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Easter Sunday . . .

Again this Easter, University students and townspeople will gather in McArthur court at 6:45 for sunrise services, a custom dating back eight years or more but one which has so become the accepted thing that no one can remember just exactly when it did start.

In England when people go to church to worship, the sunlight streams through holes in the ceiling and walls where axis bombs have laid the building open to all kinds of weather. But Sunday morning in McArthur court the roof will be whole and the worshippers will not have to worry when the planes go overhead, because they know they are their own. The only ravages here are those of time, not of incendiary bombs.

The fact that in this country, people may band together in a whole building, without fear of either bombs or oppression, and worship when and how they please makes it even more worthwhile, even if you just go for the reassuring feeling that "All's right in the world."

Dr. John L. Knight, professor of religion at Willamette university and counselor on religious activities, will present the Easter sermon "A Faith Reborn"; music will be supplied by the Eugene high school a capella choir and the University string ensemble; and the audience will be given a chance to participate in the singing. All in all a well rounded program, one that should be well attended.

An offering will be taken and any amount over the expenses of the program will be given to the World Student Service fund, certainly a worthy cause.—M.A.C.

The Valiant 279 . . .

Into the valley of women came the 279 civilian males who are at present enrolled in the University. Surrounded by coeds and flanked by flights and sections of military students, these men might sometimes feel that they are ignored, passed over. But instead of sitting around mourning their fate as short-sighted Miniver Cheeveys might do, the men are making themselves known on the campus.

Yesterday afternoon's all-male assembly held at Steiwer hall is an example of this interest in campus affairs. It was amusing at first to the juniors and seniors on the campus, this idea of having all the civilian men meet in one living organization. In the "old days" this would have been impossible. But after the first moments of amusement, the old-timers were pleased to see signs of increasing interest in campus affairs appearing among the civilian men. Traditionally, Oregon has more men than women students. Usually the campus is governed by men; men are the leaders in the various activities. More than two years of war has cut this male-female ratio, and it has also cut the number of men who are active in campus affairs.

Of the men who are left on the campus, however, there is probably the same proportional interest in University functions. One man is vice-president of the ASUO, another is junior representative to the executive council. Oregana and Emerald editors, for a while afraid that they would have all-woman staffs, found that men still take an active interest in the campus publications. Members of the Student Union building committee work under the direction of a man who is general chairman. Other men form members of different committees and carry out their work in the old manner.

After the war the proportion of men to women will rise. So will the entrance into activities. But all this will be partly due to the men who are now on the campus, reminding the coeds of Oregon that this isn't strictly a woman's world.—M.Y.

It may have been coincidence but it is fact that in a co-ed campus poll at Tulane university on the question: "Do you find it difficult to get a date with a New Orleans girls?" these were the results:

Men with Latin names, like Sosa and Saurez, said, "No trouble at all."

Men from Boston, Mass., said "Yes, I do," or "I haven't been looking."

Men from Texas said, "It all depends."

IF A BUDDY MEET A BUDDY-

By GLORIA MALLOY

Well, here is your columnist again—sticking her nose out to get that news for you about our boys in the service.

A lot of our boys at this point are right in the thick of things and they have a lot of thrilling stories to tell about their experiences overseas. Mother Nature seems to be doing her part to show these boys a rough time.

For instance Pfc. Bill Aspfores, SAE, who is in the marines somewhere in the South Pacific, was sitting calmly in a foxhole one day very efficiently carrying on his job of radio operator when he heard a sound as if something were creeping or sliding along the ground. Visions of a slant-eyed Jap must have slid through his mind. He jerked around only to face a python measuring six feet in length. "Well, I gotta admit," says Bill "that it didn't take long to remove myself from that foxhole."

Then there is the story about Richard Lawrence of the merchant marine. It was a pretty hot day so he and some of his friends thought it would be nice to take a little swim around the boat they were stationed on. Everything was ideal until an uninvited visitor decided to appear on the scene. The visitor was a large shark who very "playfully" began to chase the boys around. In less than a split second those boys were out of the water high and dry and decided from there on they would only swim in more conventional places.

Bridge Blast

On the subject of swimming brother Herb Lawrence, who is in the army and stationed at Hawaii, was not long ago out on jungle maneuvers. Herb and some other men were walking along one of those narrow wire bridges when a dynamite charge blew up. There were no injuries but a bunch of wet and muddy men. "You should have seen us. They had to take a knife and scrape the mud off."

Well, those are enough "thrillers" for today and we'll get on with some more news.

Lt. Al Sorenson, DU and class of '43, has just recently received a promotion to first lieutenant. Al is stationed in Italy where he has just gotten out of a rest camp after some months on the battlefront. Now he's back in again leading night missions to retrieve damaged tanks near the enemy lines. Sounds like a pretty delicate job.

Ensign Connie Grabb, DU, the man who was well known for his delicious spaghetti and meatballs at "Liberty Hall," is now at Providence, Rhode Island. Connie has been made recognition officer on the U.S.S. Missouri which is to be commissioned this spring sometime, and off will sail Connie.

Phi Delt Leroy Erickson, one of our big football men of last year, is an athletic instructor at the San Diego naval base. The boy must feel right at home for he is also playing on the football team there which from reports shows quite a bit.

Before I sign off I want to ask all youse guys and girls who have some interesting information about our boys to let this columnist in on it. It sure would be appreciated.

Clips and Comments

By MARGUERITE WITTWER

Three coeds at the Louisiana State university went to a hospital for World War II veterans to visit a recuperating GI friend of theirs. They felt sort of noble about it because after all they were giving up a show or something to take time to see this sick GI. States the article in the school paper, "One look at the eager, unshaven faces of the hospital patients, and they didn't feel quite so noble."

Now there is a fine arrangement between the university and the hospital. Trucks pick up coeds Sunday afternoons and the university women are brought to the wards to spend a few hours at the bedsides of the men, talking to them, playing games, helping the morale of the hospital immensely. . . . This column usually doesn't go off on a eulogistic tangent but that deal really shows us quite a charge.

Well, the students at LSU ate up "Robin Hood," according to a headline in the "Reveille." That may be all right, but I mean, what do they want—a pint of plasma? The audience up here sort of ate up "The Great God Brown," too, and that sounds logical if you have cannibalistic tendencies. What worries us is how would you handle "Tobacco Road"? . . . Smoke it?

From Camp Abbott's newspaper (strictly GI) comes the sad word that 50 men and women teachers are needed to teach as instructors in primary education equivalent to the first four grades in elementary school for illiterate soldiers in the ninth service command. There is no age limit for applicants and experience is not necessary. . . . Progressive education! Picture some slim, svelte sally saying to a classroom of rude, crude and unattractive T/5's, "All right, boys, how do you spell 'government issue.'"

A woman PE instructor at the University of Kansas sent a special request that the V-12 sailors are not to look through the cracks into the girls' gym anymore. According to the "Daily Kansan" morale has hit a new low in the navy and there is serious talk of putting windows between the gyms. . . . That's what watching baseball through knotholes can do for you.

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"WHERE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?"
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