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A New Life . . .

EVERY morning the mailman brings into the journalism building a number of letters from various army posts throughout the country. Most of them are from public relations offices.

Upon opening a sample letter, one finds a picture of a young man in an officer's uniform smiling in an unrehearsed manner at the cameraman. Also in the letter is a short paragraph about the man. He has usually just graduated from a training school and is now an officer.

The unusual fact which comes to light so often is that the student was not a member of an advanced ROTC class, did not rate particularly high in math, perhaps he didn't take any at all. Yet he is an officer.

Actually the average college student is so high above the normal army intelligence average that he has a good chance of becoming an officer regardless of what his major in college may have been.

* * *

IT IS a credit to the University and to other institutions with such a high percentage of officer graduates that modern education is effective in any field which a graduate may choose. Often law graduates are found working in the forest service or social science students may become department store managers.

Some people believe that the education of these people has been a waste which the public should not bear. Actually a trained mind which can function regardless of what the problem is which confronts it can be moulded in any field.

Our officer graduates have come from all the schools which comprise the University. Each of these separate colleges can be justly proud of giving American trained minds, for the war and for the reconstruction. —W. R. L. —

Sunrise for the Ages . . .

THE early morning light was falling across the heads of choristers, birds were heard where they had flown in through the ventilation windows, the far away sound of a milk truck was dim and comforting . . . another sunrise service, another year.

Non-sectarian, planned simply and sincerely to rehearse the story of the risen Christ, this service has always been quiet and inspirational. It was this year a tie with the things of the ages, against which wars and the rumors of wars become incidents . . . death becomes triumphant.

* * *

THE war seems to be transforming a generation of indifferent and skeptic people into believers. People who never before have felt a need for spiritual solace. The peak demand for Bibles or testaments has never gone beyond 10 million per year, but right now publishing houses are at least six months behind in their schedules and the end of the year may see them doubling the old record. The last war created an upswing for religion, a return to prayer and regular church attendance—the indications this year make that upswing seem small in comparison.

Part of this change is resident in the fact that during war, thousands of chaplains of all religious faiths find little time for argument on points of doctrine when they are ministering in trenches or training camps.

Religion, as evinced in this sunrise service, is moving into maturity. People are not hitting the "sawdust trails" beloved of the Billy Sundays, but are going into a movement close to the needs of people. They are returning to the heart of things, the task of making life more worth the living.

—M. M.

Have It Around

By BERT MOORE

Comings and goings over the weekend:

Sigma Chi Gordy Hoy came back from the naval air corps Sunday, bringing the biggest smile I've seen in weeks to the face of fiancee Helen Jane Kerr, Theta beauty.

Lyle Nelson and Bob Mueller reported Sunday to the Delt house that Cal-Ore was still there.

Phi Psi Cliff Wilcox beat his way north to Portland for a large time, his erstwhile tennis and bridge partner, Martha Jean Switzer being dated by buddy Jerry O'Callaghan in his absence.

KKG's alums Jane Grey and Irene Francis came to see the hit, "My Sister Eileen," and were stage-door Mary's to Chick Chaloupka and Jack Titus of the Mighty Sigma Chi Art Players after the show Saturday night.

Things to come: Phi Delt Steve Bodner finally got his ERC orders and will leave around May 4th. The mystery of Bodner's missing orders has been puzzling Washington for weeks, while Steve hasn't bothered being puzzled a bit. He only hopes that as many girls go to the station to kiss him off as were there when the first group of ERCs left.

Frank Sardam is becoming known as the alternating ATO to good friends Emmy Lou Fargo of the DGs, and Pi Phi Dotty Coykendahl. One weekend he dates Emmy Lou, the next, Dorothy, and is on good terms with both of them, surprisingly enough.

Pin news: Theta Martha Lee Benke took Barney Frank's ATO brass again Saturday night, leaving Sunday date Beta Hal Fredericks holding the bunny rabbit he had bought her. One bunny did get to the Theta house, though, Les Endicott gifting Jo Halstead with a very un-house-broken one. Probably due to lack of proper training as a child, the rabbit is so far responsible for the sending of one rug and one skirt to the cleaners.

DG Helen Johns took Kenny Hume's ATO pin Saturday night, and the Alpha Chi O house dance was a big success with Lillian (Please turn to page seven)

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

We had never been to a Pi Phi rush luncheon before. But having been warned as a babe about pretty white houses where you are kept three terms against your will, and remembering past Nickel Hops, we entered timidly.

There was a sudden onrush of poised-for-the-kill feet. We came out of the second blood transfusion to find ourself surrounded by a good looking girl who breathed frequently so as to impress upon us the fact that she was wearing a sweater. It was a long-sleeved sweater. We were impressed.

Strictly Reet

By FRED BECKWITH

Just as we predicted last week, both Jan Garber and Jimmie Lunceford were contacted for the coming Junior Weekend job. Both bands, however, were unavailable, and so an untested crew from Corvallis was signed up. Advance notices indicate that it is a 15-piece group, which would indicate, from the size alone, that the boys may be capable of knocking out a couple of swing numbers.

That excellent army guitarist was with the Ray Dickson band again last Saturday night when the Collegians played the Alpha Phi house dance job. This time, the RD band was actually a sextet, Cliff Giffin being the only trumpet or brass man in the lineup. Bassist-Vibeman Hal Hardin gave out with the scat vocals again.

Don Broderick checked back from a weekend jaunt to Portland with the information that the almost unheard of Dick Day band is an up-and-coming aggregation. They are playing small jobs around the Rose City, with the trade angle strictly aimed for the younger set.

And still the musicians head armywards. Benny Goodman picked up excellent trumpeter Brody Scharff in LA, only to lose him two and one-half weeks later to Uncle Sam's khaki crew. And the valve-pushing genius in the Bob Allen orchestra (he used to sing with Hal Kemp), a lad by the name of Randy Brooks, is slated for military duty in the very near future.

Replacing Jan Garber at Jantzen Beach shortly will be Charlie Agnew, almost totally unheard of in these parts. Our dust (Please turn to page seven)

scene at Random!

By B. A. URQUHART

Purchase of Fighter Plane

Students at the University of Utah, Salt Lake City, are buying war bonds and stamps toward the purchase of the North American P-51 Mustang fighter plane that the university is adopting through its war saving stamps sales.

The drive is aimed to finish on June 1. By that time, it is hoped that the university will have met its quota and will be able to send a fighter plane of the newest and most aggressive variety into battle with the name "University of Utah" on its nose.

—Utah Chronicle

Japanese Linguists

Fifteen male students from Japanese classes have been accepted for the army military intelligence language school in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Six of the students who had taken one or more quarters of intelligence language school in Six more will leave for Ann Arbor May 1. Names of the students cannot be revealed.

Five girls in the Japanese classes have applied for officers'

training in the WAVE language school of the navy. All have been notified they were qualified and are awaiting orders.

—Univ. of Wash. Daily.

Loss of U. S. Mail

The loss through enemy action of more than two thousand sacks of United States mail carried on United Nations ships and destined for American soldiers overseas in recent weeks was reported this week by the army postal service.

The mailing public, the war department said, should be guided accordingly in cases involving non-receipt of mail by American troops.

—Oregon State Barometer

"How do you vote?" she queried graciously.

"Very well, thank you. It was raining yesterday you know."

"Let's exchange your coat for a list of Coalition candidates."

"That's not quite fair," we said, remembering the chipped sternum that January Clearance - Before - Lincoln's - Birthday sale had cost us.

"Can the Bloc offer you a better bargain?"

We gave her our coat. It was long-sleeved.

She attempted strangulation trying to hang the thing up. She continued breathing. We watched, matched her breath for breath. We didn't want to feel obligated.

"Who were you for in the last election?"

"William Jennings Bryan was a good man."

She adjusted her eyebrows. We watched.

She moved closer. We were on a davenport—as we recall it. She was a blonde—as we recall it.

"You are for campus unity, aren't you," she told us.

"Alaska is cold in winter," we ruminated.

"I'm to be your partner for the luncheon," she said, flapping her eyelashes like Oge Young.

"What are you going to have to eat?"

"Escalloped TNE pins en casserole, and prime ribs of Bloc BMOG's au jus . . . no points!"

"Yum, yum," we said, interrupting our chewing on a salt and peppered light shade tassel.

We went in to lunch, arm in arm. It was a cashmere sweater.

We started eating when our ration books had been checked. Didn't notice that there was any writing on the napkins, so in applying them we wiped the Coalition ballot all over our upper lip.

Lunch ended with a bid for support in her campaign for ASUO dogcatcher emeritus by Bette Davis. We were deeply touched.

After lunch our be-sweatered escort asked us if we would like to take a tour of the house. We phoned John J. Anthony. He said it would be all right.

She blindfolded us, led us down to the basement.

On the left side near the wall was the dust covered counter of the former thriving inter-house pin exchange. Sweet essence chloroform still slithered from the flanking jade Ming dynasty vases.

She took a breath. She spoke again. "Do you ever go to Bloc-head meetings?" she asked, reading from the second page.

"Not when the Portland burlesque shows have a better bill," we answered, relieved that she wore a Canard club crest.

She felt confident. She looked on us soothingly, her hand clutched on the trap door that led directly to the polls, via a shute lined with loudspeakers. We remembered the Greeks—in ancient Athens.

We left, carrying our nervous perspiration in threaded beads.

As we trudged confusedly home we passed five stalwart tanned men in the dark. (Time

(Please turn to page seven)