

UO Host to Jim Howden First Solomon Marine

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the sandy beach was furrowed and torn by the barrage.

... Fire!

Jim's boat was the first to land, his captain the first to go over the side, and Jim needed no invitation. With a warwhoop that would have made his boot camp sergeant proud, he waded and ran toward the jungle-fringed shoreline—and he got there first.

Yes, Jim got his wish. At 8.21 a.m. Friday morning, August 7, 1942, he followed his captain up the beach of Florida island in the Solomon group to become the first enlisted man of the United States forces to land on Japanese-held territory in World War II.

Bullets Wasted

Jim was a little disappointed. Not because didn't get ashore before his captain, but because there wasn't a Jap in sight. They had apparently all evacuated Florida island and set up their defenses on Tulagi, not far away.

At 8:24 a.m. the same morning another party of marines landed on the other side of the island and together they soon had the situation well in hand. Soon after a third group raided Tulagi and drove the Japs back into the jungle.

Target Practice

The next morning Jim's company pulled out for Tulagi and spent the rest of the day picking off yellow-skinned snipers who were harrassing the American beachheads. Tulagi was soon set up as headquarters for the Solomon campaign.

As soon as Henderson field had been captured from the enemy the Tulagi group began making raids on other Guadalcanal points. The first big drive came on October 5 at a point known as Aaola, approximately 55 miles from Henderson field. The marines landed in the middle of the night and made their way through jungle trails with the help of native guides.

Blackout

In darkness so dense they "couldn't see the ground" they filed through mythical trails, one hand on the man in front, and finally rested, awaiting the dawn. When there was enough light to distinguish one tree from another they attacked. In five days they were back on the Tulagi with thousands of dead Japanese to their credit.

Then came tragedy for Jim. After months of shooting it out with the enemy in hand-to-hand conflict he was assigned to a squad whose job it was to evaporate the crawling jungle water and purify it for drinking purposes.

No Coward

For the evaporation process they were using heavy ship's diesel oil. In the struggle to get it lit Jim was burned in the eye, badly. But Jim was no coward and he knew it would mean the hospital if he told anyone. So Jim kept quiet about his eye.

On October 29 the big drive

on Guadalcanal began and Jim was right there, gradually beginning to see two Japs where there was only one. After fighting all day in the heat and dirt of the tropics Jim would get a short rest at night and have little time to wash out his aching eye.

Tootleoo Tulagi

But it couldn't last. In a few days a lieutenant happened to be around when Jim got up. That morning, as every morning, his eye was swollen and stuck shut from running, painful ulcers. Ordered to the first aid center at Henderson field Jim was soon informed that his injury was dangerously serious and he was flown off the island to a base hospital "somewhere in the area."

After two months of treatment and recuperation he was brought home to the San Diego base hospital for final examination. On January 17, this year, Jim arrived back in the "good, old U. S. A." The doctors soon decided that it would be a long time before he would be back in the fight again.

Visits Campus

So Jim is home now, back on his little farm near Arlington. And on his way he stopped in Eugene to see Lyn, where she was going to school at the University of Oregon. Jim and Lyn went to the Military Ball together and they "had a swell time."

Sunday Jim left the campus, still seeing double, still a little restless from inactivity, but proud of his olive-drab uniform and proud that he had been where the fighting was, proud that he had been there first.

Freshmen Stage Revolt

(Continued from page one)

insisted that there was much resentment in their group over the sophomore class' special grant to the '46 lads—the right of wearing "tin pants."

The committee under Loud and Olin, said that freshmen will wear "jeans" on campus Tuesdays, in direct defiance to sophomores and upperclassmen.

"We are aware of the complications," stated Loud.

"We intend to see this thing through to the end," and with that statement co-chairman Loud retired to the privacy of a little group of freshmen who were banding together in discussion groups.

It is the intention of the freshman class to aid its members whenever they are in trouble in the impending crisis.

Members of the sophomore class, upon hearing of the frosh rebellion, promised to battle the situation from its out-set, and plotted action late last night.

The freshman committee, newly organized, contains the following members: Dick Savinar, Loren Clark, Jim Elliott, Rollie Gabriel, Kurt Olsen, Dutch Simmons, Harold Faw and Marion Rushing.

Colby college is placing increased emphasis on American history this year.

Groundhog Will Predict

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In other words, we don't know weather or not. In fact we don't know and mustn't tell you anyway.

According to official army and navy releases, we must not say anything that is not according to official army and navy releases. Hence we can only give you some inside dope from the expert in siliology, polology, and psychopathophobia, the groundhog.

He appears each year on February 2, and although he is essentially on a government mission, his coming is acclaimed with joy, because he incidentally imparts his "six lessons" to interested candidates, from his superior knowledge. For while students are only familiar with "pigging," the groundhog has had a vastly wider range of experience by virtue of his genealogy.

All that we are allowed to publish, however, is his official statement, which your correspondent has obtained exclusive of AP, UP, INS and ISA. Mr. Groundhog, whose observations between the hours of 6 a.m. to 7 p.m., will determine the course of the (censored) for six weeks to come, was finally induced to give a statement today at approximately 5 a.m., before the symptoms had begun to develop in the atmosphere.

He is spending his nineteen hundred and forty-third research period on Terra Firma, but interrupted his work to deliberate. Finally with admirable restraint, he profoundly observed, "Monotonous, isn't it?"

The senior class at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods college, Indiana, boasts four sets of twins.

Little Colonel Gets Ring All This and Orchids Too

By BETTY LU SIEGMAN

"First orchids, then diamonds, and now this," was one of the signs that greeted Oregon's 1943 Little Colonel, Helen Holden, when she entered the door of Hendricks hall after the Military Ball Saturday night.

The Little Colonel, who has just completed one of the most exciting weeks of her life, received an orchid and an engagement ring last Friday from Lloyd Manning, ex-'41, who is with the army engineers in Virginia. Added to this, she was proclaimed Little Colonel on Saturday, besides successfully playing the part of the rowdy "Lil" in "Eve of St. Mark" every night last week from Wednesday through Saturday.

Party Given

At a party in her honor at Hendricks hall, Helen said, in expressing how completely surprised she was, "It didn't occur to me that I would be the Little Colonel, when the officers explained to the five finalists what the Little Colonel would do, I wasn't even paying any attention. Then after they announced my name, they had to explain it all over again to me."

She continued, "I can't remember very much about the whole evening, but I'll tell you as much as I can. I do remember sticking one of the new pledges with a pin and hearing him yell, "ouch!"

Seemed Like Play

"When I talked to Betsy Steffen, who played my twin in the play, we both agreed that it was lucky I didn't go into my slangy "Lil" talk, because I was up on a stage with so many people around," she laughed.

Helen said that one of the main reasons why she was so glad she was elected Little Colonel was

because the honor went to an independent.

When she entered her room after the dance, a lighted enlargement of the Sigma Phi Epsilon pin was facing her from the opposite wall. The Sig Eps had lent it for the occasion, because Helen's new engagement ring was from a former president of their fraternity.



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