

Ophelia Observes

Knit one, Pearl. 1706 . . . knitting her brows, Ophelia picked up her Braille and fumbled on. Large tears rode her cheeks . . . "Dark Victory" is such a sad story. Had to read up on Kay Korn's part . . . as soon as something happened to La Korn, Ophelia was gonna take over. Alas, the actress didn't fall for the man-hole . . . Ophelia is still the great aunt's son's little girl's shadow. Has been promised the great part in the next play . . . will be the clock striking in "Father, dear father, come home with me, now". Ophelia plays the role well because she has . . . time on her hands.

Saturday, assuming the Banshee, Ophelia stalked all the house dances. Caused a little confusion at the Alpha Chi abode . . . insisted on dedicating "Oh, Those Wild, Wild Women" to . . . Ophelia. Ate a few . . . few dozen . . . ice cream bars. Was asked to leave . . . left. Crashed the AOPi's "Hell's Kitchen" . . . just for the devil of it. Someone introduced Ophelia to the clean-up committee . . . on her way out. Picked up all the loose pieces with dignity and wobbled off to the Sigma Kappa house, white scarf over one arm, and the other arm . . . just hanging. Marched militantly into a crowd of formals . . . and men. Someone handed her a tray. Mrs. Macduff took a cookie, "thank you", a man in a tux took two, (he had a date) . . . Ophelia the caterer. Some offensive creature asked her for a drink . . . of water . . . "Down the hatch," she gurgled tritely . . . missed his hatch by several degrees . . . ice water, ugh! Chased Ophelia for three blocks . . . "What am I running away for?" she lipthied. "My mother would be ashamed of me."

About-faced and waited for a collision . . . head on. But man applied the skids, grazed at her attractive pink pupils . . . shuddered, and cross-countryed . . . but with haste! Ophelia removed her mascara'd lashes and sobbed and sobbed. She should never have left home before
(Please turn to page four)

MCDONALD

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Now, Really .

Really, is it preferable? Of course, it could be worse . . . Tossing pretty pebbles in a frothy sea of verse, Gulping sticky gumdrops behind a wall of prose, Expressing thoughts obscure and grand with thumb thrust to my nose.

Really, is it preferable? Of course, it could be worse . . . To use my wall for wailing with a Dorothy Parker nurse, Or add some homely mortar in a Stephen Benet tinge, Studded with verbal imprints like a "Grauman's Chinese" binge.

Really, is it preferable? Of course, it could be worse . . . To rush wildly from my wall, demand in accents terse, "Where is the clashing cymbal . . . the tumult and the whirl?" Forgetting mud and lonely lights . . . a "wanna-see-life" girl.

Really, is it preferable? Of course, it could be worse . . . To build my wall into a tomb, prepare, then call a hearse, And sulk in stuffy emphasis upon a world's ignoring. The globe's engrossed in greater walls, and mine is rather boring.

Really, is it preferable? Of course, it could be worse . . . There's simply nothing new at all . . . plagiarism's a curse. So I shall sit atop my wall and ponder, muse, and think, Quirk eyebrow, purse purple lips, and mutter, "What a stink."
—B. A. STEVENS

A Slip of the Lip

(Continued from page two)
ham, the "Bonds Away Girl", is now sporting Bill "Ears" Farrell's Fiji pin, and that petite Nancy Hallock is wearing an honorary medical fraternity pin that belongs to Bud Jones from the Portland Medical school. A little bird told us that we'll be hearing more about this couple soon.

The latest "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" seems to be Jackie Eastman who has Hal Martin's fraternity brass.

Things we would like to know: Who is the Air Corps man that we've been seeing Kappa Mary Fairchild with lately? Why a certain group of Steiwer hall boys don't try minding their own business for a change—variety is the spice of life! Why the khaki clad masters of "Smokey" don't teach him better manners so that he'd stop trying to chew up "Waldo", Roseann Leckie's canine protege.

Also, Marge Allingham will make that grave decision before the 20% tax goes into effect. Guess her F.B.I. man hopes so. And, why can't a certain not-so-secret admirer of Polly Chafe take a hint?

A really constant foursome seem to be Gamma Phis Bennadene Thomas and Virginia Wright with Ted. Holmes. and. Fred. Hessel. Among the other "kids" at the Alpha Gam house dance were Marian Saltness with Jack Edwards, Elizl abeth Eid with FAL Jim Powell, and Gail Eddinger with Johnny Geil, same outfit.

Some people won't wait for spring: For example, we offer Barbara Downey and that good-looking fellow from Company A, Jim Robb;

ditto Dorothy Fridger and Don Rueker. Congratulations on that "steady" deal!

By the way—it certainly looks like Company A holds a lot of interest for "Steamie" Williams! Is that right, Dreier?

However it's the ROTC for Heidi De Rose and a certain man whose initials are Allen "Fender Head" Cellars.

The ROTC's are really in the news this week. We hear that Jerry Voder has been taking out Theta pledge Becky Fish pretty often. And the latest communique says that Lynn McIntosh's latest is a Phi Delt from Whitman, Jack Howell!

That's about all for now—BUT if anything else happens we'll try to have it ready to serve with the morning coffee next week.

Man of The Month

Man of the Month Shaun McDermott looked up from his typewriter and wrinkled his brow.

Oregon coeds? Very, very nice, he said, with an approving grin. "Only, they go for the wide open spaces. They can't imagine living in a city." Shaun comes from Brooklyn, New York.

Son of Erin

Irish? "Very, very Irish. When I heard Carveth Wells I didn't mind him so much until he made a crack at the Irish—then I got a bit hot under the collar. I agreed perfectly with the editorial—guess the fellows were about split about it—some liked it, some didn't."

UO-ASTP relations? "Pretty good—only civilians don't take into account the fact that soldiers are actually students at the University. They ignore basketball games—don't realize that the army is just as much a part of the University as they are."

And then there's always the air corps. Engineer McDermott gazed into space. "What I would say about them wouldn't be printable," he murmured regretfully.

Formal?

Social life? "When they have a formal it's not very formal. At the senior ball the fellows came in everything but overalls. There was something lacking—not much pep. No, I don't like stag dances. As for the games, sitting in different sections is a bad idea. I've been going with boys all my life. I don't like it."

Post War Plans? Army Page Co-Editor McDermott wants to continue the journalism course at

Notre Dame that the war interrupted. Eventually his goal is political reporting. And . . .

"I've never been to California, but I'm intrigued by the weird tales about it. The fellows from Los Angeles says it's heaven on earth."
—By CAROL GREENING

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