

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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Beginning With 20...

Wednesday night the comparatively still waters of ASUO activity were stirred with a vigorous stick by about 20 University men who had banded together for the purpose of doing that very thing. Over 180 other men enjoyed the fruits of the labor of this score in the form of an hour and a half's entertainment at the men's smoker. They represented over 70 per cent of all the men on the campus, and they were the very fellows whom the 20 were trying to "activate." If they succeeded there will be over 200 socially and cooperatively minded men students in the University. It is hoped that there will eventually be 479. That is the total number of registered men.

Now we are not advocating extra-curricular activity as an end in itself. We know how much time and money used to be wasted in the days before the war—and is still being wasted—by students both male and female who came to the University with little else in mind. But we do recommend campus activity as one of the chief means whereby a student may develop and enlarge his personality and improve his understanding of his fellows. We want you to place academic study before all, while you are here. But whether you study or not, we believe that your college education will be no "education" unless you make a conscious effort to know and learn from the truly fascinating personalities who are your fellow students. And we believe that in the case of you men you can make the effort with ease and success by endeavoring to take an active part in further projects like the recent smoker, of which there will be a number this year.

* * *

That dry-humored moralist and 19-th century liberal, George H. Lorimer once wrote that, "There are two kinds of education in college: one that you learn from books and professors, the other and more important that you pick up from the fellows." The late "self-made" editor of the Saturday Evening Post spoke these words out of his experiences while attending Yale back in the good old days of the full skirt and the flying wedge. But they hold just as surely in our own day as in his.—N.Y.

Concerning Glamour...

Just tasting the froth, just wading aimlessly through the shallower puddles, most of us give little or no thought to efforts which will net us nothing in material benefits and with which no shiny pins to add to our sweater collection, no laurels, no significant glory from outside sources is connected.

Making surgical dressings for the Red Cross may sound... unglamorous.

Yesterday at the assembly Major Peter Ashton of the British commando said, and he meant it seriously, that war is not glamorous; the commandos, paratroopers, and rangers were glamorized by the press, but that their work is "loathsome."

Later in an interview, the major remarked that all of Britain was fighting to win the war, which is far from nearing its climax, and that the women of England "work like hell."

Women in America have not worked too much. They have perhaps not realized how indispensable their services are to their communities and their country. University of Oregon women have too often taken the attitude that those hours spent in the Red Cross room in Gerlinger were merely so much time to chalk up to the credit of their living organizations. Bandage rolling to them is a routine job done as a house duty.

The need for surgical dressings in total war is self-evident. Like the dangerous, bloody work your fighting men are engaged in, rolling bandages is essential.

Work very often is not glamorous, in the sensational meaning of the term. Its glamour lies in the knowledge of its necessity and in the satisfaction of its accomplishment.

The attitude of the University woman towards Red Cross work could be this: I am helping to win this war. I am helping my man who may sometime be wounded and in need of these bandages. I am doing my duty.

Forget the glamour and the glory for a while; let some of your pretty illusions be broken. Skirt the shallower puddles and dive deeply into work that is worthwhile.—M.W.

Letters

To the Editor

To the Editor:

In reference to the letter by Barbara Gene in Tuesday's Emerald, I wish to say this:

Evidently Miss Gene has not been a consistent reader of the Emerald, for her pertinent remarks were directed to Mr. Chas. Politz' treatment of the Young Democratic meeting only. If she will recall, the Young Republicans received a similar write-up by Mr. Politz.

To state that such remarks as those of Politz "show a general lack of knowledge of good college newspaper policy" is a misstatement. Anyone, whether a Democrat or a Republican, can readily see that these subjects have been treated without bias.

I agree that this election is all important and should be taken seriously. However, we can't go through this crisis, and I believe it is a crisis, with a deadpan, furrowed-brow attitude. Mr. Roosevelt in his opening campaign speech to the Teamsters union was anything but serious, and the fact that he can laugh off his difficulties has been his salvation.

No situation has ever been so difficult that we, in America, could not cope with it with the aid of our sense of humor.

The boys on the firing line have found that wise-cracking has broken the tenseness of critical situations. This brand of humor that we possess has led us to victory be-

fore and it would be unfortunate if we should lose it.

To possess a light and humorous outlook doesn't necessarily mean that a person doesn't know the tenacity of the situation.

PATRICK GRAHAM.

Jam For Breakfast

By SUE WELCH

Hi ya cats, glad to see you back. And now that you've gotten past the title of this little ditty, and if you have the courage to delve a little farther, we'll try to give you the once over lightly on some of the latest happenings in the world of jam. (For the benefit of those of you who are a little thick, we don't mean the edible kind.)

It appears that we're going to have to devote most of this column to some of the newer waxings mainly on account of because we haven't been to hep with some of the latest moves of the country's top-ranking bands. We can't even make a comment on Erskine Hawkins 'cause we were a good kid and stayed home for the Bun-ion Derby. But we hear tell that he was fine. Which is more than we can say for Frankie Masters.

But now let us proceed to this week's platter chatter. Victor has issued a couple of topnotch items to swing you out of bed in the ayem and send you whistling across the campus. Isn't that ridiculous? But one that will really put you in the groove is the T. D. "Starmaker" album, a set of eight

discs featuring Tommy and seven stars who found their way to fame in his band. "Swing High" for example, featuring high-register-trumpeter Ziggy Elman and the entire band is guaranteed to slap the sleep out of tired eyes.

Wax-Work

Another honey is a special from the Victor (pd. adv.) waxworks featuring "Fats" Waller in one of his all-time bests, a tune called "Oh Frenchy." Fats turned this ditty from World War I into a record riot. "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie" backs the baby with Fats kidding the lyrics until you finally decide it isn't such a sin after all.

Getting away from the waxings and back to real life, it may interest you to know, if you don't already, that Artie Shaw's new band is expected to debut in a tres short while. (In French that word has an accent over it, but we can't find one on the typewriter so we hope our French teacher will overlook it.) It will (getting back to Shaw) probably be a seventeen-piece outfit similar to his "Begin The Beguine" band. Plans for the band are not known at this writing, but Artie expects a radio show before too long and will no doubt preview the band in the East. No doubt!!

And now for those of you of the old school, Rachmaninoff . . . great, gloomy genius . . . is dead, but the renowned Russia pianist-composer lives again in a Red Seal recording of his last major opus, his own "Concerto No. 4 in G Minor" which Victor has just released. Recorded by Rachmaninoff with the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra shortly before he died in 1943 it emerges as a performance of sweep and grandeur, lyrical intensity and noble evocation. (Good word, don't you think?)

responsibility like we did in the Philippines we must not leave them at the mercy of other countries." The governor was calm, spoke slowly and persuasively, capably forming only the right words.

Then Marian Lowry said that the local CIO had endorsed a straight Democratic ticket, but had included Wayne L. Morse as its favorite son for senator; asked the governor if he would comment on that. He said that he would not, as it concerned a local political situation with which he was not familiar.

This, however, served as a bridge from which to launch an attack on the political action committee of the CIO. Mr. Bricker maintained that the PAC does not represent the sentiment of the CIO. "The PAC is a very subversive move, very detrimental to the cause of labor," he said.

At 7:45 the reporter on our right gave the sign-off signal. "Thank you, Mr. Governor," and the conference broke up.

(Tomorrow—Taxis and Blasting Burble)

Hudson seal is not the name of a seal. It is the trade name for common muskrat fur dyed to look like seal.

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

The crowd shifted gears, moved off to Mac court. The rally squad had its man, followed in his crepe-soled footsteps like nails trailing a horseshoe magnet. Everyone was happy. Some even smiled.

We climbed aboard the train, went into the smoking car where the press conference was scheduled to be held. The car was done in deep rich tones, mel- lowed by considerable age—medium-soft openmouth-shaped chairs upholstered in an old rose harsh-weave material—no modernistic furniture or fixtures—solid, temperate—just as one would imagine a Republican smoking car should look.

Three boys from an Albany high school paper were sitting at the card table to the fore of the car. The working press began to filter in—men well-dressed in sloppy casualness and sporting sleepy, indulged, world-weary faces. Full-hearted, resolute Marian Lowry of the Guard was there looking slightly out of place in the midst of the bored sophisticates. So was sports-writer Dick Strite—exactly why, we never found out. Maybe he expected the All-American blanket, too.

Learn to Smoke

At 7:30 the newspapermen took variously-sized pads from their variously-sized pockets. Governor Bricker appeared in the doorway. He was wearing the same suit, and was smoking a pipe, rather ineptly through his front teeth, hardly like an old pipe smoker would at least. He sat down with the boys from the Albany high school, introduced himself. They did likewise.

Then his advance publicity man, having cased the joint first, told him that there were several other newspaper people to whom he had not extended the official welcome. We were asked to rise and shake the hand of the governor. We did. "Very glad to meet you," he said. "Thank you," we said. We sat down. He followed suit.

The governor started asking questions about the size and shape of the University from the Albany high school boys. They seemed a little at a loss for accuracy. We volunteered a few figures. He then straightened out-loud in his mind

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