

The Cutting Room

By BILL BUELL

"Thank Your Lucky Stars" is like stew. It contains a little bit of everything, not very much of anything.

The picture stars Eddie Cantor, Betty Davis, Humphrey Bogart, John Garfield, Ida Lupino, Ann Sheridan, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Dinah Shore, Joan Leslie, Dennis Morgan, Don Daniel, Alexis Smith, Hattie McDaniel, Edward Everett Horton, S. Z. Sakall, a cigar store Indian, and assorted dogs.

Names Walk On

Most of these big names merely walk onto the screen, sing a song, and walk off again. Bogart doesn't even sing. He just walks on, looks around, says a few words, and walks off.

Eddie Cantor plays the leading part in the so-called story that is supposed to bind this series of isolated scenes together. In fact, he plays both leading parts. He is: (1) a burlesque of himself, filled with stale jokes, who wants to dress chorus girls as boiled potatoes and have them dive into a vat of sour cream; (2) a frustrated dramatic actor who can't get a job because he looks too much like Eddie Cantor.

A Long Succession

"Thank Your Lucky Stars" is principally one long succession of song and dance acts. Some of them exhibit the worst taste made public since the erection of Villard hall.

Spike Jones, who has inspired a considerable number of musicians to ram their heads through brick walls, is displayed in all his washboard and cowbell glory. Cantor struggles through a number called "Doing the Patriotic Thing," the lyrics of which sound like a combination of an eighth grader's prize essay on "Why We Should Cooperate With the Ration Board" and page one of any 10 cent joke magazine.

But most of the acts are very good.

Why Little Girls Scream

Dinah Shore sings "Thank Your Lucky Stars," "The Dreamer," and "How Sweet You Are." If Frank Sinatra does to the feminine sex what Dinah Shore does to us we know why little girls scream.

Ann Sheridan vocalizes "Love Isn't Born, It's Made," a lyric with extremely interesting connotations. "That's why every window has a window shade," Miss Sheridan explains as the muscles beneath her smooth-fitting dress ripple most ecstatically.

Also good are Bette Davis's half-sung, half-acted rendition of "They're Either Too Young or Too Old," and Errol Flynn's version of a braggart cockney pub-dweller singing "That's What You Jolly Well Get."

But these acts are near the end of the picture. By that time we were so tired of watching song and dance routines that we just sat there, patiently and unresponsively, wondering when the end would come.

Don't Slack

(Continued from page one)
Wright; Kappa Kappa Gamma, Nancy Bush; Kappa Alpha Theta, Phyllis Evans; Pi Beta Phi, Barbara McClung; Sigma Kappa and Hillcrest lodge, Mary Corrigan; Highland house, Wynetta Ruth Cramer; Hilyard house, Cloydéen Darby; Lombardy lodge, Betty Strauss; Mill lodge, Pat Gantry; Hawthorne lodge, Janet Douglas, and Casablanca lodge, Alice Druskin.

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Hi, Soldiers!

We didn't have the traditional Oregon welcome mat down, we couldn't have the band and the cheers, but none of you have to be told how we felt when you got in. Nobody has to tell you how much it means that you juniors are back. The sight of one "old" face was worth a million pep talks on any subject you could name.

In these days, the fact that about forty men who left for military training last summer can come back to the old haunts is worth nothing short of a miracle. And we're proud it happened that way. More than any other group you bridge the gap between the new and the old. The new is the changed order of things, and the shakeup it has brought.

Your present status actually has nothing to do with Oregon as a campus, you are soldier students. The old is life as it used to be.

But the best parts of what we like to remember about the peace days clings. You, as Oregon men returning to the campus in uniform, will remember much of the old ways, and you will have a great deal to demonstrate concerning the new.

* * *

No, we didn't have the band out, we didn't even know which train was yours. You marched up the street instead of catching a ride with some pal, you are living in one house instead of the many organizations which you used to represent, you are marching into the class rooms you saw for the first time three years ago. But there is one thing to count on, those who knew you before and those who have never known you felt pretty darned glad. Hi, soldiers, and welcome home.

—M.M.

Another Gimme?

"Now they want us to contribute to the World Student Service fund. Every time you turn around, you have to donate to something. I'm getting tired of hearing nothing but gimme." So wail Oregon students.

It's no fun asking for donations for something—not even for a cause like the World Student Service fund. Soliciting for money is hard work. People don't like being requested to give up the cash which they cling to so lovingly—and they don't like those who ask it of them. Nor do people like being told they ought to contribute money to some fund. Words like "contribute" and "donation" set up an automatic "no" reponse in the hearer.

* * *

Those who ask for donations get tired, too. Bell-ringing, button-holing, and canvassing torture the feet and weary the brain. But they remember the reasons they are asking for money. They remember the work that money will do. And they go on asking for more.

"I put all my money into war bonds. Shouldn't we buy bonds instead of giving to the WSSF?" queries a quibbler.

That's like saying we should sleep rather than eat. We have to do both. We must buy war bonds, of course, but we must also give all that we can to the significant work of building a better world. Perhaps the "better world" will have to wait till after the war for actual construction, but the framework can be made now. The foundation for the framework is called education, and education is the purpose of the World Student Service fund.

"Well, that's all very true, I guess, but I've already given my share."

Behind the barbed wire and within the stone walls of enemy prison camps are American soldiers, sailors and marines. They did their share, and their only thought now is to get out and do it all over again. Meanwhile, the World Student Service fund sends them books and supplies to make the hours of waiting seem shorter.



A Slip of the Lip

By PEG HEITSCHMIDT and BOBBI BEALER

'Twas a happy moment for the coeds Saturday when, at long last, the train bearing returning Junior ROTC men pulled into Eugene. In fact, it was hard to tell who's happier about the whole thing—the gals or the fellows. First on returned Sigma Chi Bill Lilly's list of things to do is a bona fide serenade, so prepare yourself, women!

- Oops, No Mattresses

War or no war, Hallowe'en pranks go on forever. Take, for example, the trick the Alpha Chi pledges pulled on their dignified upper-classmen. Picture a freezing sleeping porch with icy members climbing into bed only to find their mattresses gracefully dumped on the fire escape. Oh, well, that's life!

Alpha Chis Chuck Pelley and Lois McConkey were also honored with a traditional tubbing—brrrrr!

At the Chi O house, the femmes were busy chasing little (?) boys away from their doors, while the Tri-Delts were plunged into a total black-out when some character with an odd sense of humor pulled the master switch—hmmm, fun!

One Returned—One Will

Back in town last weekend was DU Hal Oman, now a big reporter on the Journal. Last year's senior class prexy, Ray Packouz, is also slated for a return trip to the campus in the near future.

Happy indeed Sunday were Phi Delt Jim Thayer and Pres Phipps of the ROTC, when they greeted brother Bill Skade, now wearing an ensign's stripe and home on leave. The boys hadn't figured on seeing each other again till after the war.

Oh So Solly

What would this column be without the customary apology paragraph? This time it's Marge Titus whose forgiveness we humbly ask—seems she's not a Pi Phi, but a Theta.

Attention all who profess to have talent: There should be an advertisement in today's Emerald, or one in the near future, about all who are interested in entertaining at local functions. We are on the "inside," and it sounds great!

But She's All Right

Dorrie Stein was scared into immobility when Oge "ROTC" Young surprised her by his arrival—she still chuckles gleefully to herself at odd moments, but she's all right, all right, all right.

On that next trip to the Eugene hotel, check cutie Marilyn Olsen who plays the violin with Holman's band. P.S.—She's an Alpha Chi pledge.

"Sultan" Bill Sinnott—he of the wavy locks—has been seen on various occasions squiring three of the local queens at the Eugene officers' club. Funny part of it is, the whole deal is strictly Dutch—just good friends, Bill claims.

Quickly getting to be a steady twosome are ADPi Faye "Stinky" Rice and Thomas B. Hewitt, one-time Beta at Cal, and now with the army engineers here.

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Co-op Rental Libe Proves Enigma

The student rental library and bookstore in the Co-op is one of those campus advantages which is either enthusiastically patronized or indifferently ignored. Blonde Mrs. Florence Jessup, librarian in charge since last May, handles the buying of all books for the department and, contrary to popular belief, has no difficulty in securing reading material, new or old.

Her clientele, of course, consists mainly of civilian and soldier students. In addition, books are rented by members of the faculty, housemothers, and a few townspeople.

Most Popular

According to Mrs. Jessup, the number of rentals this year compares favorably with the past in spite of the decrease in enrollment. Books foremost in popularity at present are: "The Robe" by Lloyd Douglas, Marquand's "So Little Time," Vincent Sheenan's "Between the Thunder and the Sun," and Eve Curie's "Journey Among Warriors."

There is a great revival in the demand for "War and Peace" by Tolstoy. Surprisingly, of the number of books purchased by the men in khaki, the preference runs to volumes of poetry. Although not as favored as more literary types, humorous and detective stories receive their due as pure entertainment reading.

The library's rental fee is one dollar a year or three to five cents a day, according to the type of book.

When questioned as to the merits of student renters, Mrs. Jessup admits that they are cooperative and careful in book-handling but calls attention to the one exception—the disregard for new books on the display tables in the Co-op aisles. The unintentional damaging of these volumes acts as a boomerang to the student—in other words, less profit in the store, less discount on purchases.

Rollins college recently celebrated its 58th anniversary.

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