

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## 'They Also Serve . . .'

"It is easy to stand a pain, but difficult to stand an itch; it is easy to bear the bitter taste, but hard to bear the sour taste."

—Chang Ch'ao, Chinese Philosopher.

THIS statement from the 17th century bears 20th century markings if compared to thoughts of University men in wartime.

Military service is a "pain" which men can bear well now. They know "war is hell", not a picnic. They have been geared to its horrors, would face its hells to get the job done.

Uncertainty of reserves and University education is the "itch" that makes it hard to stand. War aid drives seem the "sour taste" compared to the "bitter taste" of fighting service.

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THAT is why campus men feel depressed now and then as they think of war. That is why they sometimes feel it is better to enlist—right now. It is thought, that to stay here is nothing compared to what we might do fighting, that our drives for cigarettes, scrap, and a service scholarship fund are little gifts—compared to giving a life.

Actually it is the minor discomforts we "endure" that make it easier for those in service. Our cigarettes, magazines, candy bars, scrap donations ease life—a little—for those in actual battle. Our training today is means to an end: To provide highly trained and efficient officers as they are needed to fill the gaps which come from death in conflict.

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IT MAY be hard to stay on campus in war when the low feelings come, hard to see what help we give by campus drives. The "pain" and "sour taste" of those at the front, however, is eased by knowledge that those at home stand solid behind their forces. Until we serve best where we are best able to serve at the moment, until we give our all—even if it means giving magazines, cigarettes, scrap—until then, there can be no final and no complete road to victory.

## Democracy in Action . . .

THE bugaboo of class cards with voting privileges is a story of the past. Freshman class problems of finance were solved by seniors Thursday night when members voted \$600 for a revolving fund.

Two hundred dollars goes to the present freshmen, class of '46, another \$200 to the class of '47, the final \$200 to the class of '48. Each group uses initial "capital" for three years, builds it up through class dances and other activity. The \$200 revolves to a new incoming class after Junior Weekend, after three years of service.

\* \* \*

PRESIDENT Ray Packouz, senior president, and his class members recognized the problems, gave \$600 of their \$900 treasury for this finance solution. While southern congressmen filibuster to prevent removal of a poll tax, Oregon classmen act to cancel any similar threat in University class elections. It is a sign of democracy in action on the campus front. It is one of four freedoms our forces defend in global war.

## Thanks-for-Giving . . .

THANKSGIVING day exiles on the U of O campus will give tangible thanks Wednesday night at the opening event of the "cram-full" one-day vacation—the Thanks-for-giving dance. As part of the admission, door men will collect from each couple useful items for the boys in the service.

The powers who dreamed up the crowded schedule to fill the on-campus Thanksgiving must have been mindful that our fighting friends in Uncle Sam's forces are giving freely of themselves, of time, energy, thought, and even life, this November. They have asked that such articles as: phonograph records, new magazines, and cigarettes be included in the admission fee, for small as they are, these are the kind of things with which University students can help cheer the days that their "brothers" in the fight spend away from home.

Oregon will give tangible thanks to the boys for what they are doing. The gifts will bring appreciation from armed forces which will really make this campus celebration a Thanks-for-giving dance.—J. W.

# IF A BUDDY MEET A BUDDY-

By BETTY LOU SIEGMAN

EDWARD MURPHY, 18, who was a freshman at the University until recently, is the seventh son from the family of Mrs. E. V. D. Murphy to enter the service. He will report in Portland today for induction.

His six older brothers have been in the army for some time. The father of the boys, the late Col. E. V. D. Murphy, was former commandant at the University of Oregon ROTC.

Tom Cox, former Oregon baseball star, and later sports writer for the Salem Capital Journal, has left the coast to enter the U.S. marine officer training school at Quantico, Va.

### Captain Promoted

The promotion last week of Captain Sidney A. Milligan, '38, to the rank of major in the army air forces at Gardner field basic flying school where he is post adjutant and assistant to its commanding officer, was announced by the war department in Washington, D. C.

Formerly a practicing attorney at Cottage Grove, Major Milligan attended the University for five years, where he was president of the law school student body and captain and coach of the college golf team which won the northern division championship. He was a member of Phi Delta Theta and Phi Alpha Delta, legal fraternity.

### Koppen Gets Wings

Lieut. John C. Koppen, '40, was among the group of fighter and bomber pilots who were awarded the silver wings of full-fledged army airmen this month at schools in the gulf coast army air forces training center, headquarters at Randolph field.

Sgt. Richard C. McClintic, '41, who is with the U.S. army advance base in the medical corps, is reported "somewhere in New Guinea."

### Poem Included

In a letter received this week by his sister, Mary, a freshman in journalism, he included the following poem on a soldier's life in war-time New Guinea, written by an Australian friend. Sgt. McClintic, himself, composed the last four lines, which he believes to be an excellent glimpse into New Guinea life.

Somewhere in New Guinea, where the sun is like a curse,  
Where each day is followed by another, only slightly worse.  
Where the dust is thicker than the drifting desert sand,  
And the white man dreams and wishes he were in a fairer land.

Somewhere in New Guinea where a woman's never seen,  
Where the sky is never cloudy and the grass is never green,  
Where the siren's nightly howling robs a man of blessed sleep,  
Where there isn't any whisky and the beer is never cheap.

Somewhere in New Guinea where the mail is always late,  
And a Christmas card in April is considered up to date,  
Where we never have a payday so we never have a cent,  
But we never miss the money 'cause we'd never get it spent.

Somewhere in New Guinea with a pack that Atlas couldn't carry,  
Dreaming of the beer at Perrins, with Tom, Dick and Harry.  
So take me back to Aussie, let me hear the bookies yell,  
For this is God's forsaken outpost and substitute for hell!

Somewhere in New Guinea with the flies, mosquitoes and the ants,  
And a soldier's constant dreaming is of an unexpected chance  
To return once more to the USA, to hear the newsboys yell,  
For this is God's forsaken outpost and a substitute for hell!

# Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

COASTING: From the old home town by the Golden Gate earfuls are seeping out about a band that is vying very hard for number one spot among the top colored outfits. At the RKO Gol'n Gate the second balcony has been jumping to the solid outpourings of Lionel Hampton and his great crew. Surprise is in the performance of the sidemen. No one has ever expected anything but the best from boss Hampton himself, but, since his old Goodman days, rumor and general opinion has not placed any of his aggregations alongside Lunceford or Ellington or Basie.

The story now seems to be different.

The conservative Chronicle sent its new drama reporter, Dwight Whitney to cover the Hampton opening, and he came back to the office to write a rave notice. Campus jazzhawk Freddie Beckwith makes big with the rolling of the eyes and the lolling of the tongue every time he hears the name of L.H. And both boys have plenty of reason.

### Good Jam

Anyone who has heard Ernie Royal and Karl George try to cut each other's trumpet work, has had some real jazz kicks. Perhaps more enjoyable yet from the musician's standpoint is the jam-tramming of Teddy Beckett, who really handles his horn with class. All this fine stuff is merely to back up the immortal Lionel on his vibes.

Of course, it's almost a waste of good space to try to criticize Hampton on vibraphone. It would certainly take someone who knows much more about music than I do, and, as a matter of fact, I have a hunch the man does not breathe and hear who is really capable of taking Hampton's work apart.

### Two Inseparable

Lionel's name has become inseparably associated with his instrument, and no one has ever been able to touch him on it. The prep school kids may like his  
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## Between The Lines

By ROY NELSON

THE BOYS WITH the brown sash were listening to Major Blythe in the ROTC shack as he pointed out how not to give commands. The major used the following illustration:

"Hips on shoulders, place! As you was, as you was—can't be did!"

In one of the recent Thursday afternoon drills, an officer flashed a tape rule and applied it to the forehead of James Moyer, buy clove, buy gym" Moyer. "Ah, ha—" sneered the looie, "your cap is 1 1/4 inches from your eyebrow, instead of 1 inch. That'll be one de-merit."

Cries Private Moyer: "Aw, shoot—I'm a failure!"

### Bow Wow

While in a journalism class, Professor Turnbull was interrupted by the antics of a dog. "Guess I'll have to take the dog out," was his statement to the group. And he proceeded to effect the removal.

At the door the professor paused. No—I guess I won't." And he walked back to his desk. "As a matter of fact—it's my dog."

In still another journalism con-flab, Professor Hall asked a question and in asking gave the answer away. "What is the point size of this 30-point gravure?"

And some stimulated student answered, "36-point."

### Surprise

Clell Crane overdid things. He is now packing from class to class with a broken wrist said to be the result of vigorous key-chain swinging. A female Emerald war columnist came up to him, observed the arm in a cast, and said: "Oh, you hurt your wrist, huh?" Crane looked down at his arm in a sling, and exclaimed, "Well, I'll be darned!"

Latest in the boomer basin is an adjustable key-chain. Curt Leighner picked one up down town. The thing has a pulley effect which contracts and expands at the wearer's discretion. For close in swinging or full length spirals.

### Lost Pin

Harley Davis, the Jim Thayer of Canard club, misplaced his pin. It isn't the loss of the jewelry that bothers him—it's the thought that maybe someone will find it and plant it on someone. "And I don't want to go steady," moans the boomer, "I want to circulate!"

A boarding house on Thirteenth with an enrollment of eight hung out the following sign:

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES—AND 1 FLYNN

Pardon me while I go out and get some frozen egg yokes.

## It's Our War . . .

By NORMA TREVORROW

The Liberty Box stands new and strange,  
And students ask, what is that thing?  
What is it for? I can't spare change—  
I have to save . . . why should it ring?

Yes, save for those men to return  
To Oregon, when peace is king.  
And through that Box, again to learn.  
So it sings on softly—ring, ring, ring. . .  
Bill Lilly and Marge Curtis, co-chairmen in the salvage drive, sat dejectedly in the Side yes-

terday wondering if cooks are really going to take trouble to dig through all that grease and goo and set it up to be collected. It is a sort of a dirty job—maybe too much to ask. But at the thought of cannons spitting like devils through hot, pursed lips, maybe the job won't be so hard. A gallon of fat . . . seven pounds—is it too much or too little.

Lucky Strikes turn a handsome white because of the rationing of green dyes. Purty, ain't they?

### Local Talent

Last night on the radio the Lane Family, written by Barbara Hampson and directed by Mr. Wood of the radio workshop,  
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