

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Colonel Lyon . . .

FROM Bataan to Ireland, from Maine to Fort Lewis . . . there are scattered the more than 200 University of Oregon army officers who received their preliminary training under Oregon ROTC's retiring Colonel Robert M. Lyon.

Colonel Lyon's military career, scheduled to end with retirement June 30, has been a long one. He has participated in four major American wars, including World War I since his introduction into army life nearly a half century ago.

A friend of the hundreds of students who have been under his tutelage in the last few years here on the University of Oregon campus, Colonel Lyon is indeed a campus personality, as well as a popular citizen of the University community of Eugene. Always he has upheld the dignity and prestige of the United States Army. It is his life.

Military students at the University last night paid tribute to the retiring colonel at an impressive banquet. It is fitting and right that Oregon should honor Colonel Lyon. For his life is an exemplification of devotion to the traditions of the American Army.

It Could be Funnier . . .

THAT Horace Robinson faces a major problem in connection with the production of "Of Thee I Sing" is growing more evident day by day. The problem is that "Of Thee I Sing" is one of the funniest satires that has been written on politics, but, nevertheless, with Oregon's ASUO elections coming up but a few weeks before, the show may lose a great deal of its punch. Many of the gags may be too familiar for the undergraduate audience.

No sooner will the mock 'mud sling' and the official 'mud sling' have had their April fling than the Kaufman and Ryskind 'take-off' on politics will appear, complete with all the 'characters' of the original play. That many of these will prove to be a very reasonable facsimile to several Oregon politicians also gives the Junior Weekend committee the problem of worrying about lawsuits. A suggestion is now being considered to display a large sign before the opening curtain stating that "Any resemblance of characters in this story to persons, Greek or Independent, is purely coincidental."

While the New York audience may have received many a laugh from the revelation of the pompous, self-important members of the campaign committee, a large part of the audience here will be well acquainted with this over-zealous politico-type from observing the inner workings of TNE, INS, TNT, or the like.

* * *

WHEN it is learned that Mr. Wintergreen's party is Republican in most states but Democratic in the South, no one will even smile. Likewise, when it is discovered that Rhode Island has been "sold down the river," most living organizations will probably, with some justification, consider it to be a reenactment of their own case at one time or another. And near the conclusion of the musical it will be a masterful job of direction on the part of Mr. Robinson if he can hold his audience through the scene in which Wintergreen has his "throat cut" by the "inside group" of political bigwigs because their gravy is threatened.

* * *

A SAFE observation is that most Oregon students will roar at the antics in "Of Thee I Sing," but that ASUO elections will run a close second for laughs. The viewpoints of those over-serious campus politicians who cry "unity," "up with this," "down with that," are usually greeted with more laughing than cheering.

Oregon's politicians could probably learn a great deal from Kaufman and Ryskind, at least as far as method is concerned. For instance there is the party platform of love, the beauty contest, and the use of plenty of music. However, it would probably work vice versa just as well. In other words, Kaufman and Ryskind could get an even funnier show out of Oregon's politics.—C.B.

Nothing Sacred

By J. SPENCER MILLER

Received in the Mail Box:

Dere Joe
Roses are red
Violets are blue
If anyone reads your column
You're all thru

Luff, Susie.

Where are our pants? Divested of them after Sherry Ross' disastrous swim "meet" with Susie Campbell (not to be confused with the author of that little ditty) by the traitorous members of my team we tracked them to SC where they were reported to be with our little chums, the Gamma Phis—from there the Sigma Kappas were reported to possess them—Flash—A late press report reveals that the Fees are cutting them up to be Bundles for Bataan—If you see some guy going around the campus tomorrow in a barrel you'll know who it is. . . .

Killing More False Rumors . . . Good friend Jim Frost and Nelson have decided not see each other until the political season is over—Reason? Wednesday night they were in the Bird merely having a coke—15 minutes later the entire campus was buzzing with the news that the Independents were being lined up for Buster by said politicians.

Believe it or not, we've got some well deserved PLUGS to hand out . . . 1. To the ADS Mud-Sling Swing tomorrow night. This deal may blow the cover off something—at least we'll see some of our candidates in a ridiculous light . . . And what a thrill! Seeing "Leg Art" Montag in his shorts again . . . And it's rumored Les Anderson is going to do a strip tease.

2. To the Independent Rally dance in Gerlinger, tonight—This shouldn't be like most independent deals, a couple of 1936 vintage records and a lousy phonograph. Instead they've got a swell band, refreshments and decorations. Cumonup, whether you be Independent or Greek, 'cause it's a good deal—free.

3. To the Pi Phis and the Dee Gees with a few Sigma Kappas tossed in . . . these gals show up consistently to work on the Emerald, stay late, putting grimy type together, and get precious little thanks for it. And they're not gals just looking for activity points, they WORK . . . There hasn't been a Kappa or Theta working on the Emerald for many a term . . . What's the matter, are the afraid they'll get their hands dirty? Or maybe they're too busy dating?

FROM OUR NOTES . . . Dee Gee Phyliss Horstman is wondering when Phi Delt "Slow Tho" Thoburn is going to "thaw out a little." —ADPi Ruth Rodda captured Cecil Hunt's SAE pin and from the houses of the same name, Orabelle Vulgamore was married to Marsh Hayes.—There are signs of coming marriages in the AOPi house, too. Phi Psi Don Barker gave Yvonne Torgler a hope chest for a birthday present (we hear houseboy Bunny Potts had a rather rough time getting it upstairs) . . . And Ray Schrick gave BeeJay Biggs a cook book just for no reason at all.

The tremendous desire to "do something" finds a natural outlet in working on activities. Freshmen usually want to get their names up in lights and the upperclassmen want something to fill in between classes. Activities are a boon to the leisure-time problem. But this great amount of work usually doesn't produce anything that is worth the time spent.—Daily Northwestern.

A gallant end . . .

The Miracle Did Not Come; Rocky Bataan Has Fallen

. . . He will come back

By BILL HAIGHT

The miracle prayed for by some and hoped for by many to relieve the valiant defenders of the rocky Bataan was not wrought and the factual bitter truth of defeat must be accepted—for a while. Let us not forget during these days the words of the intrepid General MasArthur to his men on that island—"I will come back." The General has a remarkable record of keeping his word.

No Softness Here

From this gallant fight and from the Marine's splendid resistance on Wake island we may find a repudiation in the Axis assertions that we are soft and weak. However, the gallantry of those men failed to stem the tide of Japanese forces because they lacked machines, ships for food, and reinforcements.

The responsibility of supply belongs on the shoulders of the administrative heads of our government and the civilians. There is a possibility of much truth in the Axis assertion we are weak and soft on the home front. Our president and the Donald M. Nelson, WPB chief, have insisted supplies are going to the hotspots but as yet we have not seen the evidence of their promise. If we behind the lines are to repudiate the Axis claim with the same vigor as the men on Bataan and Wake, supplies must be produced and transported immediately. If we win there must be more than plans and promises for next year.

A Busy Spring

On all fronts throughout the world there is increased activity. The Germans are thrusting and skirmishing on the North African positions and observers believe it to be a prelude to a strong offensive. Malta suffered one of the heaviest raids of the war yesterday which would tend to substantiate the belief of violent battles in Africa.

In Russia air activity has been stepped up and though the Russians announce heavy losses in German planes the assertion offers little hope. The reports carry the item that the planes shot down are shortly off the assembly line which may hold a meaning.

What Next?

With the dark fall of Bataan and the increased tempo against India and Burma we may expect decisive actions on that front. The Japanese will be better able to concentrate their forces.

Wednesday evening, Los Angeles had a blackout, although this time there were no artillery displays. Blackout of Pacific coast cities will most likely become a commonplace practice within the coming spring and summer months.

Harry Elmer Barnes has written a book that might offer an interested person some solace. Mr. Barnes has lectured here and I believe the last time was about this time last year. His book, revised edition: 'An Intellectual and Cultural History of The Western World.'

Department of understatement: "Mrs. Armstrong wore an Igorote costume and told of the quaint customs of the natives, quaintest of which is the belief, for a while outlawed but now more prevalent than ever, that a boy could not become a man in Japan until he had taken a head." Quaint!

Yesterday upon this stair,
I saw a man who had no hair.
He had no hair on again today—
Hmmm—he must be bald.

—Pacific Index.

Clemson college physical plant has risen in value from \$250,000 to \$6,000,000.

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

Hal Hardin's band is reet. Johnny Mathews debuts for the "springtime at the U" audience on tubs. Fred McKinney likewise, but not for oldsters, who know his stuff is tremendous. Hal on fine bass, vibes, trumpet, and vocal. (no he doesn't work the switches and shut up). Stu Lay kills himself et al on chest organ and rhythm git. Richard Barton plays like Charlie on juiced box (he gets all my volts). And sister Barton is fine on Tiltonish vocals. Get ready to stab.

I believe you are all associated with the band to play for Saturday night's little beau geste. So? Be prepared for the same chaaarming performance that you have all grown to know and love over a period of the last seven years. They won't even draft Art. It just isn't done, you know. No cricket end all thet sawt of theeng.

We apologize herein to Glenn Macy and the Frosh, both with glee and without, for the insult laid at their door. Said JFB, "Ib@Ib\$\$\$@: ST\$Ib," concerning prospective ork King. So seeing as how King is no longer prospective, being it, we withdraw same to re-utter "Congratulations all. For your valorous efforts under fire; for refusing even against lighted cigarettes between the toes to hire Art Holman, we present you with this little token of our esteem, a lead medal for the Grove Point Bicycle race of 1935. And god-speed."

To get away from Eugene, far away, we enter now the teeming metropolis known to most of the world as New York. The rest speak Greek. Hard to realize, isn't it, that within this tiny island, live several million people, and Pee Wee Russell. Let us then look at the most engrossing of all, Pee Wee Russell.

Suppose we just stick our heads in at Nick's to say hello. Now suppose we travel up village a slight to stick our heads in at the Village Vanguard and say hello. Now suppose we get on 52nd street and Kelly's Stables and a pitcher of beer for seventy-five cents and stick our heads in, period.

And this brings us to today's topic of interest for housewives and anemic children of five. Jazz. Jazz is a very interesting subject we find. Just as interesting as life and almost as so as Universal. Jazz is where you talk and listen, but mostly talk. And everyone else talks cause if everyone says enough then no one has to listen cause they will know all about everything and everyone. Bore you doesn't it.

And so we leave New York to its lights, and Pee Wee to his dark glasses and gin, and Muggsy to a pint of Guernsey grade A milk each and every day. But every night. Man, that's different.

Hiram Brock, Jr., 24, U.K., is member of that state's legislature.