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Penny Parade . . .

A NEW parade, but not one of the scrap-noise variety, will march at Saturday's Homecoming game. It will be a war parade, not of University students, but of pennies. Purpose of the drive is to raise money for a University of Oregon service flag to hang from Johnson hall—with gold stars for each alumnus to die in World War II.

The drive will start just before game time. It will precede a half-time program, which will honor the many Oregon lives already lost in this war. Members of class honoraries, Skull and Dagger, Kwama, Druids, Phi Theta Upsilon, and Mortar Board will pass milk bottles through student and alumni rows. The contribution asked is small: One penny, two pennies, whatever number the student may have in his pocket at the time. Though the copper cent is small, and would afford no blow to student pocketbooks, the benefit collected will be great.

* * *

THE Parade of Pennies, with a one-cent contribution from each student, will match in force a March of Dimes campaign. If the "coppers" received are more than the sum needed for the service flag, extra pennies will be turned over to the campus war board—probably for a service scholarship fund, for students who leave for war, but return later to finish at the University.

The flag which will fly from Johnson hall will start with 17 gold stars of 17 alumni who already have died in the war. These casualties of 11 months are half those who died in World War I. Our pennies for the flag will be part paid tribute to those who have given their lives.

Quiet Hours . . .

PRESSURE of standing room only conditions in the library reference room has been lessened by the institution of a sign.

The confronting square of printed matter isn't red, nor does it advertise smallpox; it just proclaims from its position in front of the door, "Reserved for Users of Periodicals and Reference Material." For those who don't believe what they read, librarians reserve the spoken word.

Now, it's goodbye to the lads who hold conferences over their trig, the girls who use the reference room as a springboard for their coke dates. The rustle of raincoats, the clomp of wooden shoes, the zip of notebooks, the scratch of pens, the smack of Readers' Guides closing on weighty problems will restore the reference refuge to something approaching its old quiet hours.—J.A.W.

Infirmary Echo . . .

JUST a word before you millrace that pledge.

The infirmary has had to treat almost a score of minor injury cases since the beginning of the term simply because brawn was brought to play before brains. Shortages of time, help, and supplies are not relieved by having to care for victims of what Dr. Erb refers to as the "Siwash influence." It's making a tough job tougher for the infirmary staff, and it's unnecessary.

During peacetime there is some meat in the argument that people of college age should work off a little steam before they settle down to a serious life of self-support. As a rule it is harmless. You can even argue psychological benefits.

But right now we're all here for a serious purpose and if we don't attend to business we deserve the consequences. The administration has already warned that those consequences won't be anybody's picnic.

Think it over before that man hits the millrace.—J.J.M.

Ad Lib

By FREDDIE BECKWITH

Don't worry, gates! Your columnist today is only spelling jive-boy Johnny Mathews, the latter being beat to the socks from overwork!

Thomas Dorsey, son of a Pennsylvania coal-miner, blows into Eugene Saturday to play for Oregon dancers. What many of your dance-band followers don't know is that Tommy, famous for his trombone work, also plays a mean trumpet. It was our privilege to dig T.D. on ten choruses of "Blue Lou" this spring in Des Moines.

The new drummer man for the Dorsey aggregation is a lad by the name of Peter Sullo. He replaces Buddy Rich who was kicked out of the outfit for insubordination. Buddy went in the marines, it's true, but after a spat with leader-man Tommy.

Stanley Kenton, he of that famous off-beat rhythm, moves into Chicago's Panther Room next month, minus eight men out of his original band. Jack Ordean, marvelous lead alto man, was the most recent man to leave the Kenton crew. He was grabbed up by Uncle Sam.

San Francisco, long noted for its patronship of music strictly of the c-o-r-n variety, broke the rut this summer thanks to the efforts of several hot colored combos. Perhaps the leading expounder of this new swing renaissance is Saunders King, front man for a terrific sextet, that holds forth six times weekly at the Backstage club.

Saunders handles the scat vocals and plays a mean electric guitar. Sammy Dean on trumpet reminds you of Roy Eldridge five years ago, and tenor man Eddie Taylor is a cross between Lester Young and Ben Webster.

It's solid, Jack, from the word "Jump!"

* * *

Those of you who saw Glenn Miller's "Orchestra Wives" probably wondered who was taking the trumpet solos accredited to George Montgomery. Naturally, it wasn't the Hollywood film star, but instead a veteran horn man by the name of Steve Lipkins who has jammed for the Will Bradley and old Bunny Berigan bands.

* * *

Bob Chester is currently playing in San Francisco, which means he may hit Portland shortly. Chester who once had a society band threw it out three years ago and began to do better business with a commercial swing band.

* * *

And this is the story of the greatest bass man we've ever dug. His name? Charles Dominguez. Nope, you've probably never heard of it. He's only nineteen, and he's only played with one jazz outfit—Bob Barfield's quartet in San Francisco this summer.

But Charley was good enough to get an offer from Duke Ellington when the Duke lost Jimmy Blanton. Charley didn't take it, because he thought he wasn't good enough to play for Ellington. But any swing followers who have seen Dominguez will disagree with this modesty.

Dominguez is as fine on doghouse technically as Artie Bernstein. He has a rock beat as good as was Jimmy Blanton's. And he could match Walter Paige, ex-Count Basie man for rhythm any day or night in the week. But Charlie has now been swallowed up by the city he got his start in. After Barfield was drafted in the army, Dominguez left for parts unknown.

Such is life, especially in this music business.

Campus Janitor Hoards Ancient Japanese Idol

By DOROTHY ROGERS

Many people go to "lobby for their hobby," but Maurice Gleason, janitor in McClure and Journalism, is very quiet about his collection, even though he does have a Japanese idol worth about \$50,000.

"This Japanese idol is estimated to be about 1,000 to 15,000 years old, and worth about \$50,000," said Gleason modestly, as he carefully unwrapped an

age-stained ivory dragon. "When I was small I accidentally knocked a piece off it," he explained, pointing to the chipped upper jaw. "The ruby eyes have fallen out in the course of its history, but it is still in very good condition."

"It was given to my great-grandfather by an old sea-captain who had taken part in a raid on some Japanese worship houses," the short, bright-eyed man continued. Pointing out a hole drilled through the side of the figurine, he explained that the sea captain had worn it for years on his watch chain.

He added that this idol has been passed down through the generations to the oldest member in the family, and is now one of his prized possessions.

With a collector's gleam in his eye, Gleason told of a leather ammunition belt, now possessed

by a member of his family, which he was trying to secure. It was worn by his grandfather when he crossed the plains in 1845, and saved that gentleman's life when the party was attacked by Indians. An arrow pierced the leather cutting the belt in two, but was deflected and did no injury.

"And then there is this," Gleason pulled a heavy, massive, gold watch from his pocket. "This watch was owned by the same man who wore the target belt. He bought it in New York City for \$85 and carried it with him across the plains."

Even such things as a hand-carved potato masher are included in his collection.

Maurice Gleason has worked on the campus for about five years. He has many tales to tell of the pioneer days, tales of ad-

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