacks administered. This is the time of no white shoes at the luncheon, no walking on the grass.

South American ways warm the heart and tickle the feet. And so it is appropriate that this weekend be full of rhythm, of community singing reminding us of the gatherings of Mexican peasantry at fiesta. Queen Mary will smile upon a campus of dazzling señoritas, and stalwart, dashing caballeros. Saludos amigos, al fiesta!

—M. M.

Between The Lines

By ROY PAUL NELSON

A FEW WEEKS back you read an account of how campus women are dissatisfied with spring term coke dates. Their complaint seemed to be that their escorts waited until they brought the girls home and then went out and swallowed milk-shakes and hamburgers.

This week we present the other side of the issue. It is upheld, incidentally, by a male cousin to the gal who made the original complaint. Says the boomer:

This Is Why

"I don't buy my gal hamburgers and milk-shakes because there is not enough time between ten and ten-thirty hardly to pick up even a quick coke."

He says, further, and somewhat bitterly, "These gals are pretty smart. They always order flavored cokes because they only come in the ten cent size."

Climax

And then he comes to the point of his speech. "And besides," he argues, "Oregon women are too fat, anyway."

Now you have both sides of the problem. Should he buy her hamburgers and milk-shakes, or should he not? It is a delicate situation and will require tact. Maybe a coalition would settle it.

I voted yesterday. "It's the democratic thing to do," a republican house brother told me. I've always kinda liked Thomas Jefferson. But I hear he wasn't running. Neither was John Cavanaugh, for that matter.

Millie Wilson was there at the polls. She was checking on verbal votes.

"Shut up!" she told me. I don't think she wanted me to talk.

Old Signs

The signs were all those of last year's election. It was the first time I had ever voted on a pool table.

"Irish" Carl Backstrom, president of the board of directors of the University of Oregon students' cooperative association, incorporated, voted for 1946 class officers. He is a member of the class of '45.

They had a special exit door. It was used for leaving the build-

Double Trouble

By PHYLL REINBRECHT and BOBBI BEALER

Hear ye, hear ye!

During this time of war, more and more opportunities for women are presenting themselves. Shipbuilders and aircraft workers are in great demand, but the field of journalism also beckons, and this, being easier on the nerves, but harder on the popularity, we have chosen as our way to help mankind. Thus, we have collaborated, and collected the following—

A New Front...

By Berniece Davidson

Equality for women doctors was a step nearer reality last week when President Roosevelt signed a bill giving women doctors equal status with men in the army and navy.

The situation was different in World War I. Even though women performed the same duties as the men they were hired under contract and did not receive the same pay or rank.

Relief

Women doctors will not be used at the front but they will relieve the men for this duty. According to Secretary of War Stimson 20,000 more doctors are needed in the army.

The great need for help in this field should stimulate more women to return and enter this profession. They will find that war time conditions will help to break down prejudice against them. For instance most leading medical schools were closed to women until the last war.

New Jobs

Since we entered this war women are for the first time being invited to become interns and resident physicians.

A new field open to women in medicine is a result of this war is that of research cardiac specialists who are needed to interpret the new results of stress and strain in lungs and heart as a result of submarine and aviation work.

Anytime you wanted to leave you went out that door. It was handy.

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Quite a weekend for merriment was this last, what with the ATO, SAE, Alpha Phi, Pi Phi, and Alpha Chi house dances all taking place. Biggest success was the Phi dance, with an Oriental theme and gambling concession that REALLY raked in the money. Running a close second, however, was the ATO jamboree with an Arabian Night's influence. It seems the house was so cleverly decorated that the chaperons couldn't find the den.

Under the heading of Happy Events department comes news that Fiji Vic Atiyeh who has had his foot in a cast since early last fall, is due to have it (the cast) removed some time in the near future. Pretty happy about the whole deal, and it's no wonder why, is Alpha Chi Dolores Hewitt.

And speaking of Fijis, what ever happened to the pretty consistent Fiji-Tri Delt duo of Marjorie Conlon and Jacky Esmen?

And speaking of Fijis (monotonous, isn't it?) is the better-late-than-ever news of the marriage of Earl Sandes to an ex-Dee Gee here sometime last March. Seems they had about a week of married life before Sandy joined the navy.

For maintaining that ghoulish figure, there's nothing like hoeing spinach for the local farmers. Just ask any of the numerous Kappas, Alpha Chis, Tri-Delts and Deltas (among them Pete, quote, "Sweater Boy" unquote, Hill) who participated last Saturday in this delightful pastime.

The "hoeing" consisted of getting down on hands and knees in the middle of a muddy field extracting weeds, but, what is a little discomfort for about 8 hours for a sylph-like silhouette? Other net results were sore muscles,

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If a Buddy Meet a Buddy

By BETTY LU SIEGMAN

Among Oregon alumni who, instead of returning to the University and Junior Weekend this week, are engaged in an entirely different activity—namely, the armed forces—are the following: First Lieutenant Frank Clemons Jr. has reported to the Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he will be a student in the air forces central instructors' school for bombardiers.

Instructor

Lt. Clemons is regularly stationed at the Victorville, California advanced flying school where he is a flight leader instructor.

William B. Bloodworth, '39, '40, '41, was recently promoted to the rank of staff sergeant in the infantry, stationed at Camp Carson, Colorado.

Serg. Bloodworth has advanced rapidly since his induction into the army last July. In January he was promoted to corporal, in February he became a sergeant, and approximately one month later was advanced to his present rank.

Edward Raymond Martin, ex-VO student, has been promoted to a second lieutenant and bom-

bardier at the Victorville army flying school in Victorville. He graduated from bombardier school April 17. He entered the air corps June 22, 1942, after serving five months with the Royal Canadian air force.

Alan M. Johnson of Albany was recently graduated from the officer candidate school in sea-coast artillery and commissioned a second lieutenant at Fort Monroe, Virginia.

Lt. Johnson left Fort Monroe immediately following his graduation to report for duty at his new station.

Sergeant

Gene D. W. Edwards, who was noted for his dramatic ability while on the campus, is a sergeant in the army stationed at Fort Harrison, Helena, Montana.

The following is a paragraph from a recent letter which Edwards wrote to his mother: "This schedule of constant turmoil and ceaseless driving brought out this thought tonight (the following poem)—the first impulse to the poetic in months. Now, after practically no sleep for two days, I must slide off."

Weary Nocturne

How can skies like these look down

Upon this turmoil here below
 And not break forth in frightful gleam

To burn out all this strife and woe?

The moon sits calmly on the hill,
 Her slanting gleams but softly spent.

No tear drop mars her tranquil gaze

No thought hidden, no evil bent.

What stars these are! Serene on high

They shine forth unperturbed by man

Who staggers through his bloody world

And racks his brain for solvent plan.

My heart is torn, the way sees black;

But for an instant, still and dumb,

My eyes lift up to pierce the skies
 Before they close and senses numb.