

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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The Borderline GPAs...

MIDTERM grade reports for borderline reservists have taken an encouraging turn for the better, according to Dr. Carl Kossack, armed forces representative. It is this "borderline minority" that has been hanging in the delicate balance between immediate service and continued education. The University has made it clear that no student who fails to make satisfactory grade requirements can stay in school as a reservist. Either borderline grades come up, or the student goes out.

"A number of students have definitely 'found themselves' and are doing better," Dr. Kossack reported Friday. Twenty-four students previously on the verge of call are now rated as satisfactory. An additional 22 who showed no improvement, or a turn for the worse, will be eligible for immediate active duty. Thirty-five others still rate "borderline." Some of these men suffered ills ranging from appendicitis to colds at the crucial time, and spent midterm in the infirmary.

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THAT the navy holds university grades in high esteem was further proved recently when Dr. Cossack received word that new V-1 enlistments (for 17-year-olds) must rate in the upper two-thirds of their college class. The marine corps has also requested a check on marine reservist grades to see if students are maintaining their "normal progress" toward a degree. "Normal progress" means a study load of 15-plus hours per term to graduate in four years, plus a GPA of two-points. This follows army and navy requests which have resulted in steady grade checks and interviews for the past three months. Another V-7 request seeks information on fifth-year students, who are carrying study loads of less than 15 hours per term.

Hundreds of students have been passed for reserves, but all services, army, navy and marine, demand the continued "normal progress" toward a degree. The borderline minority are rapidly finding that a reserve is not an honor, but a privilege. That many on the border realize the advantage of continued technical study is shown by the number now "digging in" to raise their GPA to the satisfactory level. Dr. Kossack's job—which never-ends will continue through winter term, and pick up again on winter finals. But at least hours of personal interviews and GPA-sleuthing are showing a turn for the better.

Blood for the Bank...

INTO the service now will go blood from the U. of O. Donations made by students to the Eugene blood bank will go with the rest, when official call reaches the American Red Cross here, which should be soon.

An Office of War Information bulletin issued this week announced that the army and navy are asking for 4,000,000 pints of blood for 1943. This is more than three times the amount obtained from volunteer donors last year. Surgeons of the armed forces ask that weekly donations be increased immediately to at least 70,000 pints, with increases thereafter as required to reach the goal. The new 4,000,000 pint request, distinctly dwarfs the 1,300,000 pints obtained in 1942.

Word from all fronts constantly praises the work done with blood plasma. The efficiency of plasma in treating burns, wounds, and shock has been proved on all fronts, and this request proves its value still further.

* * *

UNIVERSITY of Oregon contributions become part of the Eugene blood bank. Dr. E. D. Furrer, Eugene physician who is in charge of the bank, reports that the 300 units originally set as the minimum goal for the bank are nearly filled. This store is available at all times for military or civilian use.

Although official orders have not yet been received for any of its plasma, he states that Eugene's blood bank is ready to do its part in meeting the 4,000,000 pint quota. With the Red Cross working out details for a vastly expanded program including new centers and mobile units, as the OWI reports, the Eugene bank will need to accelerate its program.

To know that their contributions are going into action now, should make University of Oregon donors happy. The boys in the service give their blood for their country on the battle front. Through the blood bank we can give ours for them though we stay at home.

—J. W.

I Cover the Campus

By FRED BECKWITH

Milo Daniels of the Gamma Phis checks in town for a couple of weeks' visit today. If you have forgotten, she used to go around with Johnny Bubalo. . . .

EXCLUSIVE: The 1943 Slush Queen contest is over, and the winner last night was presented with a glittering gold cup, with beautiful engraving that stated simply: "U. of O. Slush Queen—1943." . . . And the lucky girl who received this great honor was none other than—Alpha Phi Dorrie Stein.

. . . The Alpha Chi Omegas have been awakened early in the morning lately by the hooting of a University Hi senior. Seems he dotes on bothering the lovely lasses who are "sleeping in." Arliss Boone is connected in the mystery somewhere. . . .

Good to the Last

And we know of a certain little freshman lad who is viddy interested in seeing a Shoemaker this Sunday. Yes, he Rollie is interested . . . The story of Gloria Malloy and her hoop-skirt accessories mystery: She wore them to the Military Ball, discarded an un-needed part of the costume in the dressing room, and then had a change of mind a few days later and reclaimed 'em . . . Patty Van Hoosear, who rode to fame by playing with the Brownies (Girl Scouts) and teaching little boys how to skate, and planting a big airplane propeller in the hallway of the Fee house, has taken a vacation from her mad antics. . . . We say that, however, with fingers crossed. . . The Gamma Phis have brought a troop of twenty-five cute rusees on campus for the weekend, just in case you've been wondering where the influx of queens has been coming from. . . .

Lavish MacTavish

The Tri Deltas' cheerful Betty MacTavish, who nabbed second place honors in the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi contest, has been put up for the Smiles-a-million girl. . . .

Lorraine Harper of the Tri Delt gang is currently being escorted around by Pi Kap Bob Gurley . . . It's a happy life to Jeanne Edwards and Wayne Coffee, Suzy Campbell woman, and a new Scabbard and Blader . . . They were married in Albany the night before the Military Ball.

The most popular song on the juke boxes these days seems to be the Benny Goodman waxing of "Why Don't You Do Right?" . . . Basketball, and not women, is the big interest in Hank Voderburg's life at present . . . Stan Parrish of the Fijis seems to be havin' trouble lately as far as Lorraine Long is concerned. A certain DU is makin' time in that league . . . And another new combination is the "Pinky" Garth-Ed Allen deal. Looks good from here. . . .

Sour 'Corn'

The lovely Thetas did not appreciate Bill Lindley's "Corn is Green" yesterday mornin' . . . Betty Bush, the ice-skating queen was slated to show up at the Ordes dance last night in her abbreviated costume. Tchh, tchh! . . . Roe Hunsaker of Hen hall announced her engagement as a gag, but the deal back-fired and everybody is congratulating her. They even made her sing at the dinner table last night. . . .

Last night was Chinese New Year's. Mebbe that accounts for the gay mood that seemed to capture everyone . . . Margaret Ann Jackson is the first woman announcer at radio station KOAC . . . M.A. is a darling Delta Gamma, incidentally. . . .

Art Murphy of the Canard club claims that he is the only lad in that domicile who isn't a character! . . . Alan Meier is talking of marriage in the spring . . .

Tra-la . . . Said June Taylor to Ross Yates: "Please don't abandon me—I'm abandoned enough!" . . . And now, Jack, for my week-end vacation. Please, fellas, don't hang too many pins this weekend.

Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

An old combination is clicking again in exciting fashion these days. Jess Stacy is giving the ivories a treat in company with Benny Goodman and crew again, and the results are nothing but terrific. Stacy has always had a touch that was distinctively, tastefully jazzy, and mighty few piano men can better him at torchy or powerhouse work, so the BG boys—lacking in top-notch soloists—can be wurra happy that he has rejoined the King.

Incidentally, Benny's latest show at the N. Y. Paramount was just plain sensational. Mile-a-minute personnel changes to the contrary notwithstanding, Benny manages to keep giving the customers swing as good as anybody else in the business. A high spot in any BG program is the tremendous vocal work of Peggy Lee, of course, but a newcomer is beginning to shine in the band, a horn man wielding the monicker of Steve Steck. Together with Yank Lawsen he is beginning to make the Goodman brass recall the Goodman of old and, brother, that's plenty good for this kid's chips.

"Metronome" reports, by the (Please turn to Page Seven)

Mildred Wilson Spies . . .

Ernest Haycox, '23

There is a legend about Writer Ernest Haycox, '23. It may not be true—but it could be.

During his college days, so the story runs, he lived part of the time in a little one-room shack which was entirely papered with rejection slips. To most authors rejection slips are little tombstones of failures—but not to Haycox. When he was graduated from the University, at any rate he did formally present his professor, W. F. G. Thacher, with a brown note book completely filled with rejection slips.

The dismal beginning hasn't prevented him from having published over 300 short stories and 20 novels. Now, living in Portland in a magnificent home, Haycox is mixing a life of gentlemanly farming with occasional novels and short stories.

Collier's Writer

Collier's has considered Haycox one of its most valuable writers for over a decade and many of his novels have appeared in serial form in this widely-read weekly. Among his most recent serials were "Saddle and Ride," "Rim of the Desert," and "Trail

Between The Lines

By ROY PAUL NELSON

I would like to take the liberty of opening today's column with a poem entitled:

"Ode to an ATO Mistake"

or

"It Always Smells Like That Here in the Sports Room"

To heck with

Fred Beckwith.

* * *

This afternoon I was handed the following. It looks a lot like Helen Johnson's typing. You may look over my shoulder—or rather, the padding in my sport coat—as I read.

"Dear Roy,

"This is the first time I've ever written a fan letter, so I don't know quite what to say. Of course, I've realized how badly you felt that the only fan mail you received this year was that threatening letter from the man who was six feet tall and a tough customer . . . and I don't exactly blame you for wearing glasses for a couple of weeks, either. Anyway, just to offset the Beckwith peril, I'm writing this fan letter. And don't forget my two bits.

What's in a Name?

"You know, your column is an indefinable something. Maybe it's just as well that the Greeks don't have a word for it. By the way, do the Independents have a word for it since the Nickle Hop expose?"

"Now to turn from the bouquets to the serious problem which really prompted me to write this letter.

"There is a sinister spread of an insidious organization which recognizes but one class of people and dismisses the rest of the student body as a mere mob. This group keeps odd hours, has curious habits, and recognizes one another by the appellation, 'character'! One sure way of telling a 'character' is they always start laughing before you begin to tell a joke.

About the Emerald

"Another thing, I feel that the Emerald should have some advice to the lovelorn . . . you know, (Please turn to Page Seven)

Town" which appeared in 1942. Special distinction came in 1939 when his novel "Stage-coach to Lordsburg" was converted into the movie "Stage-coach," starring Randolph Scott and John Wayne.

Haycox's success as a humorist being has definitely equalled his attainments as an author. As Professor Thacher commented, "He is one of the finest men I know." This opinion is borne out by all who have come in contact with Haycox of the large nose, thinning hair and sweet smile. Those student male writers who were lucky enough to be included in the historic Ye Tabard Inn banquet last spring — at which Edison Marshall, Ernest Haycox and Robert Ormond Case were honored guests—carried away with them an impression of "three good guys."

No Easy Youth

Haycox can boast of no cushioned youth. After moving around the Northwest with his parents during his childhood he, "finally wound up in Portland, washing dishes and selling pa-

(Please turn to page seven)