

# OREGON EMERALD

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## A Definite Responsibility . . .

A large number of Oregon freshmen are now regular members of the staffs that daily present a newspaper for student readers and annually produce a yearbook covering life on the campus.

Those who attended the three meetings this week have a responsibility not only to the publications but to their readers. Signing up as a reporter on the Emerald means covering a beat, and if a story was missed because the Side seemed much more enticing than some professor's drab office, the ultimate loser is the public.

A writer on the Oregana is responsible for turning in the assigned copy by a certain time, and missing the deadline will muss up the complete schedule, perhaps delaying delivery of the book by a week or more.

Both publications pay their way through advertising. Slipping in the ad department may mean fewer pictures in the Emerald or an inferior cover in the Oregana because the budget had to be adjusted somewhere.

The smallest cog in the wheels is important in putting out a good paper and yearbook. If all staff members pull together and do the jobs assigned, the readers will receive what they are entitled to—in the Emerald, news well presented and pleasingly written; in the Oregana, a book accurately and artistically presenting University life.

The training in responsibility received as members of the Emerald and Oregana will be invaluable when school days are over and Ducks become graduates. To keep a job a person must prove to his employer that he can be depended upon.

The large turnout at all three meetings promises excellent staffs and therefore fuller and more interesting publications to which you as readers are entitled.—M.A.C.

## To Serve Others . . .

For those girls who have always had a secret desire to be the one whose cool hand soothes the fevered brow of some unknown soldier; for those who have been thrilled by the recent splurge in the motion picture industry on the heroism of nurses in Bataan, Burma, Africa and France; and for those who just want to help in the most immediate manner possible because of that favorite person in the fighting forces, there is an activity just beginning to reopen on the campus this year that will provide the right requirement for you . . . the Red Cross.

Apart from the fact that those girls who take part in the group will be able someday to say that they were the ones behind the man behind the gun, membership in this organization is strictly labeled among the most important and vital activities in which any eager, young freshman can participate. At the present moment opportunities for a position on the Red Cross Cabinet are varied and widespread. In a recent announcement by Carol Wicke, chairman of the campus chapter, it was disclosed that four important positions are open to any applicant . . . sewing chairman, nurses' aides chairman, phone committee chairman, and an accident prevention chairman. All positions of responsibility and merit and positions which bring for their officers, not only campus recognition but also national acclaim by the Red Cross organization. For the campus unit has been an independent chapter since last spring term when it was no longer declared a subsidiary of the Eugene chapter and was granted a national charter.

In the past year the University of Oregon has received national attention for the work of the war board during the last bond drive and has also chalked up a splendid record with the Red Cross. This year's group has that reputation to carry on and although freshmen are eligible only for one of the four positions, that of the phone committee chairman, they will be the ones needed to roll the bandages, knit those socks and sweaters needed so badly now since the start of D day, and learn the uses of splints and slings in the first aid class.

Now is the time to enroll and really get your teeth into a basic and vital activity. There is a lot more to campus life than that coke at the Side and the latest house meeting.

Ask any one of the veterans now on the campus what organization he considers the most important for the activity-minded freshman and then turn up for the first Red Cross meeting of the year.—P.O.

# Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

(Author's note: Please read this as if today were yesterday.)

May the never-ceasing glurp of demons fall upon that man, for he has done it again. Of course we must admit, he never promised to do otherwise, and anyone with the remotest claim to a gleam of intelligence would undoubtedly have expected it, nay, probably has been hyper-anxiously awaiting it. But we, poor things, are idealists, and in matters such as these the idealists are forever lost.

That their feelings and idealisms are eternally glazed over and ignored was proved for the umpteenth time (not an actual count) today by that man.

The man of Dick Tracy is an indefatigably unmerciful man—in the parlance of the Brooklynese—nuttin' but a rat. Not only that, he is an unquenchable sadist and annoyance, not to unmention diversion, to early-morning coffee drinkers. Not even one day will he let elapse. Not one entire short little small 24-hour with morning, noon, and night, and cokes with Thetas day, will he let go by without giving Old Hornbeak another job.

### Again Degeneration

To degenerate to particulars: This morning's paper do we open (name unmentionable because of commecial rivalries) in a puddle of coffee at the fountain of the College Side, to find Nina fending off another clever thrust behind a potted palm by an army-estranged in-adequate cut off at the upper shoulders by the bottom rule of Terry and the Pirates, Cindy, or is it Joy, introducing Sandpiper to Mr. Biceps Browning, and Richard Rocknose Tracy, frothy-fresh from his conquest of the Brow, sitting in the stationhouse in his unmatched indestructible bootblack-shined black suit, or it may be navy blue as we are more or less color blind about such things, with his left hand (the apple must have plastic Arrow shirt, and his yellow hat, as ever, contra-etiquette, glued on in the house.

He is leaning back in a swivel chair, looking not unlike Sewell Avery, with his feet blopped up on something, or his feet blopped up on something, or his feet blopped up on something, or his feet have been cut off to make way for the second panel. He is chewing on an apple.

### Copacetic

Junior and a wastebasket are behind him, and Junior takes a gasp and says: (and we quote) "BUT TRACY, THE BROW'S CAUGHT AND EVERYTHING IS COPACETIC." If that isn't the payoff, and a magnificent signal for Meizer and Frank's to call back the Quiz Kids and their mothers and start the whole contest over again. We would assure you of a place, Junior.

Junior continues: "WHY FEEL LOW?" he asks of Old Hornbeak ("Why" is in extra-heavy black type which we do not have.) Tracy replies: (the apple being in his left hand) "OH, I DON'T KNOW JUNIOR. I JUST FEEL LOW." ("I just feel low" is underlined which we also do not have so you will have to be content with caps.) Junior counters in his ageless, youthful vehemence: "LISTEN, WHAT YOU NEED IS A REST. AND I MEAN REST." ("Mean" being in that extra-heavy black while "rest" is underlined which we will admit is a skillful diversifying blend.)

### Slowly, Slyly

Then comes the preparation for the atrocity—slyly, smoothly, casually, but inevitably, for Old Hornbeak strokes his crag-jut chin with his striped red tie-button on his been surreptitiously palmed to the

DANCING EVERY SAT. NIGHT with Art Holman and his Orchestra EUGENE HOTEL

right) and just an inch below and a quarter above "REG. U. S. PATENT OFF.—COPYRIGHT 1944 BY THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE" he says: "WHAT'S THE USE KID, I'VE TRIED AND SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENED." See, that's the clincher—we knew it—WE KNEW IT—for the love of the WE KNEW IT—Andronica—it was as inevitable as night following the day (or vice versa) or wolf following woman (also).

Something is going to happen, not a wormhole of doubt about it, for the old foreshadow gag is immediately followed in the third panel by what is known to the scholars and technicians in the field of comic strips as the "modifier."

Chief Brandon implores Old Hornbeak to fly to Lake Geneva for a fishing trip, and to investigate what is left of the League of Nations as a sidetrip, we presume, but Richard parries the suggestion by burbling forth in his best profanity: "AW NUTS, SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN, POP, BEFORE I GOT MY SHIRT CHANGED." (which is a laugh) and finishes by the now well-gnawed apple core for

(Please turn to page three)

## An Open Letter to Coach John Warren

What has happened to football? A traditional activity in most universities and at Oregon. There are some 270 odd men on the campus of which many would be glad to participate.

It makes little difference whether they play Washington university or University high school just as long as they play.

Because there are less men on the campus than in normal times is that reason enough to deny what is left of "Joe College" the right and the pleasure of carrying the Green and Yellow on the gridiron.

There are many smaller universities with smaller male enrollments that still manage to field teams.

Perhaps the teams fielded are not winning teams but after all the original purpose of athletics was not to mold winning teams but merely for the entertainment of the sport.

Has it come to such a point that the University refuses to have a team to represent them unless it is a winning team.

What about the boy who just wants to play. This may be the last chance for many to participate for Oregon, or for that matter, to participate at all.—S.M.

# BLOPSY

Cadaver Palaver of the G. I. Ducks

By DAVE MCGUIRE

Reduction was the most noticeable event in our ranks when we returned from furlough. Reduction in number, rank, and quarters. Fact is, the student number among us dropped from a mighty 41 to 26. And with the efflux we lost our company commander, Captain Peterson. But the most drastic reduction was in the size of our quarters. We now live on the second floor of Now Spiller hall, which in saying ought to indicate its brevity. But to elaborate . . . the closet I'm in is so crowded that the first morning we got up I accidentally dressed one of my five roommates. I didn't mind putting my shoes on him, but when I had put my pants on him and he loaned me my own cigaret lighter that was too much. It wouldn't be so bad but every time anyone breathes deeply the walls buckle, and we have to pile out of bed and push 'em back in place.

### Proud Poppas

Congrats are in order for two of our Spero became proud pops since our last writing. Bob's is a girl and Dave's is a boy. The night that (at 2 a.m.) Bob came tearing into the barracks and screamed, "It's a girl," and collapsed. Mother is doing fine, but father verged on a nervous breakdown for five days. Shh! (We may be letting it out of the bag, but 'tis rumored that wedding bells for Charlie Roth and Charlotte Fehley may ring about 10 a.m. on October 21.)

Who could have been more exasperated than the pretty coed who was accidentally wedged between the columns of a hungry platoon on their way home for lunch? When the coed in question finally got her breath all she could say was, "Gosh!"

### Coeds, Coeds, Coeds

And speaking of coeds. . . Aren't there a lot of them? Al Smith came in at noon beaming and proudly announced that he had personally counted 879 on his way home from class and that all of them had smiled directly at him.

A recent survey precludes that the five things about our ranks think most about are: 1. Girls. 2. Girls. 3. Girls. 4. Girls. 5. Girls. No wonder Taylor's doesn't have any business any more.

If anyone happens to find a slightly worn 1925 Model T Ford engine will they please contact Bill Crepps? At some time or other he lost one from the Yellow Phantom. Said phantom is that yellow bathtub on wheels which is always parked in front of Gerlinger.

This is the last stretch of our stay on the Oregon campus. Winding up our term in December we will cast off our adopted web feet and truck for the greener pastures of a medical college.

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## WELCOME UNIVERSITY RECEPTION FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Friday 8 p. m.

### RALLY DAY AND WORLD-WIDE COMMUNION SERVICE

Sunday:

11:00 a.m. "In the Shadow of the Cross"  
9:45 a.m. University Class  
7:30 p.m. "Who Told on Me"

Broadway and High

Dr. V. H. Webster, Pastor