

'Staccato' Notes..

By GENE LEO

The Duke is to present his second annual Carnegie hall concert December 11.

Duke Ellington, composer, leader, and pianist is a living jazz anthology. No other person has been more responsible for the progress of modern music in the last two decades.

When a man can write music that is understood and appreciated by the highbrow and the lowbrow, it is then that he becomes a true representative of American music. From the gigantic concert halls of pre-war Paris to the armory of Eugene, the Duke has been heard and admired.

Gets His Kicks

Aside from his amazing accomplishments, he is an ordinary person who receives a terrific boot from listening to other bands, and gets his kicks also from giving his 22-year-old son pointers on arranging.

He establishes his weird orchestral effects from a style of voicing that has had constant development, and then he throws in an occasional festered 15th chord.

But Prolific

A prolific composer, the Duke has written many show and dance tunes and symphonic jazz compositions. Such tunes as "Sophisticated Lady," "In My Solitude," "East St. Louis Toodle-000," "Take the 'A' Train," and hordes of others would tend to prove the contention that the Duke's band could play their own compositions for a week and never repeat the same piece.

Pops—No Soda

He even writes fine "pops," including his current ditty, "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," the service man's favorite. If you are heating with helium, you will undoubtedly have a number of these recordings, some of them dating back to 1926.

Last year in Carnegie hall, he presented his symphonic arrangement of "Black, Tan, and Beige," his own composition.

Most people can't understand how a man can play the piano, read a book, and smoke a cigarette at the same time, while doubling in an interesting conversation on the side.

In the A.M.

His great band possesses the undefatigable habit of writing a majority of its script at 3 or 4 in the A.M., after completing a six-hour engagement.

He has grouped around him some of the finest sidemen in the game. Johnny Hodges, Otto Hardwick, and Harry Carney, all saxists, and Sonny Greer, percussionist, have been with him nearly 20 years.

Other prominent soloists include Rex Stewart, Lawrence Brown, Cootie Williams, and "Big" Ben Webster. The latter two have now left the Ellington fold to form their own organizations.

Bandage Rollers

(Continued from page one)

Clung, Patty Van Hoosear, Frances Anderson, Charline Pelley, Beverly Padgham, and Kathy Dunn.

Anyone interested in being a surgical dressing or sewing instructor should call Carol Wicke at the Alpha Omicron Pi house. Miss Wicke stated that every living organization should have an instructor if at all possible.

Any girl who worked at the Red Cross on the campus last year and wants her record, may contact Carol Wicke.

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Bull Session a la Carte

It is doubtful if there is a room on this campus that has not at some time been the scene of a strong but friendly argument on the subject of the part being played by the Soviet Union today. In this present great world conflict, which somehow involves each student in a personal way, the relations between our own country and Soviet Russia can be brought out of the midnight bull session and can now be the subject of an open forum.

Student leaders have realized how important questions such as this one involving our relations with a communistic country have become to every thinking student, and with this in mind the ASUO has arranged a forum of tonight that contains all the ingredients for a really successful and serious discussion.

* * * *

Dr. Gordon Wright, professor of history and popular campus speaker, has agreed to lead the forum to which all registered civilian and army students are invited. Everyone will have an opportunity to express his own observations on this vital question which involves not only the relations of Russia today, but also the future when the present war is ended.

Realizing that students like to talk together without the barriers presented by those outside their own circles, ASUO President Nancy Ames has arranged to have this forum closed to everyone but army and civilian students.

The time is 7:30 tonight, and the place is Guild hall in Johnson hall. Students and Dr. Wright are ready to play their roles, so the stage appears to be set for some truly serious thinking on a problem of importance to everyone who looks into the future.

—Edith Newton

Outcome of a Trial . . .

The trial ended Wednesday night at 10:30. Afterwards there was a general feeling that the whole deal was a success, despite the efforts of some social sabateurs to queer the outcome. Girls said they liked the swing mixer, soldiers reported it to be good, and the coordinating committee of soldier and civilian students lost some of the tensity that had held them in grip since the conception of the idea.

At, and before the trial, the prosecution tore down the idea, saying that the mixer was planned in haste, that because of this lack of complete planning, the mixer was of a necessity doomed to failure. They would have had arguments in their favor, arguments such as the fact that in some houses there were too many men, in some houses too many girls. This was unavoidable, but it was not catastrophic.

Another point brought out before the trial was the fact that soldiers, after a long day of being told where to go, what to do, and how to act, resented being pushed and shoved around any more. But was there any more pushing and shoving around in an attempt to get the right group to the right house at the right time than there ever is in the social activity of this sort, for example, the now old-time exchange desserts?

But the defendants of the mixer can point out that even with hasty planning, the mixer was a success. Ask the girls. They'll tell you. And the men will say the same, that the mixer was a good idea, and should be kept up.

The mixer was on trial Wednesday night to determine if any more activities on the same line would be worked out by the committee. In the future, there will be more time for organization, more allowances made for individual preferences. There will be the foundation on which to work, the foundation that was contained in Wednesday night's swing mixer.

—M.Y.

"Should the United Nations, America and her allies, fail to fight off their enemies in the fiercest and most merciless of all wars; should the armies of conquest achieve their aim and enslave the world, it will not be because Axis soldiers are braver or more skillful (for they are not) nor yet because they are more numerous. Only one thing can cause such a dire calamity — selfishness. Unselfish patriotism could win this war with surprising promptness. It is also able to preserve the United States, completely whole and good as ever, after the war is over. — Dr. George S. Benson, president of Harding college, believes unselfish leadership is the crying need of the hour.—Associated Collegiate Press.

A Slip of the Lip

By PEG HEITSCHMIDT and BOBBI BEALER

And it's back to normalcy again, after Thursday's scandal sheet. We bet Ted Bush is praying that none of the libel suits catch up with his navy air corps orders.

That old college custom of pin-planting hasn't entirely disappeared since the army took over. Dorothy Roome, Chi O, is now wearing a Theta Xi pin. The owner, once a member of the Northwestern chapter, is at present

stationed on the Oregon campus. And Then

And then there's Chi O Patsy Klahre, who wears Don Frisbie's Phi Psi pin, while Don pines away with the rest of the navy boys at UCLA.

For years back, Phi Delt and Theta Chis have gathered at Edward Bailey home, right across the street from the old Theta Chi house, to relax and forget the strain of college. Now, the Baileys are extending their hospitality to the army men stationed here. Congregated there the other evening after study hours were engineers Ed Berkeley, Bob Bartlett, Alden Rehnquist, Hayward Taylor, and Mark Pardue, plus a bevy of neighboring Tri-Delts.

Guess Who

Guess who called up the Kappas from Arizona? Fiji John Helmer did the buzzing, just to see if all was O.K. with the gals.

Kappa Beverly Jacob and Theta Frannie Colton both hear from Jerry McCroskey, one-time Fiji here—lucky girls!!

Bob "Punchy" Morrison, Sigma Chi, is expected back on the campus this weekend—coeds, please note!

How about the mess-up in last week's Emerald—Barbara Taylor, Tri-Delt, is engaged to Bob "Buck" Schott, DU, while, for the benefit of those interested, Jane Kern, TD pledge, is smooched. And Gamma Phi, Gene McPherson is still wondering who the guy she's supposedly engaged to is.

Themselves, They Are Knocking
The Alpha Phis, (not the pledges, mind you) are knocking themselves out over their house-boys—Betas Larry and Reece.

That smoothie of an engineer who has been seen here, there, and everywhere lately with Tri-Delt "Dizzie" Deane, hails from Georgia, and answers to the name of Summers.

Wherever we venture, the name of ATO Jack Pennington always seems to pop into the conversation. This time, his name is linked with Chi O Betty, with whom he's been seen on various and sundry occasions.

Shirley Neal, Kappa, is counting the days till Phi Delt Pres Phipps returns to school with the ROTC boys.

Gates of the main barracks of The Citadel in South Carolina have been in use for more than 118 years.

The Cutting Room

By BILL BUELL

Have you been losing lately at poker, craps, or penny pitching? Have you lost your new gabardine shirt in the stock market? Have the pin ball machines picked your pockets?

"Hi Diddle Diddle," now playing at the "Mac," demonstrates an infallible way of regaining your fortune. Just place a magnet under the edge of a roulette wheel and you really clean up.

They're Relatives

This laugh-packed comedy tells of Adolph Menjou's struggle to regain his son's wife's mother's lost wealth by such highly respectable methods as the above mentioned gambling device. He also unloads worthless mine stock for fancy prices by printing phony Wall Street journals telling of mythical strikes.

The picture is also the story of a handsome sailor (Dennis O'Keefe) who celebrates his 48-hour shore leave by marrying a beautiful girl (Martha Scott). But, try as they may, the young lovers can never get started on their honeymoon.

Pardon Me, Air Raid

When they finally get a few minutes alone together the girl's duties as an air raid warden tear her from the eager arms of love. Although this situation is as well-worn as an Esquire magazine in a fraternity house, "Hi Diddle Diddle" uses it very effectively.

Return of a Pin-Up Girl

Pola Negri, the sensational pin-up girl of the Rudolph Valentino era, makes her comeback in this picture. In her first screen appearance since way back when we were too young to know about such things, she abandons her traditional role of a slinky seductress and blossoms out as a comedienne . . . and a good one.

In her portrayal of a violently temperamental Wagnerian soprano she slaps her insulting accompanist and shouts ecstatic praises of Wagner with a ridiculous air of magnificence.

Walkin', Talking Wallpaper

"Hi Diddle Diddle" is crowded with slapstick scenes and irrational situations of the "Road to Morocco" variety. The closing scene is the best.

Miss Negri's wall paper is covered with little pictures of Wagner and his family having a peaceful picnic beneath a shady old oak. Almost everyone in the cast enters the apartment. After consuming a few cocktails they proceed to sing the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from "Tannhauser," each in his own key.

Every little Wagner on the wall puts his hands over his ears, gets up and stamps his feet in a frenzy, gathers up his family, and goes tearing down the road in a stagecoach. Wagner's dogs go too.

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