

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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Put the Campus In Your Pocket

Next year's Webfoots will be the first to use the pocket-size student handbook, a guide to campus living which is designed to take the greenness out of the entering freshman and to serve as a reminder and a handy reference book to the upperclassman who knows his way around but isn't quite sure how to get back.

Newly-appointed Editor Charles Politz promises big things. He has, he says, "a considerable budget." The book will have 100 to 150 pages, a colored, hand-drawn cover, and many pictures and drawings. The handbook will be written in sprightly, readable style—"we don't want it to become a mausoleum type of reference book."

The contents of the book, according to Politz, will be "everything that every freshman or upperclassman on the campus should know." Among that "everything" he lists yells, songs, traditions, the ASUO constitution and by-laws, departments of student government, campus activities, functions of various committees and boards, pointers on college etiquette, clothes, the history and nature of traditional campus events, student-teacher relations, how to change study habits from high school to college demands—"how to become acclimatized."

"The idea, Politz states, "is to have a book that kids can carry in their pockets and can refer to for details on questions when they come up."

Such a handbook will be invaluable as a guide to campus living. Few students now on the campus know the complete and exact details of Junior Weekend tradition. There are always some "crimes" of which freshmen have never heard until they are carried squirming to the dunking pool. (Did you girls know, by the way, that you may not speak to boys at the luncheon but that they may talk to you—and that if you reply when the Man You've Been Wanting to Know All Year speaks, you'll get a very de-glamorizing dunking?)

The problem of the transition of study habits is one of which most freshmen are not even aware till midway in their sophomore year. The question of how to act with professors is something freshmen often misunderstand completely if they rely on the "wising-up" given them by a blase and oh-so-bored sophomore. And freshmen often miss out on a lot of campus fun just because they don't know a few small things about college etiquette.

The proposed handbook is in no sense a substitute for the welcome book or the catalog. These useful and necessary books will be published as usual. The handbook will be less formal and less general than the welcome book and catalog, and will contain more specific, pertinent details about life at Oregon which are essential to a successful start. The handbook's special advantage is its size—it will be small enough that it will fit easily into a pocket or notebook. Its special purpose is to be available at all times for the uncertain, inquiring student. The book will be free to everyone on the campus, both freshmen and upperclassmen, so that everyone may have a copy. After the first year, when all the old students will have the handbook, distribution will be limited to new students.

With the ever-handly new booklet, incoming students can find their way around the campus and in student life with ease, and old students will have a ready reference book to check the points on which they are unsure. It seems probable, too, that the book will have a third use, one not included in the original plans. It will be kept with other mementoes by alumnus-loving students and nostalgic alums as a sort of junior Oregon, an abbreviated edition of campus life.—J.N.

Two Massachusetts Institute of Technology hitch-hikers recently got a lift with a lady who surprised them with the following conversation:

"You boys are working hard, aren't you?" she asked. They nodded vigorously. "Whom do you have for math?"

"Professor Zedlin," they replied, adding that he was a good teacher.

"Well, you'd better keep working hard—he's a tough marker," she said. Before they could ask her how she knew all about Tech and its faculty, she continued, "You see, I've been married to him for twenty-one years."—A.C.P.

Clips and Comments

By MARGUERITE WITTWER

Lack of manpower at South Euclid college caused coeds to turn to their last resources. They were required to a prom by their fathers and maintained that the dads were very gallant escorts.

Over 200 coeds at the University of Texas don canteen uniforms every evening after classes and serve chow to the V-12 trainees in their mess halls. The girls were required to complete 20 hours of training before being allowed to relieve the shortage of help.

The commander of the NROTC unit at the University of Southern California has released a statement to the students regarding proper procedure for civilians to follow while the flag on the campus is being raised and lowered. All civilians will be asked to face the flag squarely, standing at attention, men removing their hats and holding them opposite their left shoulder. All automobiles in the vicinity should stop, according to the officer.

Are the days when huge rally-rally crowds flock into college stadiums really not so far off? Football fans may at least receive some encouragement from the fact that the turnout for the first spring football practice for two years at Syracuse university far surpassed the expectations of even the most optimistic gridiron followers.

Unbelievable as it may seem in wartime, 72 men appeared on the field for the first drill session recently and the show of campus enthusiasm and revival of the old Syracuse spirit has brought a promise of continuing scrub practice. . . . How about that, coach? Maybe next year's Oregon can carry a full football section again.

Well, this little item gives us a panic. Quote from the Skiff, Texas Christian university newspaper, "The juke box has been repaired and is in good condition for next week's dance. We want the girls to dress, but not in evening dresses. As a special feature at the dance the nightwatchman, who was with circuses for some 30 years, will do a slack-wire act." . . . Anyway, we're glad the girls are going to dress.

With little white lace frills around their heads, simulating halos, 273 liars marched around the University of Purdue campus singing songs, forming plans for their booklet, and presumably, lying. It was the annual state conference of the Liar's club, an occasion where the biggest of granddaddies of big whoppers are exchanged.

The temperature at the University of Minnesota may still be low enough to allow the NROTC's to trot around energetically in their navy woolens.

But what bothers us considerably is the fear that the few remaining air corpsmen and pre-meds on this hyar campus will disappear. We get quite a charge when we see the fellows melting away in big drops on the sidewalks on Thirteenth because they still have to wear their OD's. How about that, Capt. Cable, etc.?



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IF A BUDDY, MEET A BUDDY

By BETTY FRENCH ROBERTSON

After the war department telegram arrived, Ted Baker's parents got a letter from their son who is in a New Hebrides hospital, about the wound he received on Bougainville island March 13. "I can't use my right arm," he said, "so this is being written by someone else." It was signed with his left hand.

Ted, who was a freshman SAE last year at the University, left school a year ago and has been overseas six months in the army's famed American division. On previous occasions he has written home about seeing good shows overseas, eating pineapple on the Fiji islands, and having the natives do his laundry. Christmas night they landed on Bougainville. In his last letter Ted also told about being evacuated by plane to the hospital, and of his new medal. "I am now the proud possessor of the Purple Heart, perhaps the oldest and best known medal given." Everyone hopes Ted is wiggling his right hand now.

Don Fox, Phi Delt, is another Oregon lad at Willamette university in the navy V-12 program, and he is heading for medical school next fall. He tells one interesting tale about three boys in his class who were penalized by being required to write, "It is not polite to talk in class" 500 times. One of them got fancy, wrote it in French, and for this insubordination was made to write it 1000 times.

Pvt. Pete Tugman, former SAE now in the infantry at Camp Beale, California, waiting to be sent overseas, wrote home that he found out his supply sergeant is Hartley Kneeland, a fellow Eugenean, and that Kneeland entertained him overnight at his home there.

It will be a race against time for the wedding of Jim Ricksecker, Theta Chi, and Jean Gallo, ADPI, which is scheduled for June 11 in San Francisco. Jim becomes a lieutenant in the army air corps June 10, and his friends are planning to get him all dressed up on the train which pulls into Frisco at 7 p.m. so that he will be ready to be married to 8. Jean, by the way, is going to do a little fast scurrying to get to California after graduating here June 4.

Apprentice Seaman Ben Wright, Theta Chi pledge last year, was

transferred from Willamette university to Sun Valley, Idaho, where he is now going to school. His room, so he claims, formerly was priced at \$37.50 per day.

In about a week Corp. Don "Aggie" Martin of the marine air corps at Jacksonville, Florida, will be back on the University campus, where he was formerly a Theta Chi. He attracts innumerable people by the words on the back of his dungarees: "Aggie Martin, University of Oregon, ADPI." His frat pin rests upon the sweater of Amy Pruden, which explains the ADPI. A box of candy she sent him for Christmas just caught up with him a few weeks ago, with postmarks of marine bases all over the country on it. Someone offered the explanation, "Maybe the pony express got sick."

Joe Estes, who was at Oregon the first term this year, is a private in the army air corps at Fort Logan, Colorado, and has been down with rheumatic fever almost the entire time he has been in the service. Hopes for his quick recovery are earnestly extended now.

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