

# OREGON EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$1.25 per term and \$3.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

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## Politically Speaking . . .

ONE of the funniest—and most surprising—things that has happened to Oregon's bloc politics in years took place Sunday night. For once in their lives, the "big guns" in Greek circles were told whom they could run for the ASUO vice-presidency. And that person wasn't the candidate they had planned to name for the office. It upset the whole gravy boat. But the idealism couldn't last.

The scene was the coed gravy session, where Jack Lansing was delegated to explain the bloc's views on what candidates should get the top feminine positions on the ASUO slate. But somehow or another, Lansing's gentle suggestions—or later more forceful ones—didn't fall on receptive ears. The girls had their own "bloc within a bloc" and were determined that their popular choice candidate should be the Greek nomination for the ASUO first vice-presidency come this morning's nominating assembly.

THE nearly 50 coed politicians argued among themselves, with, and against Lansing for a goodly four hours. There were the usual feminine tears. There were beefs. There was rounding up a missing delegate. This missing representative had the opportunity to hold the whole political situation in the palm of her hand when she finally arrived, but muffed the chance.

When the smoke had all cleared away at a late hour, the impossible had happened. The girls hadn't given in. The majority candidate in the women's meeting was sent to the men's bloc meeting a few minutes later . . . with no qualifications. They could take her or else. A miracle had happened. For once the "big guns" weren't in the saddle.

But even miracles don't last. Two sororities, pressed by bloc demands, last night switched their support of Sunday night to the minority candidate. The bloc grasped at the straw . . . and added their political choice. So today, two girls instead of one probably will be named on the Greek ticket for ASUO vice-president. As happened in last year's similar arrangement in the race for the same position, one will win and another will lose. The bloc knows which one will win.

Which all goes to show that girls could have some voice in campus politics if they would stick together. As long as they can't they'll stay just where they are.

## In Music is Might . . .

NINO MARTINI, Italian, sings tonight. He will undoubtedly draw a capacity house, this natty-dressing, golden-voiced tenor. Wherever he has sung in this country since his Metropolitan debut in 1933 he has been acclaimed by music lovers, critics, and just plain listeners. There's something about a person from an alien county who can trample underfoot and climb over the feelings of national prejudice that have arisen between his country and our own during the years in which he has been singing his songs for all peoples.

And there's something about the spirit of an American public that will crowd to concert halls, gymnasiums, opera houses to spend their evenings listening to classical, operatic, and popular music sung by one of the most handsome of America's singers. It's not the love of music alone; it is something far deeper—something in the makeup of Americans that makes them in time of war go back to the grim business of making this world a place where more people can sing and hear the old songs sung again.

IF AN army travels on its stomach, music is the medium that keeps a soldier's backbone stiff. Music brings men together, it keeps them marching. Nations have fought, bled and died, as well as lived, to the lilt of noble music. Music can keep up civilian morale as well as soldier spirit. William Allen White, eminent publicist and journalist, said recently in Etude, music magazine, "The nation that can sing and make a joyful noise before the Lord, has the spirit of victory in its heart." Dr. William Lyon Phelps, distinguished educator and author, believes that "instead of neglecting or slighting pure music, we should cultivate it more earnestly in the months that are to come."

If it is at all possible everyone should lose himself once in a while in the intangibles of life, forgetting the realities, forgetting the routines of war effort and defense activities, dropping back into the quieting, steady beauty of one of the ultimates of life. Nino Martini, Italian, sings tonight.

—F.T.

## Nothing Sacred

By J. SPENCER MILLER

We wus a ba-a-a-d boy . . . Quotes on item No. 1 in Friday's column.

Betty Kincaid, (a darn good sport in taking our DIRTY crack like she did) . . . Bob and I still feel the same about each other, but it's a better arrangement this way. Most people don't understand the pin-returning."

Bob Koch, "We haven't broken up, but there is less pressure on us this way."

Bob went to the Beta-Kappa dessert last Wednesday with Jean Hoover. Could be the old triangle again?

FROM THE NOTES OF AN ITINERANT COLUMNIST . . .

Beta Dick Davis and Artabelle Grover of the DeeGee clan have been seeing lots of each other and the prospects of a pin-planting are mighty ripe—Tex (Major) Goodwin has been besieged with offers to appear as the "Frozen Statue of Chemult." Tex spent eight hours there Sunday night trying to flag a ride from the THREE cars that passed during that time—From our agent X-4 we hear that Jackson Lansing is going to write his thesis on "How to Get a Date at the Last Minute." He went into research on Chapter I last weekend—Now that spring football is in full swing we can finally recognize the Steers twins apart. Hank has a big gash down his nose and Howard's right cheek looks like a piece of choice ham—There is some very interesting gossip making the rounds about Chi O Pat Kaarboe. From what we hear it's a choice story. Follow the column for possible later developments—Harry Thomsen, Burlingame import, and Ann Lauzier, USC's gift to Webfootville, met each other coming up on the train for spring term, and they haven't missed a weekend yet—How much am I offered to disclose the sun-bathing spot of the Gamma Phis?

A Love Note to Mr. Ted "Ham for Breakfast" Hallock . . . Dear Jerk, You are wrong once again. From your column of last Saturday—quote, "Benny Goodman is awaiting the matrimony plunge." unquote . . . From the New York (Please turn to page seven)

We are tolerant . . .

## Would "Passive Resistance" Work With the Storm Troopers?

. . . on Lew Ayres

By DON TREADGOLD

One more word about Lew Ayres. There is no question as to what the people's verdict it; it stands against him, and his film career is ruined until such time as a revulsion of feeling may again sweep us. Lew Ayres undoubtedly has the courage of his convictions—but we may well question their wisdom and consequences.

Says Lew Ayres: "So in my opinion we will never stop wars until we individually cease fighting them and that's what I propose to do. I propose we proclaim a moratorium on all presumed debts of evil done us . . ." The Oregonian makes this cynical comment: "Sometimes the person who plays a part feels bound to live it. And we are a tolerant nation with tolerant laws."

Why Is He?

The conscientious objector often feels persecuted by a world wantonly brutal, reveling in war as a vice it refuses to renounce. As grounds for being allowed to substitute ditchdigging for military service, he cites religious conviction. This is almost an insult to the humanity and the beliefs of millions of Christians who have made a hard but inevitable choice to fight this war until it is won.

Do not tell us Christ abhorred war; so do most of us. Do not tell us Christ forbade war; He made no direct statement, and the same Christ who healed the sick drove the money-changers from the temple. Countless great clergymen cannot condemn resort to arms as an alternative to slavery and barbarism.

Not Our Hope

We did not ask for war. We destroyed much of our armament, signed peace pledges, and even after we knew we could not avoid it, we shrank from the holocaust—not from lack of courage, but because we desired peace, as much as Lew Ayres ever did.

If the "conchie" feels driven by conscience to appeal to a lenient nation for exemption from being made to kill—who of us finds it easy to shoot human beings?—let him at least have his eyes open. Again from the Oregonian: "The strength of arms which they protest . . . these are their shield and their buckler (Please turn to page six)

## Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

The guy was new on the job. He must have been. He let through thirteen successive frames which showed Woody's left hand playing the "Horse and Wagon Gavotte" as big music for Gloria Jean or some one. All of which refers to the monumental, stupendous, sensational epic of swing in the raw featuring America's greatest dance orchestra, the band that plays the blues, Woody Herman. It's really marvelous, too. Herman is in for at least thirty-seven seconds during the credits. Then Butterworth is very funny for two hours and then Herman is in again, this time for as long as a minute at a time and you really don't mind the angle shots through the outhouse door at all. After all, Hollywood is doing its bit to popularize music. Money isn't everything. The name of the ordeal is "What's Cookin'," it's Universal's fault.

Not So Good

Kenton's newest waxes are not bad. Not comparable to the stuff across a stand with seven brass waving your hair like a Marine poster. "Concerto for Doghouse" with Decca treatment lacks the acoustical guts that the MacGregor transcriptions had. Stan's got a twelve inch platter on "St. Louis Blues" coming too. It's the same arrangement he used here which is reet.

Interesting thing about all the e.t.'s you hear of Stan over the local station. Seems they were made and distributed to Mutual affiliates, as with KORN, because Stan's stuff from Balboa was with Mutual. They are all on sixteen-inch platters, which hold an entire fifteen minute show, and are made just as a radio show would be taken off of the net, replete with announcer coming in between tunes for a short blurb.

So the kick lies wherein wise-ackers make with the inside info that all cuttings were Rendezvous takings. But such is not so. Father Hallock, knowing Chet Blomsness, CBS and MacGregor engineer digs this. Chester says the Kenton crew was invited to Mac's eight by ten studios which have second to Columbia a most tremendous echo Jack, and were asked to invite all friends and song pluggers available. So this they do and that's how the crowd effect was obtained.

They All Play

An interesting note also on those records which padded JFB admirably this day, is the note that the announcer who handles the mid tune fill ins, never saw a musician who couldn't play cello, until the age of 27. Having been weaned on Hollywood bowl stuff for years.

Continuing the listing of confirmed or prospective benedicts, George Auld took unto himself a wife. Ben Webster of Ellington and tenor to heaven on a go cart fame also slipped, in Baltimore (Please turn to page seven)

## Trade List

By MARY WOLF

Driver—President.  
Motor—Student body.  
Starter—Football team.  
Clutch—Co-op.  
Gas—Text books.  
Spark Plugs—Yell leaders.  
Distributor—Young Communist league.  
Squeaks—Exams.  
Power—Senior class.  
Steering Wheel—Faculty.  
Radio—Juke box.  
Horn—Camps gossip.  
Windshield Wipers—Janitors.  
Spare Tire—Library.  
Heater—Band.  
Headlights—Student body officers.  
Bumper—Freshmen.  
Exhaust—Daily Bruin.  
—Daily Bruin.  
\* \* \*

If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death,  
If you don't, he thinks you are a dope.

If you let him make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end.

If you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you wear barn paint, he thinks you are repulsive,

If you don't he thinks you are spook.

If you wear an extreme hat, he thinks you should be more conservative,

If you don't, he stares all night at a girl who does and the next day calls her for a date.

If you fall for his line, he thinks you are a cinch,

If you don't and recognize it as a line, he is mad because he has found someone smarter than he is.

If, ah, well, what's the use!

—Barometer.

\* \* \*

Friends—Persons who stick together until debt do them part.  
Flaming youth—Gradually becomes a burnt out cinder.

Thumb—the modern means of transportation.

Fleas—Insects that have gone to the dogs.

—Idaho Argonaut.

\* \* \*

Bill: You'll have to hand it to Venus de Milo when it comes to eating.

Bob: Why?

Bill: How else could she eat?

—Idaho Argonaut.