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Letters to the Editor

Compton Junior College
Compton, California
Nov. 1, 1943

Dear Editor:

... thinking it only "reet" and proper for the mighty Oregon lads and lassies to share this "bit of you'll find out," I talked myself into sending this masterpiece dedicated to the ASTPs all over the world. This morsel was sent to me via Alabama by those "never say die" Fijis Dick and Ed Atiyeh. I hope this doesn't cause too much furore among the Oregon ASTPs (after all, the ASTPs are fine men—I'm one.)

This can be sung only to the tune of "On Zerbrowskerwitz High"...

ASTP Chant

Take down that service flag, darling,
Your fellow's in ASTP.
I'll never get hurt by a slide-rule,
So that gold star never need be.

I'm just "Joe College" in khaki,
More boy scout than soldier—me.
So take down that service flag,
honey,
I'm still in ASTP.

We study so-o-o hard at the Libe
To work up to B-3.
A glass of ah'coke in one hand,
And a Eugene belle on one knee.

You know I work hard on my
physics,
On history and geography.
So cheer up, my sweet, don't
worry,
And in time I'll be a big P.F.C.

I learn English and Banking in
pool halls,
And by Braille (remainder of this
line unfortunately lost. Copy
upon request.)

I'm getting a broad education
In this glorified ROTC.

They starve me to death in the
mess hall
And run me to death in P.E.
And then they expect me to
study.
This guy is in ASTP.

I'm willing to fight for my coun-
try,
But can't till "I get a degree."
So take down that service flag,
darling,
I'm still in the ASTP.

The End (with many apologies
to ASTPs).

Oregon luminaries gracing the
campus are Wesley Jackson, Dean
Sempert (of last year's frosh
basketball team), Irving Potter,
the Emerald "hubba" man Harry
Glickman, and "Pride of the Phi
Delts" Dan Krieger... and how
we miss ol' U. of O.
Paul Basche, '45.

Lose Something?

Students having lost articles
recently should make inquiries at
the lost and found office in the
heating plant, it was announced.

Articles found last week were:
11 bandanas, one kid and one
cloth glove, three pairs of glass-
es, one of which was in a green
case and was found on 13th
street, a ruler and a compass.

Textbooks which were brought
to the office are: College Spell-
ing, Intermediate Algebra, Eng-
lish Composition, Rational Theol-
ogy, and Three Dialogues Be-
tween Hylas and Philonous.
Many memo and notebooks were
also turned in.

Michigan's famed Willie Hes-
ton scored more than 110 touch-
downs from 1901 to 1905.

Easy Does It...

We're in the midst of the World Student Service fund drive, we have just finished a cigarette drive, and a book drive is beginning. Before long the Christmas seal campaign will begin, the dime-digging dinners and scrap drives are becoming weekly procedures in the majority of living organizations.

All of these money or material-raising drives have worthy objectives. They mean a great deal if and when they are successful. More worry and headaches, more telephone calls and conferences go into each dollar contributed than the average student realizes.

But if students' pocketbooks and time are to be considered, may we suggest a little more cooperation on the dates at which these drives occur? One drive at one time, carried through to successful conclusion, is more valuable than three or four drives going on at once, with only mediocre results.

Reports made to the executive council should always include definite weeks during which an organization's project will be put over to avoid overlapping. In the case of the war board's cigarette drive, this report was not made, consequently the WSSF drive went temporarily by the board.

Student leaders ought to cooperate and confer with one another so that each group may have a fair chance to complete its particular service schedule. Campus contributors can be generous with cigarettes, books, money, stamps, and coat hangers, but they cannot be generous with these items when the drives are piled on within only a few weeks.

Like the famous cartoon of two donkeys trying to reach water by pulling in opposite directions, it is plain that students can make successful drives only if they go together.

—M.M.

Back to the Cocoon?

Custom and tradition is a two-headed animal. We cannot live without these cultural Siamese twins. They are the foundation of a stable, well-functioning society. They are the roots from which an integrated culture is evolved.

But custom and tradition must be broken if progress is to continue clearing a path into the wilderness that is the future. Progress cannot be halted, slowed, or bogged down by traditional ways of life MERELY because these practices have become an established part of our social setup.

Tradition must have a constructive reason for living or it must die, a victim of the irresistible march of progress. In truth, of course, tradition is not destroyed at all; the old behavior habit is simply replaced by a new one.

But some people do not want their old behavior habits changed, no matter how useless or antiquated they may be. They want to fold their napkins the same way they have always folded them. They want to eat peas with a fork just the way their mother's mother had been taught by Emily Post's mother's mother. They are against progress on the grounds that it is something different, something that their fathers had been against because it was something different.

And this is no fairy story. America today is filled with groups of these progress saboteurs. They want America to win the war, lose the peace by climbing back into its own steam-heated, plush-carpeted cocoon when the Japs and Germans no longer a menace to our way of life, there to stay while the world blissfully goes to pot again. Say these noble Americans, "Let the wrecks that are Poland, Czechoslovakia, Greece, and France sow the seeds of decay again in the fertilizer that is their present shambles."

We at the University are supposed to be interested in the future of America. That, we are told, is what we are fighting to preserve. Let us look to that preservation with constructive plans for the peace to follow, plans that involve progress, not retrogression to the state of the cocoon.

—C.P.

Up From UO

By PEGGY OVERLAND

He climbed the ladder to success on what he was advised would ruin him if he didn't correct it—poor grades. That doesn't sound like much sense but then Edgar "Buck" Buchanan, '25, didn't specialize in sensible living. He liked having a good time, and so far as he was concerned, sweating over a high GPA didn't figure in that. And so he became an actor.

Buchanan's arrival into the ranks of the top-flight stars was never preceded by the "starving in a garret" period. This man of whom Mark Hellinger once commented, "a gentleman named Edgar Buchanan is a potential star if ever I saw one," began his precocious career back in his undergraduate days at Oregon. On the advice of his father he had enrolled in pre-medics at the University, preparatory to becoming a dentist, but his lack of ambition presently brought his GPA to an alarming sag. His sister recommended a dramatic appreciation course as a "sure-fire snap that even he couldn't help making a good grade in."

The answer is apparent. It was a snap for Edgar Buchanan, and it also sounded the death knell to a career in dentistry. However, he was still not too sure of himself, so once again on the recommendation of his father, he abandoned the Theta Chi bull sessions, the Very Little Theater and the Guild hall where he had been the star performer, and enrolled at the North Pacific Dental college.

Here he managed to snag the presidency of the student body, a wife, and a diploma. His wife was Mildred Spence, who was specializing in children's dentistry and doing it brilliantly. At least doing it brilliantly enough to tutor Buchanan through college and win the diploma for him.

After their graduation both the Buchanans terminated their offices and for ten years made a success of their professions. However, Buck Buchanan was spending as much time as possible with the Portland Little Theater and getting good dramatic experience with the Bess Whitcomb players and the Portland Play-crafters and Rose Festival pageants. It was here that he began to accumulate that poise and act-

ing ability which made him such a hit with the critics.

Suddenly and without warning the Buchanans terminated their successful practices in Portland and shifted to Pasadena. Here Buchanan enrolled at the Pasadena Community Playhouse school. After 11 plays he was approached by a Columbia studio casting agent who suggested he apply for a part in Wesley Ruggles new production, "Arizona."

It didn't take much encouragement for Buchanan to make his bid for fame, but Ruggles wasn't yet ready to hire him. After a casual dismissal from Ruggles' office, Buchanan took a parting shot in a few muttered expletives. Ruggles heard him and signed him up for the hot-tempered Judge Bogardus in "Arizona."

Since then he has made the characters of Applejack in "Penny Serenade," the lawyer in "Talk of the Town," which was judged one of the 10 best pictures of 1942, and the dentist in "Texas," memorable with his outstanding performances. Other pictures have included: "When the Daltons Rode," "You Belong to Me," "The Desperadoes," and "Tombstone."

Stamp Sales

(Continued from page one)

ma Delta, Alpha Delta Pi, Alpha Omicron Pi, Alpha Phi, Alpha Xi Delta, Delta Gamma, Hillcrest lodge, and Delta Delta Delta.

Originating with the campus war board and supervised by Miss Bentley, the plan calls for a dinner each Tuesday evening served only to those members of the living organization "buying their way in" with a war stamp. Proceeds of the plan help speed the day of victory and add to the savings of the house.

IF A BUDDY MEET A BUDDY-

By GLORIA MALLOY

Dashing madly into the Side last Thursday night, red-faced and breathless, Technical Corporal Bill Goss seemed to have eyes for only one person, namely: Alpha Chi Barbara Blair. He has been stationed in Texas in the ordnance division where he has put his talents to becoming a tank mechanic. Bill says he's covered a lot of territory in the past seven months, but none of it can compare to the state of Oregon. Could he be referring to the scenery, the weather, or the women?

On all fronts our Oregon boys are stepping out to take the lead. Joe Reig, of the class of '43 has just recently been promoted to captain. Joe was a member of Chi Psi and a big activity man on our campus. He has been in Alaska a year now and is the adjutant of his battalion. This is quite an honor for he is the youngest captain in the battalion.

Lieutenant Donald Byars, '43, is making a name for himself in the southwest Pacific area. Don, pilot of a Lightning P-38, has recently received the air medal in

recognition of his participation in a fierce daylight fight over the allied base at Oro bay.

Yours truly has greatly underrated V-12er Fred Beckwith by calling him a mere "columnist." Fred is CO-EDITOR of "The Park Stylus," campus publication of Parkville college. Also on the staff are Howard Applegate, class of '45, who writes a sports column, and Eston Way, '44.

Ensigns Kappa Sig Warren Taylor, ex-basketball star, and DU Ray Leonard, who majored in music, have dropped in on the campus the last couple of days after graduating from Northwestern university.

Lieutenant Jim Frost, stationed at Camp Roberts, says that Lieutenants Tiger Payne, '41, Lou Torgeson, '42, Al Silvernail, '44, and Bill MacGibbon, '42, are also stationed there. What a good time those boys must have.

We have quite a representative group back at Fordham where Dave Fortmiller, G. Duncan Wimpres, Ross Mellor, and Tom Kay are in ASTP basic engineering training. They claim to be having a great time seeing the sights of New York.