

## Silence the Wailing . . .

Intriguing headline to the half-opened, breakfast-wavering, feminine eye . . . "Smoker Open to Males Only" . . . with members of the "valiant 279" sponsoring the masculine counterpart of Coed Capers April 21. Perhaps there will be an attempt to crash the gates, just like the notorious Paul, alias Pauline. Or perhaps the event might be likened to the Friday night fun night. "Perhaps not," an indignant civilian man will retort.

At any rate, it's a good sign, one that has been lacking this school year, for the college freshmen and numerically weak upperclassmen to be thinking enthusiastically about the group as a whole, regardless of living organization, and to act. It's been easy, with many war-imposed handicaps, to add a few, hazy, self-imposed deterrants too. This spring sees a change.

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The civilian men are a powerful minority in campus affairs. A drastically changed University life has made it difficult which is putting it mildly. They felt decidedly ignored and unrepresented. After months of feminine wailing about a feminine campus, the civilian men decided to silence a portion of the tide of caterwauling by making themselves heard, seen, and noticed. The idea is satisfactory to all, and appears headed for success.

\* \* \* \*

College life, and the length thereof, is uncertain, especially for the civilian man. To enjoy it and realize the enjoying, to absorb as much as possible of its benefits, to participate in its waning life, despite handicaps, is to be not only a bit courageous, but smart.—B.A.S.

## Worth Seeing . . .

In the good ole days Wednesday afternoon was generally reserved for a date at Chapman hall to see the oldest instead of the latest movie. Every week students used to pack room 207 to see the super thrillers of the twenties, complete with sloe-eyed heroines and jerky continuity.

Today, being Wednesday, in the old tradition two movies flash on the Chapman screen. But in the new tradition of up-to-date presentations, these movies are concerned with the war. Not so very long ago students were able to see the excellent document of the North African campaign "Desert Victory" and today they may see "The Battle of Russia" and an information film called "Crack That Tank."

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Movie critics have cried long and loudly that no "important" war films have come out of Hollywood. They object, as does the intelligent public, to Hollywood's bloodless, sweatless, and neatly ordered conception of war which has moved them at times to wish for something really harsh like Gilbert and Sullivan, or a Shirley Temple opus.

But the critics have had good things to say about documentary films—those taken by the signal corps, for example. "The Battle of Russia" combines actual battle scenes with competent cutting and editing. Produced in the same spirit which made the earlier Stalingrad document, and the picture story of the rape of Nanking notable, this addition to the campus movie series should be worth seeing, worth remembering.—M.M.G.

"When glibly we talk of postwar reconstruction on the basis of international economic and political agreements we do well to remember, let us say, the Nine Power pact to outlaw war, a solemn agreement entered into by some nations who had not the slightest intention to keep faith. That can happen again unless in this new day that is approaching we can build spiritual relationships that parallel and reinforce international agreements. This is a spiritual undertaking, a mission to help develop and establish a code of international ethics, of righteousness and good will."—President Hugh Clark Stuntz of Scarritt college, Nashville, Tenn., makes the point that neither economics nor politics is sufficient to hold the world together.

## Clips and Comment

By MARGUERITE WITTWER

The week's worst: a navy med at the University of Kansas named his cadaver Ernest because he wants to work in dead Ernest. And from the same campus comes the sardonic chuckle of a certain frat man whose new yellow knit necktie had been pulled at it hung way below his knees by his playful brothers. One day the men woke up to discover that all of their ties had been tied end to end and run up the flag pole in front of the house to half mast.

At the University of Minnesota a student was found in a large Spanish class who actually did not know the meaning of "Besame Mucho." He successfully translated

the words of the song on the blackboard before the class but was stuck on the title phrase. . . . More or less the type that gets around.

Quote—Easter eggs and bunnies will carry out the Easter theme at

the Cal canteen, it was announced yesterday. . . . Barbara Fricke will entertain with a hula dance. End quote from the University of California's daily. . . . Sure, we get it; Just One of Those Things department.

To Heck With Classes

The University of Indiana's never ask on exams what the students have taken down during classes, so why bother?

Apple, polishing your prof may help you pull through a course. Slip him a bar of candy or a package of gum occasionally. He is sure to appreciate your efforts.

"It is unnecessary to crack a book until finals week. This is recommended so that the student can attack each subject with fresh zest. The rest of the semester—just go out and have a good time.

When studying the student should be in a room full of people "Daily Student" recently carried a column full of advice worthy of serious consideration during the coming prefinals weeks: "One of the main points of the program is to cut classes. Too much routine would be boring and dull your interest.

"It is a grave mistake to take notes. Everyone knows the profs preferably in the midst of a bull session, the radio should be on full blast, and the air should be blue with smoke. If he can learn anything with such competition he does not have anything to worry about anyway.

"The night before finals gulp down several cups of black coffee and cram hard. Of course, there may be a few flaws to the foregoing advice. For one thing, the originator flunked out of school before he could give it a fair trial." . . . That's nothing new; we've been doing that for years.

Actor Frederic March is an alumnus of the University of Wisconsin.

## IF A BUDDY MEET A BUDDY-

By BETTY FRENCH ROBERTSON

Best story of the week comes from a letter written by Pvt. Virgil Parker, former UO Sigma Chi, to his pin-wearer, Theta Emily Rhodes. It seems that Sam Bullock, an Oregon Sigma Chi from 1914 to 1917, and now working in Portland, publishes a paper for all members of his fraternity who have been to the University, and prints every new address as it comes in to him, so that all the boys can keep in touch with each other.

Parker, who was in the army program at Rutgers university, read an item in the paper calling all readers to meet at the Astor bar in New York City on the following Saturday night, which was about three weeks ago. When he arrived, he found four other Sigma Chis from Oregon: Dave Waite, Chick Chaloupka, Bob "Punchy" Morrison, and Ken Morin. Within a short time more Oregon men turned up until there were fourteen in all, among them Warren Treece and Don Bridenstine, Phi Deltas, and Roy Seeborg and Herb Widmer, Theta Chis.

The whole delegation jazzed over to the German-American club, where they immediately "took over" for two hours. Holding a mug of beer in one hand, they sang the pledge song, "Mighty Oregon," all the fraternity songs they knew, kept the obliging piano player busy accompanying them, and to quote the letter, "everyone's morale was lifted 100 per cent."

Old Grad Unearthed

Just as the gang was ready to leave, a man invited them to his table with a request that they sing the pledge song again. After they had gladly complied, he explained that he had graduated from Oregon, then said to his guests, "See what kind of guys they have at Oregon!"

The four Sigma Chis are now at Camp Carson, Colorado, where they found Guy Haines, who was once their fraternity president.

Word comes from Ken Christianson, '42, and a former co-sports editor of the Emerald, who is now a first lieutenant in the paratroops stationed somewhere in England, they made an exhibition jump recently for Prime Minister Winston Churchill, General Dwight Eisenhower, General Omar Bradley, and a galaxy of other high-ranking military officials who were present.

Wedding bells ring again for the umpteenth time! Now it's Phi Delt Rod Taylor, who is stationed with the army air force at Pecos, Texas, is being married April 18 at Monterey, California, to Zoe Littlefield, who was an Oregon Tri-Delt.

Cupid

Pin-planting still goes on, war or no war, this time because of it. Paul Brashi, also in Texas, gave his Sigma Chi cross to Pat Smith, who is a Chi O at the University of Arizona.

Ted Baker, former SAE, now in the army, sends word to his parents here in Eugene that his "right flipper is incapacitated" as the re-

sult of a few little activities on Bougainville island. Slight curiosity must be expressed at this point as to how he "sent word."

The number of Oregon women in the armed forces is steadily rising. The Waves claim Laura Snell, June Cummings, Elizabeth Wahl (now a lieutenant) and Barbara Washburne, who was a Theta. Leota Parks and Emma Baker are both in the marines, and Pat Holder, Marjorie Sult, Lois Fisher, and Clarethel Roselund are all members of the WAC. This offers an opportunity for a plug for the dean of women's office. They are issuing a call for the names of all University coeds now in uniform, so that these names may be engraved on a plaque to be put up in Gerlinger hall.

Chi Psi Al Putnam is attempting the glory of the "sliding sticks" at Camp Hale, Colorado, with the ski troops, and according to word received by an unidentified Tri-Delt, he "seems to be having quite a time."

Like Saturday's columnist, Wednesday's author of this strip is also lurking around hunting for clever anecdotes and gossip about UO servicemen, too, and begs to announce that all contributions will be gratefully accepted.

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