

# OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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## Paper Serves! . . .

War Production Board Director Donald M. Nelson has sent the third call for waste paper salvage throughout the nation. Not at all similar to coat hanger drives, or the "diluted" efforts of some campus drives in the past, it would seem that this campaign to gather material for the nation's paperboard factories could be a valuable campus contribution to the war effort.

Right now, approximately 20-25 mills are shut down for lack of waste paper—and inventories are dangerously low in many other mills. Living organizations on the campus can furnish huge quantities of waste paper. If its collection is speedy and efficient. This means that the War Board and the living organizations must take at least one Saturday morning out of busy schedules to collect, sort, and tie paper bundles. Then, its mass collection and removal must be arranged quickly, since stored paper is a fire hazard.

\* \* \* \*

The radio and the nation's newspapers are currently sponsoring this conservation and collection drive. Why in the world does it make any difference whether Bill Lindley or staff magazines, paper sacks and boxes are utilized?

Let's look at the facts as listed by the United States Victory Waste Paper Campaign committee. Once we get our fighting men overseas, it takes 81 tons of supplies per month per man to keep them there, compared to 43 tons per month in the last war. This amount requires huge quantities of containers and packaging material. Every standard unit of small arms ammunition has its containers. Paperboard targets are used for pistol, rifle, and machine gun practice. Army field ration "K" is packed in folding cartons. Shells are protected by paperboard until fired. One hundred pounds of waste paper will make 650 cartons for field rations, 100 pounds of waste paper will make 115 containers for ten 20mm. shells, 100 pounds of waste paper make 50 75mm. shell containers.

In addition, blood plasma containers, cartridge paper, camouflage paper, dust and dirt covers and seals for motors, flare spacers, bomb rings, grenade containers, etc. etc. utilize the waste paper we can collect here on the campus.

\* \* \* \*

In addition to any collection program which the War Board may ask Oregon Ducks to fulfill, great service may be rendered in the conservation of new paper. This means saving pasteboard boxes if they can be reused, accepting non-wrapped goods, combining purchases into one sack, and saving "scratch paper" instead of buying anew.

We can only give a small amount of paper if you count just one university. Lots of paper if you multiply and multiply again. Lots of paper, war material contributing to quick distribution of war necessities. Contributing to the safety and health and comfort of servicemen.

M. M. G.

## Come Sleep, Oh Sleep . . .

Skies are sober and the morning has its mouth turned down . . . Trees look like leaden pogō sticks with their feet stuck in the mud . . . Three minutes until class time, and it takes seven to get there . . . An assignment is due for the class following . . . There's no individuality in the campus scene, with coeds as much alike in their swinging cadence as soldier-students . . . General Peyton C. March says the war hasn't even started . . . Rumors that there soon won't be as many men at Oregon . . . Unmistakable "no breakfast" protestations arise from your stomach . . . Out of cigarettes, too . . . There's too much libe work this week, and no time for it . . . New year's resolutions all shot . . . Nietzsche and Spinoza . . . Nietzsche and Spinoza, over and over again. That's what you were going to read sometime to broaden your horizons, remember? Pretty soon, mid-terms, then finals . . .

Relax with a vengeance. Hit the sleeping porch. Winter term is short and takes its toll of stamina and endurance. True, bull-sessions are most fascinating after midnight, and there's always another lick to put in on math, but it's done more

## The Cutting Room

By BILL BUELL

"Only the strictly unsentimental should be warned against it—for its makers knew what they were doing and Lassie did it," writes Commonweal magazine of "Lassie Come Home."

We are strictly unsentimental. The makers of "Lassie" were making a dog story. We out grew dog stories about the time we became tired of hunting for the picture in the bottom of a mush bowl.

But it appears as if this attempt to throw all normal human values off focus and concentrate the most powerful emotions of the American public upon the figure of a big shiny-coated collie is highly successful. The Mac this Sunday was as filled with sobs and sighs as if the predominately grade school audience had just witnessed an expose of Santa Claus. Even some of the professional reviewers poured undiluted praise upon this "epic" saga of dogdom.

The story is as wholesome as a glass of pasteurized milk and every bit as exciting. In order to pay the butcher, the baker, and the man who comes for the rent young Roddy McDowall's father sells Lassie, his great big beautiful collie, to a dog-fancying duke. His Grace promptly packs Lassie off to Scotland.

efficiently when faculties are keen and rested. A flu wave and dietetics problems are accentuated by ragged organizing of time and lack of sleep. This isn't an advertisement for vitamin pills, but the realization of a fact which most collegians, non-army-regulated, ignore. Yes, sleep is part of college life.

B. A. S.

Lassie escapes from the kennels and heads south for Yorkshire and Roddy. Neither storm, nor flood, nor the local dog catcher can deter this valiant canine from her course. At last she arrives home, thin, filthy, and limping, to leap joyously into the eager arms of her young master.

"Lassie Come Home" not only fails to avoid sentimental pitfalls; it seeks, finds, and wallows in them. There are more moist-eyed farewells in this picture than on the front steps of an army induction center. Exploited to the fullest possible degree are such tear-jerking potentialities as the death of a dear little mongrel dog named Toots and the tragedy that a birthday without Lassie holds for Roddy.

The finest thing in this picture is the technicolor photography of woods, heaths, waterfalls, and rough rocky seacoasts. The beauties of natural light and shade are fully utilized to produce one of the best works of this kind yet to appear in a cinema feature.

Edmund Gwen, as the itinerate pot-and-pan peddler with whom Lassie travels for a while on her long journey home, provides the best acting of the show. Even the dog is a better actor than Roddy McDowall.

A twenty five dollar United States war bond is being offered by Campus Comments, the student newspaper for the best editorial submitted to it suggesting how Mary Baldwin college girls can further participate in the war effort.

## Anvil Chorus

By NORRIS YATES

Spies have informed the Emerald office that plans are under way among a few "campus cats" for a small jazz combo reminiscent of the days of the peerless Hal "Happy" Hardin outfit. Sparkplugging the band if it ever actually exists will probably be Cliff Mallicoat, "boomer boy" par excellence, who is as terrific with a bass as he is with the ladies. Cliff played with Dick Day, one of Portland's top bands, when he was only 16. He soon acquired the reputation of being one of the three best players in the city, as well as one of its worst wolves—although the latter fact belongs out of this column's province.

Another likely recruit for this outfit is Jack Howe, who, we hear, really knows how to tickle the ivories. Several other musicians are reported interested. With Jack and Cliff forming the basis of a solid rhythm section, the civilian students on the campus may have a good band once more.

The irrepressible Iturbi cropped up again in anecdotal columns last week when a certain music star, who was giving a lavish party, suddenly discovered that she wanted a boogie-woogie pianist. She made an appeal to the guests, and a dark, thick-set man stepped forward and knocked out some of the hottest licks ever heard this side of Harlem. After he had finished and the applause had died down the star asked her guest his name. You guessed it—!

Browsing through the wave bands the other day, we were pleased to discover that the chamber music program of the "New Friends of Music," which is broadcast from New York's Town Hall every Sunday afternoon, now presents its full program instead of only half as before. How it did used to annoy us to hear them break off short in the middle of a number!

Over a year ago we heard that modernist composer Paul Hindemuth was working on a clarinet concerto for Benny Goodman. Recently a rumor has been sneaking through the music world that he has nearly finished it. Since Benny's prowess in the classical field has been more than proven, both as a soloist and as a chamber music artist, we'll be waiting

rather eagerly for Hindemuth's work.

And speaking of Benny, he offers an excellent example of what serious study from the best teachers from time one is very young may produce. Ben came from a large and poor family. His musical talents were discerned when he was six or thereabouts, and his father incited him to learn the clarinet. But in order to keep up lessons he had to commence playing jazz in order to pay for them. And as he began to earn more and more money, his classical progress demanded better and better teachers!

The result was a kind of musical "vicious circle". But the result seems to have turned out all right.

When Indiana recently met Wisconsin on the Hoosier gridiron, two representatives of the Royal British navy were on hand to see their first American football game.



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