

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Ring in the New . . .

AULD acquaintance will not be forgot on New Year's eve, and students can celebrate with faculty, servicemen, and townspeople as the result of student affairs committee action Wednesday. With only one dissenting voice, the committee voted exception to the 10:30 p.m. permission that one night, though there is school Friday, New Year's day.

The executive council had seized the bull of early closing hours by the horns, petitioned the student affairs committee. There was no serious objection from the faculty-student committee (five faculty, two students). Members recognized the problem, took action quickly, voted that this one night was exception to the rule.

TO STUDENTS returning early to campus for winter term, the decision came as welcome news. School New Year's day, a necessary evil, met little or no opposition. The committee showed sympathy with their problems, saw that the 10:30 rule on that night would be of no material aid to the war effort or study hours. The action solved student worries, made dates order of the night December 31. Men and women together will ring out the old war year, ring in a new of more war and more determination.

Day of Gratitude . . .

THANKSGIVING! This year the word means nostalgic memories. Memories of cozy family dinners—ten to 15 person limit with always room for one or two more, of the palate-pleasing aromas of sage, chestnut, or oyster dressing floating from the big "bird," of smooth brown giblet gravy, of cranberry sauce, of pumpkin and mince meat pies, and lots of it all.

We dream of a holiday, grown doubly precious through denial, with four days of late sleeping and good eating; four days free from closing hours, house jobs, study tables, eight o'clocks, and pop quizzes.

All are memories.
OREGON will observe the harvest holiday with book in one hand and drum stick in the other, with worship service in McArthur Court, with dinner for 30 to 40 in "the house."

"What have we to be thankful for?" the disillusioned query?

Why—we still have plenty to balance the diet on our tables, and clothes to keep us warm; does Germany? Our homes stand untouched by bombs; do England's? Our streets are still untrampled by hostile legions; are China's? We are free to fight back at the forces which threaten the things we love; are the Poles, the French, the Dutch, the Greeks?

And we are fighting. Thanks be!—J. W.

The Home Stretch . . .

LAST night's dance marked the passing of the social season for fall term, 1942 at the University of Oregon.

Now we're not looking forward to "that dance this weekend," we're looking forward to finals in less than two weeks.

Do those last five words strike home? If not, they should. Maybe they should strike home because you are in a reserve and have to make a two point to stay in school. Maybe it's because you want to do your utmost to prepare yourself for your part in the war effort, maybe you realize that you can alleviate a lot of the criticism that is being hurled at colleges because of their supposed devil-may-care attitude, but whatever the reason, it all boils down to this: Let's quit fiddling around and get down to work 'cause we're coming to the home stretch.—J. W. S.

Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS
ASCENDING STAR: A new and exciting team has come within the last few months into the record field. Capitol records have begun to wax some really hep stuff, and one of the best things they have cut so far is the new Bobby Sherwood band's coupling of "Elks on Parade" and "I Don't Know Why." Cap. 107.

"Elks" is a riff tune with more kicks than a ninety-horse stable. Opening in the "Smokey Mary" mode of Bro. Bob Crosby, it quickly drops the ensemble work and tears into a series of ride solos, over a background strongly reminiscent of the old Shaw combo. First comes alto, then an amazingly coherent clary for such fast business, then some tenor stuff. After the take-offs, "Elks" drives into a tremendous sock chorus that is back on the Crosby kick again.

On the other side is a ballad that, but for some not-too-sharp recording, would make much of the big-time commercial output look sad. The first bar of the intro brings in the Shaw like influence mentioned above, followed by Sherwood himself on trumpet for a bit, and then a tram interlude over Lunceford sax figures. Sherwood comes in again for the vocal, sounding for all the world like old Big Gate, and then slides into twelve bars of beautiful gliss trumpet.

Both sides catch clearly the drumming of a joe who displays strong admiration of Ray Bauduc.

If this summary of the disk sounds as though the band merely copies, it wasn't intended that way. You can only describe a new combo's style in terms of old ones, and this outfit has just about found itself. The next thing it ought to find is a new recording company.

Last night's was the last campus dance of the ending term. As befitted the occasion, fine music poured across the footlights from the instruments and fingers and minds of fine musicians. The reception they got should be adequate proof that good jazz can be popular.

PICKUPS: Hear Kenton has been making with some ultra-fine air-shots in preparation to moving into that old hotbed of hot jazz, the Panther Room . . . The

"FATHER OF AVIATION"
PROF. JOHN J. MONTGOMERY
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA, MADE GLIDER FLIGHTS AS EARLY AS 1884! IN 1905 HE DESCENDED FROM A BALLOON IN A TANDEM MONOPLANE AND LATER IN THE YEAR FELL TO HIS DEATH IN A MOTOR PROPELLED PLANE.

RUTGERS BEAT PRINCETON 6 TO 4
IN THE FIRST INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL GAME, PLAYED IN 1869. THEY DIDN'T DEFEAT THE TIGERS AGAIN UNTIL 1938, 35 GAMES LATER IN THEIR . . . LONG SERIES . . .

SUBSCRIBE TO A BLOW AT TOKIO!
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

Today let's talk about the PE building, glorious shrine of the nation's leading life insurance companies.

We asked a man if he liked the new PE oncet . . . Have you ever been slapped with a plaster cast?

When enrolling for the Commando course, you are now given a small, radium plated kit containing: Emergency splints (fractured spinal type), small pair of folding crutches, and a little book entitled "Appropriate Last Words for Dying Sports Heroes."

In taking roll, students now answer with the number of ribs broken at the previous class.

Plans for moving the cemetery away from the department have

been reversed . . . They want to move it closer.

New Commando class limping song adopted by a majority vote of upraised slings is "Praise De Lord an' Pass the Ol' Mortician."

Next term professors will require a working knowledge of jui jitsu as prerequisite for taking English comp.

All students will be required to swing from commerce to Deady on rope ladders provided for that purpose. You will first be sprayed generously with mud so as not to ruin the present effect.

Entrance to the Oregana cafe will be only permitted to those passing a rigid physical and mental examination. Cokes will be granted only to those who can chin themselves five times on the pin ball machine railing, without causing the infernal money-eater to holler, "Tilt."

A junior commando obstacle course is being planned under the auspices of Corrugated Olet Makers Local 000X, and the new commando honorary, Breaka Legga Day.

One fella we know is athletic like May Robson. His most strenuous activities prior to this term were left-handed gin rummy and placing his hand over his mouth while yawning. Then came compulsory PE. He chose basketball because it had the least obvious suicidal tendencies. After a week of fundamentals, he returned to the house one night—a mass of perspiring remorse, uttered the now famous words, "We started teamwork today, and my team hates me already."

We remember fencing classes in the good ol' daze when we ran around the big basketball court eight times to warm up, and then fenced for "dibbies" on the smiling salts flask.

SCENE AT RANDOM

DU's Chance

The DUs at the University of Kansas are looking for a booking agent. After their house dance they discovered the orchestra members had left their instruments. Not to miss the chance of a life time the DUs went to work. Their session lasted until 5 a.m.

Coeds Learn

A coed living organization at the University of California went all out for the war effort when their living organization sponsored a dance for service men. The coeds scouted the countryside getting greens for decorations. A few days later 12 girls and their housemother broke out with poison oak.

Idle Hours Tabled

The aim of the war student power commission at the University of Washington is to put the students on a 12-hour war day. Students are asked to fill out card-questionnaires which will show how much time students can devote to outside work.

above-mentioned Mr. Sherwood is kicking the ether around from the Glen Island Casino these nights . . . Seems there are still characters who don't know that all that Bigard clary on Teddy Powell's waxings is the work of Irving Fazola. It's great stuff.

About the PE building proper: The concrete jig saw puzzle of assorted size cells was built by refugees from the Maginot line.

The air conditioning system was the benevolent donation of Vick's Vapo Rub, Inc.

Some students can still remember the time when soap was in the shower rooms . . . also when the Pioneer Mother used to picket the Side for a clean deck of playing cards.

Motto on the new combination locks: "Houdini couldn't—Why should you?"

We tried to open one oncet. After smashing our wristwatch to leave no trace of thwarted effort, we did the next best thing . . . Sodium fluoride highballs sure are tasty after a long hard fight.

The doors to the handball courts were designed for those new folding people who are born in Pullman berths.

We are still cashing in war bonds to pay for that sweat shirt we lost last spring. Didn't know holes were that expensive.

The vital ROTC practice of checking brown sox is nothing new. Time was when you had to raise your pant leg upon entering the PE palace to verify that your family crest wasn't an indelible "ASUO" mounted on a dirty rib. Funny how many descendants of this ancient family branch are enrolled in school today.

Nuf sed. Hmmm.