

# 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.

RAY SCHRICK, Editor; BETTY BIGGS SCHRICK, Business Mgr.

G. Duncan Wimpless, Managing Editor Jack L. Billings, News Editor  
John Mathews, Associate Editor

### UPPER BUSINESS STAFF

Advertising Managers: John Jensen, Cecil Sharp, Shirley Davis, Russ Smelser, Dwayne Heathman, Connie Fullmer, Circulation Manager.  
Lois Claus, Classified Advertising Manager, Elizabeth Edmunds, National Advertising Manager.

### UPPER NEWS STAFF

Lee Flatberg, Sports Editor  
Marge Major, Women's Editor  
Mildred Wilson, Feature Editor  
Janet Wagstaff, Assistant Editor  
Joan Dolph, Marjorie Young, Assistant News Editors

Member

Associated Collegiate Press  
ALL-AMERICAN 1942

Represented for national advertising by NATIONAL ADVERTISING SERVICE, INC., college publishers' representative, 420 Madison Ave., New York—Chicago—Boston—Los Angeles—San Francisco—Portland—Seattle.

# Ad Lib

## Grace Note

By John J. Mathews

Tonight the boards of Mac court rock to the tremendous music of a band that has captured and held the adulation of millions whose count was long ago lost in the rush to hear more. You and I and the kid from Rattlesnake Creek will be packed in there together, hanging hungrily on those fine, sharp, rich notes, for they will be music, not notes, and we will be listening, not dancing.

The air will be heavy and hot. The floor will be jammed. Chances are the rain will be pouring down outside, and a miserable wind will splash it in cold sheets against us as we duck out of our cars. But you can bet your 1910 Conn that when old T.D. begins to make quietly with "I'll Never Smile," "Neiani," "Stardust," and "This Love of Mine," you're going to forget the rain and the heavy air and the gent next to you, and even if Dean Schwering is counting the pearls on your TNE pin and you're standing in the center of the big white spot, that great flow of sound is going to be the only thing that counts.

Such is music.

\* \* \*

In about the year 1935 one of the name bands that could get an attractive hearing most any place was called the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra. A fight, and the band was no more. It split wide open, some of the boys staying with Brother Tom, others heading for the coast and a H'wood show with Brother Jimmy. That show featured Bing. It was a must-win proposition, and Jimmy's outfit was made. Jimmy had the lion's share of the lime-light and knew what to do with it, but he was not too long alone.

\* \* \*

Fate, hard work, and talent teamed up with the other side of the family as powerfully as it had with the altoist.

Time has passed since that split, bands have come and gone, the show world has seen the steady parade of new faces passing by, but in the firmament of after-dark one star remains shining brightly year after year. That star blazes tonight under the dome of the Igloo. That star is Brother Tom.

Jack, we may disagree about the merits of Big Sid Catlett's tub-thumping or whether or not Billie Holiday is the greatest torch singer of the land, but take a tip from me just once. If you haven't a date or a ticket, lay hands on a \$1.10 ducat for upstairs, and bend an ear. Close. Just so we can talk it over afterwards.

## It's Our War...

By NORMA TREVORROW

Only forty-eight more days until Christmas. Have you joined our money saving "Go Nuts for Bucks Club?" Forty pickers are needed for next Saturday so if you care to make a little auxiliary, call Ruth Collins at the Alpha Chi house. Remember our slogan, "Nix on nuts, nuts puts push on guts."

Honor roll: The Tri-Delts really knocked out a homer in Red Cross work last weekend with fourteen and three-quarters hours. Hen hall sat contentedly on third base with eleven hours. Then came ADPi making a two-bagger with nine and a half hours.

This First Base

And last, the Alpha Phis skid-

# War Digest

By LYNN JOHNSON

Good news for the Allies is anything but scarce this week. From no quarter is there any report that is actually depressing. News from the Solomons, while not particularly encouraging gives us no reason to fear immediate deterioration of our position there.

The Japanese have landed additional reinforcements east of Henderson field, but the marines wasted no time in attacking them, and after once being repulsed, they are pressing the enemy back slightly. There is little basis for any feeling of security in this area, however.

Bright Spot

Having disposed of the least favorable element in our worldwide struggle we can look to the brightest spot, which is definitely in north Africa. The British 8th army and Allied airforce are smashing across the desert at a pace which may very likely prevent Rommel's Africa corps assembling for any stand at all.

The Axis forces are in full retreat, not orderly retreat, but a disorganized withdrawal being carried out with very heavy losses. The Allied pursuit is so unrelenting that the tank units serving the rear guard for fleeing enemy are constantly in danger of being captured.

"No Chances"

The British are taking no chances, pulling no punches, they are out to destroy the Axis armies in north Africa. According to General Montgomery, they are going to do it if they have to destroy the last enemy soldier. Allied planes have already dropped leaflets calling for them to surrender or face annihilation.

The Germans, admittedly alarmed over the situation, seem to think their worries are not confined to the northern part of Africa. They again are broadcasting reports of imminent Allied action on the west coast of the dark continent and reveal concern over large United Nations ship concentrations at Gibraltar.

Axis Damaged

The battle isn't over yet, but the Nazis are going to need something in the way of a miracle to prevent disaster judging from reports at present. London, always conservative, is looking upon the battle as virtually decided, and is indicating that it is only a step toward greater things to come.

Fighting in the desert can change trends rapidly, but with the luftwaffe and the 88 millimeter anti-tank gun having proved ineffective against the present advance, this picture is the most favorable one the United Nations have seen in months.

Meanwhile the Russians may be cooking up more trouble for Hitler. The Russians, encouraged by the British successes, are reported moving long columns of troops into positions south of Moscow. These movements may mean a new winter counter-offensive against the Germans, who are still bogged at Stalingrad, and have been held up in their advance across the Caucasus.

## Between The Lines

By ROY NELSON

FENWICK GRADUATED from Oregon after having first been an undergraduate. He had been a Phi Beta. In college he had a high GPA. Now he was coming back to the University for Homecoming.

"Hello," was his greeting to his house brothers.

"Hello," was his housebrothers' greeting to him.

Somebody bumped into an ash tray with his key-chain, and the brotherhood thought it was the dinner bell. The same somebody ran interference, and Fenwick faded back for a basket, but the bases were loaded.

Fenwick stepped up to the plate. He was knocked cold by pitched ball. One out.

Sorry—All Out

In the stands was a Theta who, between innings, wandered down to the hot-dog stand and ordered a hamburger.

"Make mine vanilla," she told the clerk.

The latter turned and frowned.

"Sorry—all out."

"I'll take a sandwich, then."

"Sorry—all out."

"Give me a coke."

"Sorry—all out."

"Then, I want nothing—" she sneered.

"Sorry—all out," he sneered back.

No Logic?

When he counted his change that night he found that he came out much too short. But it didn't bother him. "If I'm too short," he reasoned, "I can't get into a reserve. If I can't get into a reserve, I can't stay in school. If I can't stay in school, I won't be able to take physics. But I'm perfectly healthy—so it won't make any difference."

\* \* \*

IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED. The 947 number rang, and when a girl picked up the receiver and sang "Pi Beta Phi," the voice on the other end of the line said "Wrong number," and hung up. . . . And it came to pass that the same incident practically repeated itself Wednesday night when a Pi Phi called a clamdigger (see last Saturday's column) and gave her name, and the latter, thinking it was a prank, hung up. An after over a year.

Fiji Seare

The Fijis really gave us a scare night afore last. Coming back from a little physics experiment measuring the surface tension in cm. sq. of the millrace, we were shocked at the scene in a window on the second floor.

The bright light in the room revealed a shapely nude woman. We were set to tell Dean Schwering about it, until we found out that the boys were presenting a preview of a statue they had for their Homecoming sign, and had posted sentries outside to observe the commotion of passers-by.

We understand the Atiyeh boys went around ringing door-

(Please turn to from page eleven)

"An engineer who can develop an idea for making an airplane go 20 miles an hour faster is worth as much in this war as a hundred thousand men in uniform." Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford university, expresses what schoolmen of the country consider their highest duty—to train technical talent for a highly mechanized war. (ACP)

## Powerful Pennies . . .

COPPER will literally pour into circulation at Hayward field today for the Parade of Pennies drive to raise money for the gold star service flag, which will wave from Johnson hall. Official Washington, which faces the new headache of copper shortage, might get some satisfaction from the mint of "coppers" which will flow into active war use. Not that the average person makes a habit of hoarding pennies, but it is easy for them to collect in pockets and purses until they reach the nickel stage, or can be put to some earlier and valuable use.

Students are asked to bring their "one-cent pieces" to the game, prepared for the 1:45 milk bottle blitz which will cover students on one side of the stands, alumni, visitors, and townspeople on the other. The gold-starred flag which we all will buy will honor alumni who have died in the services in World War II. Some 60 members of five class honoraries will start the pennies rolling, to blanket Hayward stands with a "barrage" of near-50 passing milk bottles.

Although there will be none of the clatter of a scrap-noise parade, little of the work of collecting scrap to beat the Jap, Oregon students and alumni will be posting another sign for which the Axis will have to account in days to come. The pennies are a different type of slap at the Jap. They carry the same power, but strike in a new direction.

## Homecoming . . . Today

AS THE band plays, all eyes will turn to a lowering flag. With military detail in attendance and martial music marking the time, Hayward field's Homecoming crowd will salute Oregon's alumni killed in the service.

As the Stars and Stripes again strike full mast, the scene will change. With the marching songs of the four forces, the Lemon and Green of Oregon will pay tribute to the living. The army, navy, marine and air corps, each in their turn, will receive salute, and memories will turn to those away.

In the college manner the mental tribute will be illustrated and punctuated with card pictures for each branch of service. But students, alums and their friends will understand: It is the most typical and meaningful remembrance the minds and hands of Oregon's students could fashion for half time at a Homecoming game.

\* \* \*

AS AT the half-time whistle, players will line up, the ball will again call all attention. The Lemon and Green and the Blue and Gold will tangle, mingle, struggle for each yard of ground. The stands will rock: The rivalry will have underscored meaning.

The fading of those fighting strains, "the caissons go rolling along," "we will fight our nation's battles on the land and on the sea," will linger. As Webfoots cheer the good fight of the varsities, they will be cheering also another fight . . . on another front.

Though their tribute is paid in typically college card stunts, though pom-pons wave, the half-time memorial means more. Oregon will preserve the pom-pon, the Homecoming signs, the "rally" spirit; they are part of what we feel our alums away are fighting for.

May the solemnity, the war-time spirit, be only temporary features of Homecoming. Through it all, Oregon will preserve the old.—J.W.