

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Want Sports, Kids?

This is not an editorial—it is a sales talk, and a pep assembly, and a scolding, all at once.

First, let's have the scolding, and get it over with. If it doesn't apply to you, just skip this part. By Tuesday afternoon 1529 students had registered in the University. Of these about 875 have bought athletic cards, according to Drive Chairman Gerd Hansen. That is, only slightly more than half the students are supporting their University athletic program through purchase of athletic cards. This is a good start but if the students want an athletic program—and they do—they must give it almost 100 per cent backing. They must prove their interest in athletic events with the undeniable evidence of hard cash. For, trite though the idea may sound, and unnecessary that it may seem to repeat it, it takes money to run an athletic program.

* * * *

Now for the pep assembly. College life has changed a very great deal in the past few years. A new seriousness has come to the campus, and the shadow of war has darkened and veiled the lighter side of college life. But there's one part of that lighter side which hasn't been dimmed, which never will be, we hope—and that's the sudden lift of spirits, the uncontrollable surge of excitement, the thrill of the moment just before the big game when our team comes out, and everybody rises to his feet with one simultaneous, deafening cheer. The feeling is completely indescribable—it is perhaps the closest approach to pure college spirit ever reached. The games are fun, and they're wonderful, and they're something no one should miss.

* * * *

Here comes the sales talk. An athletic card is such a bargain that you can't afford not to have one. The price is only \$4.40, ladies and gentlemen, for which you receive the equivalent of \$10 worth of individually purchased tickets to athletic events. The athletic program is almost certain to go ahead as planned. Basketball, remember, has only a five-man team, and thirty-two prospective Tall Firs have already turned out. If for some reason no athletic events are held on the University of Oregon campus, the entire amount will be refunded. So what can you lose?

When the athletic card drive salesmen come to you, don't turn them away. Hand over your \$4.40 with a smile, and receive in exchange your rightful share of fun, excitement, and thrilling memories.

—J.N.

Not Oregon G.I. . . .

Let's be subtle for just a minute. Nobody is going to get a kick in the pants but there are a couple of mistaken impressions circulating in the khaki-clad portion of our student body that ought to be eased out.

It's about the girls, fellas. You know, lots of us have gone to the University before, and there are some things we're not used to and that we don't like to have happen. And maybe a little setting right at the beginning will help us be good friends.

One thing, so the reports go, is that some army students think the only reason girls go down to the Side and around about is to pick up dates. Which is pretty blunt of you, don't you think? Not only is it blunt, but it is mistaken. Right now you ought to know that girls have been getting cokes and relaxing with their friends for a very great many years. And you aren't the cause of their presence. Meeting and talking over hamburgers or coffee is nothing new, and it's always been to a surprising extent either a strictly hen or stag situation. So don't get us wrong. You are new people and lots of fun. That's how it ought to be. Some girls, of course, may have their own special projects—but it's by no means general or the thing to expect.

* * * *

One more thing, we particularly don't like your habit of leaning out of windows to whistle. When civilian men were here in great numbers there wasn't much of that. And we were not impressed by them. We aren't now. We like your marching (except when you stop too suddenly), we like the way you sing between classes, we think you're wonderful, but a little mixed up.

We want to keep being glad you're around. There were just those few little things. So how about it?

—M.M.

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

This is the story of Mr. Hoe.

Mr. Hoe also held communion with Henry Kaiser this summer as did almost everyone else in the civilized world.

It was during our stay in Mr. Kaiser's employ that we came in contact with Mr. Hoe.

How He Looked

His appearance, on first sight, was an understatement of what you remembered him to look like after he had left the scene. He was definitely a study for the vivid imagination.

He looked like a very mangy reproduction of the late Daniel Boone. A razor had taken its fortnightly dash over the square, undeveloped chin; thence to hibernate for the next haphazard run.

The shirt, pants, and battered hat had developed a common crust of steel dust, and were adorned surrealistically with placed grease splotches.

How He Spit

Tobacco juice exuded from the corner of a spigot-type mouth that curled up and down at both ends and in the middle. His mouth was slightly crooked.

To the unskilled observer, Mr. Hoe didn't look like a graduate from a French hand laundry. But therein lies the tale:

One day Mr. Hoe came down to the yard complaining of a leg rash on both his legs.

"Must," he said (spot), "go down to First Aid—get it looked at.

"Sure must," he said, rolling up his pant leg, and rolling down his stocking so he could roll up his winter underwear so he could show us the troubled limb. "Sure must," he said—(spit).

How He Walked

He wandered off in the direction of the first aid building.

Three hours later he wandered back. (The first aid building is five blocks away.)

He wandered up to us, smiled sweetly, and walked away.

Always having had a strain of Visiting Nurses association blood in us we inquired after Mr. Hoe: "What did the nurse say about your legs, Mr. Hoe?"

Mr. Hoe, turned on heel, wandered back to us, (spit) replied: "Mr. Hoe", she said, "the trouble with your leg is, you should have washed your socks before you put them on."

And in the silence of the moonless night raccoons lick their paws before each meal.

Oregana Drive

(Continued from page one)

Although the Oregana will not be published until spring term, a card will be issued with each gift subscription telling of the forthcoming gift. This card can be sent in time to reach service men by Christmas.

The 1944 Oregana will feature the usual sections found in the University's All-American year book as well as the added attraction of a complete coverage of military activities on the campus. Pictures of all soldiers stationed here will be taken before the end of the present term, according to Helen Johnson, editor of the 1944 Oregana.

Paper Ordered

Because the Oregana paper must be ordered almost immediately and the number of books to be printed will be determined early next week, today is very likely the last time the Oregana will be made available to students, according to Edith Newton, business manager of the book.

All books ordered by service men who are not here at the time of publication in May, will receive the book at their home address with postage prepaid.

'Staccato' Notes..

By GENE LEO

Frank Sinatra now owns himself. The beautifully undernourished king of the swooner crooners has been released from his Tommy Dorsey contract with the aid of Music Corporation of America and \$50,000.

When Sinatra left the Dorsey band, TD still owned his contract which called for 33 1-3 per cent of his net earnings. Then Leonard Vannerson, his personal manager, did his books for another 10 per cent. After Uncle Sam took his cut, Frankie found himself merely existing.

Now that a satisfactory arrangement has been reached, Sinatra will be working for something more than the idolatry of twittering fems.

Have you heard the Dick Haymes (Sinatra opposition party, but good) recording of "I Never Mention Your Name"? . . . Decca 18558, in case the fems are interested. Am I Kidding!!

Many of us remember Dick Haymes from last fall when he did the vocal honors with the Tommy Dorsey crew at the Homecoming dance.

Incidentally, TD fired his complete aggregation last month, pending his organization of a "wonder band" which opened last night at the swank Pennsylvania hotel in New York. This certainly hopes he retains services of Milton Rasking on the 88 box and Ziggy Elman on go-trumpet.

The music biz here at Oregon has seen lots of changes in the last few months. At the Hello dance Saturday night, UO dancers got an idea of current music conditions when for the first time in the history of Hello dances they jumped off to canned music.

Eugene's musicians' local 689 has dwindled from 56 to 28 members in the last six months.

There is still hope, however—one possibility being that bassist-vibraphonist supreme Hal (Happy) Hardin will reorganize his popular jazz combo of last year.

Art (What-would-Oregon-do-without-him) Holman is booked indefinitely at the Eugene on Saturday nights, and with the return of Vern Spaugh and his golden-voiced Buescher I-A trombone to that aggregation, things begin to shape on the brighter side.

pledged another smoothie, Dolly Paladini. Yep, she's Tinky's sister.

Prof. A. H. Wright, herpetologist at Cornell university, on a 22,500-mile tour of the West and South, found rare salamanders, a large poisonous Gila monster, an undescribed toad, and a group of sidewinders.

I'm lonesome. They're all dying. I have hardly a warm personal enemy left.—Whistler.

A Slip of the Lip

By PEG HEITSCHMIDT and BOBBI BEALER

Now that the big boys have gone to war, it seems that the latest thing to do around Eugene and surrounding localities is to attend the high school football games. Viewed at the Eugene-Uni high game last Friday night were Virginia Wright, chaperoning several neophyte Gamma Phis. Also Tri-Delt pledges Janette Williams and Marilyn Rakow, among others—all were rooting, no doubt, for Bob McKeivitt, Eugene high BMOC. Bob, brother of Fiji "Baldy" McKeivitt, is fast acquiring the reputation of last year's boomer boy, Delt Peter B. Hill.

They Also Came

Also at the game were Rog Wiley, Phi Delt, and Jack Pennington, ATO, although their interest appeared to be elsewhere.

By the way, our serenades have not become a thing of the past. The other night the Sigma Chis on the campus sang of their love and devotion to the various sororities with many a ditty not on the uncensored list. Robin Smith, Bob Hope (how did a Phi Delt get in), Hal Ford, and George Fletcher composed the melodious quartet.

The Hello dance was not the only place to go Saturday night, as was noticed by all the old gang collecting at the Eugene hotel's Persian room. Seen in uniform were DU Breen Murphy, Phi Delt Don Fox, Beta Hal Martin, and Sigma Nu Stan Skillicorn. Ted Baker, SAE, was also on hand with ADPi Doris Chapler.

The Alpha Phis have a real nugget in their new pledge Jeanie Walters. Helen Crawford, same maison, has been out trekking with a dreamy soldier. In the next installment, his name shall be divulged.

The Mad Painters

Over at the AXO house is a small sample of the zany schemes of amateur interior decorators—Jeannie Briggs has been painting madly for weeks and has finally finished, bedaubed with more Kem-tone than the walls themselves. AXO prexy, Ann Voderberg, is up in the wilds of Washington saying farewell to her fiancé Chuck Haener, Theta Chi. Rumor has it of a marriage—but the way things are now, who knows?

The Alpha Chis (what, again?)

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