

OREGON Daily EMERALD

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Eight With Ambitions

ALTHOUGH at week's beginning ASUO executive committee members saw little likelihood of a wide field of candidates for the two ASUO positions left vacant by resignation, last night's deadline lineup showed that eight students will compete before the council next week.

Four well-known upperclassmen will vie for the second vice presidency, while an equal number of sophomores applied for the post of class representative. Each of the eight supposedly presented his petition to the ASUO governing group because he is interested in student government, is scholastically eligible, believes that he is capable of handling the position, and in general "has the same ideas" about campus affairs as the now-absent Bob Calkins and Chuck Woodruff.

Since this year is an experiment in the enlarged council type of student body government, it is imperative that the committee be rounded out to its dozen representatives. Commendable is the action of the executive committee in approaching their ticklish job with speed, as well as thoroughness. By next weekend, they indicate, Oregon's first attempt at more representative student government will have its second wind and be off to another start.

Check Your Shoes, Gals?

THREE years ago, when President Erb was himself a freshman and most of the present seniors were only juniors, a fiery battle occupied the students of the University of Oregon.

It was man against woman, Joe College against Betty Coed, the worst half against the better half.

The all-important issue involved, the serious question to be settled, the subject being fiercely debated, was: Should male students wear dirty, filthy, unkempt, soiled cords to classes and on the campus in general.

No, said the neat little lassies with their voices shrieking and their very carefully waved hair slopping over their mascara-camouflaged eyes.

Yes, said the sturdy males, wiping the grease from their ear, the mustard from their hamburgers, and perspiration from their brows on these selfsame dirty cords.

NOW the female has assumed the defensive. The raging issue in this war of wardrobe is: Shall women wear wooden shoes, which are as conducive to study as a boiler factory with a defense contract?

This dilemma most assuredly, like its predecessor, the dirty cord affair de University Oregonensis, will never be disposed of.

But at least the males on the campus can mutter that dirty cords never barred anybody from a Grace Moore concert.—B.B.

Trade Last

By MARY WOLF

Advice to freshman:
You'll never make the honor roll,
If you go out at night
With pretty girls with saucy
curls
But who wants a "B" average
anyway?
—The Skiff
You cannot say what freedom
is, perhaps in a single sentence.
* * *
You cannot say what freedom
is, perhaps in a single sentence.
It is not necessary to define it.
It is enough to point to it.

Freedom is the violence of an
argument outside an election poll;
it is the righteous anger of the
pulpits.
It is all the howdys in the world
and all the hellos.
It is Westbrook Pegler telling
Roosevelt how to raise his children.
It is Roosevelt letting them
raise themselves.
It is Lindbergh's appealing
voice raised above a thousand

hisses.
It is Dorothy Thompson asking
for war; it is General Hugh
Johnson asking her to keep quiet.
It is you trying to remember
the words of the Star Spangled
Banner.
It is all the things you do and
want to keep on doing.
It is all the things you feel and
cannot help feeling.
Freedom — it is you. — The
Breeze.
* * *
The latest story out is about
the ROTC cadet who was shot
and became a military corps.—
Indiana Daily Student.
If any scientist has yet per-
fected a rocket that is capable
of reaching Mars, he will save a
lot of gas if he starts today. For
today Mars will be closer to the
earth than it has been for 15
years. In fact it will be only 32-
000,000 miles away—millions less
than usual.—Daily Californian.

At Second Glance

By TED HARMON

BUNION NOW OR NEVER can easily become the chant of nearly 3,000 students tonight as they spend five hours introducing each other, making memos in black books and dancing to records that will become unbearingly familiar before the dean's curfew rings at midnight.

This is the one time of the year when freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors are all on the same plane, for they band together like Custer's last stand to show the Damma Phi Care girls that the Rho Dammit Rho boys aren't lacking in spirit this year. Of course, the fact that seniors usually fade out before the evening is over can be excused; four years is four years.

Outside of the question of "What'syama-jor?" open house conversation runs a strange, unpredictable path. We suggest the following questions in case she's from California, or he has traits of the St. Vitus dance. Namely,

1. Did you know that Camels contain 28 per cent less nicotine?
2. Do you know what a cocoon is? And: A co-colored person.
3. Is it true what they say about Dixie?
4. Don't you think that record needs a new needle?
5. Don't you think?
6. Don't . . .

PHI ON YOU! It happened this last week when the Delts went down to the Gamma Phis for a dessert exchange. Lively girls as they are, they told all their pledges to wear formals, so most of the afternoon was spent by the freshmen in pressing formals, lacquering fingernails and lips. Just a few minutes before the Delts arrived, the upperclassmen admitted their ruse. "It's all a joke," they said. "Take off the formals!" Like the freshman class meeting two nights ago, the pledges finally got headstrong and then declared that they'd wear their formals anyway. And they did, much to the chagrin of the upperclassmen and the puzzled Delts.

WHODUNNIT? Practically all campus organizations have been singing "Old Oregon" with the wrong words. Instead of the line "now uncovered swears thy every son" the original words read "new, uncovered, swears thy every son" in order to give the tone of freshness. Aw, c'mon, confess, song-leaders. . . .

SHORT STORIETTE: He called her up, asked for a date that night to a show. "Sorry," was the gushy answer, "but I have a terrible cold. . . . I think that I'd better spend the evening with a tube of Mentholatum instead. . . ." So without anything else to do, he went to one of the campus eateries. There, in the first booth was the girl he'd called, with another fellow. Disappointed stopped and shook hands with the escort: "Glad to meet you, Mentholatum. . . . Mary told me she was going out tonight with an old soothie. . . ."

MUTTERINGS OF A MIDNIGHTER: Add one pin planting of Barbara Essex, Gammaphi, and Delt Paul Eckelman. . . that we won't betray any confidence in telling T. Glenn Williams' first name; mum's the word. . . Deegees' Barbara Younger, activiva-cious freshmen. . . Nuisance note: new song title of "Dot, Dot, Dot, and Dash" . . . that open house brings out the best in a person; everyone on everyone else's toes. . . Phidelt Warren Treece was chained under the Kappa table

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'If Russia Falls, Alaska Becomes Heiling Distance from Nazis'

By DON TREADGOLD

We had a pleasant kind of nightmare last night. We dreamed the Dodgers had drubbed the Yankees, Daddy Warbucks had escaped from the cave and caught all the bad miners, Nova had knocked out Louis, and Russia had wiped up the map with Hitler. Most Americans naturally cheer for the underdog, and right now they have three favorites of this breed: Great Britain, China, and Russia. But the last week it has looked as if the narrowest fighter of the three was about finished. Experts argue heatedly whether the Bear That Walks Like a Man is about ready to lie down. The allies curse and pray and bluster about "a Niagara of aid" to the only army in the field actually trading punches with Hitler. Yet the Russian armies continue to fall back, leaving behind them their most valuable iron, coal, and wheat fields. They cannot keep on retreating much longer.

Our Face Is Red

This new ally of ours has been a bit embarrassing. It was not long ago that the United States paid Martin Dies to dash about rooting out Communists from under beds. Joe Stalin's ambassador used to be the loneliest man in Washington. But today anyone can easily find how much we like Russia by reading in his morning newspaper how many millions of something F.D.R. is going to send to Stalin today. For as the Russians have fought on week after

week, they have made friends of most of the Americans who think the most important thing to do is to lick Hitler.

Where Does America Stand?

However, as Russia begins to stumble, some disturbing questions come to mind, as, for example, what is the use of shipping her a lot of stuff the Germans are going to capture? Then we think what might happen if the Russians do have to quit? For one thing, the swastika will fly on the far side of Bering Strait, within heiling distance of Alaska. That prospect does not appeal to most of us. The other morning The Oregonian argued that even if Russia is defeated, Hitler will be so weakened his victory will be meaningless. It clues, "If Russia falls, one is tempted to repeat, then so what?" It is to be feared this "all for the best" attitude is not justified; however, the picture may yet brighten with tomorrow's headlines.

Jam For Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

Oregon is groovy! Startling but true nevertheless. From where this columnist sits it looks like many the band is looming on this year's horizon. From the big city up north comes word that Ted Fio-Rito, Will Osborne and Stanley Kenton are due to one night at Jantzen during October. These Kenton men are the strictest cats imaginable. Lately their air shots from Casino Gardens in L.A. have been knocking all listeners concerned way out. Looks like the ork biggies in the East are also interested in booking Kenton's outfit so with so many on his side you can't go wrong in setting this band aside as a must catch for the coming month.

Interesting, too, is the fact that Eugene is at last getting with it, as far as this new "swing" music is concerned. Mr. Loud, Willamette park manager, relates info to the effect that Ted Fio-Rito will play a Saturday night at his place soon, which will save much gasoline all around. Loud also asked us to mention his newest innovation at the park, Sunday tea dances, which will be held in the late afternoon every Sabbath.

Campus "Orks" Ready-ing

The young men with the horns re—this campus are going like mad to get their various bands into passable shape within a week or two. Among those present at such clambakes have been the ever-recurring Art Holman, Bob Mac-Fadden, who is now fronting the remodeled Ray Dickson ork, and Fred Beardsley.

Being as how the various student leaders on this campus aren't jealous by nature anyhow, it might be well to mention another young, aspiring cat who has organized a band, with high hopes. Artie Shaw by name, his "little" family numbers thirty-five and includes such famous ex-leaders and side men as Jack Jenney, George Auld, Max Kaminsky and Hot Lips Page, none of whom anyone at this school has ever heard of, but all whom are terrific just the same.

On Jute Boxes

At this point we shall begin

to wax philosophical, or, in other words of a syllable, DISCUSS the late platters. From the last few words you see just how far some people will go to be coy, anyway, here's the real stuff on recent pressings. Going ahead with jaw jutting bravely forward and hair blowing across temples, we shall ignore "Daddy," and "The Hut-Sut Song" and proceed from there. Victor did himself proud with a fine twelve-inch Tom Dorsey cutting of "For You," with a solid Jo Stafford vocal, coupled with "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Nothing more need be said for Bluebird than that they still have Glenn Miller on payroll. G.M.'s latest and fairly good attempt is "Chattanooga Choo Choo," backed by "I Know Why." The real unadulterated business for the month has been delivered by Art Shaw and men (see above) who turn in a gutty performance on Victor's "It Had To Be You." There's nothing else that's worth speaking loudly about.

Black's the Style

The real cats at this University should get a kick out of the news that the finest colored bands in the country are lined up for fall fall season at McElroy's. Pop has promised, thus far, such names as Coleman Hawkins, Cab Calloway, Jimmy Lunceford, and mayhap Count Basie. I made the distinction at this paragraph's beginning because local G.M. listeners will DEFINITELY not care for this style of band. They don't play "Daddy" like mad, or kill themselves on "Hut Sut" in fourteen flats.

Altogether the music situation here is coming along. It only takes a few determined disciples of good swing to start the germ, and, if given enough time, names like Glenn Miller will have silently folded their tents.

Halftime stunts make it necessary for students to bring plenty of matches to the game tonight.