

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

The real stuff is here and it's mellow. Jack Teagarden will open Jantzen Beach, up Alaska way, on May 2, for a twelve-day stand, including Sabbath et al. We are really as ready for Jackson as he must be for us, too. And four bits we get an invite to meet Mr. T. cause we all know Freddy Keller, who is from Portland and plays fourth trombone therein, and Myron Shepler, also from hicktown, and on bass. So con-ning as we will, it should prove to be. Also.

The secondary saccharine stuff is also here, though gooey. Our own Holland ballroom, that we have all come to know and love, in initiating a name band policy for the future, began, rather sadly, by importing Dave Marshall and men from Los and northern points for a brawl this Thursday eve at nine sharp like the tack.

The Style

Dave's ork is strictly on the Everett Hoagland, Orville Knapp kick, yet, according to the eminent pianist "Jeaney With the Light Brown Hines" Leo Ex-Knapp chirp, Marshall has attempted, as has Everett, to kiddy on for Orv, with stone-lined mutes and three tenors. The drummer uses a metronome.

Tomorrow eventide at Gerlinger some time between 7:30 and 9 p.m.'s, yea junior class and Pat Cloud will trip the light with an annual party. Said camp meetin' will occur in the upstairs gym, and there will be punch, refreshments, doughnuts, and punch for all. Also music by five piece combo, identity unknown as yet it would seem. So if you are in your third year of senility or cynical about life anyway, come to the fair and make merry.

James Stays South

Harry James will stay in California for about fourteen weeks, which will give the local L.A. contingent the opp to dig. Mostly at the Palladium.

Art Shaw got a berth with the U.S.O. morale bolstering and check taking in division, which keeps him healthy and he doesn't have to wave the baton. Irving Fazola, having left 4803 bands to date, just left the 4804th, Muggsy Spanier's, to accept a definitely lucrative Teddy Powell offer.

Interesting to note is the fact that Kay Kyser's library and band bus were completely destroyed by fire in New York forcing him into a least a two week silence. So it does you good to kneel down now and then.

Equally interesting was the Kenton airtime Saturday afternoon from Meadowbrook. Good, too, should be Dunham shots from the Palladium coming soon. Sonny opened there April 7. And speaking of air shots, it is extremely gratifying (understatement of week) to note Glenn Miller's sudden demise a la Mutual as a result of the current AFM-Mutual squabble.

Rudy Vallee recorded "A Letter From London" and "I Just Couldn't Say It Before." Said Down Beat: "Even the men in the band won't buy this one. Neither will Vallee, if he's honest."

A freshman — takes the girl's books and offers her his seat.

A sophomore — offers his seat to the girl.

A junior — offers to take the girl's books.

A senior — gives his books to the girl and asks her to give him her seat.

—Broadway Whims.

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More Than a Recital . . .

QUIETLY and methodically, 600 University students each week during the school year have practiced again and again the score of Hadley's "The New Earth." Nobody paid much attention to them. Dean Theodore Kratt, director of the choir, ran his hands through his hair ferociously from time to time in reaction to their occasional apathy for his friend's music. They sang on.

Sunday night, in a stilled McArthur Court, the 600-student chorus presented its annual recital. But it was much more than a music class recital. It was a magnificent example of group singing by one of the largest choruses ever to appear in the United States and the largest chorus ever to present a composition by an American composer.

The molding of a group of untrained voices, comprising more than one-fifth of the student body, into an accomplished chorus is a feat worthy of commendation. The creation of a spectacle production unrivalled among collegiate musical efforts of the west coast is a real tribute to the University of Oregon and to Dean Kratt.

THAT three soloists of such talent, trained on our own University of Oregon campus, are able to make such outstanding performances in the starring roles as did Soprano Margaret Zimmerman, Baritone Ray Leonard, and Tenor Lee Ghormley, is yet another tribute to Oregon's music school.

The music school, once isolated on the edge of the campus, has become, under Dr. Kratt, an integral, living part of the campus . . . and music productions have come to be one of the things of which University students are most proud.

There is a Reason . . .

WHAT are we fighting for?

A weekly Oregon newspaper says it is to "win this damned war."

A Saturday Evening Post writer goes into great lengths on the subject, after posing the question, and comes out with lots of theory.

Robert wants to know what we are fighting for, too. But Robert doesn't understand what the Saturday Evening Post article, and the long speeches by Secretary of Navy Knox don't help him much, and the pleas by the politicians and the statesmen; the labor leaders and the capitalists; the upper crust and the shipyard workers—all these whip right past him like so much chaff.

Robert, you see, is only four years old, with wonderfully blond hair, twinkling blue eyes, and a bubbling personality. He's got a gal to go pigging with—she's Joannie, who's only three, awful young for him, but a nice kid—and a little trieycle. He lives a block from the S.A.E. house . . . and he doesn't know what we're fighting for.

WE ASKED him what he was doing with a penny in his hand. No more gum for Robert. No more suckers for Robert. No more licorice for Robert.

Why? we asked, a bit puzzled, but awful dumb thought Robert. He's saving his money. See that little truck in his hand? Sure, he's saving all his money to buy a great big one some day. Except for popcorn. He loves popcorn so much . . . just once in a while . . . But the rest of the money he's saving for that truck. Not all of it, though. Robert's saving half of it to buy defense stamps. Sentimental slush . . . sure, sentimental slush. We're college highbrows and that stuff belongs in Dan Dunn for the big fat detective to spit out. But Robert's saving his money . . . half of it for that big truck, half of it for defense stamps.

We looked at him, four years old, blond, big-eyed . . . an American youngster with an American home with an American mommie. We know why we're fighting now.

So blue-eyed Robert—and Joannie—can have their gum, their suckers, their licorice—and their popcorn.—B.B.

Ray of Hope . . .

It's No Mean Exploit To Bomb Tokyo - -

. . . In Dark Sky

The long-awaited bombing of Tokyo highlights the intrepidity of the United States Navy in venturing within aircraft-carrier ranke of Japan, for apparently that was how it was done. With the Japanese Navy roaming most of the waters of the eastern hemisphere at will, such daring would be no mean exploit.

Elsewhere the naval picture is by no means cheering to the Allies. In the Bay of Bengal, whose waters wash the industrial heart of India, what amounts to a fair-sized fleet has been lost by the British. As Time points out, off Malaya, Java, and India, enough ships were lost with which "at any one place and time, with effective air support, they could have beaten the Japs. At it was, piecemeal, the Allies lost both the ships and the battles."

The Score

In these three places, 2 battle-ships (Prince of Wales and Repulse), 4 heavy cruisers, 1 aircraft carrier (Hermes), 3 light cruisers, and 12 to 15 destroyers went to the bottom. Churchill tried to explain that the British just didn't have enough planes to protect them. If you care for explanations, you might ponder that one.

As a result, British naval strength has taken such a whacking that they have called to America for help. On our desk is an advertising blotter charting Jap naval strength, and marked in red: "Watch the Jap Navy Go Down—Cross Them Off as They Go Down." If we had a similar blotter for the British navy we would have used considerably more pencil lead.

More Strength

In the Mediterranean the British face a superior French navy force, which according to Walter Winchell may be used by Laval against them. In the North Sea (they called it the German ocean in Napoleon's day), the Nazis, in contrast to the British experience, have assembled a formidable fleet seemingly out of thin air.

We have more reason to be hopeful about our own navy. Saturday night on the radio program, "This is War," we heard as an example of insidious propaganda this story: A fake Englishman, drinking with an American sailor, slyly asked if he knew how many times the U. S. fleet had fought a major engagement. The answer, of course, was none. (The flab-

Trade Last . . .

By MARY WOLF

Students at the University of Southern California may enjoy the delightful ditties of Dorsey, the magical melodies of Miller, or the syncopated swing of other leading bands in a record swing-fest any noon without charge in the physical education building.

Lady, if you see me lying,
On the ground and (maybe) dying,
Let my gore run, bright and free;
Don't attempt to bandage me.
While there's life, there's hope,
so, pet,
Don't apply a tourniquet;
Do not give, for my salvation,
"Artificial respiration!"
Do not stretch my bones or joints,
Do not press my "pressure points."
If "queer symptoms" you should see

(Please turn to page seven)

bergasted sailor might have noted Dewey and Sampson's victories in the Spanish-American war, but they were over hopelessly inferior Spanish hulks.) For a moment it was a rather disturbing thought.

However, we aren't worried about how our fleet would stand up in such an old-style naval battle. Anyway, this hardly seems to be the era of such fights. Not since the Japs sank the Russians at Tsushima in 1905 has the classical "T" been crossed, and not since Jutland have two great battle fleets even had a go at each other. In present-day naval warfare, we are confident our navy has no peer.

Nothing Sacred

By J. SPENCER MILLER

This weekend produced plenty of campus fireworks. Some we can tell you about. The others the Editor will cut out (She always cuts the really good bits).

Mary Jane Rabbe and Bunny Potts started it off Thursday morn in the Side when his OX rattle made a return trip to a few inches of her Pi Phi arrow—Friday night "a bunch of the boys whooped it up." A little tea party at the Stone-hut ended in a tear-gas episode.

The PiKaps and Kappa Sigs carried on the tradition Saturday nite by throwing a couple of ree-eally good deals. Shirley Graveley and Bill Rapson alternated between the Starlight ball at Henthall and the Kappa Sig affair. The Greek was at the PiKap deal with some gorgeous Pi Phi. Jack DuLong made it, too, with a Theta, whose name we are getting tired of mentioning. Jim Maize of the Delt clan pulled a Crosby, planting his pin on Theta Beth Parks over the phone.

This is so good we have to tell it on ourselves. . . . It was cafeteria-style dinner in the dorm. We collected our gruel and sat down next to two uppish gals. After a half-hearted attempt at conversation, we subsided. One of the creatures picked up the ham on her plate, looked at it, and said to her girl friend, "What a coincidence! Eating ham and sitting across from it. . . ."

Jean Spearow announced her engagement to Steve Worth, boasting a big sparkler. Coincident with this, the Jean Spearow-Hates-Me Club held a special meeting and elected their officers for the spring. They are: Buck Buchwach, prexy; Ken Christianson, vice-prexy; Don Walker, secretary.

FeeBetty Edward and FiDelt Dick Bodwell have admitted that it was all a mistake, and—pin is no more—Another Fee, Doty Bruhn got tired of waiting for Doll-ta Glamour-gal Phyllis Dyer and Dave Holmes to break up, so she is now going with Fiji pledge, John Emerson. Incidentally, what Gamma hall weight lifter has a

(Please turn to page seven)