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Thursday Elections . . .

This Thursday the coeds who will guide the next-year futures of AWS, WAA, and the YWCA will be elected. Second only in importance to the spring term ASUO elections, balloting results can mean fine victories in the advance toward a merit system.

The merit system means simply that candidates are selected on the basis of what they have done, and what they will be able to do. All that statement implies can make for healthier student government, since a weak officer is apt to weaken his organization. The merit system is simple on paper—or when students talk about it. But in actual practice, short-sighted prejudices often take the lead in selection of candidates, and therefore in the final selection of student officers.

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But it is encouraging to remember that pressure has not always directed the free election of officers. There are growing signs that it will not this year. It all depends upon whether or not student voters take matters into their hands and do not rely upon instruction.

Being dictated to in matters of voting is probably the greatest insult any free person can receive. Furthermore, that person who votes on the basis of organizational or personal privilege and prestige is insulting himself.

These are facts about the democratic human being, whether he is a student or a qualified citizen in any country. It's his business if he wishes to ignore them. But, of course, it eventually becomes his business if his government is not efficient and sound.

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The merit system does not imply that anyone should pull a "maverick" act and refuse any advice or opinion. But it does mean that each student who votes has taken the trouble to ask questions, pointed questions, about candidates—and that he has asked more than one person or one group.

For years, students have found that politics are lots of fun. They have gotten "terrific thrills" from midnight meetings and shenanigans. Seeing their man in office was pretty fine and dreams of a beautiful gravy train (floating around from the first) rose before their eyes like a splendid vision of power and importance.

Whether or not "their man" was only a train-master and a speaker-introducer hasn't always been clear to them. By the end of the year that delicate question has sometimes become painful. The old gravy train backfires in efficient government every time.

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The most important thing to do is to VOTE. Be there! The second thing is to remember what and who you are voting for—and that does not mean a "pony" prepared or dictated by someone else. The third and hardest action—get over the gripe quickly if your candidate loses, remembering that the winner will have enough hard work ahead without obstructionists and elephant-memoried die-hards. M. M. G.

'Fathah' Bailey . . .

Edgar Kennedy called them the best college orchestra he'd ever heard. It might have been politics or a tactful compliment, but we who have listened to "Fathah Bailey" and his crew think them tops too. The soldier-students from Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Idaho, etc., gave a musical performance equalled rarely by any war-time orchestra. The news of their break-up . . . the leave-taking, and we don't mean a furlough, of Ralph Sutton, the acceptance of George Barker, Jack Blumenthal, and the "Fathah" himself for aviation cadet training, and the graduation of Bob Stotlar, John Sheviak, and "Ace" Fehlberg . . . is a blow.

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The Fathah's crew couldn't be termed a college orchestra. They were more than that. There's more feeling put into music when it comes as a break in a tough schedule . . . when you're allowed to practice only once a week and in free time . . . when

The Cutting Room

By BILL BUELL

War-time Hollywood offers two kinds of flag-waving. The first type is done to the tune of blaring bugles, rolling drums, and screaming dive-bombers; the second is accompanied by splashing tears, sentimental sighs, and nostalgic smiles.

"Happy Land" is of the second variety. It is an idyllic portrait of a freshly-laundered and disinfected America that exists principally in the minds of small town Rotary club and Ladies Aid members. At times this picture is effective and truly moving. Far more often it lapses into the most mawkish sentimentality since "Lassie Come Home."

The popular proprietor of a small town drug store (Don Ameche), upon receiving notice of his son's death in naval action, is so grief-stricken and embittered he can not return to his daily routine of jerking sodas and compounding pills. Then his grandpa's ghost (Harry Carey) drops in, complete with angelic optimism and G.A.R. helmet.

Ghost Carey escorts Papa Ameche through a series of flashbacks that retrace the son's rather commonplace life from the hour of his birth to the day he leaves for war. Rusty, as this sterling lad is called, joins the Boy Scouts, runs the high hurdles, falls in love, and does all the other things the average red-blooded American boy does and tells his folks about.

Rusty is a very good boy. He never gets in fights, throws spitwads at the teacher, goes on necking parties, or drinks. He does kiss his girl, though—discreetly, on the forehead. (After he has turned 21 and joined the navy, however, mutual oral osculation is permitted.) He even drinks—a half-cup of loganberry wine with Dad on certain very special occasions.

Grandpa finally convinces Ameche that Rusty has indeed lived a rich life and that "as long as American kids can be Boy Scouts and aim to do a good turn every day, as long as they can eat ice cream, go to high school, play football, have a picnic in Briggs Woods, Rusty, and all the others like him will not have died in vain."

Whereupon Ameche shakes off his melancholy and goes back to work at the drug store.

"Happy Land" is far too happy to be real. According to the makers of this film, small town America combines all the felicitous qualities of pre-Apple Eden and a day at the circus. Although Rusty sometimes suffers from vague suggestions of unhappiness, he never experiences any real frustrations that a nice cool glass of Pepsi-Cola wouldn't cure.

And we consider it truly remarkable that any individual can live for 21 years without ever getting mad at anybody.

The Smiths, Davises, Johnsons, Millers and Wilsons outnumber all other family names in that order on the University of Texas campus.

Oldest continuous university on the Western hemisphere is the Colegio de San Nicolas founded in 1540 in Mexico.

you don't know how long you're going to be able to keep on playing. It takes on a closer, soul-piercing quality.

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A true "college" orchestra can slacken and rise, wax and wane. There's tomorrow and the day after that. With Fathah's crew it was today . . . Today to get it right and feel the sweet, throbbing wail of a trumpet deep down inside, and the warmth of passing on that trumpet's personalized feeling to a lot of other people. That's music as the Fathah's crew relayed it, with indigo-smooth lucidity. That's why the Fathah was good. B. A. S.

A Slip of the Lip

By BETTY SAILOR

It's wedding bells and rice for the ROTCs lately. After the news of Kappa Shirley Neal's marriage to Phi Delt Press Phipps last Saturday, we found that the marriage of Sigma Chi Dick Burns to Jean Bassett, Theta from OSC, is planned for this Saturday. But it's February 26th for Pi Phi Jean Boswell and Beta Bill Macy!

Another surprise for this week is the announcement of the engagement of Kappa Virginia Collins to Jim Cornwall who is now stationed with the Air Corps in Corpus Christi. The wedding is planned for June.

With spring in the offing and all, we've been noticing a few steady couples around the campus lately. As examples, we offer Pat Bowers and Jack Beverly, Pat Percival and Jerry Mintz, and Dot Boller with James Cooley.

Seems that Bill (Razor) Radakovich has been doing a lot of worrying about a certain Dee Gee lately. And who is that lieutenant from Camp Adair that Kappa Sally Twohy has been dreaming about?

That Ruth Chappell-Bob Mueller combination has gotten to be a habit, but a mighty good one, we think! Guess Chi O Janet Fitzmaurice is really going to miss Engineer Bob Worth when he leaves.

Tripping the light fantastic at the various house dances, we spotted Gaynor Thompson with Merritt Kufferman, Kay McPherson with Fred Ferrier, Alla Loomis with Milton Sparks, Dottie Koster with Wiley Renshaw, Bea Lee with George Householder, Harold Robinson with Louise Brundage, Pat

Darby with Johnson Mossman, and Shirley Casebier with Fred Bishop, an SAE from OSC and Sue Welch and Annabel McArthur are certainly going to miss Company B, and they aren't the only ones!

Air Corps man Bill O'Beirne has finally found a heart interest, but we're not quite sure who she is yet. Speaking of interests, when is Dorothy Fleming going to make up her mind?

Camp Adair really took over the Theta house dance last weekend! They were all such dream men that the gals who were thinking about the absent members are now swooning over Camp Adair!

This little triangle between Rex Reckewey, Wayne Van Dyke, and a certain Alpha Phi is getting to be interesting! We're mighty happy to see that Nancy Ames and Bud Pence are really back on the beam again.

It looks like ADPI Genevieve Graves is trading her college life for the excitement of the T7 ranch and Doug. She announced her engagement last Sunday.

Among others seen enjoying each other's company at the Heart Hop were Gayle Nelson with Cliff Mallicoat, Nancy Kellaher with Bret Hoven, and Jean Kirkwood with Hank Dussault.

And now, for the question of the week—we'd like to know why so many people are so afraid of getting their names in this column just before those long-awaited furloughs—can't quite figure it out, it says here! Until next term, then, we'll leave you for awhile, with the promise of more excitement to come with the moon and June et al.

IF A BUDDY MEET A BUDDY

By GLORIA MALLOY

By now you've probably all seen that quartermaster, 1st class, navy man with those overseas campaign ribbons. Well, he's none other than Bob Pearlman, '43, and Sammie. Bob has been overseas for seventeen months and has just returned to the states to attend officer's training. He really looked like he meant it when he said, "Boy, there's no place like home."

He talked of meeting Mrs. Roosevelt and her calling their reception hall, "The Coney Island of the South Pacific". He also mentioned that unexpressable feeling he got when he met some of the "old boys". He saw Ray Jewell, one of Oregon's big basketball players who is now Lt. j.g. with the Service Command in the South Pacific. Bob also bumped into Bob Ballard, SAE, also a Lt. j.g., who is flying a torpedo bomber in the South Pacific.

Then there's the story about Major Bob Herzog who asked for replacement of a second lieutenant who had just been killed and received none other than frat brother Maurie Stein, '42, who has just recently been promoted to 1st Lieutenant. They are both serving in the infantry in Italy.

Captain Bob Diez, old Oregon boy and big track star, now has eleven axis planes marked up to his credit. Bob took his training

at Tuskegee Institute where he graduated with a group which was immediately sent to Italy. While there they already have "bagged" 140 planes. Now, that's not bad.

Ensign Ray Packouz will be shoving off soon. He just recently returned from Alaska where it was mighty cold, but where he's going now may well be mighty hot.

Eugene Fulop is now taking engineering in the ASTP at Georgetown university; Washington, D. C.

Pvt. Keith Noren, SAE, is now stationed at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. Keith was going into a show one night when he met newly commissioned Lts. Don Kirsch, Pat Cloud, and Russ Rudson who are also stationed there.

Lt. Dick Ralson placed an engagement ring—via express—on that third finger of Pi Phi Maryanne Lynch. Could that be the result of his last leave?

MAYFLOWER
ELEVENTH AT 210th

"HIGHER AND HIGHER"
MICHELE MORGAN
FRANK SINATRA