

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

For the express benefit of Emerald readers, Freddy Slack did not "originate Boogie-Woogie." If anyone did "originate" the style it was Jimmy Yancy, or maybe Pete Johnson. Boogie-Woogie, or rolling bass, as we critics are wont, came into being in New Orleans as an offshoot of the blues. Its debut was made in a bawdy house, not with Bradley at the Astor thanks.

Slack is tremendous however. It is his 88 which jounces on "Beat Me," "Down the Road," and the other three million Wilbur Columbias with the word boogie worked in somewhere in the sixteen piece title. This new ork of Fred's will be au reet. Organized seven months ago in Los Angeles, just after Slack left Will, it is composed of, at least in nucleus, fine studio men who play like mad. Among same, Santo "Pec" Pecora, ex-Will Osborne trammist and old jizzer, and Brodie Schroff, fine cornet man from way back.

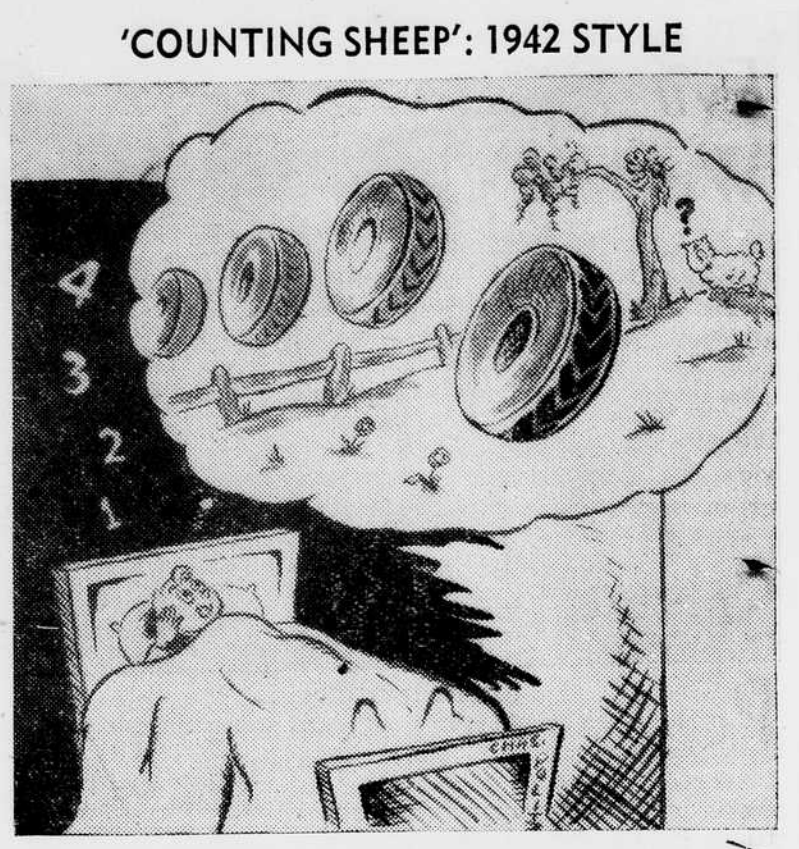
Since conception as a seven piece combo the group has grown to its present fourteen man status. Records for Decca, but only with the little bunch. If it plays here, many kicks will be forthcoming, with accent on tenths. If you loved Cleo, you'll dig Freddy.

The radio is at last proving its worth as a machine. Louis has arrived, and Jack, that means arrived, at the Casa. Nothing but groovy kilowatts each night on Mutual, with that "Shoe Shine Boy" being shouted low like on the old Okeh. Makes you think we've all come home again.

Kenton finally cracked the Spotlight and but good. "Taboo," and two stinking pops except for the Dorris vocal, and "Arkansas Traveler," which is enough. Stanley, no longer playing for eighteen dollars each and every Thursday, will go into the Palladium, come April 8, for three weeks followed by Sonny Dunham who returns to L.A., as with Kenton, a home grounds.

Thornhill is still kicking with a will at Palladium. And the big surprise of all is the Duke who opened Thursday eve at the Trianon, ousting Cros. A fine air shot and lots of Webster's horn which we like with coffee.

We extend apologies to Benny Goodman, who pursues this colyum avidly each morn, for the slight extended his way in having libeled him with the taint of a completed marriage. Actually, (Please turn to page three)



Stepping Down... National Scene Bows To Campus Political Lights

... Once a Year

By DON TREADGOLD
Thursday evening we listened to three independent politicians (they said that was all they needed) slug it out with four Greeks along the Greeks vs. barbs line. This well-masticated bone of contention has been lying around on American campuses ever since the first chapter of Kappa Alpha raised its head in 1825 at Union College (don't ask us where). Not

that the argument ever ceases to inflame the contenders' passions, or that the resentments involved seem to lessen. However, judging by the size of Thursday's night's audience, the campus felt it had heard enough hashing over this topic. Yet if more than the dozen present had chosen to come, they might have learned quite a few things. We did.

Rough... And Tumble

The forum was a rough-and-tumble one. No one shrank from naming names or specifying places. The faculty moderator sat hard on both lids, and succeeded in keeping the group from straying too far afield from the principal issues. The most permanent of these is probably that as long as some students live in Eta Beta Pi and others in Jones hall, Smith co-op, and Mrs. Doakes' boarding house, there is likely to be some friction.

As far as the rest of the difficulty goes, here's a brash attempt at oversimplifying it: Mr. Independent, whom Gene Brown ably portrayed as the type who (Please turn to page three)

Trade Last

Hangnail descriptions: Courtship—the period during which a girl decides whether or not she can do better... Swell-head—nature's frantic effort to fill a vacuum... Women—generally speaking, are generally speaking... Yawn—the only time students get to open their mouths in some classes.—Forty-Niner.

By a vote of 323 to 57, students at Catawba college have voted to change the name of the year-book, The Swastika. —Michigan Daily.

Do not consider any vice as trivial, and therefore practice it; so not consider any virtue as unimportant, and therefore neglect it.—Daily Reveille.

"Are you the man who cut my hair last time?"
"I don't think so. I've only been here four months."
—Gonzaga Bulletin.

MARRIAGE COURSE TO BE GIVEN AGAIN
—Headline, Alabama College paper.
And this time get it right.
—Varsity News.

"Words are mere sounds and marks on paper," we are told. They denote things, and they connote ideas and emotions that get associated with them in the mind. It would seem, therefore, that most of the confused thinking about the war arises from the substitution of words for the things they are supposed to symbolize. To label a nation or a practice as "imperialistic" or "communist," and then argue about the words, rather than the thing itself, is to argue futilely. Labels are easily misapplied.
—Michigan Journalist.
(Please turn to page six)

Easter Parade...

APRIL 5, Pearl Harbor, dawn... the first rays of morning light shine grayly over the ocean horizon... planes roar down the runway, take off, and circle, then nose off over long expanses of water. The day is no different than the one before, or the one before that, or than any of the past four months. It is Easter, but the dawn patrol is part of a war and a sky that know no religion.

Easter, Bataan, early-morning... an American, clad in soiled drab uniform, rises to battle... he is young, just two years out of college... he smiles, cracks a joke as the going gets harder... the staccato rattle of a machine gun breaks over the other roar of war; the man to his left falls. It is Easter, but another job must be done before sitting down to a meager dinner that allows no provision for a turkey diet.

SUNDAY, somewhere in the Pacific, night falls on the ocean... a light cruiser rolls on a roughening sea. The Easter meal is over, but thoughts of thanks go momentarily overboard as an enemy periscope rises to shine in the rising moonlight... two depth charges catapult, splash, explode, a slime of oil floats to the ocean surface. It is Easter, but destruction is the only international language in a war for survival.

Sunday, spring, the University of Oregon... quiet, a typical spring day... three men lie on their fraternity lawn... next to them lies a morning paper with the latest list of draftees... otherwise there is no sign of soldiers, troops, or fighting. It is a war Easter, but on the campus there is peace... today.
—R.J.S.

Spring Plantin' 'Time'...

SPRING plantin' time is here and this year it has come into its own on the Oregon campus. This occasion, long overlooked on this campus while the Northern Branch probably celebrated it in fiesta proportions, was inaugurated last week when a University fraternity decided to plow under its parking lot and plant a "victory" garden.

That an Oregon fraternity should undertake such a project at this time, when many a male student is spending his last few days in college and when all young men's fancies are turning lightly to thoughts of love, is patriotism of a very high sort. The chances are that, in true Oregon fashion, the idea will be snapped up by most groups before the term is concluded.

Next thing we know, the University males, whose time might have been spent with the Oregon coed in this time of severe male rationing, will be pursuing all sorts of agricultural endeavors. Betas will be out riding the range up Hendrick park way where once picnics prevailed. Sigma Nus, who once loitered on Oregon's athletic fields and in the Gamma Phi living room, will be heard singing songs of the ol' southland as they pluck cotton down on the river bottom. And dorm boys won't have time for softball, bull sessions and Susan Campbell as they rise at the crack of dawn to gather eggs. Of course, the Law school can be counted on to provide some of the more vital products such as sugar cane and rubber trees.

THE program need not be limited to the men. Coeds who are not involved in knitting "bundles for Britain" could contribute to the cause with labor and inspiration. Then, of course, the girls could learn the farming business to take over when the boys are all at the front.

In addition to being patriotic these V, for victory and vitamins, gardens could solve one of the greatest problems that has faced the University this year—the matter of dormitory food. With the dormitories serving food grown by their own residents no kick-backs would be heard. In case there are still complaints each student could undertake his own little patch of vegetables.

Perhaps Oregon will never become self-sufficient enough to make much difference in the United Nations' war effort, but they will never try to remain aloof from the cause.—C.B.

'Snap' Judgment

By DON DILL

War comes to the photographer with the stoppage of spool production and the shortage of printing paper. All metal spools that you have lying around should be turned in to your film finishers so that they in turn may give them to the film manufacturers on which to put new film.

Reflex and film pack cameras now belong in the dodo bird classification as extinct for it is harder to find one of those little black boxes than it is to find a person with tire priorities. Metal tripods are also on the scarce list and the flash bulb will probably be on its way within a month.

But who cares as long as the sun shines? You can always dust off the old six-twenty Brownie

and carry on. And it is a good time to start trying to get a good picture every time the shutter is clicked. That would mean less waste of the precious film and printing paper. Besides, you shouldn't be so careless and take a dozen pix in the hope that one will be good anyway. It just takes a little more time in the study of composition, making certain you're in focus, and that the shutter speed is correct. We can beat the Japs at their own game.

A person would have to shoot in Kodachrome to get that beautiful red blush exhibited by flabbergasted Betty Lou Brugman at the AWS auction the other day. And take Montag for action shots. See you behind the viewfinder.