

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

What makes girls scream? Why is a jet-propelled eeeek! the vocal manifestation for all moods of every sweet youngish thing on the campus, and the answer to all questions which do not elicit a "no" or concern a band of diamonds sunk in platinum?

Frank Sinatra would like to know as a matter of curiosity, not that he would like to see them stop. We would like to know as a matter of curiosity.

The matter has been prominent in our thoughts ever since we read of a sweet old lady in Michigan who freed 18 rabbits from the vicissitudes of this world by introducing quicksilver into their carrots.

Three days ago the question was brought forcibly to our attention. We were walking toward the Co-op. We were at peace with the world. Unfortunately the world could not return the compliment.

In front of the Co-op stood five girls, all from good shipyard families, all beautiful in their own little way, all dressed divergently alike, and all screaming. Screaming at the top of their Camels-titillated lungs. There they stood eeeeking! in the glorious bright light of day—a day that had fulfilled the dreams of weather forecasters the ninth corps area over. Not content with standing still screaming, they now jumped up and down on their white buck toesies, shaking their curly dark brown with streaks of golden hair in each other's faces—and screaming.

The choral effects were marvelous to behold. Each eeeeked! in her own sepcial register. One handsome blonde with a burnt-lavender sweater, and hips that pistoned back and forth like the scales of justice, let out sustained wheeees at trigonometrically-calculated intervals.

Why this lusty show of enthusiasm? We were interested. We asked. Answer: Mrs. Ketzler, their housemother, had just been turned down by the Waves.

Ever since we set up house-keeping three years ago in the cave in Hendricks park, it has been the same. The Chi Os pledge a nugget—and they scream. The Tri Deltas lose her—and they scream. The Thetas win scholastic tops—screams. The Phis hit scholastic rocks—yup—screams. Hil-yard screams at Highland house and the Pi Phis scream at Nickel hops.

The boys, with voices straight, Scotch, and blended, harmonize haunting censored ballads 'neath sorority sleeping porches, and what do they get for their trouble—a shrill collective shreeek from simply-thrilled little out-in-flannel figures with hair done up in rolls of cardboard.

Best illustration of the birth of the mass-intonated scream is the return of the alum: She enters her house carrying her makeup kit and wardrobe trunk. She is met half-way up to the second floor by a senior who knows her. They scream. She puts down the heavier of the two pieces of luggage—the makeup kit, and is recognized by her sister, who by mistake got pledged to the same house. Screams ensue. Soon the thing catches on and is running like mad all over the house. Even the female cardigan-eating moth has trouble living in such an environment.

Is there no relief from this phonetic hysteria? Why can't girls growl, purr, snort, or whistle through their teeth? Why can't they gurgle, gulp, or blow smoke rings through their ears? And if you can, please teach us how.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Oregon in Gear . . .

These old editorial eyes don't believe it! Nope, just can't be. All of a sudden, Oregon hits a high point in bond sales, about 500 freshmen go to their nomination assembly (singing!), the head of campus Red Cross reports that 34 girls folded band-ages all at once, the executive council goes after a planned relaxation program in the form of a campus canteen.

It's too much! Furthermore, Dad's day was a sellout! The waste paper drive came off very well, the Nickel Hop and the ISA mixer exceeded themselves in good-time totals! Announcement is made of a Total Victory League to discuss postwar problems! To top it all, Oregon got some spring weather, someone found the first pussy willow!

Yes, it looks like a new year, and Oregon seems to be getting into gear with the good times, and the hard work her students ought to be getting done.

It looks like a very rewarding half term. It's had its failures, too—only 15 people at the last ASUO forum. Last term's grades don't sparkle with accomplishment. So we can't get too sure of a good showing.

It would help considerably if we remember that Red Cross needs more instructors, and more workers, that the ASUO forums are for students, presented by students, that dances and mixers turn out well, only if they are planned well, that the good ole grade point deserves a face-lifting.

Nope, just can't be! But it is. Congratulations all around—
M. M. G.

Little Things . . .

Begin with intangibles and little things . . . the feeling of spring, false or otherwise, in the warm, slanting sun of mid-afternoon . . . a slight increase in tempo down campus way . . . a brighter hello . . . fresh afterthought of rain . . . hitting the books a little harder . . . writing just one more letter per week . . . more out for Red Cross . . . scrap drive and dime dinners coming out ahead . . . yelling with an ounce more effort for the bond girl, whether she was your candidate or not . . . laughing a bit more frequently.

There's a swing undertone of new spirit at Oregon. Not new, really, but similar to the old with additions. It's felt in the throbbing of "Fathah" Bailey's orchestra, studying in the browsing room, and in bull sessions where ideas click and a "Truth" is discovered. The unfamiliarity of war-time campus conditions found us all wondering at the beginning of fall term. A dogged defeatism and the oft-heard complaint, "Oh, I'm not having any fun. School's work this year," was a worry to campus leaders. It's different now, and the defeatism has changed to something else . . . not a hectic spirit or letting-up, but a surging, stronger, purposeful getting-into-stride. The dread unfamiliar has become familiar, and in the knowing it has lost its dread. War-time college problems are being met, faced honestly, and beaten. Things are looking up. Begin with intangibles . . .
B. A. S.

Students at the University of Utah started off their new semester with "Hello Week," a unique orientation period. Hello tags were distributed for each student to wear his name during the week. A sidewalk running from the rotum to the union building was designated as "hello walk," taking its name from the tradition that all persons passing one another on the walk give out with a lusty greeting.

"Butter v. Oleo" was the University of Kansas' Roundtable topic last week over radio station KFKU. Speakers on the Roundtable program were Leslie Waters, assistant professor of economics; Miss Viola Anderson, professor of home economics; and Richard Wagstaff, of the Jayhawk creamery.

Denison is one of the few colleges or universities that has three branches of the armed services on its campus: the Army, Navy and Marines.

A Slip of the Lip

By BETTY SAILOR

Now that Ramsy Ames has gone, the masculine population has revived, and the dads have departed—properly impressed, we hope—we can once again sit down peacefully and rack our brains for something new and different about campus social life. And puh-leeze, if there are any errors in the results of this labor, we apologize. We can't always check on everything that is contributed by our campus correspondents. Anyhow, here goes:

Dad's weekend brought forth dads from every part of the Pacific coast. One of the most interesting guests was Brigadier-General Amos Thomas, commanding officer of Camp White, who was Fee Jean Walters "dad" when her father, Major Walters, was unable to attend.

We hear that Chi O's and dads got a special treat (?) Saturday night when Air Corps men "Mose" Mossman and Sy Bernstein obliged in the living room with an in-promptu serenade.

Speaking of music, Alpha Chi Chuck Pelly and Roger White of drummer fame have been a frequent twosome since ASTU sax player, Marvin Rice, left. Likewise Flight F's Sheldon Fisher and Kappa Doris Schumacher.

By the way, it seems that Air Corps dream man Robert Burgess (ha!) is giving Dave Gibson, same address, some stiff competition with Fee Helen Crawford.

And from the realms of the Thetas comes word that Janet Bean is going to marry Delt King Martin as soon as he gets his bars, which will be soon.

It seems to us that the ATOs (all three of them on campus) are being unfair to organized campus womanhood. They're all going steady with Chi Omegas. The lucky six are Dorothy Shepherd and Ed Allen, Betty Jones and Jack Pennington, and Marflyn Holden and Jim Lund.

Seems that the KKGs are flying high these days now that Mary Bush, Virginia Carl, Aileen Clark, and Patsy Griffin have received pins from Air Corps men, George Myers, Bob Mitchell, Bob Kerby, and Dick, respectively. Sorry, but we don't know Dick's last name!

Another steady twosome is ADPi Carmen Green and civilian Russ Monahan. And have you seen that beautiful diamond that Dee Gee Phyllis Miller is wearing third finger left hand from Beta Frank Jacobson?

Also on the engagement list is Mill lodge's Beth Lawrence who is wearing a ring from Jack Miller, Alpha Sigma Phi from Oregon State, now in California in the ASTP.

February 5 will be a red letter day at 1050 Hilyard when Alpha Phis will travel to Portland and Medford to attend the weddings of Sally Holden to Beta Earl Walters and pledge Dorothy Hayes to Captain Bill Ehrman of Camp Adair.

If the gas ration is cut, we're awf'ly afraid that ROTC Bob Ellinwood will have to invest in a horse for those weekend trips to Portland to see fiance Gracia Barrigar.

The forecast of the Chi O Dorothy Koster-Harold Robinson, Co. B, romance seems to be stormy with no fair weather in sight at the latest report. Seen among others in the usual mob at the Persian room was Kappa Nancy

Baker with Dick Brooksbank. Also Peggy Hurd with Bob McDonald.

The Emerald office seems rather deserted now that Vic Huffaker is in the army. We're all awaiting a letter from him on the life of the G.I.

Well, after one final envious glance at Pi Phi Marian Shaeffer's white fur ear-muffs (our ears ought to be thawing out any day now), we are going to have to admit that that's all there is, there good English), but we'll try to ain't no more (we know it's not have shown a large sample of the week-end.

Pro and Con

Dear Editor:
The AWS cabinet wishes to express its appreciation for the fine turnout which Campbell club showed at the recent Nickel Hop. We are glad to recognize such a display of enthusiasm from a civilian group.

If they had participated in the competition with Steiwer hall, as requested, they would have won. Our figures prove this statement.

We hope that other civilian groups can show the same kind of spirit in the future. Even though your number is small, you can and have shown a large sample of the true Oregon spirit.

Sincerely,
The AWS Cabinet



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