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THIS PORTRAIT . . .

. . . is hardly the thing to use to play up the tennis court dance this afternoon, but we had to use something. The story of the affair is right below.

WAA Frolics Today The Open Air Way

GOODWIN WROTE THIS

Every day the Emerald has one big story that goes on page one and has lots of black type on top, kinda like a chocolate sundae. This, kids, is it!

Since there isn't any other news like elections, fires, or stuff, we'll tell you about a dance. Hell, why don't these women stand closer to the telephone.

It's like this, the WAA (when they finish school they get a C and become WAACs) are having some sort of a deal at the tennis courts . . . it doesn't rain. Should it rain? That's for you to decide. Anyhow, if it rains they will have it in Gerlinger. Don't be confused, it has to be either in Gerlinger or the tennis courts.

Warning

As far as the program's concerned . . . It does not! First we'll warn ya. It costs two bits a couple (that means dates.) To get back to the program, by the way—no flowers. Anyhow the program will consist of dancing. Dancing to the best records over a good leather lung PA system, . . . like a desert at the Pi Phi's where they use a hand cranked victrola.

Besides dancing, revelers can see the side shows where Tex Goodwin and Spider Dickson will extole the qualities of the two-

(Please turn to page three)

Kwamas Tap Choice Femmes

While two German divisions were wiped out on Krpsktk River in Russia yesterday, and while the Japanese retreated to Fu Nu Snak ugorge, 19 glamouh-girlies got the green signal light from the outgoing Kwama, (women's sophomore honorary) lasses, here at Oregon.

Amid wild cheering and noise-making, bouncing belles Mary Bush, Nancy Brownell, Mary Corrigan, Signe Ecklund, Phylliss Evans, Dolores Hewitt, Patty Van Hoosear, Anita Young, Barbara McClung, Marilyn Holden, Mickey McCandless, Phylliss Miller, Sally Twohy, Virginia Wright, June Johnson, Maxine Hughes, Betty Lawrence, Altha Paul, and Lois Winsley were tapped for member-

(Please turn to page three)

Some of the Boys Covered Their Beats



Here's what they found...

About the BA School

Beta Alpha Psi, another national professional honorary, this time in accounting, initiated four Thursday night in Gerlinger and then adjourned to a downtown cafe for dinner.

Those initiated were Clarence Horton, Charles Martin, Orville Marcellus, and Leonard Ray. Hugh Muir is this year's president. Thus the armed forces gained four new men for the finance department.

Over in the BA school where they grind out these individuals by the score, Dean Victor P. Morris is grooming for another season upstate. A veteran commencement speaker, the dean is looking forward to an extended tour of the hamlets of Oregon.

In another instance the BA school lost a man, Assistant Professor L. M. Faust. A question, "What if the University had rejected his application for a leave of absence when the draft board said "Greetings"?"

Snap It Up, Seniors

A lead to a story is supposed to have everything important in the story. This one doesn't, it's got what a lead's supposed to

have—but the next paragraph'll have what this lead's supposed to have but doesn't have—if you follow me. Keep reading, this stuff's -important (the editor said).

Ray Packouz, senior prexy, has extended the deadline on ordering caps and gowns until May 14 (place orders at the Co-op). The Co-op says it hopes all men'll know their status by then soz they can order. Packouz sez these commencement exercises may be very impressive—also there are a few announcements still available at the Co-op.

Well, I've did my duty (as Dr. Lesch sez) although you probably don't know what I'm talking about.

I don't either.

Alfa Fees Roll in First

Alpha Fee again becomes phenomomenomenal.

The amazing Fees this week came through, over overwhelming odds, to nab first place in the Red Cross bandage rolling contest with the score of 60 hours—and the girl, who gave me the story of the phone said that was sensational.

Hot on the heels of the from now on sensational Fees came Alfa Ci O, with 26½ hours. (The girl said that wasn't bad). The KiOs slaved for 24 hours. (That ain't bad, either.)

I wish they'd work on me that long.

Oh, by the way, the girl said to mention that Carolyn Holmes is high lama of the deal. She mentioned some other names too, but I forgot them.

These Kids are Sick

And now, we turn to that blot of civilization—the infirmary.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Peggy Heitschmidt, Mary Jane Terry, Roslyn Terry, Uno Lewis, and Albin Sundsten. The Grand Order of the Lima Bean, With Catsup, should go to Myron Spady and Virginia Atchison (they're new patients) (poor kids).

Luckiest person on the campus is Wally Clark (pronounced

Klark) who was dismissed yesterday.

Aw, Hell, what a bunk of junk I hafta write—oh well, maybe I'll be a foreign correspondent some day.

Dear Mom,

That calendar that hangs on a couple of nails on the left wall of my room (next to the Petty drawing) states that this Sunday is Mother's Day. And that is kind of confusing, in a way. Last weekend seemed like Mother's Day. I was glad that you could get down to Eugene and see this college town.

This year you and I have been a lot closer than ever before. I suppose that the thought of the war, and my entering the armed service has had something to do with the situation.

I can't figure out why they picked one day out of 365 to honor you. Every day is Mother's Day, or should be.

Many of the lads won't be able to communicate with their mothers this year, because a little thing like a war can be very troublesome. But their thoughts are wending a path homeward, even though that trail may be across the searing sands of an African desert, or the endless blue expanses of the Pacific Ocean.

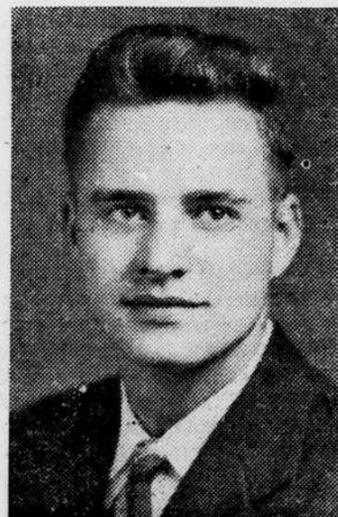
It has been a trying year for all mothers. Many boys have been lost in the crimson conflagration.

But out of this chaos has come a new spirit and faith born amid the strife of battle. A closer unity has been thus formulated, and mother-and-son have been bonded together by sympathy, devotion and necessity.

The time is soon coming when I, too, must depart for the battle-front, fortified with the conviction that I'll be back home again, and the clapsing time will seem like only a bad nightmare. You and I can pick up the mundane strands of life from where we will cast them shortly.

I can't improve on the old established sentiment. So, Mom, here's a kiss, two or three, and I hope that the roses arrived in time.

—F. C. B.



OGE YOUNG . . .

. . . whose picture was run in yesterday's Emerald, too.