

KHAKI CLIPS

Pitching to Joe Gordon

Fifty years from now when Carl Thompson bounces his grandson on his knee he can tell him, "I pitched to Joe Gordon," and the kid's eyes will fill to overflowing with wonder and admiration.

Wednesday afternoon the air corps ball team challenged a "pick-up" nine to a nice, friendly game of baseball. The "pick-up" nine picked up Joe Gordon, regular Yankee second baseman; Howie Fox, a big strong right-hander, who reportedly won twenty-odd games in the Southern association last year; and a couple other lads that use a bat for something else besides picking their teeth. The final score read: "quite a bit to nothing." Coach Earl Truax is trying to keep the exact score a secret.

Thompson did about as well against Gordon as Bobbie Feller, Mort Cooper, and Mel Harder have done in the past—which isn't saying much. The Yankee infielder, star of five world series, didn't seem dulled by the winter lay-off. He hit the ball squarely on each trip to the plate, although Thompson got ahead of him once and had him fouling four or five balls along the third base line. Afield Gordon made several neat plays, once going behind second to rob Brokaw of a hit and another time trotting into left field to make an easy out of a fly ball.

In the fifth inning Thompson, who had been throwing his heart along with each pitch, began to tire, and "Connie" Truax told me to start warming up. The bases were loaded and Gordon strode up to the home dish. Truax started looking at me, but decided—wise-

ly—to leave Thompson in. If I would have had to walk into that spot, I would have swallowed the tobacco wad I wasn't chewing.

An inning later I did get to face Gordon. In case I have any grandchildren, I can tell them that. Gordon looked like any other batter, only his chest and shoulders were a mile wide and he swung from a natural crouch. I had it all figured out: first, I would throw him a soft curve inside which he would pull foul; second would come the half-speeder which is my fastball, also inside and he would pull it foul; and then I would throw the curve low and outside, where Mort Cooper kept it in the last series.

All the planning was for naught—Gordon caught the first pitch, sent a low line drive off Barney's wrist at third, and pulled up at second.

The grandchildren don't have to hear the last part.

For the first time in its 104 years, Duke university is having a fall commencement this year.

STAFF
Editor
 Warren Miller
Scribes
 Al Young
 Dick Murway

Brass, Beer, And Blondes

By AL YOUNG

American myths: 1. Now, personally, we don't know much about love. Not that we're interested, understand, but we've never had the opportunity to display other than an academic interest in the subject. Last Sunday evening was one of those academic times.

In the company of Dick Heller, Don Toomb, and R. J. Murway, we were watching Deanna Durbin and Franchot Tone display their talents on the Mayflower theater screen. During the course of the show, a scene flashed across the screen that brought some rather interesting questions to mind.

Deanna Durbin and Franchot Tone were alone together. It was late in the evening . . . the ever-present milkwagon had just passed by the door. Deanna and our boy, Franchot, walked in the tradesmen's entrance and took the lift to Tone's apartment where Deanna was employed as a maid. Arm in arm, they walked across the room to the door of Deanna's room. This was the end of their first date, the eve when they had discovered that they were made for each other.

For a moment the camera played up the late evening shadows (neglecting, of course, those under Tone's eyes). Then Tone looked deeply into Deanna's eyes. What he could see is beyond us, but we assume that he discovered true love. Since he probably couldn't have stood up much longer, anyway, he kissed her. In fact, he kissed her twice, but no more. She gently pushed him aside and slid into the great beyond that is a woman's boudoir. One could hear their sighs of passion through the rising crescendo of melody. She leaned against her side of the door, stretching her left arm out across the panel . . . more music and fade out.

What we would like to know is whether all true love discovers itself in like manner, as Hollywood would have us believe, while the lights are low and most civilized human beings in bed or not.

Does the lover discover the lovee in a flaming surge of passion? Or does he (or she, as is the case this year) hear bells on some grey, cold, and most unromantic morning with grapefruit in his eye and cold toast. This old love legend has been drifting around for a long time, but does it happen that way? Can you imagine yourself telling some sweet young thing that this was it and not knowing that it is just a bunch of malarky, knowing that your only motives were completely ulterior?

Rather we would imagine that the conversation after a "big" evening would run something like this:

She: Thanks awfully for the super-duper time (this is done in a sweet and sugary tone which is really something to hear).

He: Oh, that's alright . . .

Maybe the movies are right, though; we'll have to ask Miss Betty Sailor.

Petitions Due Today

Petitions for Frosh Glee committee members must be turned in to Leon Williams at Steiwer hall by noon today. A preference for the committee on which the applicant would like to work should be stated. The committees are as follows: general chairman, decoration, publicity, patrons and patronesses, ticket sales, and entertainment.

Former Shackrat Gets Stars and Stripes Post

A former journalism major and Emerald staff member, Victor J. Dallaire, is now in Naples, Italy, as managing editor of the Neapolitan Stars and Stripes, which is published by the same newspaper organization as Stars and Stripes. Dallaire, United Press manager in Spokane in 1942, became a war correspondent for that organization in March of that year. In 1943 he became connected with the supply service in North Africa on the staff of Stars and Stripes.

A technician, he was recruited along with other staffs of the paper in North Africa and Sicily to work on the Naples edition. According to a recent edition of Linotype News, the Neapolitan paper is being produced in the plant of Il Mattino, which, before

The Crouse College of Fine Arts at the Syracuse university was the first on the north American continent. Founded seventy years ago, it was also the first school to confer degrees for courses in architecture, painting and music.

the war, operated 22 Linotypes. In the same plant the Union Jack, British army paper, and Risorgimento, Italian language paper, are printed.

WAYNE MORSE for U. S. SENATOR



The Morse proposal: "The Republican Party is a party of action, not reaction." Pd. Adv.

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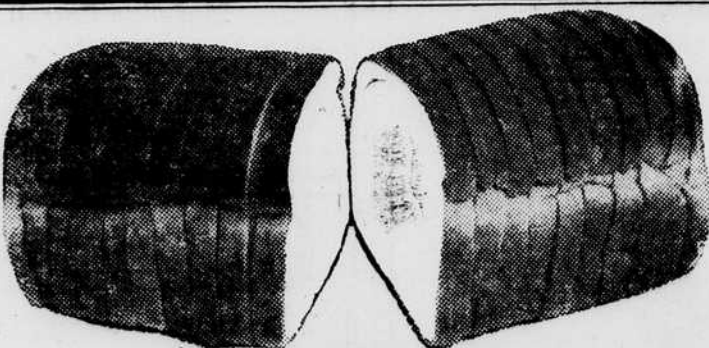
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