

Clips and Comments

By MARGUERITE WITTEW
At the request of American Federation of Labor leaders, the University of Portland (Oregon) inaugurated a two-term school covering the principles of economics, labor problems, comparative economic systems and the development of American industry. The school will be open to members of the AFL and also to any unaffiliated persons. College credit is to be given to all eligible persons attending. Stated the president of the University, "Men everywhere now hunger for peace, and this includes industrial peace. The University of Portland feels that it is making a real contribution toward a better postwar world."

There are only a very few schools of this kind in the country; the largest being conducted by Fordham university in New York.

Mortar Board, senior women's honorary, at Indiana university is sponsoring a series of meetings designed to develop campus leadership. Representatives from university organizations will explain the functions and purpose of each, and members of the governing body of the school, both faculty and student, will discuss the political, organizational, and economic set-up . . . Seems like on every campus there are a lot of kids who just never know the score about their own school until some one practically pushes the information down their necks, usually by the time they are seniors, too.

Pome: (This came from Indiana U. but how appropriate to Oregon . . .

'twas february second . . . cold and dreary, we slid to classes . . . wet and weary . . . over hill, over dale, through puddles and glop . . . not a rooher did stir . . . nor a birdie did hop . . . And have you noticed all the mashed earthworms all over the sidewalks following these warm night showers. To all of you who are not aware of the fact; this fact—there are fish in the Willamette, there are strings around your laundry packages, and you can always find a nice long pole somewhere!

Pro and Con

TO THE EDITORS:

In as much as Wayne L. Morse has announced he intends to run for U. S. senator opposing Rufus Holman in the Republican primary, many of U. of O. students have become extremely interested in exercising their right and privilege to vote. These students believe the Holman-Morse contest much more important than any campus fight for vice-whoozis of some look-at-us committee.

However, most students have never voted before and it would indeed be helpful if the Emerald were to inform the students of the necessary steps to be taken in order to register for the forthcoming primaries and general election.

C. REITER and
H. SKERRY

Second Mexican Film To Play at Mayflower

"Asi Se Quiere en Jalisco", second of a series of Mexican films slated to appear on the campus, will be shown at the Mayflower theater Monday, February 21, it was announced Thursday.

The technicolor film is sponsored here by the Oregon chapter of Sigma Delta Pi, national Spanish honorary, and upper division Spanish students on the campus. Starred in the show is Jorge Negrete, popular Mexican singing star.

The picture is open to the public and will be shown once, starting at 7:15 Monday evening.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Congratulations, Sophs . . .

Oregon's social life appears to be hitting smoothly on all eight these days, and a special punch of smooth powers appears to be forthcoming from the sophomore class. The class discovered itself hitting some mighty hard bumps last term in the form of band difficulties that really had it stumped. But the sophomores have worked persistently at the problem and now have the situation neatly solved.

The Sophomore Whiskerine has been a tradition, and the class saw the importance of keeping it alive as both an opportunity to entertain the whole school and also to have a good time themselves. Working themselves out of the trouble they discovered last term, they have now announced that they are going to have their dance the first weekend of spring term.

The affair looks like it should be a definite success that the whole campus will enjoy. Carefully organizing their plans early, and arranging for a good outside orchestra, they seem to be fully protecting themselves from any possibilities of a last minute up-set in plans.

Spring Fever has been chosen as the theme of the affair that will take place March 18 in McArthur court with Marilyn Holden as chairman. The class had decided to continue the tradition of selecting a Betty Coed and Joe College, and they have also wisely decided to fully include the soldier students in the dance by choosing a GI Joe at the same time Joe College is elected.

The green machine of student life at Oregon is running again, and the whole campus is glad to see that the sophomores are doing an excellent job of carrying on a tradition and doing their part in keeping up the old "Oregon spirit".

Congratulations, sophomores! E. A. N.

Whittier's Gain . . .

Dr. William C. Jones, head of the department of political science, has just been appointed new president of Whittier college. Oregon students are glad that this able political science professor has received recognition by way of such an appointment, but will be sorry to see the University lose Dr. Jones.

Dr. Jones came to the University in 1941 as head of the department. Before that, he handled public relations work at Willamette university. He is an alumnus of Whittier college, receiving his bachelor of arts degree there in 1926. He obtained his master of business administration degree at the University of Southern California in 1929 and his doctor of philosophy degree from the University of Minnesota in 1940. The political scientist has also studied at Washington, California, Oregon, Columbia and Willamette.

That's the academic record. But a professor is not judged by his academic record—at least, not in student circles. Other professors may possibly rate him by it, but students have another unit of measure—what is he like in the classroom? Judged by student standards, Dr. Jones is an A-plus professor, for his students like him and enjoy his lectures. Said one of Dr. Jones' students, in a tone of wonder and admiration, "He actually makes political science interesting. You wouldn't believe it."

No successor to Dr. Jones has yet been chosen. A man as well qualified as he and as popular with his students will be hard to find. We hope the new political science head will be an able man—he will need to be on two counts. First, this country will need a corps of young, well-trained political scientists after the war to help in the task of reconstruction. And second, he will find the record left by Dr. William C. Jones a challenge.

J. N.

Statistics show that so many women are getting bald that by 1962 there will be as many bald females as males.

There are twenty-nine active one-armed paper hangers in the country.

at ease!



By CPL. WEN SMITH

People don't like their names in print—especially if what you say about them is true. Last Friday's Emerald was no more off the press than one of the boys came up to your penthouse on the Campbell roof to ball you out. He didn't want his name mentioned in the same column with anything funny. He has a lot of friends overseas who wouldn't want to know he is having fun.

In pedantic terms he let you know he was highly indignant. He demanded an apology for printing his name; so you promised to apologize—to your readers. And you resolved to quit making like a Winchell. When you start playing with mud you get it all over you.

Sitting in lecture, you remember there are only three more weeks until furlough time. So you start thinking up good war stories to tell to relatives and friends who will think you've been on Tarawa. Right away the ideas start coming, and you commence writing a scenario.

Scene: the jungle of New Guinea. You sit noiselessly, waiting for the Japs. You are alone, and with no arms. They were shot off at Tarawa.

So you sit there like Venus de Milo in the jungle. Suddenly out of a tree drops a big, black hairy ape—whom you immediately recog-

nize as your first sergeant. But no! It isn't the sergeant—it's alive! The ape looks at you; you look at the ape. The ape snarls; you snarl. The ape hates you; you hate the ape. It's a case of Gibbon take.

By way of getting acquainted, you take off one shoe and throw it at the ape, at the same time singing a chorus of "Shoe, Shoe, Baby." That gets him into a lather, and you decide to take to your heels—but barefoot with the hot breath of the ape is on the back of your neck. Halitosis!

Then that old American courage comes to you, and you stop and face the ape. He's got you! Only a mackerel could save you now. The ape growls, and charges. Like lightning you go into action. You kick the ape smack under the chin!

In mid-air he stops and drops. Your toes have gotten tangled in the ape's shaggy mane—and the poor beast dies of toe-mane poisoning.

The marines would believe that one. Now you can go home with a chest full of medals—anyway a hope chest. And folks will call you a hero. After all, who was it that knocked off eight zeros this semester? It's no sissy's war.

OREGON MUD

By CHUCK and SQUIRREL

Having suffered nothing more than a few icy stares and cold shoulders, we again plow through the mud to give you the weekly dope on life and love at Oregon.

Although there have been no recent variations in the weather (rain—rain—and more of same), the temperatures on the love barometer have fluctuated like mad—from hot to cold.

Mary Margaret Ellsworth and basketball's one and only Bill Moylan, who gaze dreamy eyed at each other over cokes at the Side.

Twins Elaine and Eileen Mosley of Hillcrest lodge, who spend most of their time with Brad Radike and Gordie Friang, respectively.

Fair and Warmer: Lora Case, Pi Phi and RO Gordie Childs.

Stormy: Kappa Bev. Hauser and Lowell Welch, who just aren't "thatway" any more. Stormy weather.

Pat West and AChiO Lois McConkey, who is being true to her Jim of the Navy Air Corps. Freezing.

Seen at the Military Ball:—the casual types, Bill Davis and Kappa "Al" Hales, who don't go for the formal attire . . . Lysle Summers and Dee Gee Gloria Malloy who were hitting it off beautifully after such a long separation . . . Ames and Pence . . . Shaun McDermott's date falling downstairs . . . jitterbugs knocking themselves out to the fine beat . . .

sighs from the male attendants at the Cover Girl finalists . . . Hey, you bet, a fine dance . . .

"So this is love" commented Mary Ann Lynch, Pi Phi, when she received a diamond from Dick Ralston A T O. Reports add that Shirley Neil, Kappa, and Pres Phipps ROTC, Phi Delt, will say "they do" this weekend.

Song of the week:—"We Three" as sung by the trio of Pat Goss, "Mike" Michael and "Little Mac" Pardue; though we wonder just how close the harmony is. She's never seen with both of them at the same time.

Things we miss: The Beta pin next to the Theta Kite of Phyl Evans, who is true blue to the Navy boys.

Visitors of last week: Gamma Fi Kinky Kincaid, who stopped over en route to marry Ensign Jimmy Reynolds, navy flyer . . . SX Jack Koynes who stopped in to

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