

At Second Glance

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ter taps whether or not a tree is there (or anywhere) if one can't see it. As a rule, Notre Dame-chosens are well-built specimens of manhood, although that glint in their eyes didn't come from burning matches.

Columbia university men are the slowest-reacting of the entire platoon. They like Esquire, Victor Hugo and blondes. They carry their "summa cum laudes" with them, even on the drill fields. Columbians like rum and cokes, although they can't have either one here in bootcamps. But what hurts above all else is their revelation that Oregon is a county in California "near" the Pacific ocean.

And then one can find individuals in platoon 1107, too, that deserve mention, like Glenn Sides from Alabama who is six feet, six inches tall and had to secure special consideration to enlist. He's a Spittimage of Abe Lincoln—except for the crew haircut . . . there's the New Englander, George by name, who doesn't think that liquid stocking makeup is going to the dogs. Says he, "I'd say it's going to the calves instead" . . . A drill sergeant always threatens his "boots" with "I'm going to kick you so hard that we'll both have to go to the hospital. I don't know about you, but they'll have to cut my foot out" . . . there are more brunettes than blonds among recruits, although this soon changes after the Carolina sun shines on them for seven weeks . . . the most widely discussed topic at night is NOT women; instead, rifles. Honest! . . . Radios are encouraged in all barracks and the Sunday symphonic programs are as eagerly listened to as the more popular programs . . . There are actually no Smiths or Jones in platoon 1107. Instead, such names as Krawiec, Krovatch, Ostroue, Jahn, and Caruso . . . Haircuts, which remove every hair below the timberline are only 25 cents . . . and most important of all—to many—is the fact that there is adequate hot water for nightly showers.

But most striking of all is the nonchalant use of English among sergeants, such as that's all they are to it," "We is all getting a haircut," and "What is doing, lad?" However, mistakes as they may be, grammatically speaking, they only enhance the glowing aura around the sergeant, and to many, God threw away the pattern after he made sergeants for the marine corps. They're the recruits' best friend—actually and sincerely.

If a Buddy

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nel with the 14th armored division on New Year's day. Stationed at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, he was called into active duty in December, 1941. Prior to this, Hammersley was superintendent of city schools at Tillamook.

Another promotion was that of Raymond C. Houghton, '40, who was promoted from a first lieutenant to a captain in the army. Captain Houghton is operations officer at the army base at Greenville, S. C.

George L. Evans, '43, graduated from Gulf Coast training center early in January and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the army air forces. He com-

pleted his pre-flight training at Santa Ana and his primary instruction at Fort Stockton, Texas.

Sarah E. Ray, '41, has been accepted by the WAVES and will begin her training in February at Smith college, Northampton, Mass. A former resident of Eugene, she has been working at Bloomingdale's department store in New York City after receiving her master's degree in merchandising at New York university.

Robert C. Boyd, '42, has been commissioned a second lieutenant upon graduation from the marine corps officers candidate school at Quantico, Virginia. Lt. Boyd is still at Quantico base enrolled in a three months' course in advanced military tactics and strategy. His wife, the former Marie Walker, '43, makes her home at Dayton.

Harold L. Armstrong, '41, who is stationed at Cochran field in Macon, Georgia, was recently promoted to the rank of staff sergeant.

Sergeant George G. Pegg, '41, of Eugene, was one of 113 men who were graduated recently from an officers' candidate course in the southwest Pacific area and commissioned second lieutenants. The 113 lieutenants had all been drawn from the ranks of the enlisted men and were the first graduates from this school "somewhere in Australia."

Are University Students Tops?

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able to do so simply because their families do not require their earnings for subsistence.

"Three out of every four high school students who graduate in the top ten per cent scholastically never get to college, mainly because of financial reasons."

Who's Superior?

Well, to whom are college students superior? And, how? Don't ask these questions unless you're locked up in your room and like to talk to yourself. But here's a suggestion. If you want to make life more interesting, and even more educational, dedicate one day to an observation of signs of superiority. Then ask "What difference will it make twenty-five years from now?" It should make a difference, you know.

Just keeping your eyes open will be worth the fun, but there are a few more questions which can be asked.

Does breathing the oft-used air of University classrooms, and treading the harmless paths of a beautiful campus lend to superiority?

Book Learning

Do correct manners, social charms, and rounded personali-

ties bring superiority?

Do four years of book learning, an exposure to culture, plus a sprinkling of activities constitute superiority?

Does actual qualification for lucrative employment after graduation mean the appearance of a superior individual?

Of course, there are lots of petty and even embarrassing questions that could also be asked about the activities and intentions of University students. Yet, if any questions are to be asked at all, it may be just as well to determine what the criterion of a superior person is, how they become so superior, whether they use their superiority merely for their own selfish advantage (if they use it), what obligations accompany the possession of superiority, what difference it makes, and who's to judge this undenied attribute of college students.

Scene at Random

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age. At least that is what one boy at the University of California discovered. Standing on the sleeping porch he saw a rabbit in the yard below. He picked up a milk bottle, took aim and scored a direct hit, as a result he enjoyed rabbit for dinner while his fraternity brothers eyed him enviously.

—The Daily Californian

I Cover the Campus

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of Eugene lately. On almost every double-bill these days you can find such tid-bits as "THE MUMMY WALKS," "The Revenge of the Beast," "The Monster's Return" . . . What the purpose of these marrow-narrowing cinematic tid-bits is, we cannot fathom. Trouble is, they become slightly amusin' after you've seen the first fifty . . . It's the breaks of the game, however. . . .

All that big publicity about J. Wesley Sullivan didn't phase us. Shucks we knew him when he wrote the "Derby Lites" column for the Young Oregonian section of that Portland sheet. . . .

Happy ending dept.: Miss Jeanne Smith, prexy of the Oracles, just recovering from a broken ankle sustained while falling off the bleachers at a basketball game, received a letter in the mail the other day with twenty-five bucks enclosed. As matters turned out, however, the dough and letter belonged to dorm-man Gene Smith, who was very glad to see Jeanne when she turned over the loot to him . . . Poem for Roy Paul Nelson:

Roses are red, violets are blue; If I had a column like yours, I'd join the zoo.

Russian colleges graduated 170,000 students in 1942.



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