

OREGON Daily EMERALD

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A Tough Job Well Done

IN this special edition issued by Sigma Delta Chi and Theta Sigma Phi the editors-for-a-day do not feel like pushing the Emerald off the deep end on any of the big issues confronting the campus, the city, the state, the nation, or the more-than-ever cock-eyed world. It was suggested to this writer that probably he wouldn't try to commit The Emerald to any line of policy which might embarrass the regular editors when they resume control next week. So be it.

There is one subject, however, which today's editors think not only safe but distinctly appropriate for today, and that is an expression of appreciation of the achievement of this year's staff in getting out such an outstandingly good paper. We might be inclined to contend, of course, that the Harlem Hop and Matrix Table publicity stuff have daily banners and double-column stories instead of the too modest top-heads given them by a highly ethical managing editor, or that the Sigma Delta Chi initiates should have had at least a four-column picture in the paper instead of that tiny two-column cut. But we'll let that pass, since we had hoped to omit all reference to the Hop in this article. It will, we must admit, be a social high-light of the year, worthy of a grand splash of black-face type. Tonight. You'll be there, of course.

NOW that that's all settled, we approach the real purpose of this editorial. We'd like to say, on behalf of those around the Journalism Shack who are closest to The Emerald, geographically and otherwise, that this year's Emerald gang has done the best job, in some ways, that's been done around here in years.

There have been mistakes in the paper. An occasional timely story has been crowded out by stuff of doubtful value; now and then an unfortunate typographical error has eluded

the lynx-eyed proofreader. There have been, it seems, some other slips, occasionally. Now, will all those whose newspapers are always free of error kindly come in and tell us how they do it?

SOME of us, members of Sigma Delta Chi and Theta Sigma Phi, are for one reason or another (usually the necessity of making a bit of expense money) deprived of the pleasure of joining the happy gang that gets out The Emerald. (See list on page 2 of Friday Emerald). We envy Bud and Lyle and Angell and the two busy Betty Janes and the faithful night editors and the vigilant reporters and copyeditors. We'd like the privilege of working on such a pleasant and popular paper. We hope that the Emerald regulars will be able to achieve that all-American rating again this year.

But whether they do or they don't, and whatever happens in any rating of the paper, we feel that the gang has given the campus a loyal, fine-spirited, constructive, newsy, and readable Emerald. The editors-for-a-day are glad to give this bit of credit.

SOME days when the editorial column has been all but crowded out and it has been impossible to give the Harlem Hop or Theta Sig more than a paltry column and a half of space, the responsibility has belonged to another group, the indefatigable business staff, headed by that king of managers, George Luoma. The writing and the advertising groups have hit it off together with remarkable smoothness this year. It has been not only a good Emerald but a highly prosperous Emerald. (Next year's business staff will have a high mark to shoot at.) So we're happy about all these things—and we hope we'll still be feeling good after the campus has finished perusing this issue.—G.S.T.

competitive angle is coming in already as the Junior Weekend planners are beginning to definitely talk big names. Yes, the Frosh Glee should be a success—and how!

The Busy Life Of a Band Leader

Glenn Miller is a busy man these days, what with being the top band in the country and having all the booking agents after him night and day. One week recently Glenn and the boys established themselves as the busiest unit in the music profession. During the week the band did thirty-six shows at the Paramount theater in New York, six nights of two sessions each at the Hotel Pennsylvania, and three broadcasts for the Chesterfield radio program. In addition there were three rehearsals for the radio time. . . . That amounts to 54 band sessions in one week plus a nice long recording date with Bluebird. Bandleading must be an easy life—if you can stand it.

The Harlem Code

... Some Fun
"Stop beatin' up the chops, canary, an' cut out with me to yon clambake." Such is a typical remark of the modern negro musician. The Cab Calloway type of lingo has given way to a bigger

and much more comprehensive musicians' language which has a complete vocabulary of words and phrases and is called Harlesemese. To change the sample just given follow "yon hep code":

BEATIN' UP THE CHOPS—to converse, be loquacious

CUT OUT—to leave, depart
CANARY—girl vocalist
CLAMBAKE—ad lib music session, every man for himself

And that is only a beginning; there are hundreds of words that are as unintelligible as a foreign language. Of course, if you are "a gate that has his boots on and is plenty hip to all this apple gab, you won't get sad when it comes to latching on and riding down the groove like a real murder sender." Catch on? Some fun.

Doctors Slate Work In Summer Sessions

Two members of the University education department will teach in summer sessions outside the state, it was announced Friday by the department office. Dr. F. G. Macomber will teach at the University of Michigan, and Dr. F. G. Stetson will be at the University of Washington.

ONCE OVER

Lightly

By PAT TAYLOR and SALLY MITCHELL

What with all this wonderful weather, it's getting so we're even putting off our polishing as well as our work.

Steady cupple: Or dang near it, is Jean Mihaleik, Phi Phi, and Fred Farrior, ATOH boy! Anyway she goes everywhere with him and he takes her everywhere.

FOR BOYS ONLY:

And Gracie Irvin, who is managing the whole works, cer'nly has her capable hands full. Cer'nly does.

And Gracie Irvin, who is managing the whole works, cer'nly has her capable hands full. Cer'nly does.

"Delight" sidelights: Lead Helene Parsons' false eyelashes are so long that you can't get within a foot or so of her—well, maybe an inch or so—Parker McNeil, as the doctor, starts putting on his make-up at 4:30 and has to rush to be ready by 8:00—Jim Davidson got a crew cut for his part as Dumpty and he really looks good—just like a boy with a crew cut should look—all Harvard n' stuff—speaking of smooth boys, Dave "Lou" Manning is no slouch in his second act tux—the bombing scene allus leaves everyone a bit unnerved—Ken Boyle, one of the officers, speaks 4 or 5 different languages and has to help everyone with his accent—and everyone has an accent—including the bombs. See you at the show.

Some wizegi walked into the libe and asked Librarian Joe Lebenzon for Voltaire's "Cando" (Candide) and Joe, who thinks fast on his feet, said, "Sorry, no Cando."

Biggest thing about the law school SA (Since Amato) is Croopneck, the new queen candidate. And hear tell Croopneck really has SA (meaning sex appeal). See you in the canoe fete, Queen Croopy.

Wonder what the thirteen Black Aces have up their sleeves for Saturday night. The seven black faces made good advertising copy.

Rickey Graybenhorst, Phi Delt pledge for two terms is beginning to contemplate having his pledge pin jewelled for Barbara Williams, just in case.

And why do they call Chuck Phipps "Dainty Boy"?

Reddog Davis, SAE, haunts Hendricks hall these evenings, and it is not what you think. He comes callin' on his pretty sister, Luella, who lives there.

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The BAND BOX

By BILL MOXLEY

The King of Swing Is Coming to Town

Whee! Benny Goodman is coming to town. Leave it to the freshmen to make the biggest haul in many a season. Paul Whiteman was the last top-notch to visit the Igloo and how he packed 'em in. Goodman should do even better—if possible. The news of Goodman's signing was pleasant to this writer's ear. If Goodman is typical of what is in store for other campus dances it looks like the long campaign for bigger and better bands is at last bringing results. If the frosh come out ahead on the dance—and this is practically a certainty—it should help to convince other campus organizations that a little far-sightedness is the only requisite to signing big names for more suc-