

KHAKI CLIPS

More of The Monotonous

By Dick Murway

The second "academic break" for the air corps detachment is only that. This time no furloughs, no family and girl friends at the train station, no brief moment in old haunts. The soldier who had counted on seeing the hometown sweetheart this week has to content himself with her picture on his dresser, or with "the perfect sight picture."

The rifle range at Camp Adair filled the schedule for Monday and Tuesday. After eight hours on the range and the tiring two-hour-each way trip in army trucks, Eugene looked mighty good Monday night. Even the engineers — the G.I. handkerchief kids — didn't look too bad as they marched to evening study. (Which shows to go what the range does to one.)

Tuesday it was again to eat, breakfast, pack into trucks for the same jolting, jerky journey. The boys in our truck tried to resume their sleep. Butkud and Pecotte found a comfortable and affectionate position in each other's arms. Kirby curled up on the floor. Nielsen sat on the edge of the seat with his eyes closed, rocking forward

back with the truck's motion. Squads one and two went back the "pits" on the range. The concrete was cold, rich brown mud caked shoes and leggings. We had a lot of fun marking hits for the flight leaders and coaches. Their scores were kept in the pits and later we asked them what they made and then had cause to wonder if a course in the psychology of wishful thinking shouldn't be substituted for arithmetic in American education.

In the afternoon we tried the Thompson sub-machine, found why Jimmy Cagney and Edward G. Robinson like it so well in the gangster movies, and decided it was the ideal gun for the post-war world. Every family with its helicopter and sub-machine—

The boys have been trying hard

WANTED

We have an opening for student agents in several living organizations on the campus. For details phone 75 or call at office. EUGENE CLEANERS, 245 East Broadway.

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COMMUNIQUE

For the interest of those soldier students not studying for the G.I. tests tomorrow (and who can study) the ASUO is sponsoring a dance in Gerlinger hall from 7 p.m. to 10:15 p.m. with music by Owen Bailey and the orchestra. At first announced as free, plans were made to charge a fifty cent contribution to the WSSF. However, due to the fact the orchestra couldn't play if an admission charge were made, the dance will be free.

According to the latest word from Virginia Wright, who is in charge of the dance, dates will not be necessary, thus accommodating all students.

As a special feature, the Campus Serenade last Sunday introduced the ASTU glee club for the first time. With the ice broken, this organization plans to augment their present group and offer something entirely new in the line of soldier - student entertainment next semester.

To wind up the week's wash, the magazine ASTU will finally make its appearance tomorrow; and to all who may be unaware of it, the ASTP students here will start their furlough at 1150 Saturday, December 4.

And who is there that still says the air corps doesn't have nerve, as well as quite a few other things? That 1045 reveille of Wednesday morning really showed! Incidentally, it was just introducing the week of relaxation and rest that the air force men have worked three months towards.

to forget about the screening tests of last weekend—an understandable desire after two days of "That 49th was a killer"—"What did you get on the 15th?" — "I couldn't find any answer for that. . ."

Thanksgiving won't be so strange this year. Always a day of lying about, quietly digesting turkey dinner, sluggish conversation, and cranberry sauce. . .

Heaven to The South

Since arriving here in Oregon, we have been so overwhelmed by an unending spiel concerning that province to the south of us that we took it upon ourselves to find out first hand just what one of those voluntary members of the California Chamber of Commerce really thought of the place.

We drew one of these characters off to the side one day as he was standing in the rain on Thirteenth street screaming something about his beautiful suntan washing off. It wasn't hard to get him started—just the mention of California, and he went off like a bottle of warm beer.

"Say, are you from California? Glad to see yuh, pal—glad to see yuh—ain't this weather hell?"

I recovered my hat and got back on my feet, and somewhat reluctantly admitted that I was from New York.

"New York?" he screamed. "Why that rat-ridden-stop on a milk route—where do they get this stuff about being a big city? Why L.A. would make you think that Manhattan was a juke joint. L.A. is wonderful—marvelous—stupendous—why, if they didn't happen to print the geography books in New York, that refuge for old Hollywood productions would never rate over our L.A.!"

As he stopped for breath, I injected a weak question. "Well what does California have that is so good?"

That was evidently the wrong thing to say. My assailant stared at me wildly. He sputtered and gasped — then bellowed, "What does Cal have—How could you be so dumb? Why, why everybody knows that California is the biggest state in the union—that is, everyone except that flea haven, Texas. There's Yosemite, which makes Yellowstone look like a park fountain. And the weather in California. . . Why I was ten years old before I ever saw a cloud.

"We've got everything down there. Did you know that U.C.L.A. has twice as good a law school as Harvard, three times as good an English school as Oxford, and just as good a football team as Notre Dame—and they'd be four times as good as N.D. if it wasn't for the Irish first and second teams—yuh can't beat 'em, hardly!"

Then he stopped and began violently to pull travel folders and maps out of his pocket—"Here, read these"—he ordered—"they'll tell you!"

I grasped them and looked. Then I proffered the final question.

"Do you think that Florida will—?" I got no further.

"Florida! Florida!" he screamed. "That moldy sandpile—that summer home for mosquitoes—Florida — why, I'll slaughter somebody."

Evidently, the man was going mad, so I left him ranting and tearing his hair. Still, if St. Peter isn't standing on the California state line, and Gabriel isn't chief of police there, I'll be very disillusioned. Thomas Guidera



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