

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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At Second Glance

By TED HARMON

We received our first batch of pan-mail over the weekend, and almost forgot our sociology assignment in trying to justify the accusations made therein. What a waste at three cents a letter! A job like this, writing nearly 2,500 words a week on just what we happen to see, isn't an easy or simple task.

As a matter of fact, we use nearly twenty sheets of newsprint a week to put these words down, two gallons of glue to keep the other guy's mouth shut, and two brunette wigs to scratch our fingers on.

However, along with the pan-mail came one letter from a distressed coed, worrying about our printing her name in any issue, because, as she said, "dad and mother read the Emerald and I don't want them to get any wrong impression." Neither do we, so we're returning the letter with three cents postage due.

But for a final word on the pan-mail, we jot down in this space just what we happen to see, or know is well authenticated (with apologies to Carl Little) and always there is the constant clamor of "why did you put my name in the paper?" or "why didn't you put my name in the paper? I pay my tuition!" or even "why?"

COMMENT OF THE WEEK: Pi Phi's Mary Jane Simmons' act of breaking a house dance date: "I'd simpullee love to, but, rally, I don't think that I cawn!" Dick Schultz's remark to the statement from a coed that she loved blonde hair. "Well, honey, I've got plenty of it!"

What happened to Sunday? After noticing tired expressions on most of the students, we became interested by asking two professors. For some unexplainable reason, it seems that most class-goers slept through most of their classes, which may be the logical answer to solve Mammy Yokum's troubles. In fact, one freshman in the BA school slept through the bell, woke up just as the next class was starting. Another almost found himself locked up in the library last night. In other words, insomnia these days . . . you're going to miss that 8 singing on the second chorus, please.

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grid front instead. And those verdamnte Reds are nothing more than Stanford Indians.

And in Oregon, Hitler is almost verboten as pictures of the two Oregon teams beating Southern California and Stanford are given anywhere from three to eight columns.

And big front page stories, where there are usually intelligent ravings of the peace-loving fuehrer who was forced to make war on the whole world to save it from itself.

Poor Mr. Hitler . . . he apparently doesn't realize that the most futile task in the world is that of a Dodger trying to beat a Yankee.—B.B.

Crusader's Cause Good; Messiah Lacks Stage Sense

By DON TREADGOLD

A crusader not eloquent enough for his cause stood before the University Friday morning in the person of Clarence Streit. He offered a plan, which already has 6,000,000 supporters, according to Fortune, seeming a bit too revolutionary to win instant approval. The first reaction of most listeners was that Union Now was a nice idea, but impractical.

The idea of uniting all the remaining democracies into a federal union of self-governing nations to face the axis menace NOW does sound like an idle dream; that is, as Mr. Streit says, if you prefer a nightmare. After mature consideration, many may change their first reaction to something like this: "The thing has possibilities, AFTER the war."

France, a Pushover

We still quarrel with such a conclusion. All too well we know the story of the tragic destruction of the little European democracies. Far too long we have watched nations who knew the meaning of human rights get picked off one at a time. Not until France was in her death throes, under the control of the Vichy men who were all too glad to sign her death certificate, did Great Britain offer her political union for all time. France was a pushover, because Hitler had cut her to pieces internally before he ever marched. Taking shrewd advantage of the internal division and strife paralyzing each democracy and separating all the democracies, Hitler has enslaved a continent, and is not through yet.

Pitiful Allies

In union there is strength; but in the pitiful union of ghost Allies who sit forlornly in London today there is only helplessness. United they might have stood, divided they fell and are still falling.

Must we wait until we are alone on the face of the earth to meet Hitler, with whom our president has sworn never to make peace until his final destruction? Or can the United States and the nations of the British Commonwealth begin to collaborate economically, militarily, ideologically, in effective, organized fashion? Can the English speaking peoples unite for common action while there is still time.

Clarence Streit and six million Americans say YES.

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

We will now look at the radio. First, it is here to stay. Second, there are some good band commercials on it. Third, there are some good band sustainings on it. The good commercials are Fred Waring and the other kind are Glenn Miller. Waring's program is truly tops in musical entertainment.

Fred has been kicking the dial for seven years now and has a ten thousand tune library. For really full kicks dig his nightly commie on NBC at 8 p.m. for the same sponsor as the bad band. Miller and crew have been going like sixty for the past year and have a library of 2,000 tunes, which is too many.

Mad at Miller

The sustained (those programs who wish like heck they could get Chesterfield away from Miller) are really fine this year. Finest of the late have been B. Goodman's air shots from Meadowbrook, scattered throughout the week, with "Matinee at M." come Saturday afternoon. He's also an NBC band.

Always listenable have been Hotel Astor wires with Bob Chester currently on the stand, and Hotel Lincoln spots with Harry James and trumpet. More NEC. A fine coast kick is the Palladium stuff which the same net handles. Lately it's been kid Krupa et tubs.

I know you all have been wondering where Charles Delauney has been of late. (Might as well say you have and be a pseudo-jazz intellectual). Chuck is the character from France whose "Hot Discography" is the musicians' bible. He was thought lost with the Nastie onslaught through Paris. But no, he's safe. So now we can all read our "Hot Discography" with a will, while dripping gin. (A Discography is a listing of jazz records, and don't let me hear any more of those absurd questions).

(Ted Fio Rito was at the Park Sunday night—I was in bed).

Looks like the major disc works are going to send me gratis copies for review in return for the sterling plugs I have rendered herein. May I extend sincere thanks to the two stray characters that purchased J.F.B. recommended waxes, my cousin and my roomie.

Today's record special for you all to ignore is (here's where I'd like to give in to my Harvard complex and say "Mamie Smith's Red Onion Jazz Babies," but instead, as usual) Glenn Miller's

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Red Blood In the Drawing Room

IN spite of the fact that Oregon's first two 1941 assemblies brought spectacular crowds to Gerlinger hall, the hour spent with Jay Allen and Clarence Streit lacked something.

It is not our purpose here to discuss agreement or disagreement with the text of each speaker's address, but to question the suitability of the "before speaker" entertainment. With all due respect for the excellent trombonist and the equally skilled flute soloist, we wonder if such numbers show off to good advantage on the same program with forceful speakers on current affairs. The situation is scarcely fair to the musicians, for an assembly with 2,000 pairs of tramping feet is not the place to expect appreciation of a solo number of the type. The audience simply is not in the mood for music better suited to a drawing room.

* * *

FOR Jay Allen, one-time University student and in every respect a returning favorite son, it seems only right that the University band or some forceful type of introduction is warranted. You just don't think of red-blooded Jay Allen in the same thought with a trombone solo.

It is not that the Emerald does not appreciate good music, but we do believe that numbers should be selected in keeping with the occasion. Either special entertainment in line with the speaker's background or interest, or better still, all-campus singing, singing roll call of houses, or any numbers with definite student "assembly" appeal seem better methods of getting college audiences in a friendly frame of mind for the talk that is to follow. It is better for Webfoots to get rid of their excess energy before the speaker is introduced than after he begins.

It Could Only Happen Here

IF Mr. Hitler gets American newspapers in Berlin, and he undoubtedly does as his Superman-in-reverse antics indicate, he should have a headache this morning.

Here is Mr. Hitler, with his conquests to publicize, with his winning battles to make known to the American people; here is the darling little paperhanger needing to convince the American people that at heart he is Little Lord Fauntleroy in a swastika-embroidered—and very pretty—uniform.

Here is poor Adolf, with his mustache drooping, anxious that all good Americans should take heed of Senator Wheeler, Charles Lindbergh, and Herbert Hoover's remarks that there is no Nazi menace to America, anxious that all right-thinking Americans should wait until he gets rid of the English and Russians before the U. S. does anything rash like arming its own ships.

Here is our benighted friend, the gracious and suave savior of the universe, the kind-hearted Mr. Hitler, needing our front pages to get his ideas across to the oppressed American masses . . . and look what happens.

* * *

THERE are hundreds of football games Saturday, and the crazy game occupies the warped mind of the American. And all the newspapers forget about Moscow and banner the

you can use this article to fill in, so much the better.

We both trod the walks to and from classes '37, '38, and '39 and truthfully we both became bored. On the sly though, for the two entire years, we were planning a trip around the world which would last from six months to two years.

Now or Never

In the summer of 1940, with conscription around the corner, we decided it was "now or never." We left San Francisco on a Dutch motorship the early part of Oc-

tober bound for Manila and points west. In our grip we carried one suit and one tooth-brush, no passport (not required in US possession) but we did have a lot of jokers up our sleeve.

Our second day in Manila we met Gordon Lowry (Sigma Chi and Mr. Dudley's protege) and with his help we took our choice of five different jobs. Maurice was sent south of Manila about 350 miles to a little town called Iloilo located on the island of Panay. He represented the American Biscuit company as their

branch manager; however, we both feel the job was merely a subterfuge because he spent the greater part of each day panning gold and swimming.

Philippine "Tall Firs"

I was fortunate to work as secretary for the largest gold mining company in the Philippines and my hardest job was teaching the natives how to play soft ball. The mine was situated a mile high in the northern sector of Luzon and the cool breezes from the tall pines made me feel right at home.

Well, we stuck with it for five months, flew over the island in a friend's plane and learned a great deal about the Filipino's way of living. In North Luzon we traveled over 300 miles by automobile to view the famous Ifugao rice terraces and managed to take pictures of the Igorot head hunters who still carry crude spears and head axes. In the southern Philippines on the island of Mindanao we visited the Mohammedan Moro tribes reputed the wildest in the Philippines.

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Around the World Trek Half-Over For Bored Webfoots

(Editor's note: The Emerald received the following letter this week from two former students, Maurice Binford and Robert Sheets, who are making a world tour "on their own." Their adventures will be published in three installments.)

To the Editor:

Following is a narration in natural sequence of a year's trip taken by the two of us, Maurice Binford and Robert Sheets. We think perhaps a few of our friends will be interested in our wanderings and if