

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

MEMORIES OF OLD: Just before leaping back on the stand to finish a job for the Geo. Carey band the other night, Hal Hardin, bassist supreme, confided that he often longs but hard for his old sextet. And no wonder.

While Holman and Hallock built batteries of brass and reed with which to blast each other the better—and incidentally entertain the customers—Happy Hal was touring the state every weekend with probably one of the greatest combos ever seen in these parts. (For kids who were here then, that excludes me on drums. Thank yo'). While the voicing and ensemble performance were enough to turn a good musician's head from the most decollete gown in the crowd, it was the solo work that made Hardin's sextet *The Hardin Sextet*.

Earl on Trumpet

On trumpet Earl Scott recalled Charlie Tea or Jimmy McPartland, yet the similarity, as anyone who ever heard Earl play can tell you, was entirely unconscious. Maybe he picked it up in his Chicago days. Anyway, I was always sorry to see a job end because of the things the Earl used to dream out through the bell of his full, rich horn.

Fred McKinney of the ivories was great in a different kind of greatness. His playing was occasionally attacked (never above a whisper) as being too polished, too perfect to be truly impressive jazz. Still I recall many a smoky 11:30 when the joint was jumping and the only sound coming from the stand was electrifying 88 work of Fred's fingers backed up ever so lightly by the rhythm section.

Guitar Work

A truly amazing man with a truly amazed look was Dick Barton. After taking guitar for a year, he was doing things that made grizzled old musicians sit up and bend an ear. He had nothing of the beginner about him for he never tied up, was never trite, and always seemed to be a bottomless well of refreshing ideas. It must be said of Dick that he bordered on the genius, and even though he's a khaki-clad receptionist at Fort Lewis now, no one who has sat on the same stand with him will soon forget the thrilling moments wrought by his flying fingers.

Incidentally, his sister Ruth, a Webfoot at present, is one of the few canaries around who sings in tune. But beautifully.

Accordion Jazz

On accordion—yes, you heard me—SAE Stu Lay made wondrous jazz. He fiddled around on guitar, piano, and clarinet, but when the *Sextet* started to rock, Stu talked with his lap organ, unless it was time for one of his vocal shots. And I mean shots. Brother. His kick-time duets with Ruth Barton were a sure-fire sensation at a junior prom or a hoe-down. He and McKinney used to play endless weeks of exciting music, night after night, out at the Holland with Verne Culp on tubs.

And, of course, there was Happy Hal himself. Besides fronting and booking the band, he laid 'em low with tremendous vibes and bass. When a little vocal trio work was due, he'd join Stu and Ruth to rock the pants off the customers, or he could do it all alone, just as his arrangements did consistently. Or his double-talk. And when these chores be-

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SCHOOL BACKGROUND OF DRAFTEES

11% ARE COLLEGE TRAINED
58% HAVE HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATIONS
31% GRADE SCHOOL OR LESS.

CONTRAST THIS WITH
WORLD WAR I WHEN
COLLEGES PRODUCED 5%,
HIGH SCHOOLS 16%, AND
79% OF THE SOLDIERS HAD
GRADE SCHOOL OR NO FORMAL
EDUCATION AT ALL!



IT'S NO
MILITARY SECRET

FOUR BROTHERS FROM WITTENBERG COLLEGE
WOUND UP WITH THE SAME
ARMY ADDRESS! THEY ARE
MARION, BENEDICT, LAWRENCE
AND NICHOLAS PALMER-BALL
OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

\$15,000
WILL BUY ONE
PONTON
BRIDGE!
HELP THESE SOLDIERS BUY BONDS

I Cover the Campus

By FRED BECKWITH

You asked for a gossip column. And you got one. But today, after over a month of trying to please everyone, and not stepping on anyone's toes, your columnist is convinced that the job is an impossible one, so we're giving the column back to the Indians or friend Joseph Miller if he wants it. It will be a pleasure to wake up in the morning and not face yourself

SCENE AT RANDOM

By BERNIECE DAVIDSON

Too Good to Be True
The Daily Californian tells the story of the senior student who stopped studying when he received his draft notice thinking he would graduate anyway since he was halfway through the term and his grades were fair.

He had a gay time, hung his fraternity pin on a girl . . . but he soon found himself back at the old grind . . . studying, because the father of the girl he had hung his pin on was a lieutenant commander and he persuaded the draft board to defer him the necessary weeks to graduate.

—The Daily Californian

Students Hitch Rides

University of California students who want rides to school may stand at designated points on arterial streets and thumb rides without fear of breaking the law. Police officials of Oakland and Berkeley have designated certain points where the hitch hikers may stand. "We Want a Ride" posters have been put up along these streets to help the students.

—The Daily Californian

"Scrap Dance"

Admission to the first campus "scrap dance" at Syracuse university will be two pounds* of scrap per couple. The dance committee claims there is enough vital war materials in the form of junk in living organizations to make the dance worth while.

—Syracuse Daily Orange

Pitt War Program

The Board of Deans and the Senate Committees of the University of Pittsburgh in making out their war program have de-

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for a day full of numerous gripes. It was fun while it lasted, fun for this writer and fun for you, (we hope). You just can't satisfy everybody, and frankly a guy would be stupid to try and deliberately build up a list of enemies. So rather than make a 50-50 impression on the reading public, we'll stop reviewing the student body parade and step into it ourselves . . . But now for this morning's news:

Sunday night Pi Phi Joyce Clark took Beta Dick Igl's pin. . . Peggy Allison of the Gamma Phi's gave that pin back, as the boy friend was called into active duty from his ERC status . . .

Triple Problem

Fee Dorothy Hopping is confronted with a triple-problem at the Beta house, with Ken Jackson and Hal Fredericks being named as two-thirds of the angle . . . Kappa Freshman Ellie Jacobs seems to be climbing on the Sigma Chi bandwagon . . . Glamour boy Bobby Fugit spent the weekend hunting for frogs.

—And comments:

Love and hisses to Roy Paul Nelson, our literary contemporary, who went out on a pineapple binge last night upon learning that he had just acquired his sixth fan! . . .

Pin Chatter

And chatter and patter: Four pin-hangings at the Alpha Chi Omega house: (1) Barbara Blair took Beta Don Mayne's pin; (2) Mickey McCandless annexed Hal Martin's Sigma Chi Cross; (3) Pot Goss received Jim Popp's SAE pin and (4) June Grantz took SAE Jerry Vauter's jewelry. Whew! And still spring ain't in full bloom!

I'LL REMEMBER: A-Dee-Pi lovely Jeanne Villaire, the toast of the campus . . . A notable absence of students in classrooms on January 1. . . Three campus characters, unable to get any usherette service at a downtown theater, poking their way around in the dark with the aid of a tiny match, a la cavemen, to the mirth of the cinema palace's customers . . . Barbara Jones and the song, "It Started All Over Again"

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Plans for Peace . . .

JUST mention the word "economics," and the average student will draw into his shell in short order. It somehow creates a maze of complicated terms from "marginal utility" to "decreasing returns," "productivity," and the laws of supply and demand. Yet this word, with its accompanying maze of problems, holds the secret to the post-war world. Not that all history is economic as Marx would say, yet to such a large extent is it true that to win the war will be little if we lose the economics of peace.

The American Economic Foundation considers the subject so important that its National Intercollegiate Radio Prize Debates this year are based on the post-war economic policy. The subject is "Should American youth support the reestablishment after the war of competitive enterprise as our dominant economic system?" The question sinks right down to earth when we think of the 1932 depression, and ask, "Just how much does freedom itself mean if millions of citizens are jobless and hungry because forces beyond their control forced them out of work?"

The United States has been built on a competitive industrial system. That system used to mean "Laissez-faire," with a hands-off government policy. The last 50 years admitted the need for some government regulation through anti-trust laws. As recently as ten years ago, the government had still taken little or no part in providing federal relief for masses of unemployed citizens. A social security program too was practically unheard of, and the United States was far behind other leading world powers.

Al Larsen, senior in economics, and Jack McCliment, junior in law, represent negative and affirmative sides, respectively, in the Foundation contest, which boasts 261 student entrants from across the nation. They will argue and counter-argue these basic questions.

A "laissez-faire" policy is no longer the cry in our complicated economic world. Yet how far can even a competitive enterprise system go? Where should the line be drawn between necessary government intervention, and the right of a man to run his own business? These are just two of the questions involved in the study. It also involves whether the United States should attempt to return isolationist after the peace, or whether world-wide planning should be the outcome of World War II.

The question of the economic peace to follow the war was not aired in World War I. In World War II we recognize the need to plan the peace even as we fight. The Foundation debate is one way to arouse thought for the day of armistice which some day will come.

Of Kings and Corps . . .

THE crown of crowns will fall Thursday on a head of lustrous locks. Be they cut a la mode Hollywood, with a duck-tail back, or crisp and vibrant in Hitlerian style, 'twill be the grace with which they're born that does the trick.

Becoming a member of the long line of Oregon nobility, the man who takes the title of "King of Hearts" at the women's heart hop this week will be beating the latest feminine ruler to the throne. And, despite the fact that through the years queens have tended to make of the campus a matriarchal realm, it's safe to wager that in this year of our lord nineteen-hundred-and-forty-three, the coronation of the King and his Knaves of Hearts will be an important event, long remembered on the campus.

The U of O has again worked its way through a term and a half of queens, "Hello Girl," "Slush Queen," "Queen of the Frosh Mix," "Little Colonel," and the latest, "Smiles a Million Girl"; by any name they are as sweet. Ordinarily, these are just a workout, leading up to Junior Weekend and its queen of queens. Ordinarily, nothing could cast a shadow over the coronation of Junior Weekend, but this year the King of Hearts affair bids fair to make a mark.

WHY? Last year an editor, elaborating on the fact that the ladies' choice for King of Hearts usually has not yet become a full fledged BMOC, said, "But it's an even bet (in fact, the odds are probably for it) that this hero-to-be, in the background today, will tomorrow be a BMOC in his own right."

There is the difference. The coronation of the King of Hearts will indeed be an event this year of overshadowing importance, for there can be no matriarchy where there are no men.

It's an even bet this year that potential Kings and Knaves, and their henchmen, the recently touted Kings of Wolves don't give those letters BMOC their old interpretation. The army and navy have changed campus jargon. To most heroes-to-be, BMOC as a future title means "Big Man of the Corps."

—J. W.