

# OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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## Towards The Goal . . .

In the midst of studying, playing, bull sessioning, and dating on the campus in a war year there is a lot of talk about war work and doing something for the war effort and a lot of talk that can be classed as glittering generalities. But it's not talk that accomplishes things—it's work.

Work is what it takes, and work is what some Oregon coeds have proved themselves capable and willing to do. These are the girls who have volunteered to work for the local ration board, doing office work that requires typing, filing, and filling out forms. The work isn't glamorous. It takes time to go down town, and the only pay is the good feeling these girls have when they realize that they have done the thing asked of them in the best way they can.

Already this month 26 Oregon women have reported to the ration board on Eleventh street just west of Willamette and spent at least an hour doing their volunteer work. Ration board officials say the work is really appreciated, and it is work that must be done—work that can be classed as essential to the war effort.

The girls who have worked already this month include Anne Stewart, Marilyn May, Jill Leachman, Georgia Lisky, Betty Ditto, Bernice Setere, Beverly Carroll, Kay Moyer, Betty Mack, P. Blanton, Barbara Hendrickson, Delores Ray, Patricia Johnson, Betty Skofstad, Mona Macauley, Martha Berg, Pat Keck, Barbara Johns, Barbara Bohannon, Jean Murry, Ardis Jensen, Betty Busch, Erna Gauchn, Barbara Lucas, Ranney Fletcher, and Jean Probst.

These girls don't get a pin to show they've given blood, they don't get a certificate or a card, or anything else to show for their work, but they can feel proud because they are doing one of the necessary jobs and doing it well.—E.A.N.

## Bull Session Or Reality? . . .

The bull session is a standard of college days. We students are willing to tackle almost any social, political, or personal problem when we gather in the den or the room next door to reform the world between midnight and the wee hours. Occasionally we even get beyond vagueness and think of something concrete and realistic to mull over, but we usually shun the news and editorial pages of the daily papers and quickly turn the dial if a news broadcast or political speech takes the place of our favorite musical show on the radio.

Tonight at 8 in McArthur court there will be a non-partisan discussion by three candidates for senator from the state—Wayne Morse, Edgar Smith, and Willis Mahoney. It is a chance for students to hear first-hand what these candidates think about certain questions posed by the Lane County League of Women Voters. The questions concern international organization, treaty ratification, filibustering, and voting by personal or party judgment.

Although most of us are too young this year to vote, we feel quite old enough to discuss the weightiest questions with our friends. Most of us, also, in spite of our youth, have definite ideas about which candidate we favor for president. Few of us have any ideas as to the comparative merits of senatorial candidates—two of whom will have a part in the formation of national and international policy in the decisive years immediately ahead for the United States.

We come to college to learn facts, but we also come to learn to compare those facts or ideas and to come to intelligent conclusions. The meeting tonight will provide ideas and material for discussion and decision.

As college students we feel a little smug as we tell ourselves that we're the articulate ones of the population, who will lead the world, or at least the nation, in the future. We speak in glowing phrases about broad ideals and ideas.

It's about time for us to get down to some serious consideration of the men and issues close at hand, for our voice in the world of tomorrow will be heard through our spokesmen in congress. Our intelligence in voting in the future will be based on our ability to investigate and evaluate those whose election to office is in our hands.—L.S.M.

# IF A BUDDY MEET A BUDDY-

By JEANNE WILTSHIRE

Due to the mass production of service men scattered hither and yon, once in a while one hears a note of interest about men from Oregon.

For example, Don Beairsto, freshman in '43, was recently injured in an accident at Camp Haan. Don was traveling across the desert with three of his buddies in the jeep carrying supplies.

The trailer began swaying and overturned the jeep, causing the boys to be thrown and seriously hurt. All were unconscious when finally found. Don has just recently been released from the hospital after a month of recuperation and is now home on a 15-day furlough.

Another former member of the ASUO was Bob Bacon, junior in '42. Bob is now a second lieutenant in the army air corps stationed at Williams Field, Arizona, and is an instructor.

Perhaps you will remember Jack "Mac" McMahan, who is entertaining the Japs in the South Pacific, and Ken Christiansen, who is now convalescing at the Rhode Island hospital in New York, after being wounded by shrapnel in the arm in France. He will be home on leave in November.

### Oregonites in San Diego

It seems San Diego has acquired many Oregonites, such as Saul Barde, Frank Boesch, Alpha Tau Omega; Ray Erickson, Phi Delt;

Bill Smith, Phi Psi; and Jack McCauliffe, Beta.

Then there's Hayward Taylor, previously with the engineers on this campus, now in the Netherlands. Bob Buchwach, of Sigma Alpha Mu, is now in South Dakota. Apprentice Seaman Don Ruecker, who was on the campus last year as a civilian, is now at the hospital at Farragut with scarlet fever.

Remember Cpl. Drieu Palmros, of the ex-Oregon ASTP? He is now with the U. S. engineers somewhere in France. And Lt. John A. Williams of the armored infantry is now stationed in Camp Barkley, Texas.

### 'Push' Prepared?

On the slightly humorous side, Private Edwin "Push" Poehlman, formerly with the army air corps on the campus, was pictured in last year's annual as a sturdy replica of Mahatma Gandhi. At present, "Push" is stationed in India. How did he know?

# Biopsy

By BOB GELLERT

Once upon a time there were 26 men. These men were called soldiers because they wore soldiers' uniforms. After a while these men, too, called themselves soldiers because everyone else did. They were enrolled in a pretty little vine-covered college—in fact it was nearly overgrown with the stuff.

They tried to act as soldiers should act. They tried hard, but could never quite make the grade (except for a few men, commonly called beavers, or some baser sounding names). These play-acting soldiers had been told that they were the elite. They began to believe what they were told like any good soldier is supposed to do. This led to a number of complications. For instance, in their classes they asserted with much conviction that they were high above the average, and therefore should not be treated as any ordinary class. After a while even the professors believed in this oft-repeated assertion.

### Happy Little Morons

They were happy, at times. They liked to look at all the pretty little girls strutting by—mesomorphs, I believe they call them. Necks would crack, eyes would pop, and low-modulated, well-mannered whistles would sound as one of these pretty little girls would pass. But if any one of these men got too forward—a high-pitched whistle, for instance—the cadet platoon leader would give him a severe tongue-lashing. When on their time off these men would read a good book, or go downtown to have a coke or a sundae, they never complained. They suffered in silence. Even when they were told that they had to eat with the girls they wept bitter tears in silence.

### Step Right In

They were normal in every way, which can be shown by their actions. Just the other day one of these men demonstrated his ingenuity. When a crowd blocked one of the entrances to the P.E. building he just stepped through the plate glass of the other door. No subnormal person would ever think of attempting it.

If you want to have your dreams

interpreted or have your actions analyzed psychoanalytically just ask them. They have been studying Freud lately.

### Fires, Too

They are very handy, too. They can make the nicest fires and explosions without even trying. In fact, one of these men liked to do this so much that he poured alcohol over his hand and set fire to it just to see what it would look like. It affected the other men so much that they tried to outdo him. Another one poured alcohol all over the table and lit it. The effect was magnificent to say the least. This made someone else very envious, so he started to pour ether over everything with a creative gleam in his eye. But Dr. Secoy, who hasn't the finer senses of creative ambition, (Note to Dr. Secoy: Will this affect my grade any?) refused to let him do it. Which only proves that the creators, the men of imagination, are suppressed beneath the pedagogue's thumb. (They learned this in psychology one day and are now stretching it over everything they can.)

At St. Mary's college, Kansas, the bond booth is called the "Stamp Shack." At UCLA, the booth is the "Victory Cave." At both the University of Kentucky and Oregon State college students buy stamps at the "Victory Center."

In the service of their country, 37 University of Wisconsin alumni have made the supreme sacrifice of their lives and four have received distinguished military awards.

**REX**

"It Happened One Night"  
with Clark Gable  
Claudette Colbert

"You Can't Take It With You"  
with Lionel Barrymore,  
Jimmy Stewart, Jean Arthur

## Clips and Comments

By JANE ELLSWORTH and BETTY BUSHMAN

### Sweater Swirl

New idea for informal dances comes from Indiana university where a "Sweater Swirl" took place recently. Sponsored by the sophomore men's honorary, each living organization nominated a candidate for the "1944 Sweater Girl," the winner being honored at the dance. With every ticket to the dance good for one vote, and 25 lovely coed aspirants, the turnover, as well as the turnout, was highly successful.

### Profitable Remarks?

At the University of Idaho last week, Dr. Swindler, head of the journalism department, spoke on the subject "Five Cents a Copy."

We hope the students didn't fall for it.

### In the Doghouse

Drake university's counterpart for our beloved Side is the Kennel, student hang-out "where hot lunches are served and students may relax." According to the Times-Delphic, their campus weekly, the students' only objections to the Kennel are its pink walls, with red furniture, absence of a jukebox, and the ban on bridge playing.

### French Leave

A freshman at the University of Utah after listening to a discussion of masterpieces in English literature, particularly Beowulf, looked very startled and asked, "Isn't this French?" The class was dumbfounded, and the embarrassed coed dashed from the room. The teacher had been lecturing on English literature for exactly 10 minutes.

### It Looks Like Rain

An item in the Daily Kansan leads us to believe that Oregon is now sharing a distinction. The article describes the after-effects of Kansas weather on the average KU coed, e.g., straighter hair, shorter skirts.

### A Fruitful Journey

The following story was released last week in the Evergreen by an alumnus of WSC who was the director of an experiment station in South America.

When Henry Wallace was in Colombia recently, he dropped in to inspect an agricultural experiment station early one morning. He was graciously invited to have some breakfast, and the outcome was that the newly-perfected grapefruit which he had eaten was named after him by the staff of the station.

Just another way to get into the public eye, we suppose.

### Just a Typographical Terror

Quote from the OSC Barometer: "Yesterday's 'juke-pox' hop would have been a bigger success probably if more students had known about it."

Maybe the students didn't come because they were afraid it was contagious!

More than 3,000 graduates of Massachusetts Institute of Technology are serving in the armed forces of the nation.

**McDONALD**

SHOWING

"Going My Way"

with

BING CROSBY