

# OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

RAY SCHRICK, Editor; BETTY BIGGS SCHRICK, Business Mgr.  
G. Duncan Wimpress, Managing Editor; Marjorie Young, News Editor;  
John J. Mathews and Ted Bush, Associate Editors

Advertising Managers:  
John Jensen, Cecil Sharp, Shirley Davis,  
Russ Smelser,  
Dwayne Heathman  
Connie Fullmer, Circulation Manager.

UPPER BUSINESS STAFF  
Lois Claus, Classified Advertising Manager.  
Elizabeth Edmunds, National Advertising Manager

UPPER NEWS STAFF  
Fred Treadgold, Co-Sports Editor  
Fred Beckwith, Co-Sports Editor  
Roy Nelson, Art Editor  
Marjorie Major, Women's Editor  
Janet Wagstaff, Assistant Editor  
Edith Newton, Assistant News Editor  
Joan Dolph, Assistant News Editor

Member  
Associated Collegiate Press  
ALL-AMERICAN 1942

Represented for national advertising by NATIONAL ADVERTISING SERVICE, INC., college publishers' representative, 420 Madison Ave., New York Chicago Boston Los Angeles San Francisco Portland Seattle.

Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Entered as second-class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon.

## The Known Soldier . . .

I HAVE watched him on the gridiron and on the track field, he was calm in the face of opposition, clear-headed under the stress of circumstance. I have listened to him in the classroom explaining with a halting eloquence the beneficence of democratic government, the necessity of liberty, the honor of freedom, the justice of equality.

He was born at the close of the first World War; he grew to manhood in a virile, growing America; he had just reached his majority, to citizen's estate, when his nation called him to his first service. Having been reared under the paternal protection of his country in peace, he would now become its defender in war.

Willingly, American that he was, he gave what he had to offer: the vigor of youth, the courage of his soul, the strength of his will to victory. All that he asked in return was security, safety, PEACE for freedom-loving peoples the universe over.

\* \* \*

AND, as if to show that his concern was not alone with the welfare of America, he sailed overseas the better to stay the coming aggression. Because peace is international, he did not question the locale of the conflict, but assumed his place among the legions striving for a peace above nationality, one that would be for all men. To him, peace was so vital to the common weal of the human race, that he would war to win it. If needs be, he himself would die that others might live under its salutary influence . . .

To him is entrusted the winning of the world security, the victory of peace over war. He is prepared to die that what he would live for may be preserved inviolable. Yet, he was not even captain of his college team; he is "private first class" now. He never established a national record for the high hurdles; but he is surmounting international tyranny today. He will not be graduated this spring with his college class, for his personal ambition has been deferred to support his country under arms. He may not become president of the United States, but he is fighting to keep the fact of the presidency a reality.

He is ready to give his life as the price for peace if his own youth's ambition may be fulfilled by others in the security he shall win. He could take defeat, but he is "all out for victory" in the defense of freedom—HE is the known soldier.

—Julian Bowman in the Clark College Courier (ACP)

## That 'V' Again . . .

A PLEA from the armed forces for the "home folks" to use the government's recently installed "V Mail" service for the men overseas was voiced Monday by Eugene's postmaster.

Through the "V-Mail" plan, letters are written on special blanks which can be purchased at any stationery store or corner department pharmacy. A picture is taken on microfilm, and the film itself is sent to the area where the man is stationed; there it is reproduced and the reproduction is delivered.

By this means valuable space is saved on transports. Formerly used for the mail bags, it can now be converted to use for cargo. Mail service to the far-flung outposts of our globe-girdling forces is also speeded because the rolls of microfilm, each containing thousands of letters are all carried by clipper while all the other mail regardless of the postage paid is sent by transport from the point of embarkation.

Extravagant though it may seem, the new photo mail system saves much time, space, and many headaches for the army postmaster.

All letters sent via the film mail are saved until they have had ample time to reach their destination and if evil befalls them before they arrive they are merely re-photographed and sent again.

Next time you write to that man overseas, try the "Victory Way."

—T. J. B.

We wonder how many new house boys sororities will have to hire to slice bread these days.

## Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

POCKETFUL OF NOTES: The ultra-fine little Jack Ordean licks issuing forth from the sax section at the War Ball were the work of Kent Dedrick—Dimitri to the boys in the band. And, speaking of Ordean, did you check the Kenton influence that lifted the Carey reeds. Vddy, vddy nice. Various responsible were Hal Hardin and Wally Heider from whose pens that arrangement flowed . . . This Maria Kramer chick who plunks down three and a half million every time she sees a hotel she likes—the N.Y. Ritz is the latest—is having troubles with the music game. 1) Unwilling to pay Mitch Ayers overtime after 2 ayem New Year's eve, she lost a wad of dough because the customers left the swank Green Room as soon as the band did, fluffing a four piece combo that came on. 2) Abe Lyman showed up but very late, days late, for his siege at her Hotel Lincoln spot last month. 3) Harry James talked La Kramer out of his contract at the same inn so that he and co. could beat it to H'wood for a filum. What the hotel owner did not know was that the MGM salaries started immediately for the band, but shooting time was still a month away . . . Disposition of the Krupa mess has been hush-hushed. I'll try to have the pitch by next reading. . . . L.A. jazzmen are adjusting themselves to odd hours due to the midnight alky curfew, many starting jobs at 6:30 and 7:00 p.m. . . . Incidentally the Southland is rapidly learning to go for Noble Sissle's ex-Gotham crew at the Trianon. . . . Lionel Hampton's tenor ace, Arnett Cobb, is the current candidate to topple un-topple Coleman from the peak of reed-dom. Yawn . . . Sinatra is refreshing Hit Paraders after that long Barry Wood siege. . . . Shed a tear, kids: Sammy Kaye — sob — can't play the coke show — sob — any more. Time difficulties. . . . In case you hadn't heard, Ziggy Elman is soldiering these

(Please turn to page eight)

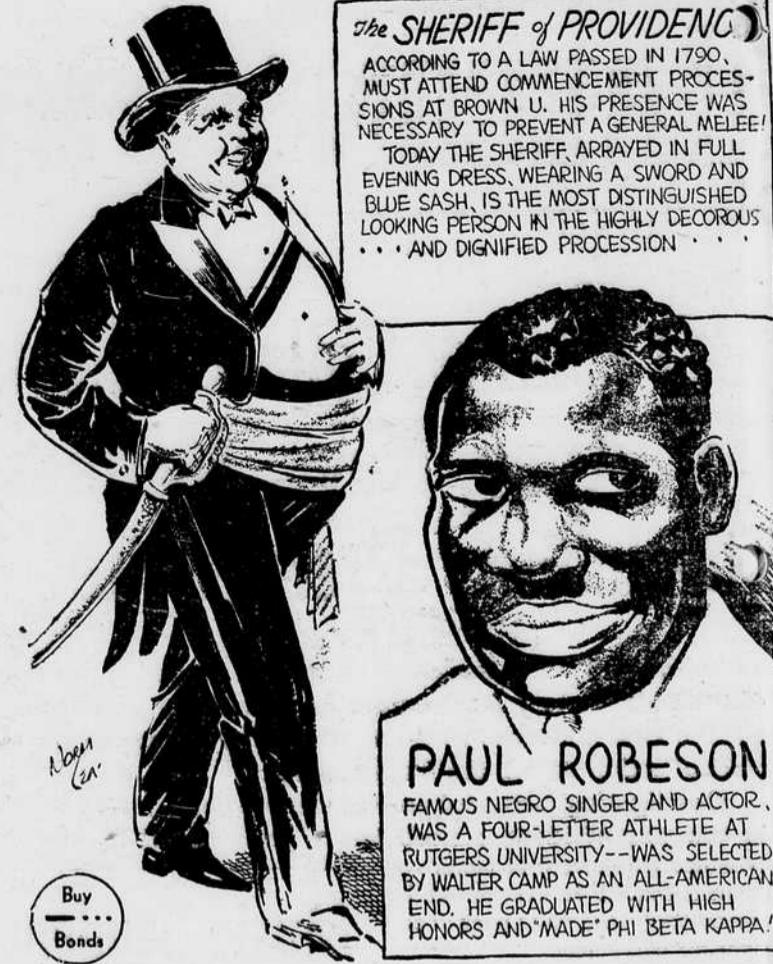
## feathers from the fray

by barbara younger

This column is about the people on the campus who are helping to win the war. It's about the big people and the little ones too. It's about that freshman of yours who goes around picking up razor blades, not because an upper classman told him to, but just because. It's about those girls who wrap bandages every Friday afternoon. All these little people and the big ones, too, the ones who are helping to win the war, that's what this column is all about. JUST A THOUGHT WHILE THINKING: A war stamp a day will keep Tojo away.

JUST A THOUGHT WHILE WONDERING: Why one of the social groups on the campus does not think that the athletic equipment drive for Camp Adair is a good cause? Why some people haven't yet learned that tin cans must be flattened and the labels removed? We'd give a pair of nylon stockings (if we had a pair) to: Carolyn Holmes for the magnificent way in which she has organized the Red Cross on the campus. Betty Bevil for all the blood, sweat, and tears it has cost her in putting over the USO drives. And last but not least to the campus cooks who save the fats that make the explosives that will win the war.

There's a little red-headed girl



### The SHERIFF of PROVIDENCE

ACCORDING TO A LAW PASSED IN 1790, MUST ATTEND COMMENCEMENT PROCESSIONS AT BROWN U. HIS PRESENCE WAS NECESSARY TO PREVENT A GENERAL MELEE!

TODAY THE SHERIFF, ARRIVED IN FULL EVENING DRESS, WEARING A SWORD AND BLUE SASH, IS THE MOST DISTINGUISHED LOOKING PERSON IN THE HIGHLY DECOROUS . . . AND DIGNIFIED PROCESSION . . .

### PAUL ROBESON

FAMOUS NEGRO SINGER AND ACTOR, WAS A FOUR-Letter ATHLETE AT RUTGERS UNIVERSITY—WAS SELECTED BY WALTER CAMP AS AN ALL-AMERICAN END. HE GRADUATED WITH HIGH HONORS AND MADE PHI BETA KAPPA!

## I Cover the Campus

By FRED BECKWITH

Boake Carter's clock-on-the-wall tells me it is time to bat out another column, so after brushing off our pants encounter while peeking through a few key-holes, we'll eat a Yu-Yu bar and shoot the breeze your way:

Confusion and sadness reigned at the A-Dee-Pi house last night when two phone calls poured in from San Francisco and Portland. They were paging Dawn Task and Beverly Haahiem, who have boy friends in those distant towns. Said boy friends both called to say they were being called to active duty in the air corps . . . Dawn took the night train to S.F., and Bev's heart-throb is coming to Eugene . . .

Personality girl: Mickey McCandless of the A-Chi-O house gets the nod this week.

Barbara Isaac has left for Portland. . . . Roy Paul Nelson is still hard up for copy we see . . . Once again we will defend this column against charges of copying material from "Between the Lines" (As un-original a title as could be dreamed up—even by

Nelson) . . . You see, it so happens that we are not one of Nelson's five readers . . . Nuf sed . . . We understand, however, that Mister Nelson has been struck by the green goddess of jealousy becuz The Klam was invited to eat dinner at the Pi Phi house, and he, Nelson, was not . . . One

of the Harlem Glob Trotters' pet tricks at basketball is to suddenly stop play in the middle of a contest and run to the bench and start rolling dice . . . The colored lads didn't pull that out here. If they had, one of the first customers to join in on the game would probably have been Ernie Hinkle.

Jill Ames of the Tri-Delt kiddies has an ATO sweetheart pin from her brother who attends the University of Cincinnati . . . At least that's her story . . . Speaking of the 3 Delta domicile, reminds us that Jeff Kitchen is a frequent visitor there, of late . . .

A new combination on campus seems to be Ted (Politician) Loud and Barbara Bock of the Theta crew . . .

No bells dept.: No bells, no orchids, no thanks to the gossip rumors Miss Eileen Rice has been scattering the past few weeks . . .

. . . SAE "Soup" Campbell was hypnotized Tuesday night by dem-yure Flora Kibler . . . at blond, yell-leading assistant has been promoted from chief door-slammer in radio production to character actor de luxe . . . To spike any idle reports, Polly Gordon and Tom Whitmore are merely "good friends" . . . It's old news, but the female lead in the next drammer production, Maxine McNeil has had Theta Chi Bill Woods' pin for a couple of months . . . Margaret Brooke was questioned about her air wings on her lapel the other day by an inquisitive gent . . . "What's the deal?" sez he. "My brother's in the army," she gaily responded. "But those are navy wings," he protested. "So they are," she absently remarked and walked off leaving our young man in a daze.

That's about the quota of quote-ah for this ayem, so don't be late for your eight o'clocks.