

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

As They March Away

As the March sun's feeble rays attempt to warm the chill wind left over from winter, discerning coeds, ever quick to observe new fashion trends, have noticed an abrupt shift in "the" color indicated by style as "what is being worn this season."

The pastel hues of coed sweaters have replaced khaki as the dominant, most popular shade.

Yes, the soldiers have gone, most of them, and the rest will soon be on their way. At first it seemed strange to walk across a campus that was a cross between an army camp and a military school. It seemed strange to scurry out of the way of oncoming platoons, and to leap off the path and onto the grass when an unexpected "To the left flank, HARCH" caught us unaware. The blare of bugles and the shouted commands of platoon sergeants and corporals disturbed the slumbering air of our quiet campus. The way our soldier classmates suddenly exploded from the ivy-sheltered halls at each 10-to bell was rather startling. Shoving our way into the Co-op for a between-class coke and smoke was almost impossible.

The whole campus was different and strange. We weren't sure if we were in a dream or nightmare, but we knew our familiar campus as utterly changed as a dream world seems to someone who is sleeping.

The camp has become a campus again. To be sure, there are a few engineers and area and language students around, and the air corps will be with us till May, but it's predominantly a civilian campus, just the same.

But—we're just never satisfied—the campus seems just as strange without the soldiers as it did at first with them. We miss them, our khaki-clad friends. Because after we got used to seeing so many uniforms, we began to look at the faces, and they were the same sorts of faces we had seen on our own former students. Then we realized that these soldier students were not very different from any other college students, and so they were our friends.

We'll remember lots of things about them. The personal things about the ones we knew, of course, but we'll also remember things about living in a soldier campus. We'll remember the sergeant who said "Hup hot HIT har, hup hot HIT har," and the little southerner who called out, "Lai-uft, raht, lai-uft; lai-uft, raht, lai-uft." We'll remember the way the columns, from a distance, looked like a giant, khaki-colored centipede. We'll remember the disconcerting "Eyes right" when a platoon passed a couple of coeds. We'll remember the Brooklyn, Bronx, and Jersey accents. We'll remember the friendly grins and greetings which came from the ranks.

The ASTU men wrote their final grounings and farewell comments in the last edition of their paper. The air corps men waved bed sheets as a parting salute as the engineers marched through the campus, down Willamette street, and left Eugene and the University of Oregon. And the campus settled back into its familiar routine and quiet serenity, but somehow the old serenity seems strange and wrong, and the campus seems rather empty. For they made a place for themselves here, our soldier-friends, and they will be missed.—J.N.

Behold the Photographer! He hath been smitten by the Shutter Beetle. He feareth the Light, and spendeth Many Wearisome Hours in the Room called Dark. He soweth not, neither does he reap, but Seeketh Ever the Grain that is Fine. It has been Thus since the Beginning, even unto One Thousand One, One Thousand Two, One Thousand Three, Ask of the Populace—is he a man who Possesseth All his senses? Lo! The answer is in the Negative.

Dr. Richard M. Stafford, Summit, New Jersey.

Randall "Sheriff" Johnson is only a freshman in the police science course at Washington State college, but he's already hard at work on his first big case.

The situation that is challenging his talents is that of a burglary at 704 Linden in which two men broke into a room and took two cartons of cigarettes, a sport coat, a suitcase, a train ticket to Seattle and \$10 in cash.

Randy vows that he'll solve the case if it's humanly possible.

Meditations . . .

By MARY JO GEISER

Nine U. S. nutritional points available: no ration books:

Several years ago, the National Resources Planning board conceived a nine-point program for peaceful living, a new Bill of Rights for Mr. John Doe. America has the resources to realize these rights, but has it the will to make the dream true?

Here are the nine points:

1. The right to work usefully and creatively through a man's productive years.
2. The right to fair pay, adequate to command the necessities and amenities of life in exchange for work, ideas, thrift, and other socially valuable services.
3. The right to enjoy adequate food, clothing, shelter and medical care.
4. The right to security with freedom from fear of old age, want, dependency, sickness, and accident.
4. The right to live, under free enterprise, free from compulsory labor, irresponsible private power, arbitrary public authority and unregulated monopoly.
6. The right to come and go, to speak or to be silent, free from the spyings of secret political police.
7. The right to equality before the law, with equal access to justice, in fact as well as in theory.
8. The right to education, for work, for citizenship and for personal growth and happiness.
9. The right to rest, recreation and adventure, the opportunity to enjoy life and take part in an advancing civilization.

It might pay us to think this program over.

Let's Go In Sometime

By WILL LINDLEY

Some day when you have finished your coke and can think of nothing better to do than to go to a class—don't. Take a stroll on the stretch of concrete south of the coke machine, and there you will find, according to an English major, a buildin' known as the library.

According to the aforesaid character the library was discovered quite a number of years ago by some workmen who were at the time engaged in constructing what is now, perhaps unfortunately, the music building.

One noon a bricklayer who happened to have a bottle of beer in his lunch pail mentioned it to another bricklayer, and the second bricklayer decided it would be a good idea to go some distance from the project at noontime and drink the beer together. Much as they liked their foreman, who never hit them with anything heavier than a 2 x 4, they did not invite him, as they estimated they could drink the beer without any help from him.

They were strolling across the tremendous veldt which surrounds the music building when the first bricklayer pointed off into the distance.

"Look," he said to his partner, "a buildin'."

As they approached the structure they noticed that it was indeed a good sized buildin'.

They walked inside. No one was there. They went upstairs. They got into the stacks, and presently were zooming up and down in the elevator.

Suddenly a face whizzed by. "Hello, George," said the first bricklayer.

The face whizzed by again. "That wasn't George," the first bricklayer said.

Unknown to the pair, they had seen their first graduate assistant.

To Men It's a Curse; To Cats It's Worse

By BILL BUELL

Mathilda Gwendolyn Abigail Jones, being an extremely scientific-minded girl, took great delight in performing all sorts of physical, chemical, and biological experiments. (Most girls only delight in performing biological experiments.) Early in her childhood she investigated such phenomena as the neuromuscular reactions of an individual upon dorsally contacting

a thumbtack and the chemical and mechanical effect resulting from the solution of sugar in the gasoline tank of her father's automobile. All this activity, of course, was indulged in purely for the sake of science.

One phase of bio-chemistry which particularly fascinated her was the effect of alcohol upon the human organism. Often when Mathilda's father came home from lodge meeting acting rather strangely her mother had attributed his peculiar behavior to the excessive consumption of alcoholic beverages.

Mathilda's unquenchable scientific curiosity made her wish to know more of this interesting condition of inebriation. One day her parents left her alone in the house. As she was nineteen years old by this time they considered it perfectly safe to do so. Little did they realize the temptation to which their daughter was exposed.

"Now is my chance," said Mathilda to herself in an excited whisper. She crept stealthily to the kitchen cupboard and removed a fifth of fine bourbon. (This inci-

dent occurred before Pearl Harbor.)

Finally, tired of the few pleasures the buildin' afforded, they sat down on a stack of books and finished their beer.

After lunch it occurred to the first bricklayer that there might be some books in the buildin' worth reading. Searching the far reaches of the stacks with a flashlight and a compass he finally located a librarian. He asked for his favorites:

"Zane Grey?"
"Humph."
"Superman?"
"Heaven no!"
They left the buildin' in disgust. As they left the buildin' they encountered two students running for the doors.

"Obviously," observed the first bricklayer, "they've never been in there before."

Mathilda poured some milk into a saucer, added a small tumbler of whiskey, went to the door and called softly, "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty."

Mathilda's little Persian kitten ran into the room, straight for the saucer of fortified milk, and eagerly lapped it dry.

(Having devoted her life to science, never venturing into the sinful world of adolescent society, Mathilda was so naive it never occurred to her to consume the forbidden beverage herself. All the great scientists of whom she read used animals for subjects.)

But Kitty did not react properly. He exhibited none of the symptoms Mathilda had witnessed in her father. He did not stagger. He did not slur his meows. He did not even belch.

Kitty merely turned over on his back, stiffly extended his legs into the air, and calmly dropped off to sleep.

Mathilda slowly shook her head, murmuring sadly to herself, "I guess I didn't put in enough whiskey."

Paper Nets Profit

A total of \$22.35 was paid the campus war board for the paper collected in the winter term paper drive, according to an announcement from the war board office.

MAYFLOWER
ELEVENTH AT ALGER

WILD BILL ELLIOTT in
"Death Valley Manhunt"
— and —
MARY LEE in
"Shantytown"

SPRING RUSHES HEADLONG INTO YOUR HAT BOX



Head hugging Dutch bonnet with flowers, veil.

New spring style—Delightful and new.



Attractive black straw—Spring flowers. . . .

The Bonnet Nook

Willamette