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"Idleness is the Dead Sea, that swallows all virtues."—Benjamin Franklin.

Ersatz for Canoe Fete

WHAT are we going to do about Junior Weekend? To the average student the weekend may seem a long way off and any decision as to what entertainment to furnish the comers to our annual spring festivities may be relegated to the dim recesses of the average student's mind, at least for the present.

But to the people who have to plan Junior Weekend, to the people who have the job of organizing the campus activities for the year, Junior Weekend is not in the far distant future; it is right around the corner.

These people are confronted with two problems. First, can we have a Canoe Fete; secondly, if we can not have a Canoe Fete, what will we have?

* * *
THE answer to the first problem should be apparent to all but the flagrant optimists. With priorities on lumber and materials it will probably be an impossible task to build the necessary bleachers for a Canoe Fete. This presents the second problem, and it is still far from its decision.

The people who are faced with the immediate problem are the members of a sub-committee of the Educational Activities Board who were appointed to recommend the answer to the two above questions at the next meeting of the Board. The three appointed were Les Anderson, student body prexy; Roger Dick, Junior class president, and Dick Williams, Board manager.

* * *
THE subcommittee, the Board, and the Junior class want to put on the kind of a show the students want. The only way they can find out what you, the student, wants is for you to tell them.

So, if you were to take this Junior Weekend problem out of the dim recesses of your mind, think up a really practical idea, and write a letter to the ASUO president, the Educational Activities manager, or the Junior class president, you might be able to relieve one of the biggest headaches that has confronted these three gentlemen in a long time.

Take off a little time and think this problem over because after all, what ARE we going to do with Junior Weekend?
—J.W.S.

Plan for Peace Now

MANY parts of Europe today are intellectual deserts. Not one interesting book has come out of Germany since 1933. The same has happened in all countries conquered by Germany. Hitler is attempting to stifle all established culture. In this war of ideas, faith, and convictions the Nazi leader is straining his energies to instill his own ideas into the youth of Europe.

In the United States of America, the schools remain open. Young men and women are encouraged from every side to remain in school until their services are specifically demanded.

* * *
IN THE melee of mobilization America is trying to think beyond the war. During the last world conflict the immediate business of battle was placed before all else. Everyone said, "There will be plenty of time to plan the peace afterward."

The war was won. But peace slipped through the victors' fingers, and now the war is being re-waged on a globe-encircling basis.

It is up to the colleges and universities. They are islands of comparative quiet in a world of storm. Time must be given to military training, and physical development, but thought must go beyond that. The post-war blueprint must be made. The groundwork must be laid in schools where there is time and place for thought, so that those who are actually fighting may find something ready to start work on when they come back. This is a war of ideas, faith, and convictions. Now is the time to formulate ours.
—JW

Down Front. . .

By BILL LINDLEY

Question: What will the publicity man who used the phrase "It's Terrific," to describe "Citizen Kane," concoct to describe "The Magnificent Ambersons"? Best guess is that he'll commit suicide.

Here is a picture which defies description, as does the man behind the camera, Orson Welles. The boy wonder has done it again. The first time the movie colony ignored the product of his genius. This time they will probably be blinded by it.

Wealthy Family

Story: The magnificent Ambersons are the one wealthy family in a small town at the turn of the century. Tim Holt, youngest member of the family, is a disgrace to the whole community, and many citizens swear they would give all their possessions to see young Amberson get his "come-uppance." However, they are destined to wait a long time, for he continues to have his good times.

Finally the day comes. Young Amberson learns that his father is slowly dying from over-exertion and from worrying about some unwise investments. The family fortune is exhausted.

Takes Job

In order to keep his aunt living in the comforts to which she had been accustomed, he is forced to take up a dangerous job. In an accident, he gets both legs broken, and is taken to the hospital a pauper, deserted by his friends . . .

Rating: Here is undoubtedly one of the best pictures of the year. The painstaking production and direction by Orson Welles are evident throughout, although Welles does not appear on the screen at any time. The acting is in the capable hands of Dolores Costello, Tim Holt, Joseph Cotten, and Anne Baxter. Miss Costello returns to the screen after a long absence to make the most of an important role. Tim Holt has been elevated from the horse operas for his part as the youngest Amberson, and he will probably never go back to the range again.

We select "The Magnificent Ambersons" as one of the five nominees for the Academy Award. Don't miss it.

Getting Nowhere?

In 1930 the U. S. turned out nine times the volume of goods that it did in 1870. It took only 2.7 times as many workers to produce the goods, but 8.75 times as many workers to distribute them—practically no gain in efficiency.

Ten vs. Many

Ten women are enrolled in the engineering school of the University of Colorado. Of the 950 engineers, the women boast seven freshmen, one sophomore and two seniors.

Scene At Random. . .

By DOROTHY ROGERS

WAR AT HOME:

A "changing news map" of the world has been placed in Cowels library at Duke university allowing students to keep up with the latest developments each day. Small flags pinned on the map at strategic points with each flag representing the country that holds the designated territory are changed as soon as results are known.

—Drake Times-Delphic
A "Bond Ball" was given at Berkeley to end a war stamp and bond sales campaign conducted on that campus. Each stamp entitled the purchaser to one vote in the queen contest.
—The Daily Californian

Ad Lib

Pocketfull of Notes

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

With tears for the Great Glenn hardly dry on the public cheek, grows now the thunderous acclaim—for months held back only by Miller's popularity—for the old man of the horn, Brotha' Harry James.

Ever since the untouchable Benny Goodman made the wavy grooves jump in the Victor releases with "Roll 'Em" and "When Budda Smiles," fans have felt and heard the lift of a superb trumpet, identifiable from the beginning with only one man. They have listened to it grow full and rich and mellow. They have thrilled to its dazzling speed, to its round, half-swallowed slowness.

Dammed by the purists of le jazz hot as "commercial," damned by the ickies as "too blowsy," James still emerges from the storm of criticism that has always raged around him as one of the greatest horn men of all time, a name never to be forgotten.

And what is surprising, he makes money. It is legend and tradition that the kingdom of swing has ever been stingy with reward for the truly great jazzists. Pops Bechet, Pee-wee Russell, Billie Holiday—all immortals in the hearts of the jazz-lover—have been comparatively ignored in favor of swill-sloppers like Sammy Kaye, Guy Lombardo, and Clyde McCoy. But now another band joins the ranks of BG, Tommy Dorsey, Woody Herman, and the old Shaw combo, to cash in on the tremendous reward of combining good jazz with popular appeal.

Brotha' James holds contracts for air shots with Jack Benny, Coca-Cola, and Chesterfield, and, come January, will star in MGM's version of "Girl Crazy," with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland.

Hel-lo, Mr. Alger.

* * *
A moment ago we were speaking about G. Miller. Local buzz has it that the Meadowbrook Marvel was in the old college town for a few moments the other day. Gee, kid.

* * *
Still on this miscellaneous kick, we might mention that the only respectable nitery, the Holland, waxes stinky for much money on Saturday evenings, and equally hep the rest of the week for many fewer chips. Garlands of posies to Gene Leo's hair-raising piano.

* * *
With all the big smoke signals going up for new bands in these parts, it's hard to understand why Hal Hardin, who dug the cleanest groove hereabouts last
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