

KHAKI CLIPS

Brass, Beer, And Blondes

By AL YOUNG

The Passing Parade—For a period of nigh on to eleven months now, we have been watching the weeks pass by in a methodical fashion. Each day in the week has, for us, its own peculiar aspects; but Saturday is the most peculiar and unique day of them all.

Saturday is one of those broken-up days when we find ourselves doing a little bit of everything . . . going to school . . . taking tests . . . drinking beer at Robinson's . . . leering at girls in jeans and wondering what they look like on the other six days of the week . . . and in the evening we're likely to do any number of things; however, most of them have to do with getting to the liquor store before eight o'clock.

Of the aforementioned activities, two stand out in our mind above the rest: drinking beer at Robinson's and leering at girls in jeans.

Saturday afternoons at Robinson's has become almost a ritual with us. Around four o'clock in the afternoon, we start drifting toward the place in the company of some fabulous character. We walk in, sit down, and light our pipes. Then we take time off to watch the antics of one "Whitey" White who, in his capacity as host, greets the customers and gives out with a little bit of that well-known personality. "Whitey" is especially

effective with the female clientele. It seems that the personable Mr. White knows every frill on the campus that has ever consumed beer in any quantity. He can really maneuver when the pressure is on.

Next, on our list of enjoyable avocations, is this business of women in jeans. We start looking when the first gam passes our eight o'clock history class on her way to the Co-op. The type that is around at that hour is, as a rule, a rather bedraggled type. She looks like she is about to work on the track-laying gang for Southern Pacific . . . railroad kerchief and all that sort of thing.

Around eleven o'clock a more interesting species appears before our dimmers. You see we have a geography class in Fenton hall then and can overlook the tennis court. Every time we have that class we are reminded of the old joke which says: a gal only gets out of a sweater what she puts into it; while in the case of shorts, she only gets out what sticks out. Saturday mornings really bring out the truth of the above statement.

And finally, there is the Saturday afternoon type. It seems that on Saturday afternoon the various houses have some sweet young thing dress like an old farmer (very old) and send her out to mow the lawn. This is definitely not the type that drives men mad with lust. We saw one last Saturday that would have made War Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt turn pale with sadness over the state of the nation. We can hear him now, "Please, Mr. Roosevelt, peace at any price."

Each Complete . . .

By DICK MURWAY
10 Short Short Stories

I
The girl, whom he had picked up at the cheap dance hall, at last told him her name was Betty.

II
Charlie moved a few steps to the side of the man who was nervously stroking a windburnt neck with withered blue-veined hands and got a match to light his cigaret.

III
He had never done anything like it before, but he saw these girls squashing out whole cigarettes in the dish on the table and getting up to dance and he thought: "what a waste." He grabbed four or five of the nearly-whole smokes and fitted them into a tiny silver case his brother had given him a long time ago.

IV
The grass was very green around the brown infield of the baseball diamond. The broad-shouldered left-hander who was batting swung hard at an inside fastball and the white ball sailed far over the back-ground of green outfield grass.

V
Because there was no place else to sit, he sat down on the park bench beside the lean faced old man. A black pipe hung from the old man's grey lips. Then the wonderful fragrance of the tobacco reached him and he asked the old man what blend he smoked. But the old man snorted: "Aw, I don't remember. I just threw it together."

VI
It was awfully funny that this dark faced guy should have a gun in his hand. It was funnier that the guy should be pointing it at him and saying he was going to shoot. But it was funniest that the guy did shoot and suddenly he was dead.

VII
Jimmy was walking home from school with the girl with the long golden curls. The sun was bright and someone had taught the birds in the trees to sing "Beautiful Dreamer."

VIII
He and Andy sat next to each other on the high stools and put their elbows on dry spots on the broad bar. They drank three shots with beer chasers in rapid succession, and he didn't feel so bad about Dorothy saying she was busy and couldn't go out with him that night.

IX
Walking alone on the white crust of snowcovered streets was quite something. He hadn't felt so free since the time long past when

he'd untied his mother's apron strings with unsure hands.

X

The boogie woogie beat was inside him and twisting and making him move his feet. He didn't know what to do with his hands, until he thought of going over to the piano and putting a cigarette in the player's mouth.

Patter, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Neet, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Sawyer, Mrs. E. E. DeCou, and Mr. and Mrs. George Hopkins.

Harry V. Benson Visits Campus on Naval Leave

A-C Harry V. Benson, USN, University graduate, recently visited the campus on leave after graduating from St. Mary's preflight school, March 26. His next base will be Livermore, California, where he will train for three months before going to Corpus Christi, Texas.

Boys Play Ball Today

Boys' intramurals scheduled for Wednesday were called off because of weather and will be played today. The schedule for today is: Campbell co-op vs. Steiwer Boomers; Hamilton Leaders vs. the Boyds.

Changes Made

(Continued from page one)
and Mrs. L. W. Manerud, Mr. and Mrs. William Love, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. C. A.

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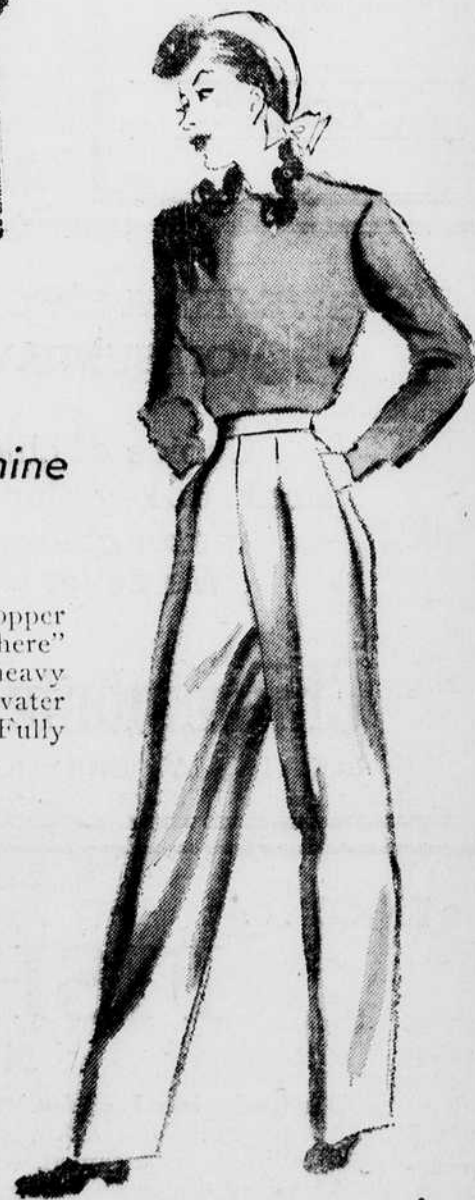


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