

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

Everyone's back aren't they. Swell isn't it. Wish you were in the shipyards screwing in light globes for seventy-five dollars a week don't you. So do we.

Never realized what drivvie this colyum is, but then look at Winchell and you must realize that some wits needs wax eternal if only for morale's sake.

All Portland musicians are in the shipyards. The people that are left (the other ones, like Woody Hite's band) own horns. They aren't players really. Take for instance the drummer with Hite. Nice isn't he. Finest kid you'd want to know.

In Eugene the music business is confused. Everyone has got a band, even us (meaning me in the inimitable language of the press). Dick Carlton of the Phi Deltis and MacFadden's ork is dickering involuntarily at present for a large government position. Lorin Russell also of MacFadden is likewise negotiating half heartedly. And finally, the same Bob MacFadden you have all grown to know and love is ready to say uncle.

Hal Hardin's band is in at the Holland with Norris Caulder negotiating the deal, thereby securing the large boot for Dunc Wimpress who was so illusionfull. But now, Duncan is safe and home at last, playing with Vern Minkler's renovated septet.

Some character from Holman's crew was drafted so some other character named Dow who is fairly good on technical tenor is now in with Arthur which should end any dreams he might have had.

Minkler's band was sacked at the Holland to bring in new flesh, and the various of Vernon's seven are as shaft to the wind. Leo is out on 88. Art Uhlman is out on tenor. Dunc in on tuba.

Rumor has it, besides that the Japs are beasts, as how Teagarden will open Jantzen Beach for the summer; that either Ellington or Lunceford will open Wilamette Park; that the Frosh are dickering for a Glee namey. I'm forever blowing bubbles.

The Metronome All-Star bash is out. It's Columbian, and Higginbotham's tram, Carter's alto, and Eldridge's horn are with it. All of the good men finally get a chance to play, and like Hemingway writes. Carter is plain, but frenzied, with an artificial composure that is hard to analyze. Higgy wears his horn on his sleeve, therefore his soul. Eldridge ignores James' insufficient, whitish squealings and remains strangely alone, though playing as always. Good day fellow fodder.

Under a new cooperative system just established by Haverford, Swarthmore and Bryn Mawr colleges, there is to be complete coordination of the facilities of the three institutions—including exchange of professors. University officials expect the "teacher exchange" to alleviate their problems of replacing professors called for government research work.—Daily Californian.

On a mule we find two legs behind, And two we find before. We stand behind before we find What those behind be for.

—Lebanon Hi-Light.

"He makes me tired."
"It's your own fault, dear. You should stop running after him."
—Guilfordian.

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Rain Check on Democracy . .

SCRIPPS-HOWARD newspapers all over the country editorialized last week to the effect that America can never attain the maximum production speed necessary for winning the war "while CCC and NYA stretch greedy hands for funds to pamper young men who ought to be in the armed forces or the war plants."

Granted that CCC, a project designed largely to take potentially stable American young men off the relief rolls and out of bread lines, should be cut to the minimum necessary for carrying on necessary forest precautions in the war years ahead. But United States funds put into the National Youth Administration budget are being used to educate young men and women for building the peace that is to come after the war. And that must be part of the war effort.

IT IS A foregone conclusion that if America is to maintain those rights of liberty which she treasures as well as the democratic process, it will require intelligent, learned leaders among the youth of today . . . the governors of tomorrow. That means keeping worthy students in our colleges and universities until they are actually needed for the war effort.

The costs of education, like any commodity today, are constantly rising. Food costs are up, and house bills are likewise a great deal higher. Clothes are more expensive. In some cases, registration fees are more. Every phase of college life costs more today than it did a year ago. Many of the most worthy students are unable to continue their education without some sort of a job on the campus, and most restaurants, stores, etc., that formerly used student labor freely are shrinking their staffs because of decrease in business due to college enrollment decreases.

NYA, which annually helps thousands of college students work their way through school, seems to us to be one of the federal "relief" agencies which should be maintained during the war. For encouragement of education for the young in the face of a long war is like taking out an insurance policy on democracy itself.

Deadline No. 2 . . .

WHEN Wilbur Bishop faced the educational activities board for the second time last spring term, petitioning for the position of editor of the 1941-42 Oregana, many people thought that he would not be able to equal the year book of his junior year which won a coveted place on the national honor roll of distinction.

This week the Oregana goes to the printers. From those who have had a preview of the new book, Editor Bishop and his efficient staff have surpassed themselves in recording the past year's campus life.

"The biggest yearbook in the world" was the promise Bishop gave to the board last spring and the biggest book it is—surpassing the '41 edition by approximately forty pages.

FROM the four-color cover shot of the University libe throughout the book, Editor Bishop has combined typography elements and photography placement in this, the first all-lithograph yearbook, with the same skill which drew admiration of printers, publishers, and of other year book editors from all over the nation.

The 1941-42 Oregana is almost on the press. Editor Bishop has almost finished his college career. But the record that he has chalked up in his two-year post as Oregana head-man and the number of "firsts" he promoted will be a hard record for future yearbook editors to equal.—B.J.B.

The Sigma Delta Chi boys held their breath for some weeks for fear the embattled Bataan garrison should capitulate before they swung their dance to bolster the boys up. They might have saved their sweat for the BBB men (Battling from Bataan) are made of stern stuff and, far from being captured, have instead made several counter attacks and caused one Jap general to commit hara-kiri in rage.

Another Spring . . .

The Time Has Come For Action And the Allies Need a Trump Card

By TOM PICKETT

Spring is here, according to the German High Command. This is bad news for Russia; it is a warning to England; it is a challenge to the United States—hurry to strengthen the dikes before the Drang nach osten rolls again over the hardening roads.

Throughout the anti-axis world there was a rising crescendo of urgency—now is the time, hit them hard somewhere, anywhere . . . The English were about through advancing backwards—the enemy must be stopped; the battle must be carried to him. Russia needed no urging towards an offensive.

The Red army was throwing everything into the battle they had; the decision would be forged in the next few precious months.

Here in the United States, the fighting spirit of the people oscillated with each meagre, hopeful press dispatch from the Pacific battlefield. MacArthur's presence in Australia was like a tonic to half the world—the question was, would he have sufficient men and supplies to hit back towards Bataan?

The End Soon

The writing on the walls of Armageddon indicated that the war could be won or lost in 1942. This war won't wait till the industrial plant we are nurturing blossoms into huge productivity in 1943, '44, or '45. The United States was struggling between two strategies—either one of which was freighted with tremendous chances, tremendous portents. Common sense told us "We must wait!" Cold facts since December 7, told us "We can't wait!"

The choices and decisions which confront our leaders require great courage, high statesmanship, and bold strategy. The decisions must be made soon; we shall see what direction our country takes within a few short weeks.

No Sleeping Germans

In the meantime we cannot be so naive to suppose there will be any delightful, convenient status quo of the war till some future date when we are turning out thousands of planes." The Germans are not sleeping; the Japanese realize this is their hour. Specifically, these eventualities face the United Nations:

1. The Germans may spring from Greece, Crete, and Libya towards the inviting oil fields of the Near East.
2. The offensive may be resumed against Russia; the snow is already thawing in the southern part of the battlefield.
3. Hitler may decide on a trip through sunny Spain against Gi-

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By MARY WOLF

Slippery ice—very thin
Pretty girl—tumbled in
Saw a boy—on the bank
Gave a shriek—then sank
Boy on bank—heard her shout
Jumped right in—pulled her out
Now he's hers—very nice
But she had—to break the ice.
—Jeffersonian.

Famous Last Words

I'll call you up sometime!
But I don't drink!
They gotta take me, I'm a leg-
acy!
Oh, hello, Dean Goodnight!
—Daily Cardinal.

I wish I was a wittle fwy.
And dat my name was Jenny.
Then I could dwop on any bald
head
And skate like Sonja Henie.

Some people take cold showers
all winter long; others just have
grapefruit for breakfast.—Guil-
fordian.

A course of intensive study in automobile emergency repairs for college girl lieutenants of the British and American Ambulance Corps, commissioned to form units in their respective colleges, was inaugurated recently in New York. The course is designed to equip the girls not only to handle any emergency motor trouble, but also to drive ambulances, handle the loading of sick and wounded and care for them in transit. Units have already been formed at several eastern schools.—Collegiate Digest.

Dr. T. W. MacQuarrie, president of San Jose State college, says that when you report for your Army service, be sure to
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