

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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The Queen Shall Have Them...

THE sun is a coquettish thing. Deliberately and stubbornly, she plays havoc with men's hearts... peeking in and out through a rainy spring term. Most of the time this year she kept to herself, while Junior Weekend heads worked feverishly to devise a method of turning her head, or earning her golden smile. They prayed. They sought the weatherman, found he had gone out of business "for the duration," and with unsure fingers wrote reassuring letters to mothers who couldn't decide whether to come for the weekend. It can't rain, they told themselves. And yet it rained on and on. The sun took a two weeks' holiday in April, and they could not for the life of them find out when her return ticket expired.

BUT they needn't have spent all that worrying time. Anybody who had been around the University of Oregon very long could have told them everything was going to be all right. Why, it hasn't rained (except for a sprinkle or two) for the Weekend festivities since the first few celebrations, more than a decade ago. Every year, the sun tries the same coquetry. She flits her smile sparingly through the weeks just before Junior Weekend, and the rain comes down in unflinching slivers of silver. And yet, as faithful as the Prom itself, the sun comes out of hiding every year in ample time to bring copper freckles to Her Majesty's nose at coronation time.

Sure enough, the sun came through yesterday. There was no need to get excited. The queen shall have her freckles.

Parade of Opinion

(By Associated Collegiate Press)

HOLLYWOOD GOES TO COLLEGE...

Apparently having run out of words (other than superlatives) for the first time in its history, unpredictable Hollywood has more or less been waving a distress flag recently, bemoaning its surplus of swivel-chair executives, and at the same time its comparative shortage of writing talent.

As a result, it remained for the Rev. Father G. V. Hartke, head of the drama department of Catholic university, Washington, D.C., to advance an "improvement of the breed" program, so to speak, which is aimed at the development of better scenarists.

Father Hartke advocates the simple but sensible plan of developing young scenarists by proper training in our various colleges and universities throughout the country. He suggests the sponsorship by major studios of a number of \$1,000 post-graduate scholarships for senior drama students. These scholarships are to be awarded strictly on a competitive basis, each contestant being given a story synopsis to adapt into a screen play.

The winners, upon completion of their courses, are then to be offered positions in the studio scenario departments as "junior writers," with salaries beginning at \$50 a week. And from there on it's every man for himself.

For all practical purposes this system might seem the ideal setup, were it not for the fact that writing itself, unlike engineering and architecture, cannot be taught by the slide-rule method. Moreover, it cannot be judged that way, so it hardly would be considered fair to make the final analysis on just one piece of work turned in by the young writer. This system places the plan more on a "contest" footing, thus reverting to chance.

In addition, the steady influx into the studios of these scholarship winners would practically shut the doors on less fortunate colleges and non-college writers who may be equally, or even more, talented than those who secure the jobs.

But then, after all, perhaps we should let the writers bargain with their own fate. Because, regardless of circumstances, Hollywood, being Hollywood, will no doubt pursue its usual benevolent course of taking the vest any day—and leaving the other fellow the arm hole.—Southern California Daily Trojan.

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

Unquestionably the finest time of all was had by us in Portland over Monday and Tuesday. The finest time being Jackson Tea. We start upstairs not even daring to touch the Big T. cuff and end up sleeping with Jack at the Congress Monday eve after a very interesting evening.

Teagarden has much to say about everything. Monday night he said it till 7:30 Tuesday morning. Which is a good bit of saying when you look at it clearly.

Quote

On Bix: "I helped Bix write 'In The Dark.' It was when I was in the second Pollack band in 1929. Benny Goodman was there and he played fine. Not like he does now. Bix wrote the first strains and I just sort of filled in the middle. Bix could play easy, but he couldn't read at all. Was sort of slow. But if he read it about four times he was ready to go. And man, he went."

On Pollack: "Who was in the brass section? Well, gate, there was myself, and Charlie T., and some fellow named Bronson, or Johnson, or something. But we were a helluva lot better than Whiteman."

They Said "No"

On Casper Reardon: "I was the first one to use Casper on a recording date. Everybody said, 'You can't use a harp with a jazz band.' But I did it. Casper was sorta' effeminate in his personal manners. But man, when he played that harp he wasn't anything but jazz. He played ten note left hand, just like the bass on a piano. A harp is supposed to get only whole tones, but that Casper, why man, he got all those fine half tones, just like a trumpet."

On death: "It was just the same with Casper and Bix. One night, when I was in New York with Pollack, Charlie T. had gone with Bix to Princeton for a one night thing at a frat house. And then Bix was dead, just thirty-six hours later. We all were grievin', man. Then one day in Chicago Casper started talking about a bad liver. And then, just twenty-four hours later he was gone too. Man, that's the way it gets them all."

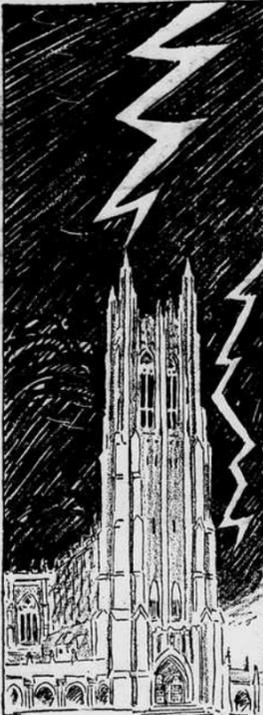
On musicians: "Bud Freeman is the finest on tenor. Jimmy McPartland plays, not just like Bix, he is Bix, just as soft, and gets around just as much. Charlie T. has better range, and a little more technique. They're both fine anyway. Art Tatum is jazz. He is not showing off, but feels all that big stuff that he plays."

Jazz Only

On records: "Man, I want to make nothing but jazz, but you can't. That's why Jimmy has to play 'Let Me Call You Sweetheart' in F, as a waltz. You gotta please them people. I want a recording company of my own, so I can do it right."

On his own band: "This Betty Van is fine, but Kitty Kallen—man, she could really sing. She would sing these Hebrew things, and tears would start coming down her cheeks, and we would all start feeling as down as hell. Ernie Hughes is leaving us at piano for more money. Of all the guys, Will Osborne, offered him ten dollars a week more, and so I'm looking for someone now to play. I will use one boy on one piano, my sister on another, and am going to pick up Tatum when I get back south to play specialty stuff. Being half blind, he can't read the spots. He said he'd play with us for nothing."

On his coming vacation: "Man,



REV. CHAS. COLLINS
GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE IN 1837 AND WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF EMORY + HENRY COLLEGE THE SAME YEAR!

Lightening struck a spire of the Duke U. Chapel twice within three days!

CRIMSON, THE SCHOOL COLOR, ORIGINATED FROM THE LARGE BAN-DANNA HANDKERCHIEF!

FACULTY "SNOOPING" CAUSED THE "GREAT REBELLION OF 1823" WHICH RESULTED IN OVER HALF OF THE SENIOR CLASS BEING EXPELLED A FEW WEEKS BEFORE COMMENCEMENT.

COLLEGE EXPENSES
ROOM AND BOARD HAS INCREASED 30 FOLD AND TUITION IS 70 TIMES HIGHER THAN WHEN HARVARD WAS YOUNG!

NOON 1942

highlights from old HARVARD

Trade Last

By MARY WOLF

Max Shulman, columnist for the Daily Minnesotan, writes about spring:

COLOR... The reds and yellows and pinks and greens and blues of the coeds' dresses and the brown and white of their shoes. What did girls wear on their feet before saddle shoes? The bright blue of the sky and the whiteness of the fleecy clouds, like a very bad sentimental painting. The spring green of the grass before the summer heat yellows it.

ODORS... Best of all, the green earth. Lunch bags being opened—ham, peanut butter, egg salad. Ice cream cones. Nothing in the world smells like an ice cream cone. Ice cream has an odor, but it is not like an ice cream cone.

STUDY... Young men with

I'm going down to Mexico with Eddie (his wife), and there ain't no phones down there. Nobody can call you, and nobody knows just where you are. I got me one of those fine camp outfits. You should latch on to one. When you're hungry or tired, you just stop and make yourself a stew, right there."

backs propped against trees. Coeds lying full length, heads supported on crooked arms. Sunlight shining on open pages of thick red history books, green too—expensive psych lab manuals, finely set poetry volumes, small baffling mathematics texts.

"Try This on Your Neighbor"
It's funny, but it works! Take your house number and double it. Add 5. Multiply by 50, then add your age.

Add the number of days in a year, and subtract 615. The last two figures will be your age; the other will be your house number. —Tenderfoot

After this war is over, there will be a slight pause for nation identification.

—Mills College Weekly.

University of Wisconsin students who attended the 1942 Junior prom went without corsages to buy more than \$500 worth of defense stamps.

A 15-week course in aircraft drafting is being offered at Wayne university.

This Collegiate World

(By ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS)

Harvard wasn't so much different a century ago, to judge from the diary of Jacob Rhett Mott of the class of 1832, who "slept over prayers, disliked the food, and rejoiced unduly when his professors 'missed' lectures."

The diary was written when Mott was a 19-year-old junior in the college in 1831. Chief change between 1830 and 1940 seems to have been the tempo at which college life was lived. Mott walked when he took a trip to Boston, or else drove his velocipede. The only excitement which he seems to have had during his junior year was when he raced his machine with the stage coach which ran between Cambridge and Boston.

Mott admits that his accustomed time of "retiring to court the favors of Morpheus" was 12 or 1 o'clock, and that he found it "the most difficult thing in the world to rise at a proper hour in the morning."

"I this morning slept over both prayers and breakfast," he records on one morning. "One advantage attended the omission of the latter, namely an appetite at dinner sufficient to relish Commons beef."

On a few evenings, he boasts of "perpetrating his lesson in electricity," but to balance these conscientious evenings, he tells of several occasions when he got through Latin class only by a "squirt," which was nineteenth century jargon for a good guess in an unprepared recitation.

—Get Sugar Stamps—