

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Thanksgiving, 1943

It would be easy to be bitter about this Thanksgiving, Thanksgiving, 1943—and a year from now we'll be able to look back and remember it as the Thanksgiving that the Russians were driving closer and closer to the Polish border—with the Poles becoming afraid of an invasion of their country, this time by the Russians. And the Thanksgiving that the American invasion forces were hitting hard blows at the Japanese in the Gilbert islands. Fighting everywhere, and killing, and dying.

And things at home are changed, too. The pleasures and luxuries that formerly we only occasionally remembered to be thankful for are either gone or cut short. Family groups are no longer able to be together for the annual big dinner because the war has separated them. Food is becoming harder to find. And there are the other smaller things that we miss the more when a traditional affair comes along to emphasize all the new strangeness.

On the surface the picture isn't very good. And the picture isn't improved by remembering that some of the evils that the war should remove in our country are still here. Groups are still fighting one another for power, or money, or for personal hate, and using patriotism and winning the war as their prime spoken motives. There are still delaying actions in Congress, and the fight is still being waged between the old enemies, Labor and Capital.

But in spite of all the things that have changed to make it more difficult to find something to be thankful for, in spite of the war and the bickering and the separations, there are things to be thankful for this coming year. The war looks closer to an end than it did at this time last year. And real attempts are being made to plan for the post-war world. On this Thanksgiving, 1943, we can be thankful that there is still hope left in the world.

—M.Y.

One Often Wonders

Thirteen-year-old Laddie Robertson lay on a hard hospital bed in a shaded gray-pale room slowly dying from a rare blood infection that medical science did not know how to cure. Since August the fever-racked youth had lain on that bed watching the thin white curl of smoke that is life gradually disappear into an infinite, silent space. The doctors said that now the only hope for Laddie was the army's new miracle drug—penicillin. The boy's parents immediately wired a plea to the army begging for a release of a small quantity of this medical magic so that one last attempt could be made to save a life that was too young to be snuffed out.

The wire was received and an orderly walked down the hall of the army chemical research building, stopped abruptly at an alcove flanked by two white doors. He hesitated, his eyes being summoned by the bold black Gothic letters on the door to the right . . . "KEEP OUT," it said. The orderly didn't take time to read the rest of the inscription, turned on heel and entered the door on the left marked "Penicillin Research." He emerged a few minutes later with a tiny white-paper wrapped package, went briskly up the hall, but not before he gave a last look to the forbidding entrance on the right. This time he read the full inscription, shook his head, then disappeared up the corridor.

* * * *

The tiny white-paper wrapped package was rushed to the airport, placed aboard a mammoth transport plane, flown across the 3000 miles of land that is America to the high hard hospital bed and Laddie Robertson, the life that was too young to be snuffed out. The penicillin was taken from the tiny package and injected into the pale, wasted, helpless body of the youth. Almost immediately an improvement was noticed. And the thin white curl of smoke that is life is now becoming more distinct before Laddie Robertson's eyes, has ceased to disappear into an infinite, silent space.

And back in the dim-lit alcove of the army chemical research building white-clad orderlies emerge in a seemingly endless stream from the door marked "Pencillin Research" carrying tiny white-paper wrapped packages to stem the disappearance of other thin white curls of smoke before the eyes of those who are fighting our battle overseas, and every now and then one glances at the forbidding door on the right and reads its full inscription—"KEEP OUT—Poison Gas." —M.M.



"WHISTLING IN THE PARK"

. . . is Cadet Crane, pictured by himself, personal.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Emerald,

I was whistling gaily in the park the other day, but she wouldn't turn around, when my friend Cadet George turned briskly toward me and said, "character", (he is the one who is really a "character"), "why don't you tell the girls and Politz back home how things are in Washington D.C.?" Not having any cutting answer to hurl back at him because he is bigger than I, I decided to follow his suggestion. This is it.

Since our arrival in Washington three months ago along with 14 other University of Oregon men, we have been kept constantly busy by key men in high government positions not running after us asking for advice.

One block north of the White House is the much publicized Stage Door Canteen. Here, as in all of Washington, the atmosphere is genial and the dance floor is too small. Even so, this doesn't bother me, because my entrance into the Stage Door Canteen seems to be an automatic signal for a stage show to start.

Frugal

Once I crawled in on my hands and knees and managed to dance two and three-fourths dances with Irene before Romph-Schkawsky and his magic violin and wife at the piano cut my capers cold, but it was hardly worth it anyway. Did you ever try dancing on your hands and knees? It saves shoes.

West of the Washington monument and the Lincoln memorial is picturesque Georgetown university on the Potomac river, or, rather, slightly off to one side of it. Here I would say that I study industriously.

At inspiring Georgetown university it is but fifteen minutes by streetcar to the treasury building, two blocks north of which is the Pepsi-Cola Canteen where one can drink free coke and press one's pants unmolested by admiring civilians. Here also one can make free recordings to send home so that one's folks can write back and say, "It didn't sound like you."

"Just Write Me"

East of the capitol building, if you happen to be wandering that

way, is the main post office, where you can buy postage stamps till midnight.

That's about all I can say now because I have to guard myself constantly to keep from giving away military secrets. However, if there is anything at all you would like to know, just write it to me on a penny post card and I'll probably throw it away.

My friend Cadet George has been sitting here reading "Yank" and he tells me that the army officers from the Pentagon building have changed their official designation from "chairborne infantry" to "paragraph troops."

Affectionately yours,

CADET CLELL C. CRANE

Ducks Face—

(Continued from page one)
ingly tricky floor man, and his additional years of experience as an independent player tend to make him tough meat for the relatively inexperienced Oregon squad to chew.

Hobson ran his team through a stiff session in fundamentals and shooting Tuesday night. Another heavy scrimmage was run last night.

Other ex-college stars on the Albina squad are: Lloyd Jackson, who, like his teammate Wintermute, formerly played for Oregon; Skeet O'Connell, onetime Oregon State mainstay; Morrie and Roy Holser, from Linfield college; Bob Lothsteich, from Cheney state normal; and Harry Oberg, North Pacific college. Morrie Stremich, high scorer last fall for the Portland prep league, rounds out the squad.

Clips and Comments

By Marguerite Wittwer

It will be permissible for members of the Army units to wear nosegays or flower wristlets, according to a lieutenant, commander of a company of the ASTP men at Indiana university. The occasion is the annual Dames Ball, given by members of Mortar Board. Girls having dates with the soldiers will call for them at dormitories and fraternity houses and provide their men with an evening of entertainment. . . Picture a big tall hunk of solid material blossoming out for the dance with a couple of pink rosebuds pinned behind his ear or maybe an orchid on the shoulder of his OD blouse. Big thrill!

* * *

Lone Star Stompers

An official bouncer, approved by the administration, has been appointed by the dance manager for the winter trimester at Texas Christian university. His duties will be to prevent any drinking or disorderly conduct at the dances in the future. . . Tut, tut. What can be their trouble?

* * *

Uterpe, Canned

A collection of some 1200 records of music from the earliest compositions to the most modern is available for the listening pleasure of Texas Christian university students. The music department is building up this record library to the extent that it promises to rival the university's book library. . . nographs are available and lists of Uterpe, the music muse, . . . check out records or albums for study or enjoyment.

Several rare albums of music from the 14th and 18th centuries and an album of early music played on ancient, obsolete instruments are in the collection. Harpsichord music, rare records made by Caruso, Schumann Heink, and Galli-Curci, besides several complete operas and popular scores may be had.

* * *

Student Union Successful

Open house Funday on Sunday at the Union of the University of Minnesota was held for soldiers and students. Bowling and . . . yards were part of the program. . . free movies including Bugs Bunny shorts, Donald Duck cartoons, and a March of Time historeel were shown in the afternoon. Professional entertainment was arranged.

* * *

Turkey Trot

The "Gobble-wobble" is the title of the Thanksgiving dance at the University of Minnesota. There is a dance every Friday night sponsored by a different campus organization each week. All servicemen and students may purchase tickets at 30 cents per person. . . This seems like the student affairs committee at Minnesota is really on the boat. Two birds bumped off with one pebble: nice profit for sponsoring organization and also heap plenty fun for coeds and cadets. How come no such deal here?

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