

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

(Sweeping aside a suggestion that the third installment of the third article on an interesting political system on the planet Margo, be subdivided into five chapters, the author dogmatically decided on a final course of action. It may quite possibly become apparent to those who read this that this is the final article.)

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The promotion campaigns were climaxed by twin "psycho" rallies held at opposite ends of the winding Campus trail so that the bands, talent, and hot dog vendors could shuttle from one to the other—thus making sure that neither side would miss a trick. Both rallies were deeply psychological in intent and achievement.

The Boo-Baas gathered their followers in a hollow square lined on four sides with huge, tulip-mouthed loudspeakers. As the crowd gathered the low, moving power-music of the Tchaikovsky Pathétique rolled up from the speakers' throats and on out o'er assembling throng.

The soothing balm continued to be administered for 15 minutes after the masses had arrived—then lower, lower, almost to a whisper of the first violins and then a voice—rising steadily with the mounting rhythm of the second movement—slowly—sincerely—persuasively—"Heeeennndahhh Brruuult—aaahhhh—Heeeennndahh Brruuult," it said. The exact effectiveness of this approach is still being calculated by the outstanding consultants in mass psychology in all the centers of the world.

Crafty Baas

The Baa-Baas—crafty they—deemed it wisest to present the subject to their constituents by the indirect method. They brought Pundit Walter Lippmann from Earth to speak on the History of Earthy Foreign Policy. A master stroke.

The campus was plunged into an orgy of excitement the morning of the day before elections when a small news folder printed on Shocking Pink onion skin in Magenta Bold and Italic fluttered down on the library steps. The folder, innocently titled "The Mud Puddle," contained two pages devoted to deftly-worded scurrilous defamation of each candidate. Striking scratchboard cuts brightened up the otherwise drab pages.

Copies of the special election extra were eagerly sought, and upon being apprehended were well received by both students and faculty—so well in fact that the modest editors chose to remain incognito and thus escape the tiring the assembling throng.

By election morn the campus was really at fever heat. The Baa-Baas distributed roller skates to all their members so that they could roll to vote between classes.

Lollypoppys

The Boo-Baas distributed lollypops from stands stationed at intervals completely surrounding the polls—being careful, however, to place these booths outside the two-block electioneering zone. The ingenious lollypops were large, round, comfortable to mouth, and contained a sample ballot of Boo-Baa candidates.

The recipient absorbed his religion as he licked, became convinced of the advisability of supporting a party that so strongly favored the good things in life, and upon entering the polls, was completely legal and innocent of infraction as all semblances of electioneering had dissolved with the seventy-second lick. The calculations of the Boo-Baas' lollypop expert were perfect, as he had determined on 44 licks to the block as

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"The Book"

A long year of work came to an end last night when Helen Johnson presented the 1944 Oregana to her staff. It all began last spring for Helen Johnson, Edith Newton, and the rest of the upper Oregana staff. While the rest of us were going on picnics and looking forward to summer vacations, "the book" was a-borning.

Ads had to be sold, spring section pictures had to be taken, paper purchases had to be computed, the cover and the size of the book had to be figured out.

* * * * *

So it went, and deadlines reared picture-eating heads. About then, Helen Johnson got measles.

The book is here now, a trifle smaller—but no less exciting than those of past years. And it reflects, better than anything we have seen, the transition Oregon has gone through.

There has always been something definitive about the Oregana. When at last students have seen the picture record, they have been able to sort out campus events and to get a perspective on them. And in this strange and disturbed year the Oregana has not failed to bring Oregon into focus for its students.

* * * * *

Many of those who attended the banquet last night were thinking of long hours spent pasting pictures, telephoning living organizations, scheduling pictures, or running down town on an extra errand.

And out of these memories, and the sight of "the book" before them, they have every last reason to be proud of what they have done. The Oregana, which will go into so many students' suitcases when they pack to go home, and which will be sent this year to the army ducks who have left, is a splendid achievement. The Oregana has come out on top with the shine about it which we have grown to expect.

Last night, "Johnny" officially stepped down from her post as Oregana editor. She takes with her the excellent Oregana for 1944.—M.M.G.

"Most college students lead secluded lives, and a good many years usually elapse before the graduate takes his place as an active citizen in his community. This lag must be overcome." Dr. William F. Zimmerman, president of Thiel college, Greenville, Pa., advocates apprenticeships in community service and leadership for college men and women.

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"As the colleges responded to the war needs by such things as the V-12 program, they will respond to the needs of postwar reconstruction when the time comes." Postwar education receives a vote of confidence from Dr. Walter A. Dunden, former president of Gustavus Adolphus college, St. Peter, Minn.

the average student's tongue-gyration rate.

As the day progressed the excitement became almost unbearable—ballot boxes, gorged all day with votes, began to swell beyond recognition, candidates passed the time running frenzied fingers through frenzied hair and playing "Tip-Toe Through the Tulips" on the rims of coke glasses in the Gaping Crag. Party leaders twirled each other's keychains with nervous abandon.

This Is It

Then the big moment—6 o'clock—all voting ceased. The ballot boxes were carefully locked—and placed in the arms of the ballot box carriers and torches were lit and both sides formed their members into a continuous chain of linked arms and waists and the ballot box carriers lifted

the boxes to their shoulders and the parade to the traditional election night bonfire began—through empty fraternity row, down sorority lane, past the physical science building, over the asparagus-covered hill behind the women's gymnasium to the clearing beyond. Singing—chanting—excitement—anxiety.

And the crowd squatted Indian fashion in a perfect circle inscribed by math professors, and the ballot boxes were carried to the fore and placed in a pyramiding pile in the exact center. Silence—not an inhaled breath—silence. THEN—the match was struck, the tiny flame flickered brightly and was tossed on the waiting pile. The union with the boxes was complete and everyone toasted marshmallows for the rest of the night.

Globally Speaking

By BILL SINNOTT

The present Japanese offensive in Honan province draws our attention to the current situation in free China after nearly seven years of war.

The Chungking government is completely cut off from intercourse with the outside world with the exception of the mere trickle of supplies that are flown over the most difficult flying terrain imaginable—the Himalayas.

The loss of Burma closed the Burma road. General Stilwell has been valiantly trying to open a new route by which war materials will reach the Chinese. This Ledo road is not yet in operation. The continuance of China in the war probably depends upon its immediate opening.

China is war-weary. The country is experiencing an inflation unparalleled since the German disaster of twenty years ago. Instead of machine tools, planes carry bundles of crisp new banknotes, engraved in America, for the Nationalist government.

American observers in Chungking are worried. It costs \$7.00 to buy a sparkplug smuggled through the Japanese lines. A coolie employed by the New York Times correspondent struck for higher wages because his monthly salary of \$2500 would not buy a suit of clothes.

1931 Saw Beginning

Japan started the present war in 1931 by taking over Manchuria. In 1932 the Japs briefly occupied Shanghai. Since the Marco Polo bridge episode of 1937, China has been actively fighting the Japanese invaders.

Japan controls the seacoast of China, besides all the important industrial cities, such as Peking, Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow, and Canton.

Free China has no industrial plant to speak of. The Chinese armies are composed of great masses of poorly armed, poorly led peasants. It is amazing that the Chinese have withstood the Japanese for so long.

Not Free Country

China is not a democracy. It is a dictatorship of Chiang Kai-Shek and the fabulous Soong family. The Chinese empire was overthrown in 1911 by the Cantonese under Sun Yat-Sen. Sun was the Washington and Lenin of the Chinese revolution. His sayings are as sacrosanct to the Chinese, as are those of Marx and Stalin to the Russians. His Three Peoples' Principles—"Nationalism, Nationality, Livelihood"—are the slogans of the country.

Dr. Sun died of chagrin after Yuan Shik-Kai set up a military dictatorship in 1912. The next 15 years in China formed the era of "warlords."

Chiang Kai-shek, the leader of

Glimpses . . .

By MARGUERITE WITTEWER

Waltzing flirtatiously over the grass, daisies are chorus girls dancing on glass.

Ripples on the millrace echoing back glimpses of the river across the track.

Slender young poplars, dressed in green, stretch to the sky to survey the scene.

the Kuomintang party of Sun Yat-Sen, drove north from Canton in 1926 to unify the country. Chiang was aided by the Reds with supplies and advice.

Chiang made a deal with the Shanghai bankers and turned violently anti-communistic. China made great progress during the next decade. Chiang married Meiling Soong, whose influence upon Chiang and China has been remarkable. Ai-ling Soong married Dr. Kung, the 75th direct descendant of Confucius. Kung is China's perpetual minister of finance.

China Getting Impatient

Ching-ling Soong is the widow of Sun Yat-Sen. T. V. Soong was China's foreign minister until this year. Madame Kung, a staunch conservative, is the real power "behind the throne."

China is in a desperate fix. Her economy has broken down due to lack of replacements.

She wishes action—not platitudes of a Better World uttered by the many American visitors to Chungking.

Mr. Roosevelt has tried to give China a shot in the arm by abolishing extraterritoriality and making China one of the "Big Four." China is not a great power at present. She will be twenty years from now. Our giving if immediate, adequate aid to China at once will insure the peace in the Far East by setting up a counterpoise to Japan. A strong, free China will show the other non-white peoples that the western powers have shed imperialism as a national policy.

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