

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## Guns Couldn't Win Better . . .

THERE are those of us who thought that last year's Junior Weekend was the most beautiful, the most lavish and the most superlative ever. We thought we should never again experience such as that, especially we who were juniors.

Even now the warm memories of that weekend are as clear as a loud, insistent bell on Sunday morning.

That weekend . . . the campus a page out of Arabian nights, with its green lawns, its blue sky, its red buildings, its yellow flowers . . .

The campus luncheon, with gracious Queen Annabelle riding to her coronation, and a procession of mounted ROTC officers gallantly astride their golden-colored horses . . . the four colorfully dressed princesses . . . the little crown girl . . . wonderful, warm day with the skies beaming down their blessings . . .

The Junior Prom and the splendor of the ancient Arabian court which good old McArthur was turned into . . . the lovely Arabian nights queen and her princesses—escorted by four handsome gentlemen, in formal white coats . . .

The pushball contest that replaced the "dangerous" tug-of-war over the millrace . . . the milling and mauling and pushing . . .

\* \* \*

BOB WHITELY'S surrealistic, modernistic, whacky but entertaining mock canoe fete—"Stars Fell on Ali Baba," and jokes fell on mama's ears . . . all in good fun, of course . . . even the stubbies . . .

The canoe fete . . . THE CANOE FETE . . . all the mysticism and the splendor and the beauty of the Arabian Nights so realistically brought to life . . . the Magic Horse and Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp, there floating down the rippling millrace . . . and genial, dependable Jim Carney, beaming as his mechanical rope towed the floats down the millrace, eliminating the semi-naked freshman power that formerly motivated the floats . . . Wonderful, glorious, canoe fete.

My, that was a Junior Weekend, that 1941 event . . .

\* \* \*

BUT what say you this year? The canoe fete is gone, to be sure, but in its place a gigantic spectacle presented wholly by University of Oregon talent . . . colorful, humorous, and plenty of room for all . . . "Of Thee I Sing," and they do, even more than the canoe fete.

They say the dance is going to be even better . . . declarations, and red-white-blue, and soft music. The tug-of-war is back for the "safer" pushball contest, and the campus is acquiring the beauty that only comes on Junior Weekend, and we are ready for another glorious three days . . . better than ever.

A short reign for you, Queen Ellie, and your attractive princesses . . . but a sweet one . . . one you will always remember, your majesty. No finer crown could power and arms and guns and cannon bring you . . . ever.—B.B.

## It Hit the Spot . . .

BY ONE o'clock yesterday, when the first Oregoniana was slipped through the wire cages to students, lines had formed all the way across the Igloo, around the halls, and even to the "Of Thee I Sing" stage. Oregon students had been hearing a lot about this year's volume with its 468 pages and a record of being the largest yearbook in the world. They wanted to know how it stood up with last year's book, which was the most colorful and the finest that Webfoots had seen.

It is too bad that Editor Wilbur Bishop, who put out both the 1941 and 1942 yearbooks, could not have been here to watch student reaction to this volume which is destined to even higher honors. It cannot help but rate a high position in the nation. But it does more than that. It is what the students want, and that is the index of a yearbook's success. There were more campus shots than last year . . . and it is campus life that most interests those who live there. Makeup was of high quality, and the color work breath-taking.

Little Willie Bishop may rest well on his Army cot tonight. His second effort to build a yearbook that would eclipse past annuals was a success. The Oregoniana-1942 "hit the spot."

Day-To-Day . . .

## It Is War Against France Except in Diplomacy

. . . Can it Last?

By BILL HAIGHT

"Very grave decisions" have been reached by the Vichy government at a meeting attended by Chief of State Marshal Henri Phillip Petain, Pierre Laval and Fernando Debrinon, according to reports. Undoubtedly the "very grave decisions" have been reached as to what the French leaders will do with the fleet.

Germany has announced the release of several thousand French air men to aid the Germans in beating off English RAF attacks against the Nazi governed state.

American diplomats, headed by Cordell Hull, insist American-Franco relations are on a day-to-day basis and French-owned islands affecting American interests are being closely watched, apparently meaning American forces will take over such islands as Martinique if the Laval government starts to use the fleet.

## Three Months

Prime Minister Winston Churchill told the house of commons the Madagascar action had been planned for three months and although casualties were rather heavy the British had made a successful attack.

Daily reports growing more ominous point to a practical state of war existing among the Allied nations and France, yet, diplomatically speaking, there is still some resemblance to a peace time intercommunication among the governments.

## Axis Fleet

Unquestionably the French fleet in the hands of the Axis will be a serious threat to the Allies but to offset this reports indicate that the production problem in America has been met and in

fact is far ahead of all previous schedules.

The strength of this production may be seen in Joseph Stalin's recent statement to his people that American materials in substantial quantities have been arriving in Russia. This would indicate the Axis plan to utterly destroy Allied shipping has failed.

## Germans Need It

If our production is surpassing the earlier challenge and if our supplies are getting through to Russia, the Germans must desperately need the French fleet. Most observers are hazarding the opinion the real threat of the French fleet is passed by now. However, operating against us it would make our war problem of shipping more difficult.

Difficult and not decisive seems to be the consensus and from varied reports throughout the world the opinion seems to be a good one.

Last minute news flashes offset the sad news of Corregidor with the announcement from the navy department that eight Japanese ships, including seven warships had been sunk in a naval engagement in the vicinity of the Solomon islands in the Pacific.

Total Japanese ships destroyed: 230. (Some of these probably have been damaged rather than sunk.)

## Jam For Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

This Earl Scott, of assorted fames, is quite the character. As much from Damon Runyon as Lippy Louie, or Hop Horse Harry. Always he is speaking in the present tense, like this. Always he is playing extremely fine cornet with an extremely large tone.

We are visiting this Scott, and Helen; wife; at their larger type apartment with a phonograph, folding bed, and a can of Sir Fourthwait's Cut Plug Special. Both are extreme jazzites. Many the fine wax they are possessing, with emphasis on an old Eddie Lang Okeh git solo which, in the immortal Scottian (reminiscent of Sir Walter) prose, "We are having many offers for, but we, being not four years old, but five, are not playing the sucker to these askew offers and selling. We are holding out for the greater cash." End quote.

This Scott knows Woody Herman well. Lived near the guy in Chicago when Herman was playing with Scott's brother at the Fair. "Nice guy," Earl is saying about Wood, "Little guy. Plays lots of fine tenor too, which few people are knowing about. All of which adds up that Scott is very hep, and his brother is hepper. You can hear Earl play today at 12:30 in front of Friendly at the luncheon, and from three to five at the library terrace stash. Then, if you just still can't get enough of that horn, he plays in Salem tonight with Hal Hardin. Sorta like Bix he is.

We were in Paul Collins' hotel room Tuesday afternoon and found he was very interested in this short the band had made.

Forget what studio did it, but it's the one that hit Eugene at the Heilig and Mayflower.

Of course you all remember when the band played "Dark Eyes." Well Collins was anxious as to how the tom-tom stuff came out. So when we told him that the studio had done its usual stinking job of synchronization he was extremely angry about the whole thing. "Damn it," he damned, "that is the way they do everything."

Seems that the band records the stuff first in an acoustically correct sound studio, then, when on the set, the master record of their stuff is played back to them and they go through all the motions with no sound whatever. The soloists, like Danny Polo and his clarinet, can remember their stuff and fake the fingerings fairly well, but Collins didn't even get to hit his toms or touch a cymbal so his hot rudiments were very phony. He was very angry about the whole thing.

Snagged one of the last Lu Watters albums from Dave Stuart of the Jazzman Record Shop in L.A. It's a fine thing too. All of the King Oliver things, but with better acoustics, better musicianship and more humor. You can hear Watters beat off the tempo on most of the things. Teagarden didn't like the waxes at all when we played them for him up north. Said Jackson, "Man, if I couldn't copy no better than that, I'd throw my horn away." Thinks they steal too much from Oliver; are too unoriginal.

Sonny Dunham's in at Jantzen

At

## Second Glance

By TED HARMON

## The Spauling Swing

The golf team has a theme song, One of the best we've ever seen; They call it, very happily, The Wearing of the Green.

\* \* \*

Like Buchwach's prize-catching phrase, "with the campus men who know queens, it's Mothers, two to one," several coeds will take back seats for the events this weekend, and rightly so, for reports bouncing off our desk blotter indicate that there will be more and more mothers here. In fact, the Junior Prom will have few campus cuties and more mothers, which should make them very happy, and at the same time lessen the worry about dinners-before-the-dance.

There's enough about "Of Thee I Sing" elsewhere in today's sheet and we'll just say not to miss it. But, watching rehearsals, which have been lasting to wee hours of the morn, there are several things that indicate the good sense of humor still prevailing with the overworked cast.

For instance, one singer (who is now unmentioned) wandered off from the musical score. Said one director: "What's the matter? You don't seem to have a very good range." Said the singer, "That's right, sir. I ain't cooking with gas" . . . and then Director Durkee crossed herself in stage directions and one member of the cast came in on the wrong side. After H. Robinson had asked who told him to enter on the wrong side, no one confessed. Suddenly, from the balcony came the melodic strain, "His mama done told him" and Bob Whitely bowed to the cast.

At the rehearsals, the wit is tremendous, certainly in keeping with the music comedy. For instance, we overheard one dancer tell Billie Lawrence, "No, Billie, Mississippi deltas are not your sorority sisters" . . . we found out that the bride's first thoughts as she enters the church are "I'll altar hymn" . . . There's the tale about the chorine who swallowed buckshot and her hair came out in bangs . . . The bigger a man's head gets, the easier it is to fill his shoes. . . .

\* \* \*

John P. Wintgreen (Celsi) and Jenkins (Alan Foster) were mimicking before rehearsal in the capacity of president and secretary. Said Celsi, "Bring me a girl." Foster answered crisply, "Very good, sir." Celsi followed him quickly with, "Not necessarily!"

Beach from May 25 till June 1. So cats from here can catch him on the Friday and Saturday that end exam week. Pleasant relief. Gus Arnheim starts there this Sunday, following Jack who stays till this Saturday night.

## JUNIOR WEEKEND

Pictures Call for Fine Developing

## MOTHER'S DAY

Calls for

Novelty Gifts

From

*wiltshire's*

Next to Reg.-Guard.