

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$1.25 per term and \$3.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Represented for national advertising by NATIONAL ADVERTISING SERVICE, INC., college publishers' representative, 420 Madison Ave., New York—Chicago—Boston—Los Angeles—San Francisco—Portland and Seattle.

LYLE M. NELSON, Editor JAMES W. FROST, Business Manager
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Hal Olney, Helen Angell

Editorial Board: Roy Vernstrom, Pat Erickson, Helen Angell, Harold Olney, Kent Stitzer, Ummie Leonard, and Professor George Turnbull, adviser.

Jimmie Leonard, Managing Editor Fred May, Advertising Manager
Kent Stitzer, News Editor Bob Rogers, National Advertising Mgr.

Editorial and Business Offices located on ground floor of Journalism building. Phone 3300 Extension: 382 Editor; 353 News Office; 359 Sports Office; and 354 Business Offices.

UPPER BUSINESS STAFF
Anita Backberg, Classified Advertising Manager
Ron Alpaugh, Layout Production Manager
Bill Wallan, Circulation Manager
Emerson Page, Promotion Director
Eileen Millard, Office Manager

UPPER NEWS STAFF
Pat Erickson, Women's Editor
Bob Flavelle, Co-Sports Editor
Ken Christianson, Co-Sports Editor
Ray Schrick, Ass't Managing Editor
Betty Jane Biggs, Ass't News Editor
Wes Sullivan, Ass't News Editor
Corrine Wignes, Executive Secretary
Mildred Wilson, Exchange Editor

Shop Talk at the Wax Works

One of the best baseball pitchers in the business (band business) has been throwing strikes the past few weeks and at the present rate is bound to hit the top in popularity.

The man in question is lanky Harry James who rose to fame as Benny Goodman's ace trumpet man. The thin man, whose trumpet work has been considered tops for some time, started slowly with "Music Makers" and "Eli Eli." Then came "Flight of the Bumblebee" and "Carnival of Venice" on the same (Columbia) record, and now "Old Man River" and "Answer Man." Dick Haymes vocal on "River" is one of his best.

Shaw Takes Off

Artie Shaw announced his second retirement recently. This time he is going to Louisiana or Mexico. He hopes to unearth some native American music and to popularize it via records and radio. One-nighters, theaters, night clubs, and hotels are out as far as Shaw is concerned.

The most recent addition to Glenn Miller's orchestra, Vocalist Paula Kelly, is the wife of one of the Modernaires, also featured by Miller. Miss Kelly replaced Dorothy Claire who rejoined Bobby Byrne when Byrne sued Miller for "stealing" Miss Claire. Rather than be involved in a lawsuit, Miller let her go.

New Record Releases

Horace Heidt cut his best record in months in "G'Bye Now" (Columbia) with Ronnie Kemper on the vocal. The Charioteers, a quartet, perform nicely with "Braggin'" and "You Walked By" (Columbia).

Glenn Miller's "Ida! Sweet as Apple Cider" is another top-notch performance by both the orchestra and Tex Beneke. Reverse is Ray Eberle vocal, "It's Always You," and little more.

Other new records worth hearing: Benny Goodman (Columbia) on "My Sister and I" and "I'm Not Complaining," with Helen Forest singing the latter; Artie Shaw's "Danza Lucumi," a rumba, and "Chantez Le Bas," (Victor) by W. C. Handy; Krupa says it with drums again in "Wire Brush Stomp" and "Hamtrank" (Okeh); Tommy Dorsey turns in a pair of solid arrangements in "What-cha Know Joe?" and "Everything Happens to Me" (Victor) with Frank Sinatra taking a good vocal on the latter.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

Saturday Advertising Staff:

Warren Roper, manager
Betty Lou Allegre
Lucille Reed
Maribeth Rodway
Don Brinton
Bob Nagel

Copy Desk Staff:

Ray Schrick, city editor
Bill Hilton
Bernie Engel
Lynn Johnson
Ruby Jackson

Night Staff:

Mary Wolf, night editor
Marjorie Major
Victor Ross

Jean B. Wallace, sophomore vice president at Connecticut college and daughter of Vice-president Henry Wallace, is following her father's footsteps by studying Spanish.

International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

There's a line in "Tovarich," play currently being enacted on the campus boards, which goes something like this: "You can



Cummings

make the Dutch and the French and the Americans disgorge, but never the British." The subject crops up when Helene Parsons and Parker McNeill are debating whether to give up the crown

jools to Jim Parsons in order to save Rooosyuh from foreign capitalists. It is no part of my intention to reveal the play's denouement—Helene tonight or the smouldering Trudy Harland next weekend do it much better—but the fact remains that a certain healthy suspicion of Britain is part of the play's motivation.

You have heard the old chestnut about if you once let the camel get his head in the tent pretty soon you find yourself eating sand.

Here are a couple of paragraphs quoted directly from a United Press dispatch from London:

British Protest

"The British government was reported tonight (Friday) to have protested informally to the United States against dissemination by American newspapers and radio of military information helpful to the Axis.

A more rigorous voluntary self-censorship must be imposed in the United States, it was felt, to stop leakages of information on which secrecy is considered essential to Britain's war effort."

It is said that in war, truth is the first casualty. If the British chose to impose censorship on American correspondents operating in British territory, that is apparently their privilege. This country is not trying to tell the British how to run their country or their war.

But when an American report-

er in neutral territory, say Bern in Switzerland or Lisbon in Portugal, stumbles against a good story and manages to get it out of silent Europe to the free press of America, then it looks like a lot of crust for the British to expect American editors to kill the story.

American Policy

The American policy has always been, and should be, to print the facts and let the chips fall where they may. The subservient, venal, and controlled press of Europe was one of the contributing causes of the present war.

I never was very good at remembering quotes, but over the doors of the UO library there is carved something that goes like: "Let them know the truth and the truth shall make them free." In peace or war that seems like a good course to steer by.

The British are rather irritating sometimes. They have told us so often they are fighting our war that they are beginning to believe it themselves.

Some of them may sincerely believe the British are fighting to save the American conception of democracy. I don't know. I do know that some people right here in Eugene for whose opinions I have a great deal of respect honestly believe this to be the case. I don't blame such people for agitating for American participation in the war. It is the only honest position they can take, for no one wants to stand by and let another man fight his battle.

But I still can't see it. World war I and world war II both look like trade battles between the haves and the have-nots. Little good came out of the first one and the "beast of Berlin" of 25 years ago is today a harmless old man chopping wood in Doorn. Perhaps 25 years from now today's "beast of Berlin" will be a doddering old dope painting picture post-cards in Copenhagen.

An Answer to the Critics

COLLEGE students have heard a great deal lately about a changing world and adjustments that will have to be made to meet new conditions in a new world. The old world, the world of easy living and of good times is gone, so our elders tell us. "Many of the things which we love and cherish have gone or soon will go," one of their spokesmen recently said.

The picture which they paint for the present generation is not a pleasant one. To a college student who has lived and based his future upon the premise that he would be able to go through life with circumstances much the same as in the past, the picture is especially unattractive. Most students have spent a great deal of money and many long hours in study, preparing to meet the circumstances of the world they knew.

NOW, our leaders say, the world is changing and our lives must be remolded to fit in the new scheme of things—our lives must be remolded or we will drop by the wayside while the rest of the world hurries on. Such, it seems, is the situation facing the present generation.

Fortunately, the picture is not as black as it has been painted. The world is in bad shape, true enough, but looking only at its evil face doesn't make things any better. There are many pleasant things left, association with fellow men, love of family and of friends, beauty of nature, and the fun of working. These things have not been outmoded, nor are they likely to be.

When the time comes to change, the present generation will make the transition with as little confusion as is possible. As one writer once said, "Even if your horse is shot out from under you, there is always another ready to carry you if you're wide awake enough to jump."

In Memoriam

TWELVE sturdy oaks, lined along the sides of the mall between Thirteenth street and the library, now stand as a fitting memorial to an Oregon senior of a couple years ago.

Much of the campus citizenry still remembers Bob Bailey, president of the class of '39, who went canoeing on the millrace one bright Sunday afternoon of spring term and didn't come back. But now a near-permanent memorial to Bob Bailey has been erected on the Oregon campus.

The trees will unquestionably be a beautiful tribute in the years to come. They will grow and prosper as Oregon grows and expands, admired and enjoyed by countless generations of Oregon students.

THE oak trees are especially appropriate. Any type of tree would be a fine memorial—much better than monuments, or plaques in public buildings. But an oak tree has more character than other trees.

There is a comforting strength about an oak. Its sturdy trunk and gnarled boughs carry the suggestion of latent power and a staunchness of moral character unmatched by any other variety.

The oaks will be as enduring on the campus as the memory of Bob in the minds of his friends.—H.O.

"Order of the 'O' members are to wear their sweaters all day today and to the assembly tonight," says a Campus Calendar item in yesterday's Emerald. As if anyone ever saw an Order of the 'O' man without his sweater.

And we wonder if the Emerald head which read, "Snowball Rally Rolls Tonight" meant that the rally, like a snowball, would probably break up as soon as it got "rolling."

In the Editor's Mail

Open letter to Mr. Ridgely Cummings:

From INTERNATIONAL SIDESHOW to COLLEGE SIDE FARCE in practically no easy steps . . . so seems to run the tale of a schoolboy sage whose digressions have inexplicably earned him the exalted title of columnist. Mr. Cummings loves a label, and I fancy the title must have compensating values for a dislocated ego which consoles itself by distributing (judiciously, of course!) a few labels to other people. And for not agreeing with a re-hash of Rousseau, I have merited the label of "potential fascist."

This is unique. I've been called many things (some unpublishable) but never a fascist—with or without polite qualifications. And, because it is inaccurate, I don't like it. Love of individual liberty is too much a part of my nature to subscribe to any such notion. This love of liberty is not the blind sort of thing which would deny subscription to social order, nor is it to be construed as treasonous when I insist that "the great masses of human beings are not fit to govern themselves." The agreement with this principle is patent in any practicable democracy, no matter what the primary thesis of "equal right." We have equal rights only in proportion to our fitness to com-

mand them and I doubt that even Mr. Cummings' "sublime faith in the decency and reasonableness" of his fellow men would be such as to yield the same deference to any random man that he would to one of superior intellect and training. Any philosopher will agree that the "equal rights" principle is one of the pleasant initial hallucinations of democracy and that in practice is purely proportionate to the individual.

I am not certain whether it is sheer space-filling, the strain of attempted profundity, or more of his notorious puerility which makes Mr. Cummings stick out his neck in these inept generalizations; but I would suggest that as a ruminating philosopher he retire from public life and commune with the birds and bees (AND Rousseau) and thereby learn "What Every Young Man Should Know." At present, there are too many moments reminiscent of Olive Barber—or am I perhaps speaking of a Barber college grad? At any rate, I might refer the gentleman in question to John Stuart Mill's essay "On Liberty"—There is ample material from which to construct a web or a noose.

But, lest I be suspected of sharing Mr. Cummings' malady of verbal diarrhea, I shall shut up. Most respectfully,

Gene Edwards.