

KHAKI CLIPS

ad lib

by yutch

christmas . . . new years . . . the inspecting major . . . all come and gone . . . on xmas got gigged for not turning in my pass on time . . . on new year's got slapped for a pass . . . the inspecting major left my pass on my bed because he didn't find the box of cookies in my pillow . . . conclusion: a pass is very important to a soldier . . . every week for a day, how for a department of exchange in the day-room so the guy who got two-of-something-christmas-presents can swap with a guy who got two-of-something-else . . . most ironical of all, i received two money-belts . . . one is nearly too many and after we ran the gauntlet of the last pay-line and its various deductions . . . i've a couple of good money belts to sell cheap . . . or would trade for three beers . . . benton j. willner . . . the friend to homeless dogs and staff sergeants . . . has a collection of murder stories (the two-bit variety, although some cost thirty-five) that he is willing to swap for some of the newest mysteries . . . he also would like to read someone's geography lecture notes . . . provided the lecture notes have a detective and two murderers . . . pome . . .

i come from haunts of loud cafes and smoke from burning burley
i dodge between the beers and trays
for i must get in early
from study hall i hurry down to watch the tresses curly and watch the pretty coeds frown
but i must get in early
a thousand girls i've eyed askance
or said "whatcha doin' girlie?"
but i can't start a long romance cause i must get in early
they say i navigate too slow (i'm like the mississippi river)
so dates may come and dates may go
but i go stag forever

... unpome
that is titled (after tennyson) "the brook" . . . or "a big slow-moving drip" . . . they say every question has two sides . . . the date question about the campus is the only exception . . .

yutch
ed note . . . ye gods, this is corny!

Rollins college recently celebrated its fifty-eighth anniversary.

STAFF

Co-Editors

Warren Miller
Shaun McDermott

Scribes

Gail Myers
Dick Murway
Dave Pierce

Old Wings

It is surprising to learn the size of the air corps in World War I. A survey of downtown bars would reveal several hundred air corps "vets" living in Eugene and the surrounding country. I have talked to almost a score myself, but haven't attempted anything resembling a formal survey.

The vets wear frayed plaid mackinaws, rain-stained hats, and have two or three days' stubble of grey beard on windworn faces. Their eyes are a little unsteady and watery. Maybe it is the beer; more likely the hard liquor of the logging camps.

They see the wings on my cap or the patch on my blouse. "You're in the air corps," they say. I nod and invariably they declare, "Well, it's a great outfit. I flew a 'flying jenny' in the last war and I know what it's like. Those jaloopies we had weren't worth a plugged nickel. Guess it's different now."

"Yeah, we've got some nice planes. You'd like the P-38."
"I bet I would, too," the vets will answer.

Oldtimers

I remember one fellow with a raw, red face. His cheeks were pinched tight over the bones under the eyes and he needed some store teeth to strengthen collarless lips. He kept looking at his bottle of beer. "I cracked two of those 'flying jennies' up in the last war," he said. "But I'd like to get into the fight again. They don't want me. Say I'm too old." Then he opened his coat to his waist. "Look at that. You don't see any fat there, do you? No sirree, I'm forty-five years old, but I'm still hard. They say I'm too old this time."

I had been talking to one fellow for a while when he straightened his shoulders and looked directly at me for the first time. "I've got two boys flying the damn things right now. One in Italy and one in the South Pacific," he said.

"Nice going. Your sons know what it's all about."

"You can say that again. I'd like to be over there in their place, but

When Worst Has Come to Worst

It happens to most fellows. When Saturday night rolls around he finds himself with no date and every show in town seen at least three times. After a few hours in the local pub he reaches a state of desolation. He has hit the bottom of the pot. At this stage the "target for tonight" becomes the town's most palatial ballroom. And Eugene has the tops in the Wintergarden.

The proper procedure of entering is to pay your cover charge, close your eyes, and plunge right in. Once inside you will see and hear one of the nation's smoothest orchestras (that is, if you're really plastered). Next to the bandstand is a magnificent bar, but you won't be interested in that. It sells cokes—exclusively.

The greatest morale builders though, are the glamorous girls who frequent the place. For the most part they are below sixteen and over thirty. That gives you a great variety. They have grinning teeth, snap chewing gum in your face or tell about some husband out in New Guinea.

When the music begins (what a compliment), someone tackles someone else and you're dancing. It's so easy to dance there. Without moving a foot you can spin and twirl all around the floor—and either vertically or horizontally. Some of the newcomers there are very polite though, they apologize before kicking your prostrate body.

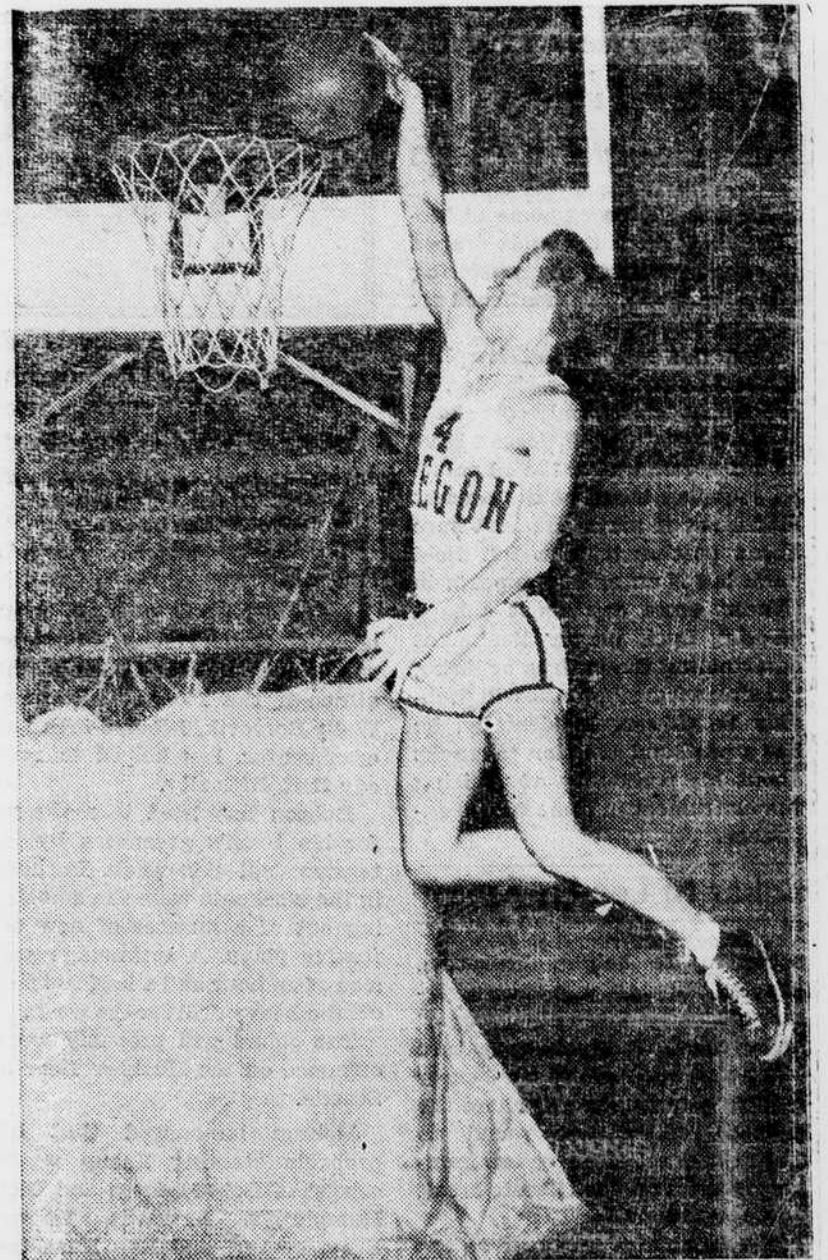
One warning before you dash down there: there are a few strange people who go there to enjoy a night's dancing.

all I can do is back them up from this side. It ain't much."

Always the same story . . . no doubt because the same sort of lonely, aging mind always produced it. It is quite simple: once they were young, eager, full of their own importance; now they are out of it, drinking beer in dirty little cafes where the yellow light glares in faded eyes, no one to think they're important, no longer believing in themselves.

I've bought beers for a couple of them . . . but then they only talk until it begins to sound as flat as lukewarm water to their own ears . . .

by DICK MURWAY



Forward Ted Holmes . . .

. . . a transfer from Manjo junior college, was one of the two varsity basketball players lost to the University of Oregon squad recently because of scholastic deficiencies.

ASTU Cagers To Invade Bend

By DAVID PEIRCE

The ASTU basketball Brainbusters travel to Bend, Ore., Saturday to play the Camp Abbot "Engineers" in their first tilt of the season. The ASTU cagers have been working out hard for the last three weeks in preparation for their first game. The soldier-students practice, as they did in football, between five p. m. and 6:30. "Honest John" Warren, after having coached the Brainbuster football team, is now piloting the Army-Duck cage squad. Warren has given the soldiers plenty of wind sprinting in conditioning his charges for his fast-break offense.

The spectre of ineligibility once again looms large over the chances of an Army-Duck team. The three weeks' exams have come and gone—leaving a trail of in-

eligible stars. Last term the football squad was seriously handicapped by the loss of key men and the chances are that the cagers will suffer a similar fate.

In several recent workouts with the U. of O. varsity the ASTU showed an impressive display of talent. Cramme, a guard, hooked in many a basket from "way out". Moilen also hit the "bucket" time and again.

The starting lineup Saturday night will probably be: Moilen and Nail at forwards, Fields at center, Cuthbert and Cramme at guards, Meyer, Vando, and Flynn will probably see action too as the Army-Duck five strikes out for its first win.

MCDONALD

DON'T MISS IT!

PRESTON FOSTER,
LLOYD NOLAN

and

WILLIAM BENDIX

in

"GUADALCANAL DIARY"

HEILIG

CHARLES STARRETT
"COWBOYS IN THE CLOUDS"

and

"DOUGHBOYS IN IRELAND"

KENNY BAKER and
MARCEE MCGUIRE

REX

JAMES CAGNEY,
HUMPHREY BOGART
"OKLAHOMA KID"

JAMES ELLIS,
JEANNE WYATT

"ARMY SURGEON"

Western Thrift Stores
TOILETRIES
REMEDIES
CIGARS

804 Willamette and 917 Willamette

THINK OF OUR STORES

for the Hard-To-Get

AVAILABLE MERCHANDISE

TRY US TODAY

AMERICAN HEROES

BY LEFF



A veteran Naval flyer at 25, Lieut. Robert Pershing Williams, of Pierre, S. Dak., prowls the Atlantic in a Grumman Avenger torpedo plane, hunting the German U-boat, his battle station a plane carrier on the ocean. He has just been credited with the destruction of 3 U-boats, and damage to a fourth. His bravery and vigilance guard our convoys. Our War Bonds fuel his plane.