

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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46 Hours-No 'Pipes'...

THE average University student who thinks of 17 hours as a tough study load will discover what concentrated study for war really means when army-navy college plans are put into operation. Tentative army and navy plans announced by the office of war information indicate a study load in technical studies that would put any Phi Beta to shame.

An army "panel of specialists," recommended by the American council on education, has formulated a 12-week course with 23 hours of classroom work and 23 hours of supervised study each week. The ex-reservist who finishes basic training and is sent back to college to study will find his "spare time" well planned. Accompanying 46 hours of study will be two hours of military drill each week.

The navy, through its advisory council on education, has drawn up an even stiffer program. The V-1, V-5, or V-7 man of today can look forward to a 60-hour work week for 16 weeks of technical study. Fifty-one hours a week will go to regular studies, with an extra nine hours of naval science and drill providing the physical emphasis. No wonder navy officer trainees write back, "Either you know the work when it's given, or you don't."

* * *

A TRAINED army and navy demand tough drill in mental gymnastics as well as physical gymnastics. It takes hard-boiled instruction in either role. University reservists with high scholastic averages and high capabilities form the officer material which will receive this opportunity for further instruction. This term or this year are the last for the "part-normal" college. The high school graduate eligible for higher education next fall is going to be the exception, and not the rule. That is why University students today are lucky to have this extra University training for the armed forces.

It is another indication that students who are pulled from reserves for low grades in 12 or 14 hours will also lose the opportunity to receive further University technical training, and in many cases, the chance to become a high-grade officer. The brute force of an army or navy is only as strong as the brains in each individual unit. That is why army-navy plans will take advantage of university training, in addition to every other instrument within command. Grades now aren't everything, but they will certainly come in handy later.

Between Kisses...

A GOOD bet is that among the most time-consuming activities these war days is "kissing the boys goodbye." Be they husband, brother, fiance, or friend, there are more going than staying, and it's a woman's place to make the parting sweet and the return promising. In between times most Oregon coeds attend a few classes, eat, sleep, write letters, dance a bit, and manage to escape a humdrum existence by a hair's breadth.

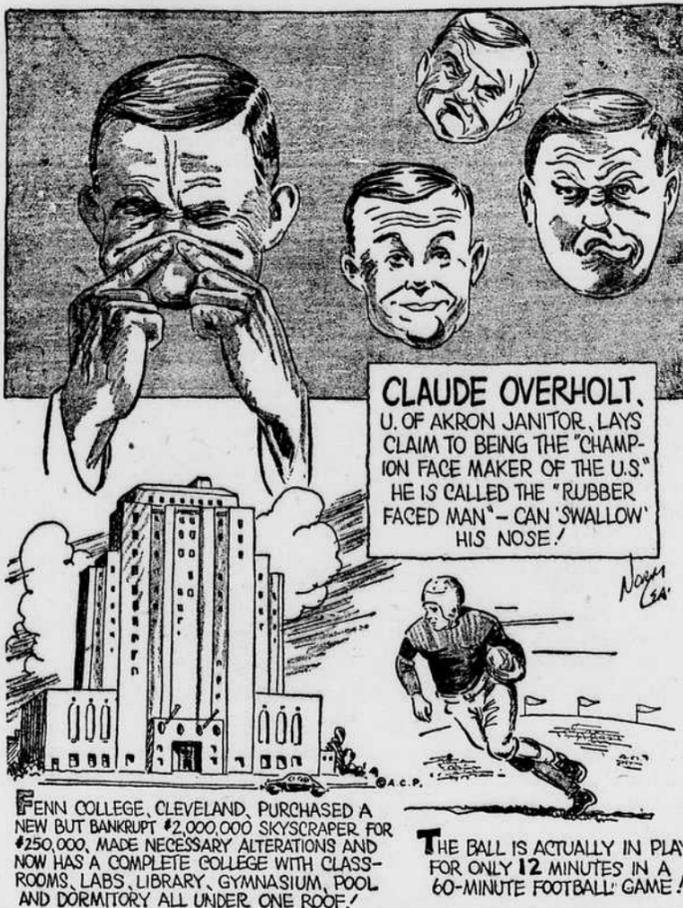
At the end of last term, the administration distributed booklets listing war work possibilities for University of Oregon women. It was a concise description of fields and opportunities, with suggestions as to courses of study and people on the campus to consult. The preface said, "Women equipped with talents and education for full professional responsibility have a patriotic duty to use them at the highest possible level."

The University was attempting to show its women what they can do to help, in their nation's war effort. It sketched plans for keeping busy, useful, and alive after the men are kissed goodbye. How many saw it as such is a mute question; how many took advantage of its offers is another.

Now, the Dean of Women's office has a more detailed work on fields for women. It presents complete discussions of every phase of the work situation. The administration's booklet also said that often the most spectacular jobs are at sub-university level. This new book tells of some under the headings of air transport, newspaper, motion pictures, radio, social protection and law enforcement that negate that statement.

It is a woman's job to kiss the boys good-bye, to give them something to fight for. But to make their fighting count, and give them something to return to, women must do more. New shortages are continually developing; women must be ready to step in. Constructive preparation and employment make time go faster. And in making time count, we won't be counting time.

—J. W.



Between The Lines

By ROY PAUL NELSON

I WOULD LIKE to say a few words about sox. There's something about a pair of sox.

There are many different kinds of sox. There are brown sox, and white sox, and many other colors, except on Thursday afternoon.

There is an old saying: Where there's smoke, there's fire. But that has nothing to do with sox. There is another old saying: Give me liberty, or give me death. But that has nothing to do with sox, either.

Bang !

And while we're on the subject, I would like to mention, in passing, the University Theater production, "The Eve of St. Mark." According to the list of characters, the part of the hunched-back, hair-lipped waiter is played by Overton Roberts. A check on the Guide will show that there is no Overton Roberts registered at school. Overton Roberts, to put it bluntly, is an imposter.

Let's juggle the name a little. We are now juggling the name a little.

Crash

By a simple maneuver of transposition we can get something that comes close to Robert Overton. Mr. Over is the gent who plays the part of one of the farm boys. It follows, then, that the two parts are played by the same thespian. The fictitious name for the waiter part was supplied for reasons that are evident.

To get back to our discussion on sox. Incidentally, we question the stability of a columnist who finds it necessary to reprint the same items that are run the previous day in another column. We are referring to the repetitious info from the gentleman who "covers the campus" about Henhall's synthetic Lana Turner. Why don't you take a rest, Beckwith?

Boom

Speaking of sox, Jawn Jenson is the boy who went up to an SDX pledge and congratulated him. "Are you going to live in?" Jenson queried. It is a fact—the average person is below average.

I met a student who didn't have on a pair of sox. "Sir," I said, and I meant it, "You are not wearing any sox." He looked me straight in the eye. And without warning, he opened his big mouth and spoke. "Yes, I am not wearing no sox," is what he said. And he was right. I could tell by his sincerity. **Thud**

The reason there are so many half-wits in this country is because our mothers did not feed us whole-wit bread. Only it was sliced.

Before concluding this talk about sox. You have probably noticed the white sox sported by campus males and endorsed by the U. of O. These items of footwear are state property. It has become the practice of too many characters to remove an extra pair from their baskets or to stand the loss of an original pair, and then turn them in after each gym class, keeping the fresh pair. It amounted to a lot of free footwear, complete with laundry service.

Click

Warning to Gentlemen of the Gym: The school of fizz-ed is starting to take names of those seen wearing these sox outside of classes. Upon being accosted, the offenders will be invited to a chat with the dean. No tea will be served.

I would like to suggest that offenders smuggle their promiscuous footwear back to the gym in a hurry. To put it tritely—this is total war.

I Cover the Campus

By FRED BECKWITH

Hello, people! We're back this morning after a one-day columnist's vacation. And let me tell you, everything's sacred today. . . . Fiji Bill Farrell and Kappa Lila Lee Chaney have broken up and are now back in circulation. . . . Significantly, it appears that the famous Fiji-Kappa combination is splitting.

Omar, officer-man from the DU clan will bring his favorite girl friend, Irene Gresham

Vicki Vickery of Eugene high has had a sparkler from Gordy Gullion, Theta Chi, for about three weeks. . . . Eleanor Beck of the Delta Delta Delta bunch and Fritz Giesecke, who have been hitting the steady path, are now on the Rock Road. . . . It appears that Beta Don Mayne was slightly peeved when Peggy (Gamma Phi) Allison took Lee Kilburg's Delt pin. Mayne tried to hang his on Peggy last semester, but she calmed her down. . . . They'll do it every time.

Steady Steadies

Bill Moshofsky has his Maltese Cross on Gamma Phi Nell Carpenter. . . . June Taylor the tattooed lady in a Civic Theater carnival in Dunthorpe last spring. . . . Bill Macy, newly elected president of the Beta house is going steady with Pi Phi Boswell.

Barbara Dept.: Just what a mystery beauty, blond Theta Chi pledge, think she's doing—in the Beta house, we mean. Of course, Kim Kaufman is a good-lookin' fella. . . .

More chatter and patter: June Walker, Alpha Phi from the University of Washington is definitely checking the Phi Delt league. . . . Daryl Bridenstine and Jim Pryor among others. . . . Ed DeKeater, SAE, has completely fascinated Jean Villaire, that gamma woman from the A-Dee-Pi house. . . . Bill Davis, who has been out after us with an axe lately, had nevertheless, better get on the boat. . . . Funny angle is that DeKeater is cutting time in the Gaynor Thompson league, along with a Phi Delt and Kappa Sig Bob Hankey. . . . What an amusing and confusin' pitcher. . . .

Truth or Rumor

There are rumors that those freshman operators in the Kappa Sig house are leaving school and returning to their native Long Beach stamping grounds. . . . Chuck Van Atta, Fiji, is sewed in the Alpha Phi league with Clover Jean Cox of the personal-city girls. . . . Phyl Root is 21 now. . . . And who was the Gamma Phi (Please turn to Page Seven)

Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

NOT - SO - PRIVATE. LIFE: Blonde, dimpled, and 23, for three years one of the most popular canaries in swingdom, Helen O'Connell this week gave the royal kiss-off to the hardships of a band vocalist in favor of the comparative ease of radio work. As noted here Thursday, she has joined the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street. And no one can blame her.

Helen, for someone who is not incurably stage-struck, has been on the boards long enough, having been in the line and done a little solo work at the tender age of 13. At 15 she was teaching hoofing and learning to sing. The next year she began a seven-year grind of draughty ballrooms, stuffy night-clubs, and gruelling theater engagements, ending up with Jimmy Dorsey's band, Madame Lazonga, and national acclaim. With Dorsey she made a fillum last year, and everyone had a chance to see what some of us already knew: Helen O'Connell should not be hidden behind an unseeing microphone. But there she is, and for fans of her voice as well as of her—ah—appearance she can be heard on the Blue network at 7:30 Monday eves.

* * *

The other day a joe strolled into the confusion of the Eddy street Record Exchange in Fogtown, and began to dig among the waist-high stacks of beat-up recordings, envelopes, and dirt that jam the place. No one paid any attention as he pawed through Jellyroll Morton, the Mound City Blue-Blowers, Bessie Smith, Ben Pollack, and Pops Bechet. Pretty soon he selected an old Ted Lewis and said to Pro- (Please turn to Page Seven)