

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

Here is an idea that we would like you to pass on. Many people have asked us to explain our "Foocy-Miller" complex. The nearest approach to an explanation is to counter with the following proposition. Why can't Oregon take a page from Haavaahd, and get with jazz. Why can't we all attempt to listen and understand this form of music that none of us seem to comprehend.

This then is the idea: Organize "jam" sessions, in the strictest sense of the word, every Saturday afternoon from two to four. Or, if more agreeable, on Sundays, taking a page from Harry Lim's sabbath bashes at the Sherman in Chi, or Milt Gabler's stash each church day at Nick's in N. Y. Rest assured it is in vogue to appreciate jazz.

First Thought

If you are a typical Duck, that is the first thing you would most likely consider. Will it be degrading to be caught listening to anything but Bach or Handel? No, it will not. It is about time that our campus caught on. This column and others have wasted too much valuable time jamming down unwilling throats the seed of musical intellect, so now is the chance to prove, or attempt to prove, what we say.

So if you would like an impromptu session at the Side every week-end, strictly for listening and not dancing, then write us at the Emerald or nail us on the street, and if enough intellectuals latch on, then the rest will be simple.

No Trouble With Music

There are many musicians in Eugene, who feel just as stifled playing in large bands, as there are in the ordinary towns like Chi. They will flock to a chance to play, and they will appreciate playing for an appreciative audience. So, if you dig this idea for digging the truest form of expression, then dig us with a resounding yea, soon, and we shall dig Newt.

Too, this knocked out proposition would also remedy, temporarily, the need for some place to catch good music. Rest assured, this music would be good. Not loud and overbearing, but just sufficient to fill beautifully a small room. Imagine, nothing but smoke filled smoke and atmosphere and guys playing their hearts out, and smoke and atmosphere. Then forget Miller and we're ready.

Holman Signed

Holman has been signed for the Colonel Crawl says Kenneth and Don of the University brown shirts. As in the case of the Senior ball, Arthur and men will probably turn out a surprisingly good job. Holman's band is good, there is no denying, so everyone will be there anyway, but there are a few characters in that band that are better than good.

First of all Betty Wycoff ain't good, she's groovy. Secondly, Vern Culp can be potent as hell on tubs, with as contrasting an amount of finesse. The alto man, whose name is too long anyway, is terrific, solo work on the "jump" sufficient evidence of same. And last, the jack on tram blows like a skidright valve. He and Tea went to the same taffy pull once.

Stinkiest wax for many's the day: Miller's "Draensville, Ohio."

Second place for putridnessability: Any other current Miller cutting.

This week's fav for my lettuce: Lionel R. Snag and his Seven Garbage Can Lids of Tempo,
 (Please turn to page three)

The Ladies . . .

They Didn't Stand and Wait

By DON TREADGOLD

The new Saturday Evening Post cover portrays a popeyed young recruit, wearing a big button inscribed "Guest: Willie Gillis, Jr.," surrounded by beautiful young ladies attempting to feed him candy, cake, and a doughnut, all at the same time. Willie looks appreciative, but a little bewildered by it all. The very attentive young ladies, one of whom wears an arm band marked "U.S.O.," are missing no bets to make their soldier happy.

The two young ladies in Norman Rockwell's cartoon are two out of a great multitude of Uncle Sam's civilian population who are finding themselves in efforts to find ways to do their part in winning the war. The ladies knit, make bandages, cook, drive ambulances, work at filter centers, and perform dozens of tasks too diverse to list. They are doing a splendid work. To the soldiers for whose benefit so many of them labor, their good offices are sometimes a little overwhelming, as they were to Willie Gillis; but their contribution is a real one. Many new organizations have sprung into being; some inevitably overlap, but that does not mean any one of them works less hard at its job.

Wrong Foot

Sometimes a few of the ladies get off a bit on the wrong foot as to publicity for their efforts; Mrs. John Alden Carpenter of Chicago, for example, is quoted as saying: "We are in the process of organizing and we are simply going to sell millions of bonds when we get started. I'm sure you realize that even the upper classes cannot do all of the work. A streetcar conductor's wife is sometimes as smart as a woman of my position . . . Everybody will have a part in helping me with this tremendous job." All of which I am sure was extremely kind and democratic of Mrs. Carpenter. Most of the ladies, however, are less concerned in getting the lower and the upper classes together than in producing goods.

No Easy Job

The ladies have to take the bitter with the sweet in helping Uncle Sam. The first aid classes, for example, are often trying. In a recent letter from a member of the family of a certain lady

engaged in the matter of learning first aid through class instruction, I was told that this lady "is teaching her big class in first aid three nights a week—now, as she is teaching, she avoids being worked on herself, so is not so bruised up as at the beginning when she, as a pupil, was at the mercy of green manipulators."

Real sacrifices are made, too, by thousands of young and unpaid women all over the nation who are doing jobs in information centers under army supervision, and whose only salary is the knowledge they are doing a worthwhile job.

Civilian Defense Administrator LaGuardia may get out of sorts and at cross-purposes with other higher-ups, but civilian defense does not depend on his vagaries. American women did not wait to be given the green light.

In The Mail Bag

To the editor

We, the undersigned, graduate assistants of the University, vigorously and violently and volubly protest against the vile calumny, the insinuations of insipidity, the corrosive connotations, the iconoclastic reverberations, the tyroistic disrespect for authority, the destruction of true morality, the distortion of facts, the rococoistic celebrations, contained in Mary Wolf's so-called column in the Oregon Daily Emerald of Tuesday, February 3, 1942.

"Enroll under a professor who grades his own quiz papers if such are to be found. Assistants do not know a great deal more than the students about the courses. The best students who graduate get fellowships. The second rate students become assistants to earn enough money to continue their studies."

If there is a repetition of this sort of thing we shall have to do something about it, by gosh. We shall have to boycott you, so there! Remember, if this happens again we have to "exchange editor." Then won't Miss Wolf be sorry?

Yours for good clean fun but not at our expense.

- James Harris
- C. Pentland
- Charles Delzell
- Dale Strick
- (x) Max Morris (his mark)
- R. Thomas
- Dan Koch
- John Cavanagh
- Wallace White
- David Halbakken

(Editor's note If you are looking for a scalp, may we recommend that of the Phi Beta Kappa psychology professor who wrote the advice.)

out of every ten interviewed commented.

The plurality, 38 per cent, are opposed, while 28 per cent approve. Interesting is the fact that more men than women like the idea.

In answer to the question, "If there were more equality between the sexes, do you think there would be fewer divorces?" Forty-seven per cent said there would be more and twenty-six per cent said fewer.

—Daily Californian.

Business As Usual . . .

A reckoning day came for the Oregon Daily Emerald yesterday, and it passed the rough water of critical self-examination with flying colors.

Educational Activities Manager Dick Williams came home from an activities managers' convention in San Francisco last month with foreboding news of what the war has done to other dailies on the coast. Depleted advertising sales and other circumstances have caused the Washington State Evergreen to reduce its publication to a four-page seven-column paper published three times a week. The University of Washington Daily has cut to four papers a week.

But a study of the Emerald's advertising budget so far this year shows a complete lack of red ink, and no change in present publication is planned this year. Every edition originally scheduled for this year, except possibly one, will be printed. Spring term will be marked by the first attempt at a special Sunday edition, on March 29.

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It is not an easy year in which to publish a college daily.

More and more valuable Emerald workers are being called to work on downtown newspapers, as staffs there are released for active army duty. The present sports editor, society editor, and other employees of the Eugene Daily News were last term Emerald staff members.

Enlistment and the draft have taken several students—Assistant Managing Editor Bill Hilton, for example—and others are expecting to be inducted later in the year.

Lack of money from home has forced more than one valuable worker to divide his spare time between the Emerald shack and a paying job in order to stay in school. In addition, there is the lack of spare time in a college program of "concentrated education." Class assignments are longer, there will be no spring vacation in which to gain a new lease on life, and the grind will be generally tougher.

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It is when the going is hard that true colors come to the fore.

The real sacrifices made and the valuable time spent by 200 Emerald workers on both the news and advertising staffs in giving the best of what they have to make this year's paper one of quality is something to be proud of. Re-budgeting of time, dogged determination to do what they're doing well, less sleep, and real spirit for the job . . . these are the things that Emerald workers are doing to make their paper a success in this unusual year, 1942.

To them goes the credit for the fact that "business as usual" is the winter and spring term motto of Oregon's daily newspaper.

Ho Hum, Another Queen . . .

ROYALTY Production Hits New High on Oregon Campus.

No, the headline didn't appear on the front page of the Emerald or, indeed on any other front page. But it might well have. The past two weeks has seen the selection of a Valentine girl and the beginning of contests to choose a Little Colonel and a King of Hearts. And that's picking 'em fast in any man's country.

Oh no! We're not opposed to queens. The more queens the merrier we say. And our campus is doing pretty well. But perhaps with a little concentrated effort on the part of some of the University intelligentsia an even better record could be posted. A lot of wonderful opportunities are being missed. For instance, someone should have held a contest to elect a queen of ground hog's day. And then the campus could stage a cabbage festival to have a cabbage festival queen.

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Of course, they could have a defense bond sweetheart, since our nation is now at war. And the student union committee could choose a student union queen. And these fellows selling tags for the past week missed a bet when they didn't choose a "help fellow students queen."

It is really regrettable that all of the fraternities, dorms, and coops don't cooperate in selection of "dream girls." And then all the schools and departments should take a leaf from the law school's book and elect a queen.

Just think: In a little while it could be arranged so we could do away with the elections. A list of the various types of queens could be made and as each freshman girl stepped up to register in the University for the first time, she could be handed a slip telling her what she's queen of. Then just cross that queen off the list and so to the next.—H.O.