

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

JACK L. BILLINGS,
Editor

BETTY BIGGS SCHRICK,
Business Manager

Marjorie Young, Managing Editor

Bill Lindley, News Editor

Dwayne Heathman
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Zoa Quisenberry
National Advertising Manager

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Scholarships for Them . . .

WHAT will we do when the men come back? Ranking up with the problems of deciding post-war boundaries, policies, and international reconstruction, is this other dilemma that is as broad as the United States—or as local as the University of Oregon campus.

Indeed—it might be pertinent to pose a second question—"What kind of men and women do we want for the new world scheduled for building with the return of peace?" Educated, well-informed thinking citizens—or uncoordinated minds, intellectual ceilings of zero, and a vagueness of social responsibility that could only result in recurrent chaos.

The answer to the second question is obvious—but the first is not so simple. Yet, with action of the executive council Tuesday, a small dam across this stream of query, is starting construction.

In accepting the rules and regulations of the service scholarship fund, as drawn up by chairman Oglesby Young, the council accepts responsibility of seeing that SOME of our returning servicemen and women receive an education.

* * *

THE scholarships are not large—just \$120 for a school year—to care for the rudiments of tuition and fees. But for many it could be the difference between taking that clerking job—or going to work with a dam construction company. The difference between a University education—and the first job that's offered.

The basis upon which scholarships will be granted is not radically different in the majority of its requirements. Financial need, desire for education, previous activity and scholarship records. But there are two new clauses—not usually seen in scholarship rules. The kind of service to one's country—and physical disabilities because of service.

Eligibility is broad. Any man or woman (because women are fighting this war in a new capacity,) planning to attend the University as either a graduate or undergraduate student, who has been in any kind of war service for his country or any allied country, may be considered.

It is not even necessary for peace to come before the aid of the service scholarship fund may be utilized. Applications may be made at any time—with the simple provision that they are filed at least six weeks prior to the beginning of the academic year for which the money is required.

At the present time there is money in the fund for a little over five service scholarships. Every effort should be made to add to the reserve—in preparation for the day when the men and women will come back—ready to learn—eager to work . . . needing that extra little boost that will set them on the road to their degree.

—M. W.

Yep, We're Twenty . . .

STUDENTS were beginning to wonder if maybe they weren't forty instead of twenty. Winter weather and war were more than just twin Gremlins to make even a small daily assignment terrifying, even the gayest get-togethers a little wearisome and tense.

Morale was down. Not shot, just down. The most exuberant spirits were being too business like and not laughing much. Then, quite suddenly, the sun came out, and by Tuesday, student faces were various shades of pink and red.

Word started coming in from the ERC boys. We had a chance to laugh at their "no uniform" plight. Even mid-terms weren't so bad we decided, when they are studied for on a sun porch.

Boys were seeing how many times they could go through the obstacle course. Before early-morning eight o'clocks tennis balls thumped under the trees on the campus court. Students began asking for orange and tomato juice instead of coffee.

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IT WASN'T such a bad world after all. Of course war sneaks in and out of everything anyone says or does these days—but with a tan on your back and an hour in the sun, life was pretty good.

Yes, all this happened in two days. And it's all right. A student knows pretty well about the world right now, or he will know soon. But just once in a while the sun is a good thing to have around . . . even poison oak isn't too bad. No one begrudges a canoe, and the spring air isn't rationed.

—M. M.

Strictly Reet

By FRED BECKWITH

This morning we've decided to deviate from the usual musical chatter and patter and go on record with the selection of an all-time swing band. First, let's choose the rhythm men, for they are essential in this star-studded group. We want a drummer that has tasty ideas, exhibits a rock-beat style of thumping, and drives not only his fellow rhythm section brothers, but the entire band as well. Just such a drummer is Joe Jones, ace tub-man with the Count Basie band. Jones fits the bill completely.

And then we want a bass man who is also capable of carrying a heavy beat and sparking the drive of a musical unit. None of the living bass men today probably could match up to the late Jimmy Blanton, of the Duke Ellington band. Blanton died in his early twenties but left behind him an unforgetting public. Blanton's solo work was also amazing. Essential to all rhythm sections is an ace piano man. A keyboard artist capable of maintaining the beat, besides being able to render terrific solos, and with a style all of his own, is Benny Goodman's ex-artist, Teddy Wilson.

Guitar Ace

Rounding out the rhythm section, at the guitar post, we would like to nominate a Frenchman, believed to have been killed in this war. Danjo Rheinhardt is his name. Django has only three fingers on his pick hand, yet his driving style of git-box work, plus his solo capacity has established him as tops. So much for the rhythm. Rheinhardt is the only white man in that group. Let's consider trombone man. We're going to have four in this dream band.

Jack Teagarden, of whom you've heard before, will furnish the bulwark of the blues material, with his big lazy sliphorn tone. Jack can do some singing in the organization, too. And then, we'll choose Trummy Young, ex-Jimmie Lunceford ace, J. C. Higginbotham, ex-Louis Armstrong star, and Lawrence Brown, currently with the Duke of Ellington. That's a potent quartet. Again, it's the case of three Negroes, one white musician.

Trumpeters

Rounding out the brass section come our trumpeters, 1-2-3-4. Harry James, not playing the great trumpet today that he was blowing three years ago, would

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IF A BUDDY MEET A BUDDY

By BETTY LU SIEGMAN

Much of the silence (???) pervading the campus at present can be attributed to the fact that men in the ERC have left their alma mater, as have the following Oregon alumni who are serving in different parts of the armed forces.

Martin D. Coffey, '43, was among cadet flyers who reported at Brooks field, Texas, April 3, for the final stage of air corps flight training. He took his primary flying at Ballinger, Texas, and basic instruction at Goodfellow field, San Angelo, Texas. Cadet Coffey was formerly associated with Lockheed Aircraft company in Burbank, California.

Bringing the war front closer to the flying school was an inno-

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

(Due to a storm of righteous indignation from a certain highly concentrated area in the 9th army service command we are forced to reiterate what we thought was clear to the most naive of our Junior Commando readers—namely, that any resemblance in these columns to persons living or dead is purely self-consciousness.)

SCENE AT RANDOM

Civil Service Jobs

An announcement released last week from the Office of War Information states that workers are needed in the newly established Chicago branch of the auditing division of the general accounting office.

Persons with some legal training, experience or training in accounting or auditing, or college graduates willing to learn either of these are desired.

The pay varies from \$2,178 to \$2,420 a year including overtime. Interested students should apply to civil service representative at 366 W. Adams street, Chicago.

—Daily Northwestern

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Health Service

The health service at the University of Minnesota, like many other university facilities, has made room for the service men on campus. They are treated very much like students and are provided with the same services.

In the morning when roll call is being taken in service men's quarters, the officers asks whether any man thinks he is sick or would like to see a doctor. Those who reply positively are put on sick call and are sent to the health service in groups.

—Minnesota Daily

* * *

Summer Farm Work

Student war activities committee members began signing up male and coed students in a back-to-the-farm movement as office of farm employment heads reiterated their plea for part-time farm hands to aid in the planting and harvesting of crops.

Student volunteers will work either part or full-time and may arrange their work schedules in with vacation periods during the summer. They will be paid in accordance with prevailing wage scales.

—Varsity News

(We sincerely hope that the righteous indignation will not object to the title of our next treatise, "Portrait of a Village Garbageman.")

Having been fortified with our 2:20 shot of adrenalin and a renewal of the double indemnity clause in our New York life policy we will now continue—

* * *

Portrait of a Graduate Assistant—English-II.

Horace P. Mulberry swears he was never born, that he just drifted into this world on the wings of one of Shelley's odes.

And Horace will further prove his assertion, on the drop of a frustrated iambic, by producing from behind a box of Ritz crackers those two gargantuan breaths of Shelley that blew him into this world. They are preserved, complete with sen-sen, in a large, wide-mouth Mason jar which Horace keeps neatly hidden between the tropical fish and the black widow spider collection.

Horace is happy, though. His diet is classical-vitamin plus: Racine for breakfast; Chaucer for lunch; and Dickens and Thackeray (that's his big meal) for dinner. Yum, yum.

Horace can never realize that his brilliant soliloquies at the dinner table on Milton's Areopagitica cannot make up for the current meat shortage.

Horace is a man of many moods.

He is Romantic on Sunday. Expressionistic on Monday. Impressionistic on Tuesday. Pre-Raphaelitic on Wednesday.

Imagistic on Thursday. Naturalistic on Friday. You-name-it on Saturday.

* * *

Clothes bother Horace a little. He wonders if he could startle the academic world by a return to the Byron collar. He has written to Carl Sandburg for advice on the matter.

Degrees and diplomas worry him more. He has already purchased a small, romantic-looking automatic pistol to deal with the culprit who might engrave M.S. on his sheepskin instead of M.A., or heaven forbid A.M. for M.A.

Caps 'n' gowns bother Horace, too. All the gowns are black. Horace has been methodically starving himself since his freshman year so that he would not outgrow that one faded magenta gown reserved for four-footers.

He has already purchased "Barkington's Advanced Manual on the Tilting of the Tassel." He is now hard at work cramming up on the latest tilts.

* * *

Horace is dreaming of the day when he will get his Ph.D. because then he will be able to wear one of those gowns with velvet pouch in back in which to carry his papoose or baby kangaroo.

Horace's hair is a constant source of worry—to Horace. He can never decide whether he should let it grow forever and then powder it to look like Walt Whitman, or if he should discourage mice by getting a crew cut and look like a German scholar.

In keeping with this latter idea he has plans for a series of scars on his left cheek so as to look like the saddistic result of

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