

DIG THIS POPS

By A. Smart Alleck

With the idea of an extrey special edition in mind, we wouldst like to devote the better part (if, shall we say, any part can be deemed better) to discussing an extra special cat.

That cat, gates, is strictly a groovily constructed character who fronts one of the decidedly hots crews of the nation. When he rides, Jack, it's like Buck Jones. The monicker is Miller, Glenn Miller, and that's the real lick.

Nothing but fine take-off men in this band. F'rinstance this Tex Beneke. Jack, he blows that gut horn like St. Peter, only louder and dirtier, and he sings like Pete Johnson. To get sent out of this world, gatemouth, dig Tex's tremendous solo on "Yes, My Darling Daughter," or "Deep In The Heart Of Texas." Both are Blue-birded platters, with the former boasting thirty-three coca-colas consumed and the latter, three black coffees and a short beer.

And Rhythm . . .

And what a rhythm section that Glenn has snagged. They don't play loud very often, and what if you do think it's Krupa's crew. Take that Maurice Purtill on tubs. Finished? That cat is so polished his shoe strings shine. Subtle too.

Yes sireebob, or Robert as the case may be, them cats is go men, no ickies or paper men there. Just a fine all-around jazzy crew. And though he isn't to play for Mortar Board, he is just as good, every bit as good, as Art Holman.

But even eclipsing Glenn (as if any one could, and you all know we are just trying to be fair all around) there is another coming aggregation that shows a great deal on wax, on the air, on the screen. It's Texaco—er—no—that is, it's Sammy Kaye. Have you ever heard those Kaye men go in a session, well neither have we, but you can just imagine how they would jam, after hearing that fine Decca of "Winter Wonderland." Isn't that a fine side, huh?

Yes siree, that's really a band that makes you want to hold your girl close and whisper sweet everthings in her ear. And if there is anything we like to do, it's hold our girl close and whisper sweet everthings in her ear. Because, actually the music isn't very important by itself, it's the dance floor and the lights and things like that there that make the whole difference between a good dance and a bad one.

Good Fellow

Yes sir. And that Sammy is really a jolly fellow well met too. We can remember one night when he played "When The Blue of The Night Meets The Gold Of Your Hair" in F, and the guy didn't slip him a pfenning. It's just all around good music.

Sticking your neck out, we would like, at this time, to select our five top bands in the nation, at this time. We realize (ha-ha) that there will be some differences of opinion on the matter, but after all (ha-ha) that makes a democracy, now doesn't it? For the top slot we would suggest Glenn Miller and his sixteen cats. For second place, for his distinguished work in the field of "mellow" music, Sammy Kaye. Thirdly, ever present, reliable Guy Lombardo. At fourth base it's close between Duchin and Jurgens, with Eddie our favorite (heh-heh). And last, but surely not least, the band you have all had lots of time to grow and love, as will your children, the one, the inimitable, Art Holman.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

SIGMA DELTA CHI EDITION

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The opinions expressed in this edition are those of the entire campus, and do not necessarily reflect those of any pressure group such as Sigma Delta Chi.

Men, We Is Doomed!

THIS is the last time you may ever see men putting out the Emerald. We are not alarmists, but we ain't just whistling Yankee Doodle or Blues in the Night.

We have it from an unimpeachable source, according to the most reliable information, from a prominent official who does not choose to be quoted—coeds are going to purge men from this campus.

You can't kid us men . . . first the editor of the Emerald turns out to be a titian-tressed coed—then the educational activities board selects another coed to be business manager of the Emerald for next year (who, incidentally, very incidentally, happens to be the gal friend—and boss—of next year's Emerald editor).

* * *

THE president of this year's senior class is a coed . . . there are two coeds in the first four Associated Students' offices . . . coeds have called off desserts so the men will pauperize themselves . . . the cochairman of this year's Frosh Glee was a coed . . .

Furthermore, the female sex hopes the movement will spread . . . they're taking advantage of the war to take over men's positions, such as cab drivers, welders, pinball machine operators and other important defense tasks . . . horrors, even running newspapers! They're using the war to enrich themselves. (This is not Adolph's propaganda, nein, nein!)

* * *

THE secret blueprints they have would astound the unsuspecting male. (Is there another kind?) . . . First the Emerald, then the campus, then Eugene, then the state, and then, with Mrs. Roosevelt and Myris Chaney at their head, boot the males into oblivion. Take away equal suffrage . . . women only will vote . . . women only will be politicians . . . women only will be student body presidents . . . women only will participate in sports . . . down with MAN. (That's M-A-N, friends.)

Freedom of speech? We never had it with coeds around, anyway. Freedom of the press? Not while coeds had two good arms with which to defend themselves. Freedom of religion? Sure, the one the gal friend wanted or none at all.

Strange creatures, these women who are going to take over the world. No man could ever understand or satisfy them.

* * *

MEET one on the street and tip your hat and she thinks you are putting on airs; don't tip your hat and you're rude . . . ask her for a date and she's sure it's only because her old man makes 20 grand a year; don't ask her and you're a woman hater.

Offer her a drink and she thinks you're a drunkard; don't and she swears you're a prude . . . try to kiss her the first night and be labeled as a wolf; don't and be regarded as a dumb jerk . . . talk about books and drama and you're a high-brow; don't and you're an uncouth savage . . .

Put her name in an Emerald gossip column and she raves about being libeled; don't and get damned for writing pure slop . . . be a big shot with lots of pins and titles and she thinks you're conceited; don't and you're a below-ordinary dope . . . spend a lot of dough on her and she brags to her sorority sisters that you're a sucker for a compliment; don't and she brands you as tighter than a rationing board with tires.

* * *

THIS is man's last stand . . . and we're going to lose. Even now the Theta Sigma Phis (our sob-sister journalists) are closing in on us . . . kidnaping Palmer Hoyt, national president of Sigma Delta Chi, for O.S.C.'s Matrix Table. We're lied, we're beaten, we're finished.

Woman . . . with a pen in one hand and a curler in the other, conquering the universe.

Gad! Make mine straight. . . —B.B.

To He-- With Hitler or The International Bum

By Fritz Timmen

Adolf Hitler scowled. His rabbit-face puckered alarmingly. He pounded his desk, cursed his bodyguards, chewed a few inches of fringe off a rug, and detailed a regiment to bring in Herr Goebbels. The propaganda dispenser ceased his dispensing and hastened to obey his beloved leader. Hitler banged his desk again, for effect, and burst into a torrent of blasphemy.

Goebbels nodded in affirmation and when the storm had subsided he had a rough idea of what was ailing the fuehrer. Not enough favorable publicity. Too much panning from the American press. Would the good doctor be considerate enough to see that the censored United States hears about the mighty commander's wish? The good doctor would, and post haste he dispatched a dispatch to the newspaper that would do him most good.

To the Editor:

It reached the sanctum of the editor of this struggling rag of freedom. Not wishing to further antagonize the beloved protector of the innocent, the editor detailed a diplomatic staff member to answer the request of the saviour of the poor.

The communique: "His imperial dictatorship, Herr Adolf Hitler, requests that members of the American press take more note of his contributions to the benighted peoples of the world. He does not believe that he is being given a fair quota of the space devoted to international affairs, and that the general tone of your writing has been derogatory rather than favorable. Heil, Hitler!"

To Adolf:

The answer: "To you, Adolf, we say: you have been given too much space in the American newspapers. Much more, in fact, than you deserve. This country has no use for such as you, but you have forced us to take cognizance of you, just as a toothache demands attention. You need to be removed. Without doubt you had a mother, and probably a father. In that case there was once somebody who loved you. We don't, and we don't know anybody who does."

"Your contributions to the world are certainly too numerous to mention. We won't attempt a listing, but perhaps the foremost of them is unity you have created among those who feel the same about you as we do. Before too long we will be over there to

To the Editor

To the Editor:

We read by the Emerald that each final exam week the average college student loses two pounds. This multiplied by the no. of studes, equals in as round figures as we can find approximately 2,500,000 pounds.

Now let's say that the average person weighs 150 lbs. Dividing into 2,500,000 this means or rather gives the quotient 16,666. In terms of people we can readily see then that 16,666 of them are wiped out each final week. There are three final weeks each school year giving a grand total of 16666x3 or 49,998.

Supposing we have an army corps composed of the 50th, 53rd, 13th, and 19th divisions. If the divisions are rectangular each has about 40,000 officers and men. If they are triangular each has nearly 15,000 men.

The city of Butte, Montana, is vital to the National Defense program what with all its copper mines, drunk Irishmen, etc., and has a population of 50,000 men, women and children (not counting the Irish).

It has been pointed out to us that this terrible waste of flesh rapidly mounts to significant figures. Approximately 1 plus rectangular or 3 triangular divisions, and a city the size of Butte, Mont., are blitzed without an enemy raising a hand. In four years this could lose the war for us!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT????

Sincerely,

Lee F. Ghormley.

Reply: We never did like Montana. Try the office of facts and figures.—Ed.

present personally our opinion of you, but until then all we need to say is, have your fun while you can, because you're going to get your toys taken away from you."

Time and Life March On

AT NO time is death pleasant . . . but there are ways to die . . . and there are ways to die.

Although sorrow is felt by every SDX'er and every newspaper man throughout the country because of the death of Melville Jacoby, Time and Life correspondent, in an Australia air crash, a certain pride surges through every newspaper man.

For Melville Jacoby died a hero's death . . . with Brigadier-General Harold H. George . . . and of Jacoby, who covered the defense of the Bataan peninsula until it fell, General Douglas MacArthur said:

"He is cited herein not only for his literary talents, but for his complete devotion to military standards. He could well have served as a model for war correspondents at the front."

Melville Jacoby, newspaper man, died with his weapon in his hands—wielding the typewriter in the service of his country, if you please.

There are ways to die . . . and there are ways to die . . .

Buy defense stamps and lick 'em on the other side.

In the olden days, it took a V to represent a U; nowadays it takes U to make a V . . . for victory.

Remember: Don't sit on de-fense . . . work on it.