

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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State of Affairs

Report on Social Affairs—As regards the Air Corps and Coeds. It seems like not so very long ago that eleven irate soldiers sat down and burned out a volume of letters to the editor of the Emerald berating the uncomprehending creature for suggesting that whistling at beauty could be anything but complimentary. And it hasn't been too long since that phrase, "We were afraid something like that would happen" was dartfully tossed in the direction of a soldier who had trespassed on the sacred precincts of old school principle and tradition. Perhaps greater wrath not too long ago arose in Hen Hall where BTO's from the nation over wept on each other shoulders as they compared notes and concluded that things here couldn't touch good old Siwash. There was a lot of misunderstanding on both sides, misunderstanding that now is cleared up or dismissed because it interferes with the natural course of society.

It is good that when we, the Air Corps personnel, leave a week from next Monday we will leave satisfied that a good year is behind us. There will not be the feeling that things would have been better if we had been at another school or if we had behaved differently. And no one can honestly say that leaving the University of Oregon can possibly be for a more pleasant future, more important quite possibly but not more pleasant.

Today gripes come fewer and farther apart from Hen Hall. The life on the campus Spring term dispelled many of the complaints of a dead school; and Spring term saw the Air Corps become more than ever a part of the school. Acceptance has become the rule on both sides, the antagonism of fall term has died. The "Libe" and the "Igloo" are no longer names, they are places connotated with fun and good times, and the more serious study which we have known. We have, in some measure, become a part of the campus.

When an opportunity such as this edition of the Emerald presents itself as a vehicle through which the entire detachment can officially say good-bye to the campus it would be overly easy to spoil with triteness and sentimentality of undue proportions the sincerity of our unhappiness at leaving. All of us didn't think we would like Oregon. Some of us were determined not to like Oregon. But time and house dances have covered even the sorest wounds or have cemented a deep appreciation for the school. We've liked it here and we're sorry we have to go.—W.M.

Jelly For Dinner

By SKIN MAN WHITEY WHITE

Hey cats, this is it. In answer to the numerous pleas for a hot jive column, we're makin' with the solid print. For those of you to whom this column may sound familiar, something of this nature was formerly written by a slick chick here on the campus who has temporarily retired to her cave to gather further information.

Rumor has it that since B. Goodman folded, he's been offered

a front line spot with G. Lombardo and dig this: Lombardo offered to enlarge his library to 35 tunes in addition to "Sailboat in the Sky." We'll be lookin' for that jivin' licorice stick soon . . . C. Basie is still knockin' them dead back East with his terrific arrangements and the vocals by J. Rushing. Weakest part of the band is still the rhythm section. . . . Sorry to see that Jan Garber's revamped crew strictly ain't hep. We're sure going to miss that brass bass. The author would like to AD LIB a little at this time and tell you to be sure to watch the band of the month—definitely slated for the top. Gather 'round, children and catch a lick from Bill Fischer (currently supported by Uncle Sam) . . . Current about the town is Art Holman and his solid crew of cats who give out with those reet arrangements on Sat. nites. If you ain't been in, get groovin' and get hep to some fine moosik. . . . It can now be officially announced according to a letter recently received from "Fathah" Bailey that he in-

tends to fold his band for the duration. . . . Rumor has it that several of the outstanding niteclubs of Eugene are sponsoring a battle of bands dance in the near future to be held in the downstairs ballroom of the Holland. On the dickering list now are four fine outfits—Fred-dy Martin, Lawrence Welk, Carl Ravazza, and Sammy Kaye (you too can be beautiful). My operatives state that nothing short of a closed weekend will welcome this strictly solid occasion.

Well, since I can already smell the tar and feathers cooking I shall adjourn to my summer retreat and lull myself into a sacrilegious coma to the strains of "THE BUGLE CALL RAG"—All Star, 1939.

Ed. Note: Apologies to B. G. and also to Count Basie and for those of you who may still be confused, the rhythm section, consisting of the Count on piano, Jo Jones of drums, and Walter Paige on bass, is about as weak as ten steam drills connected in series.

The Panning Room

By DICK "SOUR GRAPES" MURWAY

A rich, warmly sentimental saga of real American life was showing at the Heilig last weekend: "Tender Comrade," starring Ginger Rogers and Robert Ryan.

"Tender Comrade" is from the heart to the heart. Handkerchiefs—some of the drab G.I. articles among them—were in evidence throughout the show. Tears were so profuse that during the heartbreaking climax the sound of running water filled the theater and the house drainage system was strained to its utmost.

Briefly, the story of "Tender Comrade" is the story of any young American couple (Ginger Rogers and Robert Ryan), and their joys and sorrows, their loves and quarrels. The couple's name is Jones. (What would be more natural?) Chris Jones works overtime and when he comes home he likes to sit in the living room and read his magazine. His wife wonders if she married a man or a mouse. Soon Chris sees that this is his war, goes overseas, and his wife decides she married a man.

She goes to work at Douglas. With four other defense workers, she rents a house. The women learn to live together, despite some arguments concerning hoarding, dealing with the "black market," and the unfaithfulness of one of them.

Chris dies in the war, but after a few tears no one is particularly sad because everyone has his job to do (such as collecting waste fat) and Chris, Jr. will grow up in a better world.

Jean Gabin, in "The Imposter," displays the charm and passion which Americans have learned to

associate with Charles Boyer, Gabin's compatriot, Gabin is a bigger man than Boyer and accordingly better able to dominate each wishful femme in the audience.

As the "Imposter," Gabin lives the "strangest lie a man ever lived," so says the billboard advertising. After seeing the picture, we decided that men haven't lived very strange lies.

The woman element is almost absent from the movie. This might have been agreeable for a change, had the studio supplied Gabin with anything of a story. Anyway, Gabin has a strong face and every once in a while his eyes get that tired cocker spaniel look. He can't miss.

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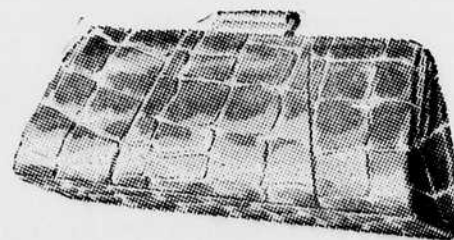
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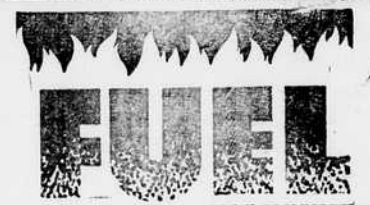
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