

OREGON EMERALD

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RAY SCHRICK, Editor; BETTY BIGGS SCHRICK, Business Mgr.

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We've Wondered Too

Have you ever said as an opener to a conversation with a little boy, "Nice weather we're having today, isn't it, Johnnie?" only to have him reply, "Nice weather we're having today, isn't it, Johnnie?"

Most people know enough of human frailties not to judge the boy too harshly on one attempt, so we try again. "Is Aunt Fannie coming over for dinner tonight?" The answer comes back, "Is Aunt Fannie coming over for dinner tonight?" It wouldn't be so bad, but the brat has to use the same tone of voice too.

This time we wrinkle our foreheads fiercely and say, "That isn't a very nice way for a little

boy to act." As soon as the words are out of our mouth, we realize that we stepped into a sucker move for he immediately retorts, "That isn't a very nice way for a little boy to act."

This stops the conversation for a while while we reconnoiter. Finally we turn and say, "I am a very insolent little boy." He immediately retorts, "I am a very insolent little boy," whereupon we laugh very heartily, "Ha Ha Ha," whereupon he laughs very heartily, "Ha Ha Ha."

After that we sink back into our shell. Eventually we sneak up on the child verbally and pop a question fast-like, "What did you have for dessert last night?"

Unwittingly the child answers "A big piece of pumpkin pie" whereupon we repeat, "A big piece of pumpkin pie," and where are you? The more energetic will continue doggedly repeating "A big piece of pumpkin pie," but eventually your voice gives out or someone comes into the room and you know who would give up first should someone come into the room. (A child has no inhibitions.)

Upon the intrusion of someone like that, you reassume your dignity and walk out of the room saying, "Why were children ever born?"

"Why were children ever born."
—J. Wesley Sullivan.

Neatness Note . . .

NEITHER "rain, snow, sleet, nor hail" can stop government mail carriers in their daily job, but the mile and a half walk to town, the long mile and a half hike home become increasing "bottle necks" to students who would mail their laundry package. Packed laundry bags collect on chairs, in closets awaiting a campus mailing depot as yet unnamed, unopened. Shirts that now last four days instead of the usual one are a problem to those who stop to think before tramping on the three-mile trek.

A few of the figures: Daily average of laundry bags alone, mailed in past years, has been 60. This figure mounts to a more staggering 360 a week, 4320 a term, 12,960 a year. If each student mailed his own lone laundry bag, total walked miles in one day are 180, in one week 1080, in one year 38,880. The 38,880-mile total for the year is more than once around the world—a long walk in a war year even to mail essential laundry bags.

* * *

THE fact that clean shirts are getting low, as well as other A-1 priority clothes, turns increased attention on meeting of the Co-op board today to consider a new postoffice plan.

The new possibility: Set aside space on balcony of the Co-op store to weigh and stamp parcel post packages from 3 to 5 o'clock each afternoon; work handled by two men students taken to postoffice by them for charge of approximately five cents per package. The plan includes C.O.D. and insured mailing through Railway Express. Money orders might be handled later. Two students have volunteered for the job. The costs compared to those of a regular contract postoffice station are minor. Student problems, except in the less serious case of money orders, would be solved.

If the plan is adopted, loss of shoelather will once again be limited to shorter walks between campus classes, increasing shirt shortage will no longer be a student problem.

Talking Turkey . . .

YESTERDAY afternoon the student affairs committee approved a plan of entertainment for the Thanksgiving weekend. It included a closed Wednesday evening, church Thanksgiving morning, an afternoon post-intramural football game, a dance Thursday night (10:30 permission), a closed Friday night, and a closed Saturday night.

There will be those among us who will say, "I don't care what they say, that sure isn't much of an enticement to stay down at school. I'm going home anyway." They will point out that they haven't been home since the Washington game and their laundry is getting short. They will cry because there is no campus entertainment on Friday and Saturday evenings. Some will say that they are going to stick around until Friday morning and then go home.

* * *

HOWEVER, there will be those among us who will say, "I'm going to be home in a few weeks anyway. I don't need any sugar-coated weekend to make me realize that during these times if a student body rushes home it throws a vital problem in the paths of those who are trying to gear our transportation systems to the war effort." They will say, it's about time we were thinking a little about something other than our own selfish interests.

Let's prove by our actions on the weekend of November 26 that the Oregon student body can be counted on to give up a little of their pleasure for the good of the common cause.—J.W.S.

AT SECOND GLANCE

NIGHT SHIRK

There was a young man from the Amazon
Who had trouble putting his pajamas on;
When the going got tough
He called his bluff
And put his Grandma's on.

ARTICLE ONE: Tonight things start to pop the Beckwith way with a radio program and rally that's guaranteed to be one of the funniest yet. Those who think that the affair will be confined to the stage alone will be disappointed for everything seems to happen at once.

Down Front

By BILL LINDLEY

When John Barrymore finally left a world of which he had long ago grown tired few mourned his death, for it had been too many years since the great profile had fallen from his glory.

If John left the world a fallen star, he gave to future generations a daughter intended to take his place. And Diana Barrymore already seems to be taking over the stage and screen so recently vacated by her father.

"Between Us Girls" is Diana's picture all the way, despite the attempts of Kay Francis and Robert Cummings to take it away from her. Producers, eager to show off her talents all at once, have given her roles in one picture ranging from a twelve-year-old girl to an aged Queen Victoria.

Story: Diana Barrymore returns to her home after the successful run of a play to discover that her mother is thinking of remarrying. Afraid that her age will give away her mother's, she dresses up as a girl of twelve. When friend Robert Cummings takes her out for a soda and she gets the wheel of the car it looks as if her plan will fall through, because she is arrested and the police doctor recognizes her age immediately. She is faced with the prospect of her mother's humiliation, and of her own. . . .

Rating: Obviously the plot does not give this picture its high entertainment value. Without Diana Barrymore it might have been an average "B" picture, but the Barrymores carry on, and continue to give the public the great performances which they expected of them in the past, and will expect of them in the future.

A tabulation lists the valuation of fraternity and sorority chapter houses at \$153,124,000.

Emcee Earle Russell had a rehearsal yesterday afternoon, grouping his new talent with the gags and situations that the entire rally is built upon. The result then, after Beckwith's crew finished, is two jumps ahead of anything ever put on here before. We'll give 50-50 odds that it'll be a road show, to those who own one.

ARTICLE TWO: We know a girl that we'd like to date for a blackout, but she is still carrying a torch.

ARTICLE THREE: President Wintergreen arrives today . . . Thought someone would like to know that Tom Hallock's voice was heard in the wee sma' hours over KGW Tuesday night casting the usual caustic remarks over the mike . . . "Wake Island" is the first sincere war picture since "All Quiet on the Western Front."

ARTICLE FOUR: Is obviously missing, so read Article Two twice.

ARTICLE FIVE: A friend of ours actually swears that this happened. He was calling the Tri-Delts and when central connected him, he said, "May I have the Delta Delta Delta number?" Central snapped back, "I heard you the first time." Then there are those two Kappaz chatting over cigarette stubs and cokes. One remarked that her boy friend is "just like Rudolph Valentino." "Really?" asked the other. "Yeah, not as good looking, but just as dead."

ARTICLE SIX: Then there was a certain sorority freshman who had just received her first campus flowers. "My, what a lovely corsage" a member prompted as she unwrapped it. The pledge, now enraged, shot back, "I'll have you know that my figure is natural!"

ARTICLE SEVEN: The difference between a Scotchman and a canoe is that the canoe usually tips.

ARTICLE SEVEN COME ELEVEN: Heard the one about the sophomore coed who swallowed her gum and felt Wrigley all over?

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Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

We have engaged Pine Knot No. 4 (lat. 48 N, longit. 82W) on Mac court floor for Saturday night. Admiral Nimitz is loaning us a periscope for the occasion.

Big Blow Togo will declare a truce and attend with the Oregon State student body, if UO class cards are not required.

Hear C. B. (for Boo) Del is flying north to sketch the crowd for his next picture, "The Great White Massacre."

Johnny Mathews is no doubt wondering if George Carey will try to get Ziggy Elman too.

The Phi Delt wants to know if T. D. wears a rubber band to hold his shirt up.

* * *

Jack Billings was skipping classes legally for the first time in his years-old life this week. The infirmary had him, until the nurses positively refused to go on acting as Emerald copy boys.

Here's hoping Johnny Bubalo, baseball's only ambidextrous tobacco-chewer, and one of the swellest guys on the campus, is up and around afore you can say Mejez . . . Merzek . . . Errol Flynn.

Chromium-plated star-and-sickle to sports ed. Lee Flatberg for his new and highly advanced definition of the Russian proletariat. Telegram just received from Karl Marx's grandmother on her uncle's side reads:

"COMRADE, sdoeghehtoghdds, DEAR COMRADE, soroeitnczridkw, BRAVE COMRADE!"

Who is the California man (from OAC) giving Hen hall queen, Betty Clark, the rush?

* * *

Heard while swimming the mud puddle channel between Oregon and Deady, "I'm transferring to (—) university next term where our frat has a bar in the chapter house, and no lights for house dances." Name upon request—for a price.

G. Dunc Wimpres, the Emerald's "Don't bother me on the telephone" managing ed. has been having woman trouble (unusual him). He didn't know if that was his Sig Ep pin Helen Holden was wearing, or "in-the-army" fraternity brother, Lloyd Manning's; so he got his pin back just to make sure she wasn't going steady with him while wearing Lloyd's brass. Do you get it? You're not the only one.

Fourth Delt to plant a pin in the Theta garden is Dave Zilka—on Nancy Sullivan.

* * *

SAE "Lube" Strohecker is a daze over Alfatee Phyllis Whisting, 'tis sed. Hear "Lube's" keyboard thumpings at the Beta house dance really showed; as did

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