

REVEILLE REVIEW

whither!

By GLIK

Weather. Fathomless, omnipotent weather. Ever present, fluxing weather. Helpful and destructive. Glorious and abominable. Dark and light. Change. Change. And we studied it. And we proposed to learn its every habit. Yesterday, the sky was the limit, and today . . . we pause; we breathe; we look back.

In May two hundred and fifty of us came to this site of work, the University of Oregon. We were from all over the forty-eight; we were lonesome; we were afraid.

But the Campus Man and the Campus Woman greeted us—and soon all of the two hundred and fifty knew they had found a warm home and friends.

And the work began. Now Oregon approaches winter and we approach nothing. Days are long and days are hard. We get up early. We lean back late. Furlough was no pickup. It was a lull in a 12-month battle. Our siege is still on.

And how does this siege progress:

Mussolini is no longer in Italy and Dr. Norris no longer teaches physics. Sicily has been taken the battle of trigonometry is over. There is an Allied footing on Italy and calculus has attacked. The Japs have been shot out of the Aleutians and analyt has been beaten down. Churchill has been fishing and Captain Cable has been fly-casting.

And as the weather is flux so is the army; but whereas the weather is predictable, the army isn't. And so today we find we are no longer pre-mets.

No more do we look at the sky and speculate. No more do we peer at the stars, nor dream of solar systems, or pressures, or temperatures, or insolation.

But we still study math. Calculus and vectorial mechanics are ours to conquer. Physics continues; geography continues.

Yes, we are no longer pre-mets, but the immediate change stops there. The work is the same—only the goal is new.

Caesar said, "The die is cast." Ours was cast . . . and then broken. Now we are in a new mold. One that is broader but no more significant.

We now represent an insurance policy on a small part of this nation's worth. This policy will mature upon graduation. At that time we will be spent as needed—at the front, in the lab, behind the desk. We have become expendable.

Gustavus Adolphus college library will get \$100,000 this year from the Augustana synod centennial thank offering.

A pre-meteorology school has been established at the University of North Carolina under guidance of army air corps.

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COMMUNIQUE

ASTU trainees will attend the student assembly at McArthur court Friday night. Study periods and classes will be dismissed.

Sunday night study periods will be discontinued for the ASTU, effective Sunday, October 10.

Note:—In a recent edition of the Emerald, mention was made of "G-I Wives." Married members of the soldier-students maintain that their wives are not government issue.

Khaki and Lace

Every fall about this time we find at least one issue of the old daily littered with all sorts of propaganda concerning what our well-dressed coed should and should not wear. There was a time when the male BDOC rated a little article too—okay, so it was just a meek little fill-in on the back of page 11—but it did recognize our presence on the campus. But now, veiled by the flimsy pretext that the campus male is a thing of the past, coeds all over the country are seeking to take away even that small favor. I admit that those slide rule rookies may not seem human at times (just try being bombarded by periodic tables, coefficients of friction, and radicals day after day and if it doesn't have you doing things . . . well, it will!) But the soldier-student does have a wardrobe, so how about a little publicity for that fact?

No matter where he is or what he is doing, you'll find the ASTU man dressed for the occasion. At work, at play, or at that winter formal, he is always in the prescribed attire (prescribed by Memorandum No. 3984721, War Dept. Order No. 43 and enforced under Article of War 211.) Exceptions: Athlete's foot, pouches, and hangovers.

For those sessions in the classroom, Pfc. Gee Eye has emphasized comfort. Warm?—then there's a sunny little outfit in o.d. that will have you squirming with delight (?). It's complete with gay Long Beach tie and an item that has become the rage

Band's Opening To Star ASTU Professionals

The sharpest army dance band in this part of the state will swing out for the first time Friday night at the first all-campus assembly of the year. Nine professional jivemen are among the soldier-swingsters in the new campus organization.

Organized only three weeks ago, the outfit boasts Ralph Sutton, nationally-known boogie-woogie pianist from Jack Teagarden's orchestra, and Marvin Rice, ex-saxman for Art Jarrett and Tommy Tucker. When Bud Spence, business manager, rounds up his full crew it will include six brass, five saxmen, four men in the rhythm section, and a vocalist.

Former professionals with the GI swingsters include Owen Bailey, trombone "frontman"; "Whitney" White, drummer; "Hot Lips" Getch, trumpet; and Bob Stotler, trumpet. The sax lineup lists Jack Blumenthal, former New York artist; "Ace" Felberg, alto saxman deluxe; and Rice.

The army men have a fast-growing library including many Glenn Miller arrangements and some Count Basie, Larry Clinton, and Artie Shaw specials. campus jazzhounds can hear the new outfit Saturday, October 16, in the first of a series of "military balls."

Although handicapped by lack of practice time, the new orchestra probably has the finest material available in this part of the state. Four men from the air corps play with the band, and the remainder are army engineers.

of the A-G-D house—known in more literary circles as a "field jacket."

And then there's "play," a term invented by certain non-military rectangles to describe drill, detail, and physical unconditioning. For this type of activity Pfc. Gee Eye has dreamed up a delightful little lounging suit. (Note to Mr. Gee Eye—Why not switch to Postum.) Commonly known as "fatigues," this suit comes in colors of green, faded green, and gray—green all washed out—and is worn either as a tight form fit or expansive droop suit with a dribbling shape. To top off the whole thing, there's a little wash-tub detail known as a hat. This, like the rest of the suit, comes in two sizes—too big or too small.

But Pfc. Gee Eye was in the full height of his glory when he turned his attention to formal and dress attire. Any designer can dream up something different, but it takes a real artist to produce a work item that will admit its wearer to a full dress formal. Pfc. Gee Eye got the Tucson Chamber of Commerce Distinctive Service Medal for incorporating the work design into a dress suit. The only perceptible a dress suit. The only perceptible night suit has been pressed within the past two weeks. Sunday—same outfit minus blouse and press.

See, American coed, we also have a wardrobe, not so colorful perhaps, but still a wardrobe—one displayed by, not just one, but a thousand BDOC's. If you'll but recognize this fact, we'll be only too happy to admit that "it's not the clothes that count, but who the clothes are wearing!"

Women, 5 to 1!

Columnist Profers Arms for Victory

By JOE COOLEY

Soldiers always talk about one of three things—drinking, the war, or women. They tell me you can't get anything to drink in Eugene. And they tell me it's best to let the boys do the fighting, do the talking. Now that that's settled, here goes.

First of all, you Oregon women should arise and take arms. You've been ignored completely and sold down the river for a bunch of land forms. For the first three weeks of class, we heard a lot about Skinner's and Spencer's buttes, but no one ever told us about Oregon's 1148 Beauts. They told us about fossils and tertiary rocks, but not a hint did we get of the wonders that nature (plus Coty, Charles of the Ritz, and a wide variety of sweaters) performs right here on the campus.

Incidentally, in the last paragraph it was suggested that the Oregon women arise and take arms. Anyone lacking the prescribed equipment can report to Susan Campbell hall, where 200 pairs of arms are ready for use. And another thing—this looks like the ideal time to deny the Emerald-published hoax that the foreign area and language men are old and bearded, and that they speak with broken accents.

It's true that the ravages of time have taken their toll on a few who must now forsake hik-

ing and canoeing for the more sedate parlor-type games. BUT, gals, there's really a lot of life in the old boys yet, not to coin a phrase. We've all passed literacy tests, and shave daily. So it can only be a plot on the part of those sprightly and vivacious young engineers and pre-met boys to freeze us out. Lets not forget, that men—like wine—improve with age. (Or so I've been trying to convince myself for the past five years.)

When this article was first proposed it was going to be a story about Pfc. Average Guy in the FAL section of ASTU program. Yesterday morning when the Emerald led off with a headline: MEN SWAMPED BY COEDS, 5-1, Pfc. Average Guy saw it and thought: "Gee, these Oregon guys must be lousy ball-players if the girls can beat them." Then he read the story, got mad, and said: "Where do I go for my five coeds?" Somebody must have mine, because my five haven't reported.

If there hasn't been any point to this whole thing, blame it on my youth. Sixteen years spent without the benefit of coeds, even in grammar school, have left their mark. One of these days, a sweater will become just a ball of yarn that has a different form, and the wild look in my eyes will gradually give away to one of contentment.



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