

KHAKI CLIPS

ad lib
by yutch

harlowe bohn finally is out of the hospital . . . quite a long stay he had . . . (the nursing staff: miss church, miss wasem, etc., kept him amused) . . . ha . . . ha.

new order in the 51st aafstd foreshadows the day when the headtable . . . hitherto reserved for officers . . . will be reserved for those patient few who will not yet be officers . . .

smell of football in the saturday afternoon and we went to a game . . . rough and tumble . . . tumble . . . the a.s.t.u. boys looked aggressive but ragged . . . the great disappointment was tackle pedersen (mannerheim line of the a.s.t.u. who turned out to be more of a barbed-wire entanglement) . . . but a scrappy little guard . . . no. 33 on your score card . . . did a fine job. . .

on to the night game . . . the dance at the igloo . . . sgt. page and wife . . . a couple of 'gates for sure . . . did you hear jack, the new york tenor-sax man schmaltze a colman hawkins on "body and soul" . . . requested by al young and his alpha phi . . . bob brandt escorted a statuesque creature in white and an orchid.

ow it can be told: at the "hello dance one of the boys enjoyed himself with a 'blind date' who said . . . we quote" . . . "oh, i don't mind dating like this, i've worked in a u.s.o. before" . . . we unquote . . . then for contrast there was the bubbling young thing who gurgled: "gee, it's nice to go on a date with a fella again" . . .

lower study hall in the libe has a "table for incorrigibles" insti-

STAFF

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COMMUNIQUE

For the convenience of any men looking for news of their home campuses, the editor has made available copies of her file in the journalism building.

Your co-editors have been troubled with the overline on this page. We ask your suggestions for a new permanent title. The phrase should indicate the military scope of the page and yet must be short. Two words, totaling not more than 15 letters, will probably be most satisfactory.

Turn in suggestions to your section leaders or to one of the co-editors. The G. I. guy whose phrase is used will receive an interview and big personality coverage by Dick Murway, ace air corps columnist.

The rumor that it will rain every time the flights or sections fall out in raincoats is entirely unfounded. The army has not yet requisitioned precipitation.

tuted by the kindergarten monitor-system that l . . . h . . . and l . . . are enforcing . . . the major offenders, seated under harris' nose and forbidden to speak, are: nemerowe, crew chief; bernstein, co-pilot; fisher, navigator; anderson, bombardier; bevins, tail gunner; and hodgson, chief riveter . . .

a brass inlaid potential flight member offered a pint of his blood . . . was refused at the blood bank . . . but did his bit by visiting a local garage and giving a prestone transfusion to a car radiator . . . anything to help, that's the spirit, bill . . .

the blood that charles (atlas) illick offers is powerful stuff . . . it would give any ordinary man about twice the mileage per pint of plasma . . .

yutch

The University of Virginia is appropriately observing the bicentennial of the birth of its founder—Thomas Jefferson.

FELLAS!

Meet your girl here Friday night for that extra special coke date.

Give her one of our delicious toasted cheese sandwiches and you'll really rate.

THE
LEMON-O
Cor. 18th and Alder
"Doc" Ireland, Prop.

Hail to Thee, Blithe Spirits

Before reading any further, scratch behind your left ear . . . Now that you have done that, and if you are a faithful reader you will have, you may quit reading if you care to, for this is going to be a clean story . . . and if you aren't going to quit just to get in the true spirit of this story, go wash your hands.

. . . Do it; don't, you don't want to taint this story, do you? And if you do, don't read it. This story is not intended for your sort if you're that sort—and if you don't wash your hands you are that sort.

Now that these few formalities are over with, I bid a gracious hello to the few persevering readers that have forged ahead to this point. (For more effect again scratch behind left ear.)

Now, Story:

In the year 1943 there laughed a blonde sophisticate on the University of Oregon campus. She was young. She was beautiful. She was reminiscent of that period of the shining star that the knight of the round table so often gave his one pint of blood for—if he weighed over 135 (out of armor). And so let you vision the fairest of all wenches and she still will not compare with Irene. (Irene is the name of the young sophisticate who is so wonderful in case I didn't mention it before and you are wondering who Irene is.)

In physics class the students went to the blackboard. Each put a name above his work. Weber wrote E. L. Iloff above his work. Lutton labeled his work "L. A. Weber." Futsher wrote Chas. Illick above his problem and Smith gave credit to "Igor Skavinsky" . . . So on all around the blackboard . . . no man actually signed his own work . . . (in that respect it resembled a test). Came to discuss the problems and Dr. Wilson (cagy pedagogue that he is) decided to grade the men on their board work. Iloff got credit for Weber's work, Weber for Lutton's efforts, Illick got the grade Futsher deserved (confusing, isn't it?) . . . all but Smith. Smith got nothing. There was no "Igor Skavinsky" listed on the Flight F roster. Flight F is in the air corps.

Since the middle ages a wooden mallet, pounded on each staircase, has been the signal for rising at Worcester college, Oxford.

Cadet Henry Wolf, of the ASTP and a former pre-law student at the University of Wisconsin, was elected president of the Purdue university union board.

Khaki and Lace

Walt Olson

You ain't got money,
You ain't got looks;
So you better carry
Your own darn books.

The above pome was enclosed for the benefit of all you poetry lovers. If you don't like it, try a course in English lit. If you still don't like it . . . well, I'll be out of range anyway.

Men sing of their Kappas; they rave about their Alpha Chi's; they drift into slumber at night to the lullaby of angels (known in the daytime as Pi Phis). Those DG eyes haunt them; those Theta lips gray their hair; Gamma Phi beauty drives them ever towards madness. And they still live on!—Live on to wail out their mournful tale to the moon and Dr. Anthony from high atop Skinner's Butte.

Just what are these creatures called "sorority girls"? And what is this thing called a "sorority"? To "Pat" Murphy it's a nice place to rest after a hard day in physics lab (with ALL the desirable fixtures.

To the girls, well, there are different versions. The little pledge will tell you that it's where mother sends her darling daughter 'cause she knows she'll be a good girl there—this with one eye fixed fearfully on the upraised clubs in the hands of twenty or thirty sorority sisters gathered round. To Sophie the Soph it's "The place where all the frat boys gather for recreation." From Miss Junior: "What do you think I come to school for anyway—an education?" And the senior—oh well, who believes a senior anyway!

All of which brings forth this daffynition of a "sorority girl": A human, or at least living, being who, under the pretext of seeking an education, endeavors to induce the male specie to concentrate its attention upon her and, by such induction, ultimately tears down the morale and individualism of said male specie. P.S. Who cares about morale and individualism anyway?

Generally Speakin' ;
Orchids to you, Oregon coed, for throwing open your doors to campus military personnel. Those house parties "hit the spot."

Hear ye! Hear ye! Let it be known that both "Smoothie" Bob Rath and B. T. O. Pence reside on first floor, Unit I of John Straub hall. All social calls welcome!!!

A message from the chaplain to the fellows: If she looks young, she's old; if she looks old, she's young; if she looks back, follow her!

ASTU Waddle Smoothing Out

By DAVID PIERCE

As the ASTU "Brainbusters" swing into their second game, the team shapes up nicely into a clean, hard-hitting outfit. Timing in the backfield likewise is being smoothed. The team is beginning to work together to rope "Stacio's Stallions" from the cavalry.

The ends last week were particularly outstanding. Big, jovial Leo Martin, who snagged that pass from Jay Wisner to set up the lone army score, seems to have been throwing a little himself. Scene of action: the steps of the ADPI house last Saturday night.

Vandor Objects

Vandor, the Duck wingman, has asked this scribe to make public his name is all one word, Vandor.

Chuck Norris, now gridding it out in the pill palace, got rather a complimentary remark from his PE instructor for one of his downfield tackles. Seems that the comment was, "That's the first time I've seen big Norris move all year."

Pinnick Laid Up

Bob Pinnick, romping fullback, will be out of action this week because of a sprained ankle. He figures he wants to save it and get in on the next tilt.

Tuesday night Coach Warren had the gridders work out in the field house just off McArthur court. It was rumored that it might rain. The dope sheet's prognostication is that the threat of rain will not again interfere with practice of the Webfoot gridmen.

McDONALD
"OKLAHOMA KID"
with James Cagney
and Humphrey Bogart
"THE GOOD FELLOWS"
with Cecil Kellaway

REX
Betty Grable and
George Montgomery in
"CONEY ISLAND"
"JOHNNY DOUGHBOY"
with Jane Withers

HELLIG
Warner Baxter in
"CRIME DOCTOR"
"SILVER SPURS"
with Roy Rogers

MAYFLOWER
'The Sky's the Limit'
Fred Astaire
Joan Leslie



'IT'S TIME TO GO STEPPING IN MY NEW

MAGIC STRIDES

We've been busy all day, my pretty Magic Strides and I . . . but are we tired? I should say not! Magic Strides' comfort features may be hidden, but my feet certainly can feel 'em! And they're so cleverly styled, I can wear them from dawn through datetime!

6.50

Rationed—bring Shoe Coupon with you.

Montgomery Ward

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