

# OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.  
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

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**Associated Collegiate Press**

ALL-AMERICAN 1942

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"Without the essential element of force, law and order are empty words . . . The world must be relieved of the crushing burden of armaments not through the abandonment of the use of force but through pooling and organization of the armaments of peace-loving people."—Dr. Hu Shih, former Chinese Ambassador.

## The President Speaks . . .

ROSE-COLORED glasses are not in style this morning for the president's assembly. The Igloo will be jam-packed for a double occasion: Dr. Donald M. Erb's speech on war in the first such assembly since shortly after Pearl Harbor: the first all-student meeting of the war year 1942-43.

Dr. Erb will cover the campus in a man-to-man and man-to-woman chat on the role of the college student. The program features information. It also will feature advice—on social programs, on cars, on acceleration, and work.

The University campus as "haven" from a world gone mad is already passe. Opinion of the college man and woman toward the war has revolutionized in three months. It will change even further this term, the next, and the one after that.

IT IS a historic occasion when the president of the University opens the college year with a war message. This is the first full Oregon war-year in one quarter of a century. Confusions of statement and re-statement on enlisted reserves, of rumor and counter-rumor on social program and campus activities, require clarification in such muddled times.

Students will have a clearer picture of the University-at-war when they retire to noon lunch following the hour program. The war-at-large is dark as ever this morning. But Oregon students will have a down-to-earth picture of their specific role. It will be clearer and brighter, but still sans the rose-colored glasses.

## Any Bunions Today?

A HIKE of 15.5 miles is in store for University males in nocturnal maneuvers scheduled to occupy most of Saturday night. When and if they return from the valorous trek, there will, according to practiced prognosticators, be many docile recruits ready to sign up with the air corps, glider service, and tank divisions.

It won't be disclosing a military secret to tell the lads' objective. They'll be bound in duty to wreck 22 houses together with respective inhabitants. It's Bunion Derby time.

To forestall the acquisition of too many martyr complexes, to prevent Oregon's masculine half from feeling that the sacrifice is all theirs, it might also be predicted that campus Duckesses will share in the footwork. If there's marching to be done in the WAACs or the WAVES, Oregon coeds will be well-conditioned.

But the whole bloody affair carries a good sales angle. Some sales-minded souls might approach the PE departments with the proposition that a few hours credit be allowed in body conditioning; which suggests that similar action be taken in the Military field. Can one get excused for flat feet?  
—J.W.

## Keep Him Fighting . . .

ALONG with war comes a mania on the part of most people to "do something." We've added defense work of all varieties to school and social activities. We enroll in courses, do Red Cross work, even entertain the boys in the armed forces. Yet there is one small personal job that we may be forgetting. Our boys in camp appreciate letters. So for that man in uniform that you know—keep him fighting by writing.  
—Daily Northwestern.

## Trade Last

By EDITH NEWTON  
A sham battle is staged to initiate pledges of the military honorary at the University of Indiana. Freshmen must prove their worth as guerilla fighter and shock troopers. Upper classmen defend the "mess," and pledges must tramp through underbrush and over rough terrain to capture the refreshments from the old timers.

There are some traditions good to remember and some best to forget, but the male students at New Mexico dug up an old tradition this year which has its uses. Just this: Stretching between two of the oldest buildings on the campus is a joining archway. According to legend, if a boy and girl meet under this arch, and do not indulge in a bit of friendly wooing, the arch will fall and the two buildings crumble. They aren't taking any chances.

When Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt recently received a doctor of laws degree from Washington college, Chestertown, Md., it was the first time the college had ever awarded an honorary degree to a woman.

In the cause of patriotism several schools are considering having pretty campus coeds give a kiss to every University man who buys a bond.

A chemistry professor was giving a lesson on the powers of explosives.

"This," he explained, "is one of the most dangerous explosives of them all. If I am in the slightest degree wrong in my experiment we are likely to be blown through the roof. Kindly come a little closer, so that you may follow me better."

Business and religion won't mix, you say? Well, we've tried mixing everything else with business and now look at the darn thing!

Classified Ad:  
FOR RENT: One boy to share nice double room with another boy, single beds.  
—Also Indiana Daily Student.

Distribution Costs  
About 59 cents out of the consumer's cost goes for distribution and only 41 cents for production. Retail distribution alone, for some products, takes 50 cents of the consumer's dollar.

## Free for All . . .

Hi, People:  
Please enter my name on the good old Emerald subscription list for fall term. . .  
I'd give anything to be coming back this year. I'm going to miss the old place but then I'll be back when it's all over even if I trip over my long gray whiskers.  
Take it from me, it's not true what they say about Dixie. I'm there and can speak from experience. All the moon light and magnolias have proved to be hominy grits and chaff—but then I guess we won't be here too long.  
Hold down the fort until we all come marching home.  
Pvt. Don G. Moss, '43  
Camp Forrest Tennessee.  
Dear Ray and BJ:  
. . . We have a good Oregon delegation here. Wally White, '41, Bill Roth, Gordon Torrey, John

## Three Bells . . . 'My Favorite Spy' Brings Kyser, Band to Eugene

By BILL LINDLEY  
In a riotous debut, Kay Kyser finally comes into stardom in "My Favorite Spy," a comedy with music and melodrama skillfully blended to please every fan.

Story: Kay is his usual bungling self as a band leader who gets a commission in the army by mistake. After doing everything like a 4-F yardbird, he is transferred to the counter-espionage branch of the service because he looks less like a spy than anyone else in the army.

Having just been married (to Ellen Drew, he is reluctant to go chasing around after spies all night, even with Jane Wyman. And after his wife sees them together and goes home to mother, he is about ready for a nervous breakdown. Then he and Jane go out on the final roundup of spies—and walk right into a trap . . .

Well you'd hardly expect that Kay would die, but we won't spoil the picture by telling you the climax.

The film features several numbers by Kay's band in their usual smooth style, and presents Kay's two new feminine vocalists on the screen for the first time.

Rating: You'll enjoy every minute of "My Favorite Spy."

## Quotable Quotes . . .

"Most of us waste from one-third to one-half of all the time we spend reading. Reading clinics at Dartmouth and other institutions are proving that 99 out of 100 of us could streamline our reading ability by devoting 10 or 15 minutes daily for a month to simple, stimulating exercises.

"The average adult reads about 250 words a minute. After a brief period of self-training, he should be able to read between 400 and 600 words a minute. The fundamental rule for increasing reading speed is simply this:

"For five minutes every day for a month, force yourself to read a little faster than is comfortable.

"It's a good idea to keep a record of how many words you cover during five minute sessions each day. To simplify the word count, just figure the average number of words to a line and multiply by the number of lines you have read."—Robert M. Bear, director of Dartmouth College Reading Clinic, urges abolition of wasted effort in reading.

Jimmy Blanton, Too  
The second great musician to be mowed down by that well known reaper, was Jimmy Blanton, of the great Duke Ellington band.

Jimmy was only a kid, but probably the greatest master of the string bass that's ever lived.

At the time of his discovery by Duke, he was playing on some little river boat in the deep south. After playing with Duke for a while, he contracted T.B. and was sent to a sanatorium where he soon passed away. Jimmy's cousin, by the way, whose name is Everett Marshall and a terrific bass man in his own right, is knocking himself out with that colossal aggregation run by Lionel Hampton.

Getting away from the morbid side, and back to the terrible music situation, we come to our own troubles here on the campus. As yet there are no bands to take care of campus dances, but there's good reason to believe that within a couple of weeks there will be a blossoming forth of local musicians.

Things in life I hate:  
Sammy Kaye  
Spinach  
Sammy Kaye

## Jam for Breakfast

By ED JOHNSON  
Those in the music world had cause for much weeping this summer due to the loss of two really "Greats" in present day music.

The first of these, and probably the best known to the public, was he of the golden horn, Bunny Berigan.

As in the case of Bix, Bunny is rapidly becoming a legend. There is much loose talk by many would-be critics, as to the causes of his untimely end. There are those who say it was his love of grog, while others claim he merely burnt himself out from overwork. I'm inclined to agree with the latter.

If Tommy Dorsey owes his success to any one instrumentalist, Bunny is the guy. It was my pleasure to see and hear Bunny when he was featured with that old Dorsey band of "Marie," and "Song of India" fame. Those of you who have recordings of these old T.D. tunes will know of what I'm speaking when I say that at that time Bunny was playing an inspired horn, that no one at that time could equal.

As far as comparing Bunny with Bix, I think, as does everyone else that's heard the two, that Bunny would carve Bix into shreds. Bunny was not very consistent, but when he was on, there was no one who could touch him. His last claim to fame was his work in the picture "Syncopation," in which he played all the parts that Jackie Cooper and Rex Stewart (who played the part of "King Jeffers") were supposed to have played. You who saw the picture and heard that beautiful horn of his, will, I'm sure, agree when I say Bunny's name will live forever in the annals of real jazz.