

# KHAKI CLIPS

## About Women

Women are what men are always marrying, consciously or unconsciously. They have two feet, two hands and sometimes two husbands, but they never have more than one dollar or one idea. Like Turkish cigarettes, women are all made of the same material. The only difference is that some are a little better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be classed in three main groups, namely: wives, potential wives, and old maids. An old maid is nothing more than a mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicions. Wives are of three varieties: surprises, prizes, and consolation prizes.

Making a wife out of a woman is one of the plastic arts known as civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity. It is a psychological marvel that a big-hearted, intelligent, good-looking young man (Ed. note—Wow!) should enjoy kissing a weak, frail, giggling mass of feminine structure. If you permit a woman to make love to you, and she will tire of you in the end; and if you don't she will tire of you in the beginning.

If you wear a sporty zoot suit and a rainbow toe she hesitates to go out with you. And if you wear conservative colors and a tailor-made suit, she goes out with you but stares admiringly all evening at men in sporty zoot suits and rainbow ties.

If you agree in everything, you cease to interest her, and if you argue with her, you cease to charm her. If you believe all she tells you, she thinks you a sap and if you don't she thinks you are a cynic.

If you join her in gaieties and approve of them, she swears you are driving her to the devil. And if you don't approve and urge her to give up her gaieties, she knows you are snobbish and prudish.

If you are the caveman type, she wonders if you have any brains. If you are the modern independent type, she doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly she longs for a sensible mate. If you are intellectual she longs for a playmate.

A woman is just a worm out of the dust, she comes along, wiggles about for a while and eventually some man picks her up. Then his troubles begin. Now I ask you, what is a poor man going to do?

(Ed Note: This article, from a Co. A man, was left unsigned. For obvious reasons, He should see Dorothy Dix. For same reasons.)

STAFF  
Co-Editors  
Shaun McDermott  
Warren Miller  
Scribes  
Dick Murway  
Al Young

## This Is IT

By DICK MURWAY

A lot of heroes have been made in this war, and many more will get their chance. You have the flashy fighter pilots with 20 Zeroes to their credit, the guys who go up against the Nazi tanks with only a Thompson submachine-gun, the jungle infantrymen who tackle Jap scouting parties with a knife and kill half a dozen of the enemy, and the heroes of similar feats. Just about the guys who are just another name on the casualty lists?

Thinking along this line led me to outline a radio play one night. Maybe the story has been done before. The outline assuredly is better than the radio play would be, for I don't know anything about writing radio plays. The idea is to tell the story of this guy who is just another name on a casualty list. The title: An American Is Dead. That's probably a bit pretentious, for the guy is not being glorified; he's dead now, but the war wouldn't have been over any sooner if he'd lived.

The narrator begins, describing the ambulance crews picking up after a stiff battle to establish a beachhead somewhere in Italy. A reporter and a sergeant are talking as they walk through what remains of the shrapnel-torn headquarters. Everyone got out of the building except a clerk whose body is draped forward over his desk and typewriter.

Neither the reporter nor the sergeant knew much about the clerk, although they had seen him around, quietly typing, filing, doing his job, minding his own business, not talking much of home, wife, etc.

The reporter asks where the guy was from. Illinois maybe, the sergeant thinks. The narrator picks up this "Illinois maybe," expands it, developing the theme that there is a guy from anywhere dying, nobody knows or cares much about him, and there are a lot more like him. (There is a certain glory for him, since he is an individual and a unit in conglomerate America.)

After a flourish of sweeping music which binds together the narrator's monologue, a soft popular song starts. It might be playing on a radio in the living room, and it is. The guy has come home from work, sits down to dinner with his young wife, tells her of saying goodbye to his friends at the factory. (He is leaving for the army the next day.) She starts to cry. He asks her why. She explains, "I'll never be able to finish this beef alone."

The conversation is simple, real stuff because people do say very real things at times like this. (Mickey Rooney and Hardy Family realism is avoided.) After dinner the guy and his wife go out for a walk, window-shopping, strolling in the parks, as they have hundreds of times before.

They naturally talk about the war, but the guy doesn't even say anything about having to destroy fascism all over the world. He's going because he's been drafted. A lot of other guys have gone, and he'll come back with them if he's lucky.

That's all there is to the story. The narrator repeats the "Illinois maybe" phrase and sort of sums up the idea.

Then comes the half hour commercial. Oh, well . . .

## Brass, Beer, And Blondes

By AL YOUNG

An Open Letter to Miss Marguerite Wittwer. My Dear Miss Wittwer:

We have just concluded our first reading of your editorial entitled, "On Wolves . . ." We are still wondering exactly what purpose, if any, you had in mind when you sat down before your typewriter and batted out the aforementioned editorial. Speaking as a "wolf" of long years experience, we protest the degradation of the American male in such a manner.

In the first place, you do not seem to realize that if it were not for this man you chose to call wolf, you would be obliged to place the prefix "Miss" before your name for some years to come. That is unless an automobile ran over you, which, in view of your editorial, is not at all unlikely if a service man correlates you and the edit. Likely as not he would be all too willing to give you an ever so gentle shove before a ten ton truck.

We really got a lot out of this editorial—yes, indeed. We were especially glad to learn that the gals are tired of the same old line of sugar coated bushwa. We might say that we are also tired of the same old bushwa coming from the opposite gender. It seems to us that every living organization on the campus has a line which came with the school. However, the experience gained by visiting the various houses is decidedly enriching to our store of knowledge. We know that the girls haven't had as much fun as we have. They are still as provincial as ever. Furthermore, we think that your sense of analogy has gone off on a tangent. We'd be willing to bet you that we could find you some margarine that couldn't be told from butter, by taste, anyway.

We are ever so glad that you don't speak for the entire feminine population. 'Cause this thing could be tough on both of us.

Sincerely, A. Y.

**Among the Best.**—books, Thomas Wolfe's *The Hills* . . . ideas, the *Military Ball* . . . poetry, *Be Angry at the Sun* by Robinson Jeffers . . . basketball teams, the AAF Ducks . . . music, Shostakovich's *Seventh Symphony* . . . characters, James Stovall . . . a really fine joe . . . psychological enjoyments, the quiet of a great library . . . in beautiful tragedy, Oregon's raw, rugged sea coast . . . where the wind meets the night and ocean spray falls cross the tide . . . this is everything and nothing.

## MCDONALD

"TRUE TO LIFE"

with

MARY MARTIN  
DICK POWELL

Plus

"YOUNG IDEAS"  
RICHARD CARLSON  
and SUSAN PETERS

## HELLIG

"HIYA SAILOR"

plus

"DRUMS OF  
FU MANCHU"

also Serial, News,  
2 Color Cartoons

## Be His Valentine

IN ONE OF OUR NEW

- Dresses
- Suits
- Coats

## DOROTHY DUREE

1080 Willamette



## Balance that Budget!

Students find that one of our checking accounts is an aid toward keeping their finances in balance.

EUGENE BRANCH  
UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK  
Head Office—Portland  
MEMBER FDIC

## Calling All Ducks

After the Military Ball why not drop in for a snack?

ALL NIGHT SERVICE

## Chiaromonte's Cafe

LOCATED AT GREYHOUND DEPOT



## Flowers

FOR THE

## Military Ball

Orchids and Corsages  
A large variety of types

## Chase Gardens

53 East Broadway

Phone 4240

## REX

FIRST TIMES TODAY!  
SONJA HENIE

in

"WINTERTIME"

plus

LIONEL BARRYMORE  
"DR. GILLESPIE'S  
CRIMINAL CASE"

## MAYFLOWER

ELEVENTH AT ALGER

# CLOSED

OPENING  
SOON