

The Corn Is Green

Seems like every columnist this week is talking about BMOC's, so here we are to talk about BMOC's.

I saw our student body president once. I walked up to him and said: "Are you the president of the student body?"

"Yes, I am," he said.

"I am a member of the student body," I volunteered.

Horror

He looked at me for a moment, and an expression of disbelief changed to one of horror as he started. His face became blue, and I thought he was going to faint, but one of his trusty five "yes" men ran up just in time with a glass of water and poured it between his white, dry lips.

Slowly his eyes opened, but they closed again when he saw me staring at him. He started to stagger again, but then with an almost superhuman effort he regained an upright position. When he looked down at me again, his eyes had a kind of sad and sympathetic look in them.

"Sorry, buddy," he said, "but sometimes the immensities of this job just overwhelm me."

Theta?

I knew a Theta once . . . that was way back in 1942 B.J.M.H. (Before Joe Miller's Haircut).

One morning I was eating breakfast and glancing at the Emerald now and then, when suddenly I sputtered in my coffee like a Johnson Sea-Horse on a clear day on sun-spangled Clear Lake high in the Oregon Cascades. A cool breeze blows across the water and ripples through our thin shirts as we dig our canoe paddles deep into the translucent liquid lake and head for Koosah Falls . . . oh . . .

There it is staring at me in big black type. She's let some other character plant his scrap metal on her sweater. Speaking of sweaters . . . oh, all right, Mr. Hays, if you say so.

Cuts Classes

What to do? I cut all my classes (as usual) and slouch down to the Radio Lab to trade in my "Cow-cow Boogie" for Chopin's "Funeral March" and "Danse Macabre."

Finally night comes. Slowly, not realizing what my sub-conscious mind is doing, I head for the river. The swift, murky Willamette will end it all . . .

Wimpy Specials

I am almost there when a light breeze wafts the delightful fragrance of hamburgers toward me—hamburgers with mustard and onions. I turn and grope through the dark toward the establishment.

Maxine McNeil Heads Cast of Guild Hall Play

Growing up is no problem for Maxine McNeil, who plays opposite James Bronson in the coming Guild Hall theatre play, "The Whole Town's Talking." In "Watch on the Rhine" she played a 12-year-old and in the current production she plays the role of a girl about 20.

The current production finds her falling for an unsophisticated man who considers himself a man of the world. He winds up on the chandelier.

"Usually I am cast in character parts of approximately eight lines," she commented.

Miss McNeil, an art major, is interested in costume design and stage sets although she thinks costumes are much more interesting. She is wearing the pin of Theta Chi, Bill Wood.

Her brother, Parker McNeil, was also active in dramatics until he left last January for the air force. He is now a second lieutenant. He had parts in "Idiot's Delight," "Berkeley Square," and "The Taming of the Shrew."

"Six hamburgers with onions."

"Yes sir, and mustard?"

"Yes."

"And relish?"

"Yes."

"Gee, wasn't that sad about Prune Face?"

"And lettuce?"

"Yes."

"And catsup?"

"Yes."

"And mayonnaise?"

"Yes."

"Listen, bud, we'll be losing money if we fill your order. Get out!"

But I began to think. Why commit suicide as long as we can get hamburgers—with onions, and lettuce and a thousand other things?

After all, she isn't the only Theta at the Side.

Bookkeeping Only Bug For Dorms In Rationing

By BETTY LU SIEGMAN

Food rationing won't bother campus dormitories because when it occurs they will be certain of obtaining their designated amount of food per person, it was predicted Tuesday by Mrs. Genevieve Turnipseed, director of dormitories.

"I have no fears regarding food rationing for the dorms. I think it will be better for us because people won't be able to hoard, thus assuring the dorms of receiving their designated amount," said Mrs. Turnipseed.

Increased Efficiency

As an example she continued, "If we are allowed five cans per person over a certain period of time, we will be assured of getting that amount of food under the rationing system. It will be much easier knowing the exact amount we will be able to obtain."

"The bookkeeping required will be the hard part of the rationing system for us," she explained.

December Base

Revealing figures on the dorm food situation, Mrs. Turnipseed

said that during a period of 16 days last December, a total of 52,150 pounds of canned fruits and vegetables were consumed by approximately 500 students in the campus dormitories.

According to her, this term, although there are only 400 students in the five men's dorms and two women's dorms, the amount of food being used can be estimated by the specific amount used during the 16 day period in December.

At that time the following amounts of food were consumed: 500 pounds of sugar, 50 pounds of coffee (served only once a day),

480 pounds of butter or 30 pounds per day, 511 pounds of poultry, 963 pounds of pork, 807 of veal, 195 of sausage, 126 of tuna and salmon combined, 120 of shortening, 167 of dried beans and peas, 21 of dried fruits, 225 of salad oil, and 125 pounds of American cream cheese.

In terms of gallons, 1220 of fresh milk, 151 of cream, and 111½ of ice cream were consumed.

Mrs. Turnipseed explained that these figures don't include the fresh fruits and vegetables, canned juices, bread, and baked goods which were used.

Foods that are practically impossible to buy now are baked goods and beef, the dorm director stated.

Between the Lines

(Continued from page two)

bol RKO means. (The origin of the symbol, incidentally, can be traced to Comrade Beckwith.) Happy Hoppy was set to decorate Marion Anderson, when the latter broke a date and gave him the royal kiss-off.

Wails the frustrated freshman: "They never treated me like this in Myrtle Point!"



He's in the Market for

300 SHIRTS

50,000 MEALS

25,000 PHONE CALLS

200,000 CIGARETTES

15 CARS!

Only twelve years old . . . but he is a purchasing agent with a whale of a big order waiting for someone. Before this young fellow dies he will buy 300 shirts, 50,000 meals, 15 automobiles, 200,000 cigarettes, 200 pairs of shoes, and make 25,000 phone calls.

We can't think of anyone who would ignore a prospect like that; yet he is only an average American boy starting out on life.

Up on college hill, just a few blocks from your door, are 2500 young boy and girl purchasing agents just like the proud young fellow in the picture above. We'll admit they are over twelve years old; but what's more important, they are just beginning to do their own buying for themselves. As they go through college, they will spend thousands of dollars, and in a couple of years they will begin buying for their own families.

Whether or not these purchasing agents buy from you depends on whether or not you bid for their business. Buying habits are being formed right now . . . habits that, in most instances, will become permanent. If you win a friend now, he may become a lifetime customer.

Introduce yourself now through the Oregon Emerald to 2500 lifetime buyers.

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