

# OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.  
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

## School Spirit, 1944-45 . . .

"Where's your school spirit?"

Remember when they hurled that at us at the high school pep assemblies? Remember when we had school spirit at Oregon?

We don't have football this fall. We didn't have baseball last spring. But we still have basketball.

In "remember when" time, Oregon cut a national figure in the basketball circuit when the team was champion of the nation's college leagues. Naturally, that resulted in real enthusiasm among the students, but they were enthusiastic about the sport when the teams were less spectacular, too.

Last Friday and Saturday night, Oregon's basketball team played a Coast Guard team. On that team was a former Oregon star player, Ted Sarpola. They were close games with the teams scoring alternately until the last few minutes when the Coast Guard took the lead.

Student attendance was very small. To date 870 athletic cards have been sold. The total registration is 1923.

In a school alive with complaints about the dearth of typical college functions, this small attendance and small sale of athletic tickets seem to deny that the students really want these activities.

The chance of continuing school sports this year and next year depends a great deal on the support given these activities now. It takes money to pay for the travel expenses, uniforms, and other equipment that a team needs.

There are six more pre-conference games. There are eight conference games starting January 19. Athletic cards are on sale now at the educational activities office in McArthur court and will be sold at registration next term.

If students do not evidence their desire for University sports by buying the tickets and attending the games, another activity may be added to the list of those dead for the duration.

### Co-editorial

## Battle of the Sexes . . .

What sort of a post-war future is there for American career girls in general and University coeds in particular?

When the war is over and the men come streaming back, will the women who strove hard to advance in business and accomplish the enormous amount of work assigned to each job because of the manpower shortage be forced to give their position up completely or resign themselves to a sizeable demotion? Or will a large number of them be allowed to continue in their present positions because they have proved their ability to handle the job efficiently and because of their loyalty by staying when the going got tough?

A large number of them will only have been inadequate substitutes which an employer will be glad to get rid of, but on what kind of a future can the worthwhile ones count? If, in some places they are superior to the men whom they replaced, is it fair for them to be fired because of their being servicemen?

Many women will be glad to give up their jobs and settle down to home life again when the war is over. A great number of jobs were taken by women for the duration only, and these will be gratefully relinquished. But the woman who is sincerely out to make a substantial living for herself is not going to be so grateful.

And will the University coeds holding positions in campus activities be forced to step aside from these jobs in favor of the returning veterans? Here again comes the question of ability. If the veteran is superior to the coed, it is doubtlessly right for him to take over the position, but if she has proved herself the better, should he be allowed to take it for no other reason than that he is a veteran and thus entitled to many heretofore ungranted privileges?

The true answer will never be known until the war is over, but at least it warrants considerable thought for the activity-minded coeds in school and the ones planning on acquiring jobs after graduation.—B.F.R.

## AMERICAN HEROES

BY LEFF



Two New York Boys, one from the lower East Side, one from the Bronx, have been awarded the Soldiers' Medal for saving eight crew members of a burning bomber at Port Moresby, Papua. Disregarding the dangers of exploding bombs, ammunition, and gasoline, Cpl. Anthony J. Lobritto, Manhattan, and Pfc. Irving Leibhaber, the Bronx, rushed to the crashed bomber. *It's up to us to buy War Bonds and hold 'em.*  
U. S. Treasury Department

## Three Jills in a Shuttle-Car

(This is the seventh in a series of articles about the trip three University students, Betty Sailor, Dodie Frideger, and Peggy Faubion, made to Mexico this summer.)

By BETTY SAILOR

The next Sunday we were invited to the first summer school dance of the term, a traditional affair held before the regular sessions begin, in a large building known as Riverolls. Expecting something like the Hello dance, we dressed in our best and started off.

We got off the bus at the appointed street, and promptly discovering that none of the streets seemed to be the right one, became hopelessly lost. After proceeding for several blocks in what seemed to be the logical direction, we stopped everyone on the street and were systematically holding a public forum, when three young men dashed up to inquire if we were going to the dance. Upon being hopefully answered in the affirmative, they immediately offered to conduct us to the spot.

### Shades of the Igloo

We entered a tall gray building, and, after proceeding through two entrance halls, reached a large room where the festivities were getting under way. The way it was progressing reminded us forcibly of home. The girls were gathered skeptically in one corner, and all of the men were surveying the scene uneasily from the other.

Then the orchestra began to play and the evening began! We were standing on the sidewalk wondering what would happen next, when suddenly, with a unanimous "Baillemos?" we turned to find three of the local crowd asking us to dance. After five minutes of dancing with my tall, dark partner, three things became evident . . . his name was Sergio, he was a law student, and he couldn't speak a word of English. After several dances, he asked me if I would care for some refreshment.

### The Similarity Ends

Here there was a decided dissimilarity to the Webfoot mixers. In a small room off the dance floor containing a bar, free Coca-Cola and beer were being served. Sergio darted over to the counter in search of food while I waited in one corner of the smaller room.

Then a decided change took place in the personnel at the dance. A group of pilots from Pan-American, American, Eastern, and Clipper airlines, looking for some excitement, dropped in to see the visiting gringas. Several of the boys were American, one was a Scotsman, and a few were glamorous products of Nicaragua.

### On Again, Off Again

After partaking generously of the liquid refreshment, the Scotsman gaily turned off the lights in the bar to create some excitement.

Someone switched them on again. With a devilish "this-ought-to-start something" grin, he jerked the light wires out of the connection.

A joyous panic ensued. People were grabbing all of the remaining beverage, waiters were shrieking, and I was busy attempting to dodge the milling herd. Suddenly someone grabbed me by the arm, and with a muttered, "You don't want to get mixed up in this mess," proceeded to drag me to the door. Finally we reached the lighted dance floor, and I saw that it was an American pilot.

Just then a perplexed Sergio shoved his way through the crowd. He planted himself firmly on my left and, with a glare, signified his disapproval of the American, who countered with a "Who the heck is this dope?" Tactfully I tried to explain. "Well, why don't you tell junior to run along?" he demanded.

Sergio glared balefully at both of us. Then he asserted himself. With a frosty glance at his adversary, he emitted an authoritative "Baillemos," and we danced!

### On With the Dance

Just then a native band emerged from the side door, complete with a dynamic girl vocalist clad in green, white, and red, Mexico's national colors, embellished with sequins. When she sang "Guadalajara," one of the popular national songs, the Mexicans ad-libbed with loud yells, and by the time she had finished "Cielito Lindo," we Am-

ericans were going just as berserk as the rest.

Then the fiesta became spirited. The music was so fast that everyone had to conga in self-defense, and partners were changed several times in the course of one piece.

### Belles of the Ball

By that time Peg had collapsed in a chair and was being besieged by the airlines, inc. I was trying to signal to Dodie, but every time she started in our direction, someone else would grab her, and she'd get involved in a rumba before she could protest.

Finally, the dance was over. We started for the door, accompanied by the determined pilots and some equally persistent girls from California who were giving a party and wanted us to attend. We were being overruled, when a taxi tore around the corner, slammed to a stop, and we climbed in without stopping to settle the price, and headed for home.

There are eight generals among the alumni of Ohio State university.

## HEILIG

"Atlantic City"

with

Constance Moore  
Brad Taylor

## MAYFLOWER

"Meet Miss

Bobby Sox"

—PLUS—

"Dead Man Eyes"

## REX

"STAR OF  
MIDNIGHT"

With Ginger Rogers

and

"CHINA"

## McDONALD

"The Canterville"

Ghost"

— plus —

"Seven Doors to  
Death"

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