

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## Coed Couriers

Over the door of the New York City post office is a tribute to and a commentary on the efficient service of that city's mailmen. Its familiar lines read, "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

The University of Oregon campus has its faithful couriers too—three coeds who have volunteered to operate a mailing station in the Co-op. No longer must Oregon students trudge two weary miles to the downtown postoffice to mail laundry and other packages. Now Webfoots need only carry their packages to the mailing service on the balcony of the Co-op, pay a few cents for stamps and handling charges, and leave their parcels. Three capable coed mailmen will take care of the rest.

The idea of a package mailing station in the Co-op is not new. The plan was first conceived last year. In previous years students had mailed their packages at a sub-station in a nearby drug store. When a shortage of help forced the closing of this sub-station, a mailing station was opened in the Co-op. It was operated then by two men students.

The mailing service will become even more of a service very shortly. For the benefit of soldier students who wish to mail packages but cannot do so between 3 and 5 o'clock on weekdays or 10 and 12 on Saturdays, the mailing station will remain open between 12:30 and 1 p.m. three days a week. The new schedule will be announced later this week.

University students should be grateful to their coed couriers, for they are performing a real service by "the swift completion of their appointed rounds." —J.N.

## Personal History

Sometimes, when the news of the war pours in too thick and too fast, when even remembering the battle names and the general geography of the war is a difficult thing—sometimes we are justified in wishing that the history books not yet written were spread before us. It would be so simple in comparison, if we could say, "these trends dominated the war in November, 1943," and then enumerate the A, B, C facts.

But nothing like that can happen right now, no authority would dare to assert that his present opinions will not be molded later, reorganized, modified, reversed.

There is a next best thing, however. Each person reads different commentaries, hears different broadcasts, thinks different thoughts from the person next to him. Woven into this are his own experiences in these times—the changes in his personality, actions, emotions. Not one person, then, is a duplicate in his reactions to this war period.

Each one is thus in a position to judge, and judge accurately how the war is going as far as he is concerned. In fact, such judgment is almost automatic, no one can possibly escape it.

Now, with this personal experience plus a great deal of reading and hearing, why cannot every person write his own mental history of the war?

\* \* \* \*

If the idea appears a little tedious, consider that we are living one of the great periods of history and that the traditional ostrich is a dull bird. Try to think, for example, of what we would tell our children if they were to ask us years from now, "What did you think of the Moscow conference when it happened in 1943?" Would we say, "Well, I don't remember very well, I was in school around that time. Kept me pretty busy."

That wouldn't sound too good. Especially if it turned out (as it very well could) that the Moscow conference statement released on November 1, 1943 was a turning point in international relations. Could we tell them what first struck us about the words "unity of action against a common foe," "cooperation on a practicable agreement with respect to post-war regulation of armaments" in the declaration?

If we aren't interested, we ought to remember that our children will be. The effects of this war will range into a much longer period than 20 or 50 years, and our children will want to know what their parents saw and felt in the midst of battle, or at home before the radio. It would be splendid if we could tell them. —M.M.

## 'University, Number Pliz'

The switchboard is the pulse of the University, and the girl who has her finger on the pulse is Vera Morgan.

This little lady sits down in the basement of Johnson hall and controls all calls to and from the University. She has nine outside "trunks," on her board to handle all calls coming into the University besides the numerous extensions within the campus.

During her two years at the University of Oregon switchboard, Miss Morgan has had many amusing questions asked her by perplexed students . . . so she has made a hobby of jotting down these questions.

### One Frail Asks

One frail coed plaintively asked:

"Can you tell me if it is proper to wear heels to the football games?" A prospective farmer called her and asked if she thought he was "getting taken" on a farm he was preparing to buy.

A cooking student inquired what she should do to keep the bugs off cabbage. A scholar called to find out if the Lone Ranger was on that night.

### "Do You Tutor?"

Some students even call and ask for help on their math or science problems.

In short she has to know everything from physics to how to cook a fish. Her job is not all amusement for through her desk go all calls that are vitally important in carrying on University work.

Since the soldiers have taken up residence here on the campus she has handled a very heavy load of long distance calls. Miss Morgan says she enjoys putting these calls through, for in doing so she knows that she is making some lonesome soldier very happy.

## Colds and Weight

(Continued from page one) groups this week: Highland house, University house, Laurel lodge, and Alpha Xi Delta.

Although it was previously announced that the soldiers would also donate, this will not be possible because of conflicting schedules of the doctor in charge of the blood bank and the free time of the soldiers.

## GI Thespians

(Continued from page one) into a complete evening's entertainment.

Music acts, song and dance acts, blackout sketches, one-act plays, and vaudeville sketches will make up the program.

All men who have already signed up, or any others interested should come to the meeting Thursday, Robinson said. The drama studio is the small building located behind Johnson hall.

## Dime-Digging Dinners

(Continued from page one) cooperate to make the plan a success. She added that there will be a meeting of the treasurers of all living organizations today at 4 o'clock at the Kappa Kappa Gamma house in connection with the drive.

Houses which participated in the drive this week were announced as follows: Delta Delta Delta, Alpha Chi Omega, Alpha Phi, Alpha Delta Pi, Delta Gamma, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Laurel lodge, Lombardy lodge, Casablanca lodge, Hawthorne lodge, Lombardy lodge, University house, and Alpha Xi Delta.

## A Slip of the Lip

By PEGGY HEITSCHMIDT and BOBBI BEALER

Attention, all our eager readers! From now on begins a regime in column "Lip That Slips"—one, we hope, which will meet with your approval.

The all-time complaint against gossip columns has been "too much about too few," and it's true. Certain organizations and individuals have received undue publicity, while others equally newsworthy, have been completely overlooked. Principal reason—six legs on three bodies—not enuf.

To right this wrong, we (Liz, Peg, and Bobbi) are embarking upon an experiment in complete campus coverage, lining up a representative in EVERY house on the campus to give us all the lowdown on what everybody's doing everywhere.

### No Spies in Here

This far-flung network of correspondents is just that. They are not spies, are not interested in finding out those personal tidbits which clutter up the rear corner of your handkerchief drawer. Feel free to tell them the news of your house. If it's "fit to print" we'll give it a nod.

In deference to the Democratic party's love of the alphabet we are calling our newsgathering service the OEI—office of Emerald information. Correspondents will be announced later.

This will take a little cooperation, kids, so how's about it?

### Ability Will Out

Our Oregon artists are really gaining recognition. While down at Camp Roberts, someone found out about Phi Psi Dave Stone's artistic ability, and immediately put him to work—painting garbage cans. There's more than one reason Dave's thankful to return to Oregon!

We've been scooped! Except for this: Raymond Cook, Campbell club prexy of last year, and an ensign at Northwestern, was on the campus last weekend, and asked Hilyard house's Blanche Svoboda the vital question. The answer is now evident in an engagement ring.

### "Irish Stew" Dates

A group of language students have their own morale-raising ideas. Come Saturday night, they call up a house on the campus, make sure a few gals'll be around, and half an hour later arrive on the scene for an "Irish stew" evening—of cards, dancing, exchanging talk, and generally getting acquainted. Lombardy lodge and University house have been thus honored the past two weeks. In this way, the fellows get around, the gals get to know who they wink at, and a lively evening is the result.

We also believe that the old flame never dies, as is evident by both Theta Chi Gordie (ROTC) Childs, and Lora Case, Pi Phi.

In town last weekend were Sigma Chi's second looie "Butch" Thompson of the infantry and ex-prexy of his house, and truck-drivin' Wally Borrevik.

### What, Again?

New triangle—or just more guess work? Jack Pennington, ATO, is finding some competition in recently returned ROTC Fiji Bill Farrell as to who-is-to-take-out-and-when, Chi O Betty Jones. Oh, confusion!

What about that quaint brown

"joe-college" hat that is now being worn by ATO Ed Allen? It seems it was (ahem) borrowed from Bob Smith, who had borrowed it from Dick Hanen, Sigma Chi. (ahem.)

## oh brother!

It happened on the campus!! Yes, a sergeant, on passing a superior officer, saluted same with his left hand (and none to briskly at that) as his right one was taking a heat treatment in his pocket.

P.S. A cigarette was in his mouth.

An ROTC cadet on reporting to the commanding officer said, without coming to attention or saluting, "Hello Lieuey," draped himself over the officer's desk and with one leg beating out the last eight bars of "Blues In The Night" added, "How's chances, getting out'a drill Saturday, want to go home for the weekend?"

A sergeant (possibly the aforementioned) passed a lieutenant and for recognition gave the officer a hearty pat on the back accompanied by the exclamation, "Hi, doc, what's cookin'?"

An ROTC cadet after being briskly, if not firmly called from the ranks was pleasantly asked by the officer in charge not to start any more fires on the campus. (Something might burn up that way, he said.)

An ROTC cadet reported to his superior officer and asked for a 16-hour pass. When asked why he wanted a pass the cadet claimed, "I take English composition, sir."

These situations, and others equally as strange and equally as un-military, took place on the campus the first of the week. Of course, there are lots of reasons floating around why they weren't corrected or an issue made of them, but the reason we like the best (and it's possibly the right one) is that all these military night-mares took place in a regular military demonstration class to show the correct and otherwise procedures in recognizing and speaking to a superior officer.



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