

# OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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## New Spirits Jumpin'

There is a new spirit of friendship on the Oregon campus today, a spirit born of war and maturing in a wartime atmosphere. It is the friendship of the smile and the everready willingness to engage in small talk. Best of all it is the friendship of soldiers and civilians.

As a civilian returning to an "army" school we naturally felt a little ill-at-ease, was prepared to keep on feeling so. On turning our first school corner for the new year we were met with a "hello fella" from the confines of a certain tan house on a hill.

That had not happened before. Especially unique was the tone of the greeting from the boy in khaki. There was no trace of the professional friendship of the future brother in fraternal casualness. The greeting definitely did not have the "hello, and won't you come up to dinner" air to it.

This is not an isolated instance. Several times during the three days since we returned to the campus we have been greeted by an attitude completely new and very welcome.

Civilian students are not allergic to a hearty handshake and detailed description of that slightly terrific blonde with the henna rinse. They never have been, though at times the slightly frigid attitudes of some campus males—and females, would have led one to think that a permit from the OWI signed by Elmer Davis was necessary for one human to be friendly to a fellow human.

Some people will argue that the cadets are just lonely and therefore are over-anxious to talk to the first trace of unfamiliar humanity. Sure the army boys are lonely, but no more so than a lot of the former civilian students.

But whatever the source may be, the result has produced an atmosphere, which, if continued, will break what seemed to be the never-melting campus ice and those people who have branded Oregon a "snob school" will eat their words—with relish.

It has taken the war to bring this new spirit to the campus. We hope the war ends tomorrow. But the new spirit of friendship—we hope it stays.

—C.P.

## 'Scientific Dating'

Scientific blind dates will highlight the annual Hello dance Saturday night. A system worked out by the executive council's new coordination committee will feature "scientific dating" of army cadets and freshman girls so that everyone who wants to go will be "provided for."

In previous years the Hello dance has been a standing joke on the campus. Every year advance publicity gave great play to the fact that "this is a strictly no date affair—but strictly." And every year a big crop of trusting frosh would turn up at the dance sans cutie or cute-he to watch the dated majority have a good time.

This year such will not be the case—if all goes according to plan. The coordination committee of four cadets and four civilian students has huddled and come up with a system by which all 25 girls' living organizations will receive "specification lists" giving vital data about cadet's heights, weights, ages, and marital statuses. The girls will then pair themselves off with the most suitable specifications.

Civilian men students will get their dates via the same process.

The Hello dance is a tradition long with Oregon. In recent years the two-faced date policy has not only wreaked havoc on students' enjoyment of the dance, but has turned it into a mass of confused handshaking and foot shifting. To be frank, it has been boring. There is no reason why it should remain so.

More detailed organization and planning by the few people who have charge of the affair should result in a dance that rocks and is real fun for everyone.

For the first time we can look forward to a Hello dance that is a "planned economy," not a catch-as-catch-can flop.

—C. P.

## Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

### Diary of a Shipyard Worker Part I

We had finished finals, kissed Dr. Lesch goodbye, packed, unpacked, and said hello to mother when we arrived at the office of the United States Employment Service—Portland man-hungry branch. We were in a hurry.

What would have been an unforgiveable loss of time on the train trip home was spent in figuring out seated passenger's next

year's income tax returns on the Pullman walls.

We entered the confines of the employment office. The door clicked shut. All that was needed was a bowl of flour and an electric fan to make us feel like Mrs. Pruneface. Not a living being was in sight. Not even a dusty notice from the draft board.

We were momentarily startled by a booming voice from a loud-speaker on the rear wall.

"Name? Number of red corpuscles over three? You're hired. Report to International Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders and Helpers. Ask for Joe." The record clicked off. We had a job.

### Inner Sanctum

The doorman in platinum braid and diamond studded shoestrings lifted his gold plated deodorizer, deodorized it, then us, and telegraphed Tom Ray that we had arrived. His finger touched a hidden button which we could not see and steel doors began to slide open in unison to the tune of "If You Had It When You Came You Soon Will Leave It Here." Our wallet jumped out of our pocket of its own accord and started to hotfoot it to Brenner Pass.

We passed into the sanctum sanctorum of the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders, and Helpers. Never before have we been so glad that we are an only child.

After our eyes had become accustomed to the imported glare of the imported south Waukegan marble we noticed several large printed plaques over little teller's booths marked in turn, "Dues, Initiation Dues, Fees, Re-classification, Fees, and Miscellaneous." We failed to notice any cubbyhole marked "Refunds."

There was a long line of people of various sizes before each booth. They were watched over by an over-accommodating woman sheepherder who smiled awkwardly as if she had been recently taught. This invaluable relative of the individual who gave her the job took our work slip, fluttered up to the teller's booth in advance of our approach and deposited the slip with a flunkey who looked up in the records how much we had already invested in the brotherhood.

When it was discovered that we were a neophyte at it all, a wall lever was tripped, we were beclouded with laughing gas and paid our \$20 cheerfully.

We were then issued our monthly dog biscuit bearing the signature of the honored secretary and told to report to Oregon

## The Corn Is Green

By WILL LINDLEY

As a resident of a third-floor closet at the Theta house all this summer, it certainly was a relief to get out into the clean, pure cigarette smoke again. Besides, the Lemola bottles were almost crowding us out.

But they say there's nothing like being early to get a bid, especially at the Theta house.

Creeping up through the floor I suddenly came to a huge ring which opened a trapdoor coming out somewhere on the main floor. Having lost the road map back several hundred feet, I was uncertain as to where it would come out, but naturally indulged in some delightful speculation.

Imagine my surprise to come out inside the automatic phonograph.

After several choruses of "Take the 'A' Train," satisfactorily accompanied by Duke Ellington, I slipped out through the loud-speaker and into the room.

For some unexplainable reason, I felt a little out of place, but this was soon remedied when I encountered a Theta with beautiful blue eyes. And there's nothing I like better than a Theta with beautiful blue eyes unless it is a Theta when it is so dark she has to tell you what color her eyes are.

But my dreams were shattered when I was approached by the housemother.

"Why you must be the young man who applied here for the job of janitor," she said.

\* \* \*

Will the Thetas give Lindley the brush? Tune in next week for another thrilling chapter in this moronic melodrama.

## STARS IN SERVICE

**ENSIGN WILLIE TURNESA**  
HAD TO SHOOT ACCURATELY  
TO WIN THE U.S. AMATEUR  
GOLF CROWN IN 1938

NOW HE'S TRAINING AT THE  
HOLLYWOOD, FLA., NAVAL  
GUNNERY SCHOOL TO SHOOT  
AT A DIFFERENT TARGET  
AND YOUR WAR SAVINGS  
PROVIDE THE AMMUNITION!

**BACK THE  
ATTACK  
WITH WAR  
BONDS!**

## Soldiers to Get Special Discounts

Beginning this fall the Emerald will operate on a four-page five-day-a-week schedule, the educational activities board announced Tuesday. The Oregana, student directory, and concert series will be offered as usual, with special arrangements being made for soldiers stationed on the campus.

Members of the training unit may subscribe to the Emerald for 50 cents a term if their living groups have a 50 per cent sale. Units with a 25 per cent subscription may receive it for 75 cents, 50 cents under the regular price.

The 1943-44 Oregana, University yearbook, will include a section on the army units in training here. Subscriptions will be taken during registration at McArthur court for \$5. The Oregana will be distributed in May, and will be mailed free of charge anywhere in the United States to soldiers who subscribe.

Members of the armed forces at the University will be included in the "Pigger's Guide," annual student directory, as well the name, address, and major of every student. Copies may be ordered for 25 cents each during fall term registration.

Many well-known artists including Marjorie Lawrence, Ezio Pinza, and Bidu Sayao will be presented in the concert series this year. Soldiers will be admitted for 50 cents and will need no previous reservation. The University band, symphony orchestra, choral union, all-campus sing, and other events will be presented free to army men.

Shipyard in the morning.

### Refreshment

We went to the nearest beer hall—an unimported marble place operated exclusively for refugees of the Hall of Exalted Boilermakers by the International Brotherhood of Bar Flies, Fleas, and Helpers.

There was no admission charge.

## OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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## Speech Defects on Increase in School

Speech defects seem to be on the increase in the school population, announces Kenneth Scott Wood, director of the speech correction clinic. The war is believed to be the cause.

Ample opportunities for students in speech correction to gain experience in a wide variety of cases will be available. Cases include cleft palate, stuttering, and faulty enunciation.

Anyone interested in speech correction work should contact Wood immediately in 107 Friendly hall.

Dartmouth college is opening a separate department of geography in recognition of the global character of the war.