

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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'One Bad Apple...'

TWO typical Oregon men were walking up Broadway in Portland the other day with never a thought but for the disappointing game they had just watched and the promising dance they were soon to enjoy.

Armed with rooters' lids they strode confidently along, drawing patronizing glances from the oldsters, hails from their fellows, sneers from men in uniform, and smiles from Rose City lassies. Stopping to light up a pair of cigarettes, they were cheerfully accosted by a portly Portlander of office pallor and swivel-chair spread, who demanded to know who won' and by what margin. When told, he offered his condolences and followed it up with the standard war-time interrogation, "How are you boys standing with the draft?"

Said one, "I've got them just where they want me. I'm in the naval reserve studying mathematics and physics in order to prepare myself for officers' training."

* * *

THIS seemed to please John Citizen who beamed from wrinkle to wrinkle and observed, "That's fine; just what you should do."

Said the other, "Naw, I can't get in a reserve. I've got a couple of months before I'm drafted so I just went to school to have a good time."

This didn't please John at all. In fact, he had nothing but contempt on his face as he turned and disappeared into the rally crowd.

The chances were against Mr. Citizen running into this type of student, but the chance was there. Running around the Oregon campus are a steadily decreasing number of these students, who, for one reason or another, are unable to pass reserve examinations and who are trying to turn the University into a war-time country club. They are, however, in a very small minority and certainly not all non-reserve potential draftees are consistent playboys.—J.L.B.

The Time Is Now...

THE time has come! Every Oregon student now can give his life for his country, at least in part, and without leaving school. The call is for blood, thousands of quarts of it, to fill the Lane county blood bank.

Following close on the heels of the establishment of the campus war board, Asklepiads, pre-medic honor society, volunteered to organize and solicit student donations for the Lane county bank.

They are contacting the men through their living organizations, and announce that calls for women donors will be sent out later. Unaffiliated men, who do not live in organizations, are not excluded simply because Asklepiads are beginning their contact work in the most convenient place for efficiency. Unaffiliated independents are urged to volunteer by calling Dr. E. D. Furrer, whose offices are in the Miner building.

* * *

THE plasma way of saving lives has been proved on all the fronts of the present war. Dr. Raymond L. Archer, Methodist missionary evacuated from Singapore, said when he visited the campus last spring that the work done on the fighting front in this branch of medicine could not be over-rated. He told of the saving of thousands of lives in the siege of Singapore alone through the use of plasma from blood banks like the one being established here. Recently a local hospital blood bank was used in northern Washington to save the lives of a group of Canadian fliers which crashed near the city.

So far in the history of the Eugene bank over 650 volunteers have been typed, 533 have donated blood. Eugene's plasma board will be held available not only for army and navy call, but for any local needs. The Red Cross hopes to build up the city supply to a point where there will be one unit to every hospital bed in the city.

We've been talking of "what students can do to help." Now the talk has crystallized. The time has come for action.

Swing for Your Supper

By ED JOHNSON

Well, cats, things are beginning to shape up as far as the local band situation is concerned.

Those of you who know Wally Heider, have probably been wondering why he has been rushing around like a mad man for the past fort-nit. It seems Wally is helping a local character named George Carey form a band. Wally is taking care of the arranging and rehearsals.

Two Kings

During the past two weeks I had the opportunity to dig a couple of cats who are really in the well-known groove.

The first of these is a knocked-out trumpet player by name of Dick Sherman. Dick is at present leading a small combo at the Holland during the week.

Dick is a real jazz man, and I don't mean he likes Glenn Miller. He plays a strictly Dixieland horn, with a style very much like Bobby Hackett. If you should hear him play, don't expect and pop tunes, just sit back and dig those old jazz tunes such as "Shimmy Like My Sister Kate," "Yellow Dog Blues," and "Jazz Me Blues."

Good Backing

Dick is backed up by two of the best rhythm men in town. Gene Leo, who plays the best piano in Eugene, will give you plenty of kicks with his fine work on the elephant tasks. Bernie Kylo sits behind the tubs, and really knocks himself out, by playing a good steady beat.

The second of the musicians is a kid called Herb Widmer. Herb plays just about one of the finest tenors I've heard on this campus, since the days of Dick Carlton.

Plays Modern

Herb is strictly a modernist in his playing style, leaning toward the relaxed, breathless tone of most negro musicians. If Herb resembles any one person, I would say Ben Webster of the Ellington band, which ain't band gate, in any league. Herb, by the way, is one of the sharpest dressers hereabouts what with the drape shape, reet pleat, and such.

Tommy Dorsey lost his two featured canaries. Frank Sinatra, and Connie Haines have decided to try their luck in Hollywood. At present Jo Stafford, a really fine chick, is handling the assignments usually given to Connie. Tommy as yet, seems uncertain.

(Continued on page three)

It's Our War...

Campus Correspondent

By NORMA TREVORROW

Somewhere in Oregon... Jo Ann Supple is now a "perfect mother," but only because of the practice and training she received while taking care of women defense workers' babies at the Fruit and Flower mission in Portland... For our hardy, handsome he-men, there's Phi Delt Les Endicott who worked at what is known as the toughest, make-you-or-break-you jobs in the business: that of handling an automatic air-gun...

Nelda Rohrbach, Alpha Chi, rightly wins a third cigar for working at the Lutheran center in San Francisco during the summer... Bill Farrell, FeeGee, and Frank Watkins, Phi Delt, as deep sea diver assistants at Kaiser Shipbuilding company, make this report for those to hunt jobs next summer: Be a diver with Kaiser! You make \$70 to \$100 a day, the boss is wonderful, best working conditions, your food's by Chef Henry Thiele, buses, bikes for transportation, nice quarters at the yard, five hours a day and all you do is put braces on pilings.

AT SECOND GLANCE

By TED HARMON

COED: Monday, Eight o'Clock

She casts aspersions
At weekend excursions.

But the reason she does,

So her sisters buzz,

Is a lack of further diversions.

To most Oregon Ducks, last weekend marked the last big event of its kind for a long time, or until the duration's over. Aside from calling it a "football weekend," it might easily



By CHARLES POLITZ

The campus was as quiet as the dissenters at Hitler's execution last weekend. The mice came into their own at last and took over the presidencies of the houses.

The Phi Delt's gave their cook the weekend off, and the Fee house was blacked out for the first time since the ice age.

The library was stuffy and at hamburger temperature.

Walkouts Out

Walkouts, the birthplace of blitzkrieg, have been banned for the duration; so now the German general staff will have to think for itself.

Remarkable how many students are majoring in the new University course in Ping-Pongology. No pipe either... three-hour course in right-handed Paddleistics, two-hour course in left-handed Paddleistics (in case you should break your right arm), and a five-hour seminar in "Why Ping Pong Balls are Round and Not Square."

Joe Miller wanted us to mention that he's been going steady for some time now.

The draft board has hired a man to stand outside of Dr. Koshack's office and follow all those men who come outdisappointed.

Order of the Buttered Artichoke: to Mary Robinson, Les Anderson, and Jean Friderger. Easy to see why such studes go far. Friendliness and personality-plus stack up in the books that count.

Nuf sed.

be renamed "A Weekend in the Tropics." More or less, all Oregon "went native" for three days of top-flight fun, returned late Sunday night to assignments and scholastic activities.

It was good to see Portland budge with nearly 2,000 Ducks, the New Yorkers of Kaiser fame, and the regular citizens of the Rose City. There was that expectant pre-game edge at Hillaire's, Jack Cody's, and Jolly Joan droned with excitement, dripped with it after the game. And Jupiter was benevolent for those who left early Friday during Eugene's balmy weather, found threatening clouds circling the stadium before the game.

Last weekend was significant for many reasons. For one, it was probably the last football game in Portland for well over one-half of the male portion of the student body; secondly, it marked the last Oregon game in Portland till after the duration, and lastly, it was the proper moment for Oregon Ducks to relax. And relax they did.

There was the newly-formed air raid lookout post in the mysterious room 575 at the Heathman, where water bags dripped during early evening, and then blankets covered passersby five stories below well after midnight... there was the super-smooth Tri-Delt get-together... and the Shipyard matinee at Jantzens, which obviously, isn't the same... Portland's two first-class drive-ins were swamped beyond recognition while policemen at the Pago found no trouble, merely tried to segregate the crowd... Portland's Broadway was another "Hello" walk... There was Washington Phi Delt Stan Lythgoe charming most Oregon ceds he met... And, of course, the rough 'n' tumble scrapping after the game... Yes, this without minute scrutiny, was Oregon at Portland.

Mention, too, must go to Bobby Reynolds and Bill Davis, who sparkled far above the Webfootball gems, played their hearts out for Oregon.

GOSSIPATTER: Lionel Hampton opens this week in Portland for a four-day run bringing about the best in colored entertainment... By spring there may be more than ROTC uniforms on the campus as the school further orientates itself to war-time training; more closely, the reserves may place some students on active duty while at school... Check Decca's 12-inch "Baltimore Oriole" with Frances Langford at vocal; but good... Note the tilt on Norm Foster's rain hat... Glamary Arkley, Alpha Chi, we predict, will have still even more admirers after she completes the lead role in "Arsenic and Old Lace" at the VLT... Tri-Delt's Me-Tavish of multidative fame is slated for a mock wedding today as a climax to a joke that grew and grew. Groom? Only any one of thirty eligibles...

Danger the war emergency will lead owners to "slaughter" their timber land is pointed out by J. D. Pond of Cornell.

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