

Awful Truths

Over the weekend: the Pi Phi leaving en masse for Portland to attend the wedding of Betty Anderson and Lieut. Harold Weston, ATO, and former ASUO prexy. . . . Theta Jo Ann Supple, last year's sweetheart of Sigma Chi, taking time off from her job in Portland to come down . . . the Kwamas after your dimes at the game. . . .

Also Kenny Gaines and the Kappa Sig lads "yoo-hooing" at the girls from the lookout tower way up over the library.

Have you noticed: cute Barbara Morrison, new Alpha Phi pledge . . . how many dates are made during half-time at the basketball games? Steadies' Ruth Condon, Theta, and Don Swink, Fiji, sitting side by side in "War and Peace" — preparing themselves "for better or for worse"?

Watch for: "Smokey" Snover, Phi Delt, squiring Pi Phi Jean "pig-tails" Wilcox to all campus affairs. And Claire Demmer, Kappa, with Russ Hudson, Tau.

If you're interested, ask Bill Dunlap, ATO, and Bill Magrath, Chi Psi, how they got their cigarettes for seven cents apiece.

Sporting pins are Gamma Phi's Sally Whitton and Barbara Hannum . . . one, a Theta Chi, and the other a Chi Psi, both from other campuses . . . and the surprise: Betty Koster, drum major-ette de luxe, now sports Fred Phillip's Delt pin.

Seen datin' together: Chi O's Barbara Lee Jacobs with Og Young, ATO, and Barbara Neu, Kappa, with Art Hanifan, that Sigma Chi, who is causing such a sensation with his return to school.

Soon to be married's: June Justice, Pi Phi, and Bud Rousseau, brother Tau . . . Eva Marquart, ADPi and an OSCer.

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

And now for the info you have been looking forward to with such ardent anticipation. Said good news for today being dedicated to Bob Calkins, from whom an epistle was just received. Cat Calkins, currently digging the government at Moffett field, writes that all is well southly. So, long may men of Robert's caliber live to appreciate the real business. Dig the following, Bob.

The personnel on Art's "Blues" is: John Best, Malcolm Crain, Tom DiCarlo, (trumpets); Harry Rogers, George Arus, (trombones); Art Shaw (clarinet); Tony Pastor, Fred Petry, (tenor saxes); Les Robinson, Art Masters, (alto saxes); Les Burness, (piano); Al Avola, (guitar); Ben Ginsberg, (bass); Cliff Leeman, (drums). Wax is in the best of jazz taste, ensemble figures being at a minimum. More spontaneity through individual solos.

Selected as one of our ten all-time favorites is a piano solo, of such exceptional quality as to make its inclusion in any list of this type a necessity. Pianist is Joe Bushkin, whose work can be admired at present with Tom Dorsey. Bushkin's impeccable usage of technical fingerings in playing qualifies him as the one stylist in his field that has not been overwhelmingly influenced

(Please turn to page six)



Encouragement . . .

FOR the first time since the age-old "dormitory question" began periodically to raise its head a good many years ago, there is every indication that President Donald M. Erb is about to administer oil to the troubled waters.

Friday afternoon's dormitory session was a tribute to dormitory students in that they discussed most of the questions sanely, and offered no wild plans for changing the whole setup . . . only wanted (1) better food, (2) friendlier relations, (3) student representation in government, and (4) a lot of questions about "where their money goes" answered.

THE meeting was a tribute also to the University president, who listened appreciatively to all of their pleas, reprimanded severely when a serious error of fact was brought up, and ended the meeting on a note of encouragement. In answer to each of their principal questions, he gave promise that a board of student opinion (one student elected by popular vote from each dorm) would be given active part in mediating all differences in the halls, as well as a chance to recommend diet changes when some foods become universally unpopular.

Any and all students questions on "where does by money go?" will be answered in a published statement by University Business Manager J. O. Lindstrom.

While most of the world set its teeth for a long, hard war . . . the dormitory fracas at Oregon showed indication that peace was on the horizon, at least on the University of Oregon campus.

Dime Marches On . . .

SO you want to know what happened to your dime? Well, you should. You did a right pert job Saturday night at the game, in dumping the 10-cent pieces in the bottles passed by the Kwamas, Phi Thetas, Mortar Boards, Skull and Daggers, and rally squadders.

How much money was collected? Well, you see we can't tell you. If we did, Oregon State would have a tactical advantage on February 7, when they're supposed to collect dimes at Corvallis. But there's no harm in Beavers knowing we collected a goodly number of dimes.

After the half, all the dimes were deposited into a huge bag from the First National bank, with an attractive little lock on it. The dime-filled bag was kept in the University cashier's safe until Monday, when it was taken to the bank.

THE First National people will unlock the bag, count the money, and then make out a draft to the infantile paralysis fund by the University of Oregon.

The money will be kept until February 7, when the Oregon Staters will let us know how much they collected. Whoever loses escorts the check to the winner's campus, where it will be presented to the winning county's fund along with the winner's check.

It was a good job. No matter who wins, it was a worthwhile contribution. The end most assuredly justifies the means in this particular instance.—B.B.

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Columnist Asks . . .

Wherein Fails Surprise?

By DON TREADGOLD

We should like to ask one simple question: Why cannot the Allies make use of the element of surprise? They have seen Hitler, during three years of war, through surprise again and again catch Allied forces unaware and win a campaign before the defenders learn what it is all about. We are still smarting from the Japs' use of surprise against us on December 7. As a matter of fact, we cannot use that kind of surprise on anyone else, because we have declared war on all our enemies and presumably they are expecting attack at any time.

Many of us are apt to think about a Superman-kind of surprise attack. For example, for the whole American battle fleet to come steaming into Yokohama harbor and blast the city of the map, or for us to put together a fleet of 500 bombers and literally pulverize the Japs attacking General McArthur. But this is almost pure fantasy. Before we drop this angle, however, we might note that the successful British naval bombardment of Genoa was very similar to the kind of escapade against Yokohama we mention.

Localized Surprise

The type of surprise I am talking about must necessarily be more or less local. The British hit-and-run Commandos, who recently raided Stavanger in Norway, are a good example, but even they have been hamstrung by Dunderheads and prevented from any really effective action.

Their retiring leader, Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, in November bitterly accused his superiors of lethargy and incompetence, asserting, "secret and swift decision, surprise and speedy action are essentials of success in the present war." If the Commandos had been given a free hand in 1940, he said, they "might have electrified the world and altered the whole course of the war."

Allied Flap

What happens when the democracies have a chance to use surprise is illustrated by the fiasco on the Thailand-Burma border. The Allies announced that British and Chinese troops were

ready in Burma to attack the Japs in the rear, perhaps relieving Singapore. No action came. Then the Japs, putting the shoe on the other foot, not only attacked Burma but succeeded in capturing the Burmese city of Tavoy, an excellent sea and air base. What happened to the Allied attack from the rear is not revealed. On the surface, this appears an incredible blunder, but the facts no doubt have not all come out.

We are quite safe, however, in judging from the progress of the war thus far that the Allies still refuse to utilize surprise as an element of warfare, while the Axis continues to catch the Allies with their pants down in every corner of the globe.

'Snap' Judgment

By DON DILL

Have heard some comment about Ted Hallock's and my "program" for a campus cokery with juke dancing while making the rounds at last Tuesday's "Jefferson Jump." So far it is in agreement and encouraging to those of us who still think that now is the time for more dancing than ever before.

There is not only the somewhat far-fetched argument that dancing provides exercise which helps keep us physically fit but there is a very solid argument in favor of it in as much as relaxation of a good wholesome type helps to keep morale up and the will to finish our jobs strong. Such a meeting place of the student provides inexpensive amusement without taking too much of the kid's time from his studies and the multitude of other responsibilities now foisted upon his shoulders.

And it's fun. At present Dick Sheiton has on display at the Co-op an enlargement of one of his many pix of the thaw. It brings back memories of blackouts and shivers. Incidentally, that rather fuzzy rendition of a candle was by little me.

If you still look at the salon winners and wistfully wish that you had a chance to find subjects like the nude frozen in the ice-berg and then give up—take a new lease on life and look around you. Did you ever think of having your roommate pose for you demonstrating his pet peeves? Everybody can think up some good ones on that score.

"We are now in this war—" boldly proclaims a poster on the journalism shack bulletin board. Which all brings in vision of numbers which aren't related to the numbers racket and the February 16th registration. Perhaps I have told you before that the shutterbug has a definite place in the army, but you're being told again—it's the photography department of the signal corps. You are sent to a technical school where professionals teach you the how and why of photography from the clicking of the shutter of a mini-cam to the projection of an eight by ten foot aerial map. And you will be a sergeant with specialist pay if you are able to do any aerial snapshooting.

Who left this shutter set on bulb?!

Trade Last . . .

By MARY WOLF

Some Philadelphia radio stations ceased broadcasting the request record-playing programs, to avoid the use of enemy codes over their stations. Can't you hear a Nazi spy requesting "Just a Little Bit South of North Carolina" and the "Wabash Cannonball?"

—Daily Texan.

A thought
Crept up
To the door
Of my mind,
And knocked;
But I
Was not at home.

—Mills College Weekly.

Northwestern university has planned a war emergency program which will enable pre-journalism students by utilizing summer quarters to obtain a bachelor's degree in journalism in three years and the professional Master's degree in journalism in four.

Medical authorities agree that fatigue, a common "gripe" among college students, often is the result of boredom, disappointment or discouragement. If more students would "gripe" less and get really interested in something, many of their "health problems" would probably disappear.

—Daily Californian.

A high-brow is a person educated beyond his intelligence.
—Utah Chronicle.