

## 'Snap' Judgment

By DON DILL

Ah,—men! Those wonderful selective service specimens. Today is ours for putting out the sheet. The days of the old newspaper are lived again. The days when a woman on the newspaper staff was as rare as something good in Nothing Sacred; when the rustle of a skirt through the maze of desks was akin to a presidential assassination. Today it is relived—tomorrow it will be the man who is the one out of place in the news room. After all, Uncle Sam wants us.

But be that as it may, we can remember, or at least history remembers when only men were engaged in the art of photographic reproduction. Today the Margaret Bourke Whites—true to their sex—continue to muscle in. But the male is still holding his own in our world of lens and film speeds. What woman can match Hurrell in the art of capturing that fleeting quality called "glamour"? What woman has equaled the breath-taking news photos shot by Carl Mydans?

Don't try to think of an answer to those, there might be one.

But to our subject: if by any chance you should happen to feel tire-rubber reckless and take a jaunt to the coast between showers, think of your camera. Beach photography can be and is fun. At least the way they do it at Art Center in L.A. But models cost money.

However, you can make out with whatever you took with you and experiment with interpretive photography. Things such as a hand suddenly rearing its grimy self from a mound of sand. Of course, grasping an empty beer bottle can signify the futility of love or GPAs. Or you can try for trick shots such as the old favorite in which a friend is buried in the sand with only his head sticking out and another lying nearby but with his head out of sight because of hanging down in a little pit. The effect is a headless body with the head grinning foolishly nearby. Whether you dig them up again we leave to your own discretion. You could wait for the tide to come in.

But the main to think about when taking pictures at the beach is your camera. Always protect it from sand. Tiny particles of sand in the complicated mechanism of the shutter can cause untold damage. Not only that it's expensive to get the darn things fixed. An unprotected lens can be made into a marvelous ground glass focusing plate by letting a stiff breeze blow sand into it. Dropping the camera in water or on a stone is also good for the blood pressure as well as the camera.

When you get home be sure to clean the lens and other parts of the camera. Salt spray, with which the beach air is impregnated, is as corrosive a bit of stuff as can be found, and it is impossible to keep the camera free from it.

Of course this entire dissertation is dependent upon the weather, which of late has been confusion itself. Especially does it puzzle our cousins from California who know that the sun always shines down there—in spite of the floor roaring down the main street; and who also know that it always rains in Oregon—in spite of the beautiful sunburned that the girls are now using on their noses.

Dr. Hezleton E. Simmons, president of the University of Akron, is the new president of the Association of Urban Universities.

# OREGON EMERALD

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## For Ladies Only . . .

**MEN** are the most indispensable things on this earth. Women are nice, too, but men are better. Lately (meaning the last 400 years), women have tried to usurp man's natural place in this world. With the aid of Daisy Mae, she of muddy peroxide afterwash and the dotted swiss Sears Roebuck priorities special, they have sabotaged and nose powdered their way into all four of man's estates.

At this very moment they are drafting a special message to God, asking for an adequate biological adjustment; and threatening to set Eleanor up in his place should their request be denied. Determination is written all over their eyebrow-penciled little maps.

Women are determined to wear the pants in the family, cuffs or no cuffs.

True, women have made some great advances in the modern era—any fugitive from a sorority house dance will attest to that (providing a living example is still available).

True, they have made love a thing it never could have been without them; but they are not satisfied. They want more.

\* \* \*

**SOON** women will have men where they want them—behind the sink and atop the scrubbing brush. They will not be content until the males have been organized into local Housemaid's Knee and Monday's Washday unions with Madame Perkins as dictatorial head.

Then the women will be able to achieve their lifelong ambitions—staying up all night with their sick grandmothers in dimly lit hotel rooms, fishing for deuces and one-eyed jacks, and consuming unlimited quantities of bathtub gin.

Men, we cannot stand aloof and pat our pancake makeup complacently. We must rise from our sewing circle and sweater bees, cast off our smocks and chintz housecoats, and put the women back into their proper place . . . beside our mothers-in-law, behind that unscrapped pile of unwashed breakfast dishes on the unscrubbed sink.

And in the future, so as to prevent any reoccurrence of this deplorable situation, let's confine our relations with the nylon-swathed sex to such academic researches as graveyardology and backseat-onomy.

Here, however, let us be unconfined.—C.P.

## Play Ball . . .

**SWOLLEN** skies that threatened from time to time to let loose their watery content, stopped Oregon's first thrust in their quest for the Northern division baseball crown. The milling fans, usually there with the always-present coke and hot dog, were driven home. But they'll be at it again tomorrow.

Baseball has always been more to us than a game of brain and brawn. Its history and its growth have been an inseparable part of the growth of this country.

It was born in an era long past, a day when Colonel Abner Doubleday took a group of lads out to an empty pasture one warm Sunday afternoon in 1839 and told them of a new game he had devised, and has grown with America and become a part of it.

It has weathered wars and depressions. During the Civil War it was played often by the soldiers, and one memorable game was umpired by a tall, gaunt man dressed in broadcloth, with a stovepipe hat perched on his shaggy head.

It survived the first World War and now faces the rigid test of another. It faces it, however, with the approval of the President. In a letter to Baseball Commissioner Landis he wrote, "I honestly feel that it would be best for the country to keep baseball going."

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**BASEBALL** has given richly to this country. It has endowed the people with an enjoyable pastime. Ideals have been born through heroes in its ranks, ideals which have been accepted by millions of kids.

Baseball will contribute further to our country now that it is at war. Our team is playing a whale of a game in the Pacific but it had two strikes on it before it stepped up to bat. It needs some of the things a baseball man can give; the guts to slap the ball on a runner when he comes into the bag with spikes flying; the nerve to stand up to a three and two pitch with the bases full.

And it gives the man at home a chance to forget screaming headlines while he sits in a crowded bleacher and yells at the ump and for his team.

Yes, baseball is a part of America. It is as American as the shouting fan in shirt sleeves, a beer in one hand, a hot dog in the other.

Play ball!

Laval is in . . .

## Road of Appeasement Sets Up Nazi Stooge

What Now?

By DON TREADGOLD

Well, Laval is in, and Leahy has been sent home. The long road of appeasement has come to a dead end. Whom did the State Department think it was fooling, anyway?

In Washington Mr. Welles clucks and solemnly rejects Vichy's rejection of our rejection of something. Have our diplomats really given evidence that they knew who were our real friends? Ever since the Spaniards were crushed for want of arms we denied them, these men have been stringing along with the fascists, trying to postpone what always inevitably came. Vichy, we hope, is the last time.

### Our Explanations

Each time elaborate explanations were offered. It simply wasn't practical to be too chummy with de Gaulle, because Petain might dive right under Hitler's skirts and toss his fleet to the Nazis. Ship supplies to North Africa, pretend not to see when Vichy let arms get through to the Nazis in Libya; after all, hadn't the defender of Verdun Marshal Petain, given his word as a soldier? What to do when the Free French, who have fought and died all over the world as our allies, tried to take control of two islets off Newfoundland? Why, slap them down, of course!

Phoney reasons, all of them. If we were right in bottle-feeding Franco Spain, Japan, Vichy—then Chamberlain was right at Munich. If Marshal Petain, who

loved democracy and the British no whit more than Hitler, had been awaiting an excuse to sign a bill of sale for the fleet, why didn't he jump at the chance when the Allies fought the Battle of Oran, attacked Dakar, invaded Syria, bombed Paris?

Stiffen Petain's backbone? How stiff was it from all our good will, our food shipments, our Vichyizing and our de Gaulle-baiting, when Laval sat down at the conference table with him?

### With the French?

Show the French people we were with them? Their hearts are with de Gaulle, and their hopes are with us, and they have no love left for Darlan, Dentz, and Deat. If we want to give the French courage, let us acknowledge the Free French government as the true representative of France. If, as some predict, Laval tries to use force to recon-

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## Jam For Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

Teagarden was in Salem last night, and we were all here.

Today's colyum shall be impressionless due to circumstances entirely within our control. Items within this day shall be traceable to a very fine book written by the finest of guys, "Jazzem," by Frederic Ramsey Jr., and Charles Edward Smith.

### Reminiscing

All the stuff is very good, especially the reminiscing, which we shall now re-reminisce. About 52nd St. in the late twenties, says Wilder Hobson, contributor, "I remember Mike Riley playing fiendishly eclectic trombone solos in which everybody else's style came in for a few bars, and right in the middle he would suddenly yell "Hello, Joe," at an imaginary friend in the back of the house. And Benny Goodman's face wryly following the unpredictable turns of Pee Wee Russell's clarinet line—would he get out of this one all right or wouldn't? He usually did. And Teddy Wilson telling off a nasty drunk who for the better part of twenty minutes kept yammering for a number which Teddy didn't want to play and finally, with a patronizing leer, stepped up and slapped a dollar on the piano. Wilson said quietly that the drunk had gotten more satisfaction out of giving the dollar than he, Wilson, could possibly obtain by receiving it, and the dollar stayed on the piano top and the tune was never played."

### And Shavers

That isn't all, either. "And there was trumpeter Charlie Shavers playing a wonderful, elaborate "Basin Street" with John Kirby's little band, and "Count" Basie's fourteen men playing "King Porter" with such steam that the leader's hands dropped off the piano and he sat listening to them with a slight incredulous smile which reminded me of Fletcher Henderson in the same kind of situation."

And he doesn't stop now, Jack. He plays it till 1951. "And there was Bessie Smith, one Sunday afternoon in the upstairs room of the old Famous door, singing blues without taking her furs off." "After a while they even began to put in postage stamp dance floors and anyone who thought it was disrespectful to dance while Count Basie played the "One o'Clock Jump" had to take it or leave the joint, thank God."

### Take Nick's Place

And that's how it was, and even still is, in spots. You should go to Nick's some day. If you did you would have lived. I remember last summer, walking into Nick's with Ed Johnson at about one o'clock in the morning to see the new and fine little seven piece Ray Coniff combo. Before that session was over, Bill Miller, Barnett 88er, Johnny Guarneri, Goodman pianist, and Jack Gardner, ex-Harry James ivoryist, had played a three piano thing that drugged everyone listening. And

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## OREGON EMERALD

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