

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Tonight at 9:30 . . .

Everybody's got a date tonight. It's maybe not the best time in the world—but fellas, that's when you get out, remember?

If you want to find out who goes where, turn to the front page, what we have to say about this evening open house hasn't much to do with that.

Practically everyone has worked on this 'deal.' Soldier students on the coordinating committee, and the executive committee had the final say. They figured tonight's pocket edition dance was the best immediate chance for beautiful friendships. The best thing about it that it is fairly well developed and planned. Each group of men has a definite place to go, the girls expect them. Shades of the old Bunion Derby.

The worst that can be said about it is that it was whipped up in practically no time at all. That's nobody's worry though now that the house schedule is figured out.

Soldier representatives and civilian student officers seem to be finding out what the score is. The soldier's time schedule is one inflexible thing, University customs and rules fall into the same line. But it appears the committees are getting the puzzle pieces into shape.

—M.M.

About Face . . .

The Saturday open house was a flop and a success.

The former allegation refers to the affair from the point of attendance by the fellows in whose honor the open house was given—the soldier students. They didn't come. Now we know that they couldn't come.

The success side of the declaration treats of the girls. This is no attempt to become a kow-towing fairy godmother to man's second-best friends, as those who venture further will discover. But "credit where credit is due" can be a truth as well as a proverb.

Not only did the girls come (be it known, of course, that they had to be there and didn't have to go anywhere to get there), but they showed an attitude entirely different from that of previous years.

The girls showed a sincere desire that the open house be a success. They tried their utmost to make it one. And they were disappointed when that success did not materialize.

Here was their chance to prove untrue some, not too complimentary statements that had been hurled against them. That they succeeded in part is evidenced by the statements of the men who attended the affair.

* * *

For the first time the girls really wanted those aching tendons on the back of heels that have stood the strain of two hours continuous dancing; wanted to ask the same inane "and where did YOU come from" questions that form the advance reconnaissance of get-acquainted strategy; wanted the imprints on toes of other toes that in no way resemble those of F. Astaire.

Saturday there were three Theta members, not pledges, standing on their lawn begging for a man to come in and join the hen party; wondering if they should go down to the Side to ask a few. That is revolution. Thetas are not like that.

The Kappas had their best candidates for dentistry awards stationed at the green screen door, waiting anxiously for the many males who did not come. The Alpha Chis had an attendant in uniform, if skirt and sweater may be considered a uniform, peering through the "speakeasy slot" in their front door to give advance warning of a man's approach.

The DGs had only one table of bridge in the front room of Mt. Vernon, and enough glamor in the front hall to attract the man in the moon on his day off. The perennially vivacious Pi Phis again dispelled the contentions of sister organizations that men do not like to be cut in on.

And so it went, all down the line. Space alone forbids mention of all the please-'em schemes devised by the co-ops, sororities, and dorms alike.

The girls really "showed."

If such a sincere attitude toward making the student soldiers feel at home is continued on the part of Oregon's feminine "element" those boys and the entire University will have a very successful and enjoyable year to look back on.

—C.P.

A Frosh Speaks

By EVA HEDRICK
Freshman

Every night the same old thing: We poor miserable waifs, are shoved bodily up the back stairs to our rooms when the dates arrive. WHY can't we see what a man looks like? How do they expect us to act when we get out in life and have to confront these strange creatures of the opposite gender. I can see it now, we will be going up to "them" and saying: "You man?—me woman!"—How about that?

Frenzy Is a State

Now that I have gotten myself worked up to this state of frenzy I shall delve into another morbid morsel—

Every waking hour when we are unlucky enough not to have a safe class to seek sanctuary in, we are but gently heaved into a vault known as the study room at the libe (we freshmen are still unsophisticatedly calling it the "library.")

A few are lucky enough to sit by a window and are able to breathe with comparative ease. I always seem to be happily requisitioned to a dank musty corner. Never daunted, I am working on an idea whereby I will be able to breathe through an expandable reed.

I Laugh No More

I laughed when they told me to practice a "Cinder Annie" act with a mop and pail, but now the laugh is on the other foot. How laughs get on feet, we will never know.

My mop and I are constantly disagreeing because when I want to go one way, it wants to go somewhere else. I have to watch it when the argument becomes too bitter (as arguments with mops often do) or I usually get a sound belt on the shins from its more indignant extremity.

I have been sounding off, but bravely, so maybe I had better crawl back in my little hole and think this out.—I'll take my cracker with cheese this time, please.

And in Exchange

"The Daily Californian" reports that 400 students of the University of California will work as extras in a movie to be filmed in Oakland. All students except freshman women, who were banned because of rulings by their living organizations, are allowed to work at the location.

"The average college girl wastes thirty-one hours each week," according to Mrs. Lottie Kirby, associate dean of women at Indiana university. A panel discussion of personal adjustment was held and several coeds offered suggestions for utilizing precious time by making out a strict work-and-play schedule and following it daily.—Indiana Daily Student.

Last week's exchange contained a note concerning a woman being sent to college by her son. Santa Ana Junior college has two mother and daughter teams who are entering college this fall. One mother with two daughters for classmates is majoring in psychology and history; the other mother and daughter team is a music and English major.—El Don, SAJC.

"It shall be unlawful for any person to locate or maintain a cemetery or burial ground for any purpose of burying any human body, or the burying of any human body, within three-quarters of a mile of the University. Each person shall be guilty of a gross misdemeanor for each and

A Slip of the Lip

By PEG HEITSCHMIDT and BOBBI BEALER

Open House was loads of fun, huh? That's the kind of pep we like to see, fellas!—too bad so many of the gals were away at home last week-end—but that problem can be solved with an encore.

How about that Pi Phi picnic last weekend? All the happy hikers returned with that horrible plague better known as poison oak.

Delta Gamma divulged Marguerite Losli's engagement to a Chicago man this week. And Phi Delt Rog Wiley has been down two weekends in a row to date Mary Ellsworth before he departs for Victory. With him has come "Dutch" Simmons of the same house. Then there's the one about the two Betas—Jack Warrens and George Blake—who visit Deegee Ginny Howard quite frequently.

News of visitors and who is doing what is always intriguing, especially to the feminine reader. Bob Ferris, Phi Delt, has a smooth job with Pan-American airways in Portland now, we hear. Bob Tramp, Sigma Chi, and now with the army air corps, is visiting our fair grounds for a week, and he really looks tops. Wally Borrevik, also Sigma Chi, drifted into the Side the other eve looking chipper as ever.

Smooth Mechanics

Seen with Tri-Delt Pat Bowers on various and sundry occasions is Bob Rath, a smoothie from the engineers.

From various sources, we discover that Art Hosfeldt, Sigma Chi, is expected down this week-end, all of which gladdens the heart of Theta Teddy Nicolai considerably.

Glad tidings and pealing bells for DG's Mickey Mitchell and Pi Kap Jimmy Richmond who took the decisive leap Saturday, October 2.

Mueller Escapes

Bob Hope, Phi Delta Theta, leaves the campus maidens with tears in their eyes, as he pre-

pares to join Uncle Sam's forces. Deltman Bob "pre-med" Mueller is buzzing around la campus, having recently escaped from the infirmary.

Among old Oregon students noted at Saturday's naval dance at Willamette U. were Montez Moreland, last year's Hendricks hall glamour girl, and old steady Jack Hannam, Sig Ep, and now a naval V-12'er.

Call 'Em Nuptials

Mary Jane Terry, Pi Phi, has announced her engagement to Bill Rodman, a Eugene real estate man, and Oregon grad. Nice set up! Also engaged is Harry Miller, last year's Sig Ep prexy, to a li'l red-headed gal from Kansas City university. And some real news for those who are going to Portland the 23rd is the marriage on that day of Jean Daniels, Theta, to Sigma Chi Bob Curtis.

Once again, ye olde Pentan Room was alive with mirth and song, as various couples cavorted and danced. Among those present were DU Breen Murphy and AXO Barbara Carter—also Bob, Sigma Chi, Smith, and Ellie, KKG, Jacobs.

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