

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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In Defense of Rumors . . .

Rumor is ersatz information. And just as people without real bread must use ersatz bread as a substitute, so must people without real information use their only substitute, rumor. The only danger in rumor lies in its acceptance as true fact. Rumor only fills a void, intellectual nourishment must come from other sources, if these sources have not ceased functioning because of war and its consequent hush-hush.

So if rumors can be taken for what they are, and have little importance attached to them, they do give one groping blindly in an information blackout something to talk about at least. They fill long leisure hours—at least two or three a week—for the army men on the campus who have a rumor exchange system. One man tells a rumor, another counters with another rumor, and a third man tells one louder and funnier.

The air corps men, since their reclassification, are probably among the most prolific of rumor starters on the campus. When all else fails, they can sit down to the question of the future and of the moment, "Where do we go from here?" Rumor has it they may go into Arctic service. Rumor also has it they may go to South America. Rumor has it they might become cadets. Rumor has it they might have a choice in the matter. They can choose between tail gunnery, armorer gunnery, turret gunnery, or gunnery.

But they are all rumors and are taken as such. Opening lines on the entrance of a man on the rumor exchange are invariably "Heard the latest rumor?" Of course, he did get the information straight from Joe, who heard it straight from Mary, who got it straight from Fred, who got it, not quite so straight this time, from the old apple woman in the back room of Mrs. McGillicuddy's tea room. But straight or not, the dope is recognizable as rumor, and it is recognized as such by the listener.

Rumors, They say—the great mysterious They who rule our lives and minds and thoughts and conventions—should be spiked. But spiking rumors takes something in the line of weapons. The only weapon possible for use in spiking a rumor is information. Which They refuse to give us. They give us only the ersatz, at least They have found no way to keep the ersatz from us, and with the ersatz information we must spike other ersatz information, the rumors. Louder and funnier this time, please.

—M.Y.

Brine and Thunder . . .

Yesterday was the great day for Secretary of the Navy Knox, and the military strategists, and the men at banquet table, and the public press to extol the tenacity and the record of the United States navy in this war.

There was of course great talk of the recent advance on Wake island when the greatest carried task force ever assembled returned to that little island, never to be forgotten in the history of the Pacific war. Out of the stupendous battles of Bismarck and Coral seas, and out of this year's naval victories which have never made headlines simply because they were protective victories, comes an immense feeling of danger averted.

Last year at this time, the navy as well as all the forces of the United States and the allied nations were in a far different position from the "spearhead attack" strategy of today. Consider that at that time the great naval base of Alexandria was threatened by the German troops in Africa, the Germans were nearing the Caspian sea and were at the gates of Moscow, the Battle of the Atlantic was exceedingly grave, sobering even to the optimistic who thought they saw the end of the U-boat danger. This year has been full of speed, and a vast swirl of political and military changes. It is good to compare, and then to realize just how much is * * * *

But before us still hove more terrible and heart-shaking upheavals. And these belong ultimately to the men who fight and to the little people who stand behind. As that vast force steamed toward Wake, there were many men who remembered oil-flaming water, paint blistering on decks, the terror of the sea. The tradition of the navy is based upon the terror of the sea, and of the foe. The men who do their jobs cannot know the logical picture behind their assignments until battle is upon them. And for that reason, theirs is the full glory. When the clippers set out across the unknown they battled only the sea, now there is a double pronged foe, but the courage is the same.

"They that go down to the sea in ships: and occupy their business in great waters" are charting their histories in brine and thunder."

—M.M.

Lodge Chatter

By ELIZABETH HAUGEN

A couple of "characters"—that elusive title which has gained so much prestige of late—turned up under the dining-room table at Mill lodge one night. Or at least they ended up there—Pat Phillips, all the way from Massachusetts to find out if there really were Indians here, and Debby (the drip) Belknap.

Incidentally, Scwoogies, Inc., (humbugs who spend all their time scouring likely spider webs or doormats) report these two were the first to venture forth in the sharp new rainy day combination—"crew caps," pork pies worn over bandannas. Patt Kline and Jess Scafe, Laurel lodge, and Jane Copeland, "Beta" or Lombardy lodge are among others who have taken up the fad.

Gee, Crime Wave!

A crime wave broke out at Highland house last Friday night when everybody came down to dinner dressed as convicts or gun molls. Dege Carter won "toughest babe" honors. Then the inmates overpowered "guards" Anne Craven, Edith Newton, Marjorie Young, and Ruth Hulise and evicted them onto the front porch just as Company A of the engineers "hupped" past. Oh, maidenly shyness, where have you fled? Hmmm.

Over at Alder lodge, the gals have racked their brains, trying to get the cokes that are stored in the rainbarrel of the home next door, which houses some fellows from Northwest Christian college (how did they get in here?). Roommates just drooled when Marvone Westrum and Jeanne Krebs, same house, opened boxes of "real" Doublemint and Den-

Superman Teaches Army Ducks to Swim

Quite a bit of a superman is the director of swimming at Oregon, William Baker. "Bill"—most people call him that—has quite a story behind him—beginning at Independence, Oregon, where he went to high school, and for the present, at least, ending in the Oregon swimming pool with the Ducks and the army.

Bill received his B.S. in PE from the University in 1930 and won the Spaulding cup given for the highest grades among athletes fall term of his last year. At that time he was newly-married and was carrying a 21-hour study load. He is the Phi Delt who married a Tri-Delt, and now there are two little "Delts."

Boy Could Pitch

Older students will remember Baker as one of the best pitchers Oregon baseball ever had. While attending the University, Bill doubled as football and basketball coach at Springfield. He played varsity baseball for three years at Oregon.

After graduating, he played on the Eugene town team for three years under Billy Rinehart. One

tyne gum and Hershey bars from "contacts" in the service, whereabouts unknown.

Did You Say Wassermelon?

Birch lodge feasted on watermelon and cantaloupe last week, thanks to Yvonne Smith, whose family lives on a farm. And what's more, these enterprising coeds were serenaded by Flight E before the last open house. The fellows arrived early and sang for admission—smooth harmony, too, we hear.

There's plenty brewing down at Lombardy lodge, in the opposite corner of the campus, whose inhabitants plan a formal tea and reception today and a surprise dance on the thirteenth.

summer he pitched for Lakeview and lost only one game—"Quite a rugged summer," he grinned in reminiscence.

18 Wins—Not Bad

In 1926 Bill played for Toledo—winning 18 games, and losing only 2. He also played one year for Anaconda, Montana. After graduating from Oregon, Baker received his masters degree at Columbia university.

Since his graduation from Columbia, he has been highly successful as a high school coach. He coached football, track, and swimming at Columbia high school in Mapleton, New Jersey. His high school swimming team was national high school swimming champion in 1940. His track team was the New Jersey state champion in 1941. At the present time Columbia high school holds 4 out of 8 state swim records.

Coaches Many Champs

Bill coached Connie Doran, eastern intercollegiate high school champion of 1942. And Ted Davage, the swimming captain at Yale in 1942, who swam the breaststroke in the 300-medley relay which broke the world's record at 51.8.

At the swimming captains of Yale, Rutgers, Brown university, and Princeton were his former high school students. In 12 years Columbia won 41 swimming meets and lost only 17.

Several of the boys that Baker trained in the past have come back from the war and told him that his swimming lessons have saved their lives more than once.

For seven years he was the swimming instructor at the South Orange Mapleton adult school; and for six years he was the professional swimming instructor at the Maplewood country club. He is a past president of the New Jersey swimming association.

Bert was home . . .

Miracles, They Will Not Stop

By CHAS. POLITZ

Miracles will never cease and Bert Moore was home this week. The ex-Emerald gossip man whose column was theoretically read by millions dropped into the shack to say hello. Having done that he started talking about S. J. Perelman. Moore is Perelman's No. 1 fan—even if he—Perelman has as yet not gotten around to realize the fact.

"Did you know that Perelman and Ogden Nash have just hit Broadway with a new musical—'One Touch of Venus,' starring Mary Martin, and Kenny Baker, and Paula Lawrence"? We knew.

"And Perelman is now writing for the Poost, and have you seen . . ." while entering the door of the editor's office with a good place to sit down as a psychological motive.

His bellbottoms tolled those strains of John Donne as he sat down. He was in a sailor suit which was blue all over except for a white T-shirt that really was once. "Don't forget that square knot in the kerchief." There was a square knot in his kerchief.

"Naval training at UCLA is a much tougher deal than marine training at USC. Lots of the boys don't make the grade and head for San Diego for a change of climate." A dull moment ensued as the white navy cap, boxed in front, was shoved into position at a 38 degree angle from the darker hairs of the right eyebrow. The eyebrow didn't seem to mind.

"We live in former fraternity houses—all except us I mean. All the other kids live on fraternity

row—except us. We stay in a former girls' hall on sorority row. There are 25 men on the top floor and four wash basins that work. You start in brushing teeth—hoping that it's your own."

The navy boys, unlike the marines at USC, have to take certain prescribed courses, unless they have already taken them. The study load must total 17 hours.

"The boys at USC have to take 18 hours, Bert."

"Yeh, but they have a cocktail bar that moves across the street on the days when across the street is out of bounds."

Westwood, the home of UCLA and a town which Los Angeles calls to its all-encompassing bosom every 10 years, is noted for its shops. We asked Moore about the Westwood shops.

"The Westwood shops are swell. We go in quite often and finger the ties." Here the eyes that have been swamped with calls from Oshkosh lit up, and the mouth hunched up at ends. It was almost a smile.

To questions about the Oregon

boys at UCLA: "The boys are getting around. All kinds of boys are getting around. There are 75 boys here from Oregon and 75 from Stanford." He promised Raymond Lyman Wilbur he'd put that in.

"Chick Chulupka and Bob Scott play drums in the navy band. Art Hosfeldt has gotten special navy permission to dream about Teddy. Chuck van Atta is doing a swell job on the football squad. So's Frank Smith but he's had it tough because he's playing end behind UCLA's all-coast Herb Weiner."

The crowning change in Moore, other than that he shaves now, was the wealth of new expressions that floated from the mouth that turns up at ends. "If someone's mad at you," Moore explained, "he has the nose" you know. If you get mad 'you get the beak.' Whenever something has been completed and especially if you have done it poorly, 'It's a tough one to lose'."

We asked Bert how he was getting along down south.

"It's a tough one to lose."

AVON

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