

# OREGON EMERALD

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## Let's Quit Kidding . . .

AMONG the popular misconceptions evaporated by the current war is one concerning the respective physical condition of American and Japanese youth.

From the cradle upward, the present generation has been weaned on the idea that all Japs were puny little midgets; that they were all anemic and unable to lift more than a few good-sized feathers; that any American could lick any five Japs, especially in any sports event or contest.

Of course this Occidental feeling of superiority extended to most all fields—industrial, technical, professional, and so forth—but in the realm of physical fitness it was especially evident.

\* \* \*

EXPERIENCE is the best teacher, but the tuition in this case has been extraordinarily high. Our army and navy have discovered that all the illusions we nurtured about the weaknesses of the Nips are nothing more than illusions. The sons-of-the-sun are tough, rugged, and resourceful fighters.

Too, their weaknesses in some competitive sports do not extend to all-important ones . . . such as swimming, for instance. It was crack Japanese swimmers that paved the way for the capture of Hongkong. It was the endurance of Japanese swimmers that contributed to the fall of Singapore. Just like ski troops, the Nipponese aquatic forces perform tasks of a specialized nature . . . such as leading landing operations and performing fifth column duties.

American swimmers, on the other hand, according to the Annapolis physical education department and other authorities, sacrifice endurance for speed. Our swimmers can't stay in the water nearly as long, and therefore are not nearly as effective, say the Annapolis authorities.

In fact, most of our American youth can't swim worth a hoot. The extent of most of our skill has been a leisurely paddle across a sun-kissed lake. Even the thought of cold water makes most of us pack up our swim trunks and head for a nice warm hearth.

\* \* \*

THE situation is a serious one. Naval authorities who are preparing to train 30,000 student pilots per year, have provided for a three-month preparatory course for all applicants, consisting of nothing else but physical conditioning . . . not a textbook on flying will be consulted until each student has demonstrated clearly that he can take plenty of physical punishment . . . and that he can swim three or four miles with a small pack on his back and a rifle over his shoulder.

Physical training is an absolute necessity. When 40 out of 60 husky-looking Oregon males fail their primary physical test for the United States Marines, as they did on this campus the past five days, something is definitely wrong. It's not only here—at Oregon State only 18 men could qualify. And recruiting officials report much the same trouble elsewhere.

Dreaming about the puny Japs and our rugged physical condition is a thing of the past.

Let's quit kidding ourselves.—B.B.

## Nothing Sacred

By J. SPENCER MILLER

Everybody and his dog were at the SDX dance. Even BUD SALINARDO, the Joisey Joik, who showed up with a plenty smooth date — Theta CAROL BOONE with one of the campus' smoothest dancers, LEE SPITZER—HARRY, the Greek, with another THETA, Fran Colton—EARLE, "I shall not run for another term"—RUSSELL digging Holman with DeeGee JEAN TALBOY—Chi Psi prexy JOHNNY BUSTERUD squired JEAN SCHULER—Phi Sig JACK JOSSE, who was supposed to be in the Navy or somewhere, doing his own peculiar stomp with AOPi JEAN KABISIUS — All around it was a plenty good dance and some of the campus "shots" that considered it smart to stay away really missed something.

WE WONDER . . . If the Alpha Chi-Theta Chi dynasty is beginning to tumble. Alpha Coo MARY ARKLEY labeled LARRY CELSI'S pin "Return to owner," and Saturday night she seemed mighty friendly at the Stone-Hut with PiKap TOMMY ROBLIN. If the Sigma Chis are ever going to find their lost picture of JANIE WILLIAMS. They sent some of their larger lads out looking for it the other night without much success. If DeeGee MONA MACAULEY (who gets too damn much publicity) and OX WILSON are going to quit fooling around and go steady. One night they're nuts about each other. The next night they're out with different dates. If Fee BETTY EDWARDS and FiDelt DICK BODWELL are going to fool all the wiseacres who laff at their one-date pin-planting. After all, there are such things as love at first sight, and ANYTHIN can happen spring term. . .

EXPLOSIVES \* \* Handle with care . . . One of the bettah-known Sigma Nus is rumored to be pulling a Jekyll-and-Hyde. He has one pin planted on a HEN-hall gal and still another somewhere else and, what's more the Hen hall girl knows it!

Where's BEELOO BRUMAN been lately? Didn't see her at SDX. Suzie's BETTY JO DANIELS is re-e-eally okay. The dorm boys sit around her table in droves—HELEN McCLUNG, newest Pi Phi pledge and Marge's younger sister, is a find —also the Alpha Chi's MARILYN FISHER, and Sigma Kappa's PAT CARSON—Henhall's "cover gal," MARCY HARTWICK, has lost steady BOB SMALL to the Army, and spends her evenings alone now, which could or couldn't be a hint to the boys.

Some one of these days we are going to get around to finishing our date-girl contest. Lat-est contestant to show hustle is DeeGee PEGGY KEMP, who goes steady with some Phi Delt, too. We just got another hare-brained  
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Ramblings . . .

## What Happens to the Pacific If Russia Comes First?

A new era . . .

By BILL HAIGHT

Several days ago President Roosevelt issued an executive order to all departments of the government to the effect that aid to Russia must be given the "rush" stamp. Monday evening Germany announced her forces had successfully attacked an Allied convoy in the Arctic. The ships, loaded with supplies for Russia, were due to dock in Murmansk.

Many commentators are of the opinion the United States government has accepted the British viewpoint that the first foe to knock out is Germany. The executive order and the announcement that heavy supplies are being rushed to Russia would tend to bear out this opinion.

What Happens Here?

If the United States government has chosen to throw the major portion of her military might against Germany we on the Pacific coast are likely to suffer somewhat from this policy.

Perhaps Germany is the nation that should first be defeated. Certainly her military achievements and potentialities are much greater than those of Japan. The German threat seems to be as fateful to our shores as the Japanese. The sea warfare in the Atlantic waters has reaped a heavy toll of ships and from March 22 to March 28, 12 vessels were sunk off the eastern coasts of the United States and Canada.

Held Off

Japanese penetration of coastal waters has been up to this time rather slight, yet, to those of us in the combat zone the decision seems to be one of great danger to our coast.

Perhaps the facts that our productive facilities are not yet producing materials to fully equip and maintain the needs of all of our allies and all of our own armed forces and the multiple dangers of the Germans forced the painful decision the President apparently has made.

The fighting world has been brought a little more vividly into my own life by recent letters. The infant of the family, barely 21, is now a squadron commander in the RAF. Out of the 20 or so young men that crossed the Atlantic with him only three are left. Three of his roommates have "failed to return." His letters are filled with a strange maturity and a sadness. He expects to be sent to Africa soon.

Cheer on \$300

Another chap that rather adopted the family—at least he moved in and claims us as his own, sends an air mail letter from Honolulu. The world is wonderful to him, so recently commissioned in the air corps and earning \$300 a month. His letters are a complete contrast to the "infant's." The letters are gay and hopeful, and mainly concerned with how to spend the \$300. However, he did manage to forget to let his wheels down when he started to land and damaged a plane. The incident seems typical of him because when he was home he broke every vase in the house, three chairs, wrecked two cars, and generally kept us uneasy.

Hal Olney wrote a short letter from the panhandle of Texas

which he states all Texans say is "really a part of Oklahoma." Apparently the place is bad, for Hal is dour and pessimistic about the climate and the food. At odd moments I mull around his comments on the food because in a couple of paragraphs later he states he is gaining weight.

Re—Signe Rasmussen. Her mother has no reports on her at all despite the news stories.

Good autobiographies that fit in with the times are the ones by Ghandi and Nehru.



A professor at the University of California at Los Angeles: "Can anyone answer this question?" (No answer.) "Then I can proceed without fear of contradiction."

\* \* \*

A group of girls from the University of Texas have formed an organization called "Army and Anchor Brats." The Brat Regiment is organized on a strictly military basis, having a commanding officer with the rank of colonel rather than a president. Its pledges are considered buck privates and are assigned to KP duty before initiation, when they are commissioned as second lieutenants.

Decent vegetables  
Are in  
A perfect pepper jig  
At the scandalous,  
Skimpy paper bags  
They are forced  
To wear home from  
The very best markets  
These days.

—Daily Bruin.

\* \* \*

It's best to sacrifice a while  
Then be forever mulling "Heil!"  
—Indiana Daily Student.

\* \* \*

Act I.  
A Green little Chemist  
On a Green little day,  
Mixed some Green little Chemicals  
In a Green little way.

Act II. BANG!  
ACT III.  
The Green little grasses  
Now tenderly wave,  
On the Green little Chemist's  
Green little GRAVE!

—Barometer.

## The Case Against Jazz . . . . . by John Williams

(Editor's Note: An answer to Emerald Columnist Ted Hallock's article, "The Case for Jazz," in Sunday's special edition, this article is written by Music Major John Williams.)

In the beginning, let me say that it is not my purpose to pick, maliciously, a fight. Also I shall not try to present a case for the "classics"—though I could and gladly would do that, too.

Let me also say that it is quite possible that I do not understand

jazz; but I have heard plenty of it, and have honestly tried to comprehend.

The Case

Consider what Ted Hallock implied, in his Sunday supplement article. A form of music—or a "series of poems" in his words, springs "spontaneously" from a group of uncivilized, uneducated people. Since any art form—and music certainly no exception—reflects the origin and the prevailing culture of the pe-

riod, then jazz, it would appear, reflects these qualities of ignorance and primitive intelligence and emotion. Perhaps if it had remained in that wild, raw, unrestrained state, it would have been far more worthy a form than it is today. But the white man got hold of it; in other words, it is spreading—fast—and spreading with it those same qualities of ignorance and ugliness.

There is enough ignorance and ugliness in the world today natur-

ally, without helping to increase these things by so powerful a propaganda device as a musical idiom—or in your terminology, a "series of poems."

The Result

But to continue. This form of a heritage passed on to the white man two personality types, two forms of emotionalism, two kinds of culture mixed. The marriage was not a happy one. The simple, ingenious, intensely emotional—yes, ignorant nature of the black

blended with the complex, materialistic, sometimes cynical and bitter personality of the big-city dweller. Those pulsating jungle rhythms, which would make some of the "beats" which send you yourself into sublime regions sound like the steady tick of a grandfather clock, were tamed.

That wild, free savage emotion mixed with the less intense if more reserved feeling of the often bewildered white man; and the  
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