

Carl Huffaker

(Continued from page one)

that strikes me as exceptional. I suspect that it is not the so-called "manana" concept that slows these countries down, but, instead, a passionate love for the details in today's life that permits no visions of the future. A person who bargains for 15 minutes in buying one egg is not the dreamer who envisions great enterprises, but still, despite its commonplace nature, his life is full."

He pays tribute to the progress which has been made as a result of plane exploration, and prophesies that the airplane is the instrument that will make the jungle productive to civilization. His imagination compares it to the pioneering of the west in the United States, with the same values and resources for the country's good which a frontier always brings to civilization.

There are many amusing incidents which Huffaker includes—a description of the rains when the rain comes down "with a noise like a long line of trucks rumbling across an old wooden covered bridge back home," the traffic problem which is even worse than the five o'clock jams around defense plants here, the drivers passing and driving on either side of the street and relying entirely on the strength of their horn and their nerve; and the usual description of the bull fights.

Huffaker finishes his letter with a glowing tribute to the South American continent: "There's something here—something young, vigorous, and unknown. This is a country full of future. The land itself is rich with promise. The people are those that you would gather to form a great people. South America is a variety of climates, of natural resources, of peoples, of cultures. Here dreamers have planted seeds which are growing like those of ancient legends, toward greatness. This is the Mecca of the visionaries and creators of the world. Here is tomorrow—I know now that I must be a part of it."

MAYFLOWER
ELEVENTH AT ALDER

"TOP MAN"

with

Donald O'Connor

Suzanna Foster

Peggy Ryan



Marine Bugler Struts-- With 10-Wheel Truck

Somewhere in the South Pacific, Technical Sergeant Vic Donahue, marine corps artist of Omaha, Nebraska, drew this sketch depicting one of the hardships marines often have to endure.

When a marine outfit arrived there recently, its commanding officer decided that the men would do all their marine duties to the tones of a bugle. Many months and no bugling, and a desire to "be a truck driver, anyhow," had dulled the company bugler's ability to play and the resulting sounds were anything but harmonious.

After a tortuous week it was decided to grant the "Music's" (and everyone else's) wish and the next day the bugler blossomed out with a great big 10-wheel truck and a new Music was chosen, but with no better results. An apoplectic lieutenant, who had been suffering greatly from the conditions, dashed out his tent in the direction of the noises. Several hours later a new call was sounded, which surprisingly enough was recognized by the marines who were soon felicitating the Music for the excellence of his bugling.

Now Second Lieutenant Earl R. Scott, 27, has regained his composure and is no longer

apoplectic. A former graduate assistant at the University of Oregon and a professional musician—he played the trumpet for more than 10 years. Lt. Scott had averted an inevitable crisis by personally training the company bugler. "Had I not given him some 'dope' he'd have improved by himself. He had to—he couldn't go on the other way," stated Lt. Scott in disclaiming overmuch credit for the amazing transition.

Lt. Scott received his B.A. degree from the University in 1939 and his M.A. in 1942. He served in the army in the 162nd infantry band for nine months before returning to the University campus for his master's degree.

It was while working for his master's degree, Lt. Scott taught as a graduate assistant under Andrew Vincent, professor of drawing and painting in the school of architecture. His master's thesis was a mural which covers the south wall of the office of Dr. H. G. Townsend, head of the philosophy department, in Chapman hall.

Scott enlisted in the marines in the summer of 1942. He took his officer's training at Quantico, Virginia, and received his commission. He was for a time stationed at San Diego before going to the South Pacific. He was married in 1942 and his wife and child are now living in Portland. While at the University he was known as a hot trumpet player and played with several dance bands in this locality.

REX Theatre

Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour

in

"DIXIE"
also
"BAR 20"

ISA to Hold Mixer Following OSC Game

An informal mixer for all independents, including civilian men and soldiers on the campus is scheduled for Saturday, January 15, according to Esther Griffith, chairman. The dance will follow the Oregon-Oregon State basketball game and will be held in Gerlinger hall. Owen Bailey's orchestra is scheduled to supply the music. There will be no admission charge.

"All independent girls and fellows are urged to come right after the game. There will be several exchange dances, and the idea is for everyone to get acquainted, and to welcome the new soldiers," Esther explained.

Committee heads are Jack

Nickel Hop Petitions

Petitions for co-chairmen for the Nickel Hop sponsored by AWS should be turned in to Maryln Campbell at the Alpha Chi Omega house by Friday noon. One freshman and one sophomore will be chosen.

Pipe Dream

Registration has come, Registration has gone, But the mem'ry of Thirty-five bucks lingers on.

—W.R.L.

Cairns, promotion; Pat Spencer, patrons and patronesses; Andy Montgomery, decorations; Alice Buckingham, entertainment; Bob Hall, cleanup.

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You...



A Happy New Year

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