

# KHAKI CLIPS

## Brass, Beer, And Blondes

By AL YOUNG  
**SHORT, SHORT FEATURE ON THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE**—Now that the Theta Sig edition has come and gone, we can settle back in our easy chair and rest assured that the Emerald will print any old crud. Time was when we thought that certain features in our column were a trifle out on the proverbial limb, but after reading the assorted stuff in the gay and enjoyable Theta Sig edition, we figure anything will do. We might, for instance, write something in the Ernie Pyle style. Ernie, as you may or may not know, recently won the Pulitzer prize for his on-the-scene reporting in the E. T. O.

To illustrate in point, here's how he might report news of the local air corps operation:

I talked with Pvt. Dick Murway of 7-11 Bush Street, Lakewood, Ohio today about the recent re-classification of air corps men. Private Murway was one of the few who volunteered his services to G-2 for purposes of gaining information on the recent foreign duty assigned to some of the men in his detachment.

Private Murway asked me to say hello to his father, Alfred K. and his mother for him. I said that I would be glad to do that.

After we had talked for a while, Murway loosened up and told me of his hopes for a better world after the war. He said that he could hardly wait until he could plant sweet peas in his wall box and watch the little green things growing taller and taller.

He went on to say: "Like all patriotic young Americans, I'm vigorously opposed to anything. What was good en'uf for father is good en'uf for me."

That night while I walked across the campus toward my tent, where I sleep with 50 other correspondents, I could not help but think of the home-spun philosophy that this fine American youth had given

## Fable of a Fabulous Misfit

By DICK MURWAY

We were walking along a dark corridor in Villard one afternoon last week when a strange fellow shuffled from the shadows and wondered if he might have a few words with us. The fellow bore an apologetic look upon his round, unhappy face and we thought maybe his few words would be: Can you spare a dime for a lemola?

But the chap opened with: "I don't drink beer." He made the statement very blunt and apparently it was intended to explain everything.

"That's tough," we replied. "It's gonna get pretty hot this summer, too. But then you can always drink lemolas, can't you?"

"You don't see," the chap protested, his unhappy face becoming even sadder. He began to whine: "Because I don't drink beer I will never be able to get my name in Al Young's column in the Emerald."

"Well, that isn't such a tough break," we told him.

"Oh, but I do wanta get my name in the Emerald so badly."

"It shouldn't be too difficult," we assured him. "Why don't you do something that is new?"

"Nothing ever happens to me."

"You can always write a letter to the president of Indiana U. The Indiana paper will make some comment and Miss Wittwer of the Emerald will put it in her 'Clips and Comments' column."

"What could I write to the president of Indiana U.?"

"Well, if you don't like that, surely you can get your name in Betty Sailor's gossip column."

When we said that, the fellow drew himself up to his full stature (five feet two) and replied with dignity: "I have some standards, you know."

Hastily we started off on a new tack: "If you're a human being,

me. And I could not help but think of how the young had taken possession of the earth and were willing to die for it.

Anyway, Ernie Pyle might do it that way.

**STAFF**  
 Editor  
 Warren Miller  
 Scribes  
 Dick Murway  
 Alfred Young

Miss Wittwer will interview you. She likes to interview human beings."

The strange fellow blushed. "To be interviewed by Miss Wittwer is my highest ambition, next to getting my name in Al Young's column, and since I don't drink beer there is no chance of the latter."

"Well, then, you should be interviewed by Miss Wittwer. You are a human being, aren't you? She loves to interview human people."

Continuing to blush the little fellow declared: "I'm afraid I'm not worthy of being interviewed. You see, I don't collect anything but stamps; I haven't shot down any zeroes; and besides all that I don't drink beer."

"What's your stamp collection like?" we pursued hopefully.

"It's not much."

The chap made the last statement in the most abject of tones. It's a pity there are people like him in the world, we thought to ourselves. Misfits. No place in Al Young's column, not worthy of being interviewed by Wittwer.

"Your best bet is to rob a bank," we told him.

"I've thought of that," he answered, "but the newspapers usually omit the names of first offenders."

At that we had to depart. We didn't want to suggest robbing two banks.

### Exec Council of Dads To Meet Saturday

The state executive council of the Oregon Dads association will meet Saturday afternoon at Eugene, Karl W. Onthank, executive secretary of the organization, announced Monday.

Under primary consideration will be the Erb Memorial scholarship and a continuation of the former discussion on returning servicemen.

### Oregana Delivery To Conclude Today

Oreganas will continue to come off the assembly line today between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m., Edith Newton, business manager, announced. The line forms at the south end of McArthur court.

Some Oreganas are still available at the educational activities office for those who have not yet purchased their books, she reminded students.

**REX**

"DESTINATION  
 TOKYO"  
 — and —  
 "NOBODY'S  
 DARLING"

## Cadaver Palaver

We are finally having what is supposed to be spring term weather. These glorious sunny days find the freshly clipped lawn in front of McClure dotted with O.D.'s, as the boys relax between tussles with the elements in chem lab.

In the spring a young man's fancy turns—so we took off for the house parties Saturday eve. There has been quite a change since the close of winter season; more civilians than we've seen in a long time, an overabundance of air corps personnel, and too many coeds unescorted.

At 0900 Sunday a dozen or so of the lads were teeing off at the first hole. No doubt they feel that golfing is a prime requisite of a successful physician. Late in the day, a big boat cruised up to the barracks and corraled a couple of G.I.'s. These squares didn't even get the femmes' names.

We look forward to the Junior Prom with hope and speculation as we remember the caliber of the campus dances so far this term. The J. P. should be more successful in drawing a bigger and livelier crowd. Full support from the armed (sliderules) forces is expected, so it ought to be a "reet meet."

Rosy and tanned faces were the

only visible results of our little visit to the U. of O. Medical school in Portland. Dr. Merriam got a couple of fine shots of the roadside nature lovers while Dr. Dedrick helped to fix a flat tire.

Leon Zacharias  
 Renny Nicola  
 Al Smith

## AFTER THE PROM...

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- Milkshakes
- Sodas
- a variety of flavors of ice cream

at

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Montgomery Ward



## MOTHER'S DAY Sunday, May 14th

Many of you are planning suitable gifts for Mother and that is where The Broadway comes into the picture with appropriate suggestions. For instance:

**GLOVES**—All leather or fabric, plain or novelty stitching. As low as \$1.00 for fabrics to the fine leathers at \$5.49.

**HANDKERCHIEFS**—A veritable world of pretty styles in novelty prints—all white lace trims, embroidered cottons from 35c to \$1.00 each.

**HANDBAGS**—And all leather ones at that—in the new fashions—black and leather tan. Metal or wood frames. A great many to choose from—2.95 to \$7.95.

**PRINCESS SLIPS**—Made by Mary Barrons. High in quality, expertly made. White and tea rose. \$1.98 to \$3.00.

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 20 - 30 East Broadway

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