

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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New Leaf...

Have you made your New Year's resolutions yet? Probably most of us right about now are too busy thinking about boy or girl friend, or the dance Saturday night, or the Great Virgil, or how we're going to get home for Christmas to even begin to wonder about New Year's resolutions.

But perhaps, back in some remote cobwebby corner of our brains there is an occasional furtive trace of the almost-beginning of a halfway starting to worry about studies and classes and grades. It's a feeling that will grow to mammoth proportions by final examination week. With each succeeding exam that worried feeling will sink into an ever-lower depression. And when we see our GPA's it won't be news—it will be only confirmation of what we already know.

That's why this is a good time to make New Year's resolutions. There's still time enough to put them into effect to benefit us this term, when we certainly need benefiting. When the term is all over and we go home for Christmas vacation, we don't feel any need or desire to turn over a new leaf—it's already been turned. When we come back to begin a new term, we don't see any reason to make resolutions about starting out all over again with a fresh page or a clean slate—each new term automatically provides us that opportunity with no necessity for endeavor on our part.

Now is the time we really need new resolutions. Now a resolution to get on the boat, to hit the books, to study can help us. This term is almost over, but it isn't yet too late to resolve to attend every class, to catch up on assignments, to do that back reading, to begin really studying, to stop wasting time. New Year's resolutions are usually a rather childish and valueless practice, but if we turn over that new leaf now, it can have a real meaning in our work. —J. N.

'Battle of the Holidays'

This year the transportation problem is so critical that the Emerald put out a questionnaire in order to help the rail and bus companies forecast the approximate volume and direction of Christmas traffic. By this we may all take warning and realize that last year's crush was but a mere warm-up for what we're likely to have to go through this year.

And yet it need not be. We all know what the word "cooperation" means. What's the matter with applying it to this problem?

Now all of us know good and well that mentally promising to cooperate in reducing the rush, and actually planning our trip in such a manner as to show the most consideration for others are two different things. The majority of us will go ahead and decide on a certain date and time and mode of transportation—and then stick to our decision no matter how great the stampede for that particular train or bus turns out to be. We do so hate to delay, or to have to change even a single iota of our travel plans!

But much of the scramble can be averted if we will only make up our minds to do these things AND THEN DO THEM:

(1) Find out what trains or buses most of our friends and acquaintances are taking, and then try to travel on those which will be the least crowded.

(2) When we get down to the station, be willing to change our plans and wait awhile if the bus or train we figured on using is crammed to bursting.

(3) Arrive at the station in plenty of time to check our luggage, and thereby avoid having to take it with us and occupy additional space.

* * * *

Remember, that several million soldiers and sailors are trying to get home for the holidays even as you and I, and that it is a matter of much more vital importance both to themselves and to the nation that they make it than that we do. By cooperating to solve this problem you will not only be doing your classmates a service, but also aiding some unnamed soldier or sailor or marine to add a few precious hours to the time he is allowed with his loved ones.

The thought of helping out thus should make us all feel warm inside. We university students should have no scruples whatsoever about losing the "battle of the holidays" to the servicemen, or in striving to keep it from becoming a battle at all.

—N. Y.

The Cutting Room

By BILL BUELL

"Saludos Amigos," the only picture Hollywood ever made about South America which didn't create a diplomatic crisis when it was shown in Buenos Aires, is an extremely clever hybrid between the travelog and the cartoon comedy.

It is, in fact, four separate cartoon shorts pieced together by the research crew of artists and writers Walt Disney sent there to absorb local color.

What Happens

The first of these episodes shows what happens when Donald Duck takes time off from being the U. of O.'s favorite windshield sticker to take a vacation trip to Lake Titicaca. Against a background of travel-talk which relates in a monotone the wonders of the world's highest navigable lake, the excitable Donald gets into the kind of situations for which he is famous.

Episode number 2 takes place in Chile. It is all about a big papa mail plane, a middle-sized mama female plane, and a itty-bitty baby airplane named Pedro. This oh so cute little story of how Pedro flew through a thunderstorm the first time he carried the mail over the practically perpendicular Andes

is obviously designed for the kindergarden element in the audience. The kindergarden element probably enjoyed it.

Goofy

The picture makes a comeback in episode three. So does Mickey Mouse's old sidekick, Goofy. The long lank what-is-it is shown as a rather mixed up Argentine gaucho, complete with poncho and bolas.

Donald duck returns for the finale. The scene is Rio by the sea-o. Against a background of hip-twitching Latin rhythm and the best flash-splashing color Disney ever did, our duck takes samba lessons from a smooth Brazilian parrot known as Jose Carioca.

Red Hot Gulp

At first Donald can't keep up with this southern-the-aquator jitterbug. Then he gulps a glass of some kind of scorching-red South American beverage. After that the rhythm just comes natural to him. As the picture ends he is really cuttin' the Persian with Rio's most curvilinear cutie.

If anyone knows what kind of likker that was will they please call us at 2798-W.

It Happened On Campus

By Ervin Webb

What happened? This happened.

The Casablanca girls dreamed up and pulled off an overwhelmingly successful dance for Benny the Beaver, the chameleonic OSC rooster's trophy, Saturday night.

Plans were made for the event almost as soon as Benny took refuge at Casablanca. For days, bright ideas and comments fairly bounced off the ceilings of the former ATO house.

"Let's have a formal formal."
 "Now, I'm in favor of a semi-formal."

"Oh, let's call it the mid-night frolic."

"A barn dance would be nice."

The barn dance idea came through the verbal war the least worse for wear, so a blueprint crew went to work on alterations. Did you ever change a house into a barn or vice versa? Well, they hadn't either.

Time Goes By—Without Bogart

Day after day went by. Finally the right one came along—and the decoration crew flew into action; the refreshment detail made out elaborate chow budgets, then tore them up and settled for a milk can full of punch and a carload of cookies. The welcoming detachment conceived fiendish entrances. The music brigade arranged for the nation's top bands, and the clean-up squad took the night train out of town.

Nothing But Backbreaking

After hours of backbreaking labor everything was in readiness. Bales of straw, saddles, a Rhode Island Red rooster, apple trees (the song-inspiring variety) and other barn paraphernalia were everywhere. Boy, did that rooster get around!

Now they waited for night, fair weather, and men to set in. At last the trio arrived. Counting them and Elmer Wattles (that stuffed G.I. fatigue suit over in the corner) everybody was there. Well everyone except Benny the Beaver. You see they came and got him two days before.

(If it will make you feel better Benny's trailer was there.)

President Robert M. Hutchins of Chicago won the De Forest oratorical prize at Yale as had his father before him.

A Slip of the Lip

By Peg Heitschmidt and Bobbi Bealer

Bigger and better house dances this week-end—if the hay spread about the campus on Sunday was any indication! Barn dances at the Pi Phi and AXO houses were quite gay—that they were. Yup.

Casablanca and Alder Lodge had their dances, too, with Circus Days as the theme at the Alder "big top." Thetas went in for a Parisian night club, complete with Sally Bowerman, decked out like a page out of Zola, officiating as barmaid.

Tri-Delts and DeeGees went formal to their dances. The Dee-Gees didn't starve beforehand, either—over 90 members et dates were at their dinner party at the Osburne Hotel.

'Twas a Riot

And then there was dear old Co-ed Capers Friday night—which was really a riot. It seems that half the male population on the campus tried to attend. Two army men, plus ATO Jim Lund and Sigma Chi Bob Smith were gently (?) ushered out by the Mortar Board gestapo.

Outstanding among performers was Phyl Evans, Theta, as The Age of Innocence in the activity skit. And laurels to Jean Taylor, Alpha Phi, who, with a fractured knee-cap, helped the show carry on.

Also Seen Waltzing

On campus for the week-end festivities was Louis Duncan, DU from way back, and now in the air corps stationed at Pomona college. Also seen waltzing along

Willamette was DU, now Ensign, Jimmy Young.

"Tell me why she wears his pin . . ." Once again this Phi Delt song is being echoed, as Theta pledge Jeanne Gilkeson wears Dave MacGuire's pin, an acquisition of Saturday night. Dave is an engineer from Iowa.

Her Go Steady Too

Another on the list of new steadies is the warbler, Alpha Phi Sue Welch, who is going with Don Statler, the soldier boy we've seen with her.

Late phone calls are no innovation to Alpha Chi Dream Girl Janet Marugg. Theta Chi Bob Bissett phones her any time from one ayem on these days, we hear tell.

Looked like old times to see Jean Page and ROTC man Aaron Jones together again at the Pi Phi house dance.

She Catchum Man

Dagmar Shanks, Theta pledge, captured an OSC civvie for her house dance—and he's got a convertible, too!

Salt Lake City Air Corps men were out celebrating their victory Saturday night at the Eugene Hotel, accompanied by ADPis Amy Pruden, Yvonne Edwards, B. A. Stevens, Doris Chapler, and Jean Hall.

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