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"We remember well when billion was of no use except for counting the germs on a public drinking cup."—
Senator Soaper Says, The Oregonian.

Well, Mr. McC...

IF SANTA CLAUS has as much trouble delivering his packages as University students do mailing theirs, Christmas might not be such a happy time for the younger generation.

Packages too large for a local mail box must be sent from the postoffice at Fifth and Willamette streets, since the substation, formerly located in the Claypool-VanAtta drug store, has been closed because of lack of help.

The University postoffice at the physical plant will not handle mail for students since this mail service has been set up exclusively for campus use and mail of University departments. There is no other substation between the campus and the downtown postoffice, approximately a mile away.

* * *

THIS leaves it up to the student, whether he would rather walk a mile each time he has a package to mail or whether he will drive down, wearing out precious tires and burning up soon-to-be-rationed gasoline. A neater enigma has not presented itself to the student mind for some time.

Surely the "students' own" Co-op store could handle a much-needed substation, along with all their other absolutely necessary items, such as cameras, Oregon pennants, brass buckles, et al.

Something New Added...

SOMETHING new has been added to spirit of the stands and Oregon's team. In conference standings, it is the Webfoot's first victory. On the sidelines it is the rally squad standing in V formation for the "Star Spangled Banner," and in the stands it is the yell that spells win. Gridman Cruiser Ashcom sums it up, "Why, even when we came back for the second half with no score, the stands backed us with everything they had. We couldn't let them down."

* * *

AN EASTERN sports scribe second-guessed: Oregon "might be leading the conference if it had not staked its all on the initial navy game. Coming up to the Idaho contest, the Webfoots could have had a lot of doubts: as to when they would start "clicking," and as for the stands' spirit behind them following three straight losses.

Those doubts are erased now by the one fell swoop of four touchdowns and the Saturday game spirit. The team has found its feet again. So have the stands.

No Haven Here...

"RESERVE classes are no haven for draft dodgers," announcement of Dr. Carl F. Kossack, campus representative of the armed forces, in the October 22 Emerald, is to be remembered today.

Members of the joint procurement board of the army, navy, and marines will shoot more questions to University of Oregon men than are asked at registration. The visiting board will begin its interviews on enlistment in the reserve units today, and continue through Thursday.

* * *

ALL men interested in enlisting in one of these deferred classifications should apply for an interview with members of the board. But the phrase "no haven for draft dodgers" is to be kept in mind. The interviewing board will not forget it.

The U. S. military and naval units recognize the necessity of extensive and thorough college training in developing leaders. For that purpose they have arranged the deferment system.

Today a serious purpose will be rewarded.—J.W.

AT SECOND GLANCE

By TED HARMON

CHAIR-ITY

Little Jackie Horner sat in the corner;
Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffett.
And where the hell am I supposed to sit?

Last night was the most extraordinary night we've spent since Grandpa carried Grandpa around the house in a valise. morning without any attempt to get that way.

In other words, we found ourselves in a bizarre-like imitation of Hollywood last night as we talked to Keith Hoppes and Bob Mundt who are producing an epic that may well rival any similar attempt in this curve of Highway 99. These boys, both from Salem, are writing, directing, producing, photographing and murdering a home-made movie tentatively titled "Millie."

Not satisfied to produce just another picture with backyardish shots and the uncontrolled movements of friends somewhere across the lens of the camera both Mundt and Hoppes have definite plans; have shot nearly one-quarter of their new production. And to add the "horse 'n wells" touch, both the salem-born, bred, fed, and occasionally unconscious boys plan to add a whole new book of camera techniques. The amazing thing about all this is that they're actually serious; that is, when they're filming the movie.

Anyway, last night while we sat in on a story conference, Hoppes flicked the ashes off his hand grenade while discussing the heroine of the story, "Millie."

"I think," said Hoppes, "that we should call her 'Surrender.'" "Why?" whispered Mundt, beneath his desk, looking for night-crawlers. "Well," Hoppes went on, undisturbed by the neon sign blurring off and on outside his window, "you know that both her mother and father gave up when they first saw her."

"Yeah," Mundt swelled, "but I think that we should call her the Village Bell; you know, everyone wants to ring her neck."

By this time a freshman blurted into the boy's Sig Ep room, asking if they wanted to sneak down to the kitchen for some left-over pie. "Is it customary?" asked Hoppes. "No," replied the freshman. "It's apple."

Well, to our sensitive ears, this sort of thing went on for hours. Banter was tossed, thrown, lifted, drpped all over the room between these two persons. Finally, since the forthcoming picture will have music, Mundt crawled over the ash tray and muttered, "I think that we should have a farmer push a cow over a cliff just before Millie's song so we can hear the 'Jersey Bounce'."

"No," sang Kieth while scratching a phonograph needle across his forehead, "I don't like that. Instead, let's call the hero 'Heinz' 'cause he's usually pickled. Or even 'Choo-choo' when he goes on a little toot."

Mundt shook his head and threw his desk lamp at someone's hand that suddenly crawled from beneath the studio couch. "We'll call him Sears and Roebuck because he's naturally from the male order."

By this time we more or less crept out of the room, closing the door softly behind us for both Hoppes and Mundt were still hashing over slight trivialities of the story, either between themselves or a freshman who popped perennially into the room, or even

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THE Russian Soldiers

By NICK RIASANOVSKY

(Senior six and intramural fan, Nick Riasanovsky is now graduate assistant in the history department. This is one of a series of articles he will write on Russia.—Ed.)

All of us remember the fateful day of June 22, 1941, when the German might attacked Russia. Most of us, probably, also recall the innumerable light-hearted predictions of the different columnists, analysts, and experts; who gave Russia three or sometimes as much as six months to live. One shudders to think what we (columnists, analysts, and experts included) would have to face now if these predictions were right. Fortunately, they were wrong.

Now Germans are fighting their seventeenth month in Russia and seem to be farther away from crushing their opponent than they were on June 22, 1941. Many reasons combined to defeat German calculations: Russian distances proved to be enormous even for a motorized army, Russia was better prepared than anybody expected, but above all Russia was saved by the Russian soldier.

Back in History

There is no point in just praising again the bravery, the ingenuity, the stubbornness, the endurance of the Russian soldier. One should, however, understand that these qualities did not happen to be miraculously there, but existed for centuries of Russian history.

Russia was never a militaristic nation, but always a fighting one. Russia can not be called militaristic because generals seldom had control of the government, because none of the Romanovs was a military leader first and foremost (true, Peter the Great was both an admiral and a general, but then he mastered also some thirty other occupations).

Not Aggressive

Russia has never tried to conquer the European continent as

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Ad Lib

Good Neighbors

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

Any of the old campus cats can tell you, in case you're new around here, that local ears have never been bent to a better bassist than Brother Ed Johnson. Ed is one of the rare fraternity that is not only of talks but also plays first notch jazz. Without fail. And even if you are new, you can't have helped noticing that the Johnson bass was the peg which held the George Carey rhythm section together last Saturday eve.

Well, it seems now that this doghouse ace is making with a new sextet to excite the deafest of us. It makes its debut come Friday night at the Phi Delt manse, and, if advance notices are the straight quill, the Phi Delt pledge class should be turning their hands to bleacher making.

Gathered close about Brother Johnson will be this scribe's favorite tusk-tickler, Gene Leo, and a marvelous tram lad who bears the handle of Verne Spaugh. As though these three boys were not enough, they will be aided and abetted by Daryll Renfro, tubs, Harry Nelson, tenor, and Dick Sherman, trumpet. This Sherman, says Johnson, whose opinion should be completely unbiased, is

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Down Front...

By BILL LINDLEY

According to recent press releases, Hollywood studios are conserving film by making only "A" pictures. This is certainly a very patriotic idea, and is a great help to fans who have to sit through poor "B" pictures in order to see the feature attraction.

Definitely no waste of film is RKO's "Pride of the Yankees." As a biography of Lou Gehrig it is a complete success, but it goes farther. It becomes the story of an American who made himself a national hero by setting a goal and working unceasingly until he reached it.

Gehrig's Life

Story: Lou Gehrig's baseball career was hampered early in life by his mother's desire for him to be an engineer. Always complying with her requests, he went to Columbia, where he played football and baseball in addition to working his way through college.

While he was still studying for a degree his mother took sick, so he was forced to sign a contract with the Yankees in order to pay hospital expenses.

Farmed Out

He was farmed out to a small club where he played so long that

he thought it might become a permanent job. Finally the Yankees called him back. The first game he played, he slipped and fell on a row of bats, got hit on the head by a ball, and was given the horse laugh by the audience. It seemed that "Tanglefoot" would always be on the bench.

One day while visiting a hospital, he promised a crippled boy that he would hit two homers in the game that afternoon...

Top Rating

Rating: Gary Cooper is well above his excellent average, but Teresa Wright steals most of the scenes from him. Walter Brennan gives the usual good performance which we have grown to expect from him.

Whether you like baseball or not, you'll enjoy "Pride of the Yankees."