

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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It's Your Life: You Decide It

TWO points stand out in Carl Kossack's clarification of ERC status announced Tuesday night: One is that ERC men will take transcripts of their University record into the armed forces. Here again is a hit in the head for the old argument, "Why study, I'll be taken in a few weeks." That record and the student are going into the army together. And what that record says will determine to a large measure what the ex-student turned buck private can expect in the way of further University training.

One rugged individualist has rebutted, "Well, they can't make me study." The real point is that no one is standing over any student with a loaded gun to force him to study; it's up to the individual. But either the student does take it on himself to study, or he goes into immediate active service no matter what reserve he is in. If the student can't take advantage of his own university opportunities, no one is going to drag him into a second lieutenantcy. The University tries to help the student prepare for war service, but if the student does not avail himself of that help he is the loser—not the University.

The second main point in Dr. Kossack's release is that lists already are being compiled to include names of all students eligible to remain in school. Midterm grades are being checked now. Those students who have not shouldered their own responsibility to maintain satisfactory grades soon will find themselves on the University doorstep—on the way out.

Nazi Germany does not wait for students to make up their mind on study versus a good time; neither can the United States wait any longer. Main difference between the United States and Germany is that here the student has been allowed to make his own choice. In Germany the student is immediately pushed where the government wants to send him.

Neither army-navy programs nor the University are asking an impossible three-point from all students. Both, however, think that students who can not hit the scholastic AVERAGE are better off as buck privates in active duty.

An Ounce of Prevention

UNIVERSITY women are not only behind the war effort, but their pledge to contribute to the service men's scholarship fund shows that they are looking into the future also.

Eleven houses pledged to give war bonds to the fund, some promised a bond a month and others one each term. These pledges are to be a nucleus for the fund which will aid men in the service when they return to school following the war.

Following the war there will be no fabulous shipyard wages, fewer fathers who are making enough to send Johnny to college, and no gas rationing which will force Johnny to stay home.

It is then that the full benefit of the scholarship fund will be noted. One hundred twenty dollars will look like a fortune to the boys who return from service and wish to continue their education.

Now is the time to build for this future need. Most houses are full, and the price of a bond a month, \$18.75, will not seriously cripple their finances.

Here is indeed a chance for each living organization to aid the war with little time, and effort expended, as well as helping the government with the dollars from the sale of bonds.

—T. J. B.

News note: "Unless something is done now about the nation's slowing birth rate, Japan's population probably will increase twice as much as the United States' during the new generation." That is, unless the marines have something to say about it.

Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

You find jazz in the drollest places. One foggy night a couple of years ago a fraternity bro. and I were taking a short-cut from Union Square to the Templebar—San Francisco's, not Yale's—when out of a second story window on a quiet alley called Maiden Lane we were grabbed by a throbbing tentacle of rhythm. In the shadows we stopped, looked silently at each other, and cast about for a sign. The only likely prospect was a modest web of neon which said "Blue Lagoon."

Hurrying up a dark flight of stairs, we came into a pseudo-Balinese bar and cocktail lounge, sparsely peopled and perhaps a little lighter than most rummeries, but hardly different in most respects from the other stops on the two-bit cocktail route, except for three colored men huddled in a far corner, voices and fingers spinning a magic web of jazz.

My housebro. and I parked at table which nudged the piano. The guitar man looked over at us and, smiling, nodded greeting as he went into a Rheinhardt break that had us choking on our Collins's. At this point, the piano man, becoming aware of new customers, leaned past the bassist, poured a huge, white grin all over his face, and waved enthusiastically while his left hand made the Chickering recall Storeyville.

"Evenin'," said he.

"My God," said Howard.

And we were off to one of those adventures in delightful music that help to keep you warm long after the last strains have melted and evaporated in the night air.

These boys did "Molly and Me," "Oo, Those Eyes," and kindred tunes, alternating between dreamy and gay mood, but happily avoided anything too torchy or too high powered for their instrumentation.

Last night I was leaning my head out the window while KORE aired a tram solo by Snub Moseley ("The Man With the Funny Horn,") when a trio—piano, bass, guitar—billed as the Lew Mel Morgan trio suddenly interrupted for an interlude. Kids, if that wasn't the crew who used to soothe the Blue Lagoon customers, I'll chaw my best Fe-

Parade of Opinion

By ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS

At times the talk of college students in the halls and in rooming houses proves quite interesting and a bit disillusioning. Naturally, a large part of Joe College's conversation with classmates centers the familiar trend of the progress of the war.

There seems to be a general feeling among the present crop of boys who frequent the college campuses that they are riding

the high road to an early death. And even if the youngster is not unduly pessimistic, Latin, English, and zoology seem awfully trite in comparison to the incomparable adventures which accompany the donning of a uniform.

Too, each youth not now in uniform secretly realizes that the good jobs after the war will go to the man who has helped on the front lines to openly repulse the enemy. One soldier soon after he was commissioned a second lieutenant, was heard to remark that he valued his bars more than his college degree. He was convinced that the commis-

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I Cover the Campus

By FRED BECKWITH

Original introductions to this column are strictly out this morning, so instead, we'll come on like gangbusters and say:

That Kay Lloyd, one of the lovelier Alpha O's, has snagged Vince Cardinale's Theta Chi pin . . . Dee-Gee Phyllis Horstman missed Kwama meeting Monday so she could take Jim Frost's pin again . . . Theta Chis are hanging their badges by

dora. Listen tonight at 11:30 to the local signal-squitter. Maybe they'll be on again.

POCKETFUL OF NOTES: Why doesn't some campus tunesmith do a number called "Hey, Pigger!"? . . . Reservists may take some comfort in all the songs being ground out about the lads in uniform. Kay Kyser is about to introduce a ditty titled "A Rookie and His Rhythm." Gee, kid . . . Harriet Hilliard, easily the best vocalist Ozzie Nelson ever had, joined the parade of hand people to the studios mentioned here recently when she reported to RKO on the 19th . . . Is Sammy Donahue tenoring for Sonny Dunham's crew? Too bad Dunham's solos don't equal the ensemble performance of the band . . . Helen O'Connell is the new diva of "Lower Basin Street," as of last Monday.

the droves lately . . . Dunk Nesbitt is shortly slated to do likewise . . . The rushing that two gentlemen were giving to a certain DG freshman, is all over now. One got the RKO, and the other dished it out. . . .

. . . Barbara (Breezy) Jones is on the eligible date list . . . "Soup" Campbell reached into the 1915 joke almanac for those lulus at the frosh mixer the other night. . . Seems as if the Sigma Chis are mixed up in this Hollywood deal we were speaking of the other day . . . Or so, it is rumored. . . .

Mel Miller goes armyward in a month or so, and Ginny Howard doesn't feel so happy about the idea . . . Senior officers who gave their ROTC commands incorrectly the other day faced a firing line of—snowballers, manned by juniors and sophs . . . Alpha Chi O Mickey Campbell was the young lady who personally selected that BMOC list the other day . . . That red-headed activity of man's galoshes are the rave of the campus . . . Brimina Vrang, that rally squad girl who's been drawing the attention of the male basketball rooters lately, has just been forbidden to prance in future appearances before our Oregon gang . . . That's life . . . Brimina's a Hen-haller for your info . . . Three women prominently mentioned in this column for the past two weeks, were among the seven finalists in the Frosh Mixer Queen contest . . . And they tell me that one of the better known sororities has been giving forth with two ayem juke box jam sessions of late . . .

. . . THINGS WE LIKE ABOUT OREGON: (1) Lack of zoot suits and Hollywood haircuts; (2) A cup of hot chocolate at the Side on these cold evenings . . .

One of the more popular sops around campus these days is Connie Wilson, the gal the boys say looks like Lana Turner . . .

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