

# OREGON EMERALD

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## I Cover the Campus

(Before reading this column, the editorial staff of the Emerald recommends whole-heartedly that you turn first to column five, the article "On Gossip Columns."—Ed.)

IT'S SATURDAY morning. We're still locked in the throes of student betterment week, and those cute li'l sorority pledges can't talk to any-one, see, cuz this is their "Hell," too.

East-side, west-side, all around the school . . . we hear—the Kwamas made big plans for a hag party, with no men invited. . . . Marsh Glos of the Sigma Chi clan is giving the big rush to Alpha Chi Omega Jean Pimentol. . . . Curt Lindley of the Beta House has been tabbed as quite a chemist by those students who rode south with him to California over the Xmas holidays. . . . Mr. "Hurry-up" Haynes of the Sigma Chi house received his pin back from Pi Phi Mary Jane Terry. . . . Phi Sig Ed Wyatt presented Tri-Delt Betsy Stephens with a beautiful diamond last week. . . . Bandleader George Carey of the same house, has joined the steady ranks with Betty Jane Bennett, Gamma Phi, "the girl with the longest blonde hair on the campus." . . . Bill Woods hung his Maltese Cross on Audre Williams of Portland. . . . And big Tommy Oxman has camped himself at the Pi Phi house. . . . Everyone can now breathe easier! G. Dunc. Wimpres has landed himself a date for the Senior Ball! . . . 'Tis rumored the A-Dee-Pi's are having trouble with their eye-brows. . . . And here's the laugh of the week—Jack Billings, blonde adonis of the shack, was talking to Marj Young of Emerald fame, about her lipstick. Said La Belle Young in a white fury, "It doesn't come off! But you wouldn't know anything about that!"

\* \* \*

SIGMA Kappa Mariam Hoffman is another one of the California clan who didn't make the trek back to Oregon this semester. . . . Advance speculations on the popularity of sorority houses during the Nickel Hop, favor the following trio of honey-combs: (1) Alpha Phi, (2) Pi-Phi, (3) Delta Gamma. . . . Chi Psi Byron Van Meter hung a sweetheart pin on a Miss Hickman of Sacramento. . . . The Phi Psi pledges defying the members during Hell week, threw lighted fire-crackers out of the house windows much to the annoyance of passers-by. . . . Delt Ken Stanley is havin' fun in his physic labs. . . . Fiji Fred Treadgold bestowed his pin upon his best girl from Mills college in California. They both hail from Grants Pass, Ore. . . . "Kewpie" Kendall of the same house has just received the title of No. 1 patronizer of the Side's pinball machines. . . . For the best work-outs in the fizz-ed department, we recommend John Warren's 10 o'clock basketball class on Mon., Wed., and Fridays. . . . The song the juke box enthusiasts at the Falcon are giving the play to these days is "Can't Get Out of This Mood." . . . And here's where we scoop Mathews and his jive-column: Buddy Rich, ex-Tommy Dorsey drummer, is now pounding the hides for Benny Carter!—So Mr. Rich is not in the Marines yet, and, in fact, he even had his own band for a while, but it broke up. . . .

Phi Delt "Spider" Dixon has draped up a new ballad number he calls "Blue Eternity." . . . The Dee-Gees were fortunate to get that certain Miss Lynch as a new pledge. . . . She's really cute. . . . The librarian at the art school library, a comely lass by the name of Joyce Scott, was pestered no end on the phone the other night by two gents who wanted her to hear their poem—one of the poets was from the Pi Kappa Alpha house and the other was a Delt. . . . Best wishes to ATO President Bob McDonald who is in the infirmary with measles. . . . Dorella Cole of Hendricks hall phoned her boy friend the other eve, and told him he had just been voted the most popular boy by—Susan Campbell hall. . . . He was speechless. . . .

—F. B.

## Nuf Sed

By CHARLES POLITZ

The World's Dearly Beloved, Adolph Hitler  
 Weiners-haven, Germ-any  
 Dear Foo-her,

We were amazed at the impolite likenesses of you recently published in the unfair American press.

"Ach," shuddered von Schlutzenstein upon viewing the atrocity.

"Ach ugg," I gutteraled. "Auchtuggt zue sauerkraut," retorted Schlutz, his fine sense of Nazi pride never permitting him to be outdone; and consequently I noticed that all that day his heels were less passionate, his goose-step, less goosey.

Poor fellow, so sensitive and gentle—like Pruneface, that mirror of a great American spirit that I must admit, dear Foo-her, our GREATER GERM-ANY has overlooked and could well copy. See almighty leader, Herr Goebels was wrong. Derr are some great Americans.

Gesundheit

We fervently hope that your annual visit to the Benevolent Society for the Strangulation of Little Infinks will restore your ruddy complexion.

Also may we humbly suggest that your diet of glazed sawdust grapefruit, broiled wood worms, and your daily two-quart allotment of homogenized rat blood may be a bit too strenuous. Try one quart a day for a while.

We are now settled in the sumptuous confines of Glutta hall. Only your Belchersgarden retreat can match the conveniences and serenely quiescent atmosphere of our suite here. Why didn't Herr Goebels tell us that accommodations in this barbaric and illiterate land of pigmies were like this. If they only had your kind, considerate guiding hand, America might survive. Think of it—a whole floor without a cockroach.

Our fellow dwellers are seemingly most accommodating but are not to be trusted, of course. I haff found only one American (who my magnificently trained Nazi mind would say) was one in whose hands we could entrust the immortal mission of freeing America from its greedy despots. He is one Izzy Moscovitz. Von (Please turn to Page Seven)

Milbred Wilson Spies . . .

## Marion L. Davis, '24

Being the wife of Oregon's first Pulitzer prize winner isn't nearly enough for brown-haired, charming Marion Ley Davis, '24. Husband Harold L. Davis's honors as a result of his novel "Honey in the Horn" haven't embarrassed Mrs. Davis's writing career in the least.

She placidly continues to publish stories in such magazines as The New Yorker, Forum, Vogue, This Week, American, Mercury, and Colliers, rolling up an excellent personal record as an authoress.

The creative urge was evident in her college days when she was known to Chi Omega sisters as Marion Dreka Ley. Membership in Pot and Quill, women's creative writing honorary, and work in the journalism school showed her leanings toward the writing field.

From University Marion Ley

## On Gossip Columns

As the radio announcer would say, "Ah, ah, ah, ah . . . don't touch that dial!" Or as we will say, "Ah, ah, ah, ah . . . don't turn to another column—yet!" Give us this one chance.

There has been strong demand for a gossip column of late. It seems Associated Collegiate Press, which has rated the Emerald one of the seven best papers in the nation in its class for six consecutive years, frowns on the "gossip" column. We have

often spoken our part against them too, the one of "us" that is. But when it comes to a question whether the editor shall be pig-shaved for not printing a column, or whether the writer of such a column should be shaved, we readily relinquish our claim to the honor. Henceforth by unanimous consent, including our brow-beaten vote, the Emerald shall have a column of gossip.

### Between The Lines

By ROY PAUL NELSON

The activity man from the fraternity across the street from the Pi Phi house has just been handed the chairmanship of the Dads' Day program, according to a recent Emerald dispatch. Applicants included the Phi Delt and a Beta, but the outcome of the race actually hinged on a Mr. Politz, a second-page contemporary.

Charlie didn't want the chairmanship, but he had plans to offer. Both the candidates wanted the chairmanship, but they had no plans to offer.

And so Politz met and dickered with the two men in the Co-op store just before they were to be interviewed. First one then the other patted Politz on the back and turned on the high pressure, and the kid could have given the plans to either one and probably insured that one's appointment.

The Winnah!

Said Politz, tritely: "No. I will be fair. I will give my plans to the winner. Now, go. And may the best man win." (Applause)

But friend Charlie went up before the board himself. He applied—for the promotion chairmanship.

And Politz won. He had no competition. And the Phi Delt won. He was up against a Beta.

To Politz and his assistant—congratulations.

Chain Gang

Interesting to note, incidentally, is a scene that occurred recently wherein one key-chain swinger was instructing another in an advanced technique of the art. The aforementioned Phi Delt boomer was present, but it was non-boomer Billings, late of the

(Please turn to page three)

This originally started as an editorial—but, "Ah, ah, ah, ah . . . don't turn to another column—yet!"

You see, it is downright discouraging to spend hour after hour day after day writing editorials which no one reads unless it is one on Oregon State on page one that hits the reader in the eye so he can't get around it. Maybe it's not exactly fair (to ourselves) to say that nobody reads the page two edit column. Every so often someone will say, "Nice editorial this morning, Ray" (having seen no initials at bottom which usually means the editor's work). But when you reply happily, "Why, thanks a lot . . . do you agree with the point?" . . . and they stammer a general reply, hoping they hit upon the actual subject . . . well, over a period of time, it breaks down even a journalist's morale.

In continuing we should say . . . but, Ah, ah, ah, ah . . . don't turn to another column—yet!"

What we are really trying to accomplish is this: Today's editorial appears in the column henceforth devoted to gossip. We hope enough students will think this started as a gossip column to read it. Furthermore, we have forsaken our time—"honored" double editorial column for the latest in Boy-Meet-Girl stories. We know this is one way to get regular editorial column read. Further, we are certain if we did this long enough, a cross-section poll of student opinion would show very close to 100 per cent readership of the editorial column. This record we would be proud to flaunt years after our graduation.

Let's this appear as wordy and long, as most editorials do, we must say now, "Yes, you can turn to another column."

(P.S.: It's three columns to the left, under the masthead.)

## Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

From "Cafe Society" (Downtown) to the strictly reet Trouville somewhere near the legendary corner of Hollywood and Vine fine music is being made. As usual the L.A. area is practically monopolizing it—except for Saunders King in San Francisco—but just the bands and soloists in that area alone are enough to keep the whole Pacific slope jumping for quite a time. But just try to lay hands on a recording of some of the new a righteous. Especially in this burg. Brother, it just ain't possible.

Dorsey, Goodman, and Kenton are all romping through the air

(Please turn to page two)