

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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co-editorial . . .

For Women Only . . .

With all due respect to the men on the campus, it is only fair to say that the Oregon coeds are not inspired. Recently, there have been rumors to the effect that professors on the campus declare that the girls' attire is getting sloppier and sloppier.

The coeds have been accused of going back to the high school fad of dirty shoes—of wearing kerchiefs tied mammy style around pin-curved heads—of wearing kerchiefs tied peasant style to class and never taking them off—of being careless about wrinkled skirts—of buying sweaters four sizes too big—of disarranged hair styles—of somewhat obscene language—but worst of all, of a lackadaisical, devil-may-care feeling toward studying in general. And most of these accusations are true!

A great number of the girls ARE careless about their appearance and attitudes. Why not? As one coed so aptly expressed herself, "Why should I waste my time trying to look neat or pretty? There isn't anyone here to see me. Sometimes in big classes there are three boys. In the small classes the boys are scared out. I don't care HOW I look."

A prominent University professor summed up his opinion of the situation by commenting, "The girls are not putting forth their best work any more. When the boys were here, the competition between them was a driving power toward higher grades, better work, and all types of bitter contests. Without this rivalry, the coeds don't really know what they are capable of accomplishing."

It is unfortunate that such a situation must exist. Although not all coeds have fallen into the abyss of slackness about their appearance, it is impossible to compute accurately how many have been affected by the lack of scholastic competition. It will be a field day for professors and coeds alike when the inspiration returns.—B.F.R.

Take to the Walks . . .

"Let's cut across."

It's become almost a game at Oregon in the last few years to see how many walks you can avoid and how many neat, green patches of grass you can trample down on the way across the campus.

Walks criss-cross conveniently on the quadrangle in front of the libe. Students take to the grass. There's a beaten brown path in back of the drama shack. The square between Oregon and Commerce becomes a slippery mass of mud on a rainy day.

It isn't the administration of the University that has been neglecting the walks. The school paid out \$8000 last summer to repair and improve the various campus by-ways. Improvements were made on those between the music school and the art museum, the YMCA and Oregon, and Oregon and Deady. Paving was put on three of the campus parking strips.

Two women workers kept the grass trimmed and watered all summer. The familiar drone of the mowers proves that there is no neglect now.

We think that Oregon has beautiful grounds. Even the army trainees, who griped about the rain, the buildings, the girls, the professors, and almost everything related to the school, admitted that Oregon had a good "setting."

We're the ones who can keep it that way. Most of the shortcuts we take save us very little, if any, time. The walks are direct and much cleaner and safer.

Occasionally the gardeners rope off the especially bad sections of the campus to help the struggling grass along. They twine someone's worn-out woolies around the rope to make it visible at night. It isn't very attractive.

Take a look at an Oregon for 1941-42 and see how Oregon looked with a field of mud in front of the libe and around the art museum. We'll guarantee it won't look that way again if you take to the walks.—L.S.M.

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

AN EVENING WITH MR. BRICKER—I
(Mr. Politz writes his subjective account of the night of October 12.)

There was quite a commotion at Eugene's railway station Thursday night.

There was a silo-shaped elderly lady with a broad blue hat splashed with white feathers and a small satchel and knitted shopping bag walking up and down waiting for a train.

On the second track was a north-bound troop train draped at the windows with white and negro soldiers. In front of Track 1 were about 500 students of the University raising a hell of a racket.

They were down to meet a fellow who they were told would turn out to be Governor Bricker; and they seemed determined to prove to this happily-married, pre-middle-aged man whom very few of them knew personally, that altho he wasn't Sinatra, they could go just as mad over him.

A splash-color picture of the scene looked something like this:

Signs all over the place—big signs—little—paper signs and some on canvas—rectangular—and some sodacrackerbox shape. Crowd—packed—jammed—music—cheers—assorted gulps and gurgles—people coming in little groups of ten or fifteen to add to the mass already there like drops meeting with the rainbarrel. Signs pasted on cars—convertibles with tiers of cheese-caked legs. One bunch of girls came in a big blue car splashed with Bricker banners. They were carrying Roosevelt signs.

"By Their Signs . . .

Some of the signs said—Get On The Bandwagon—People's Choice—We're For You Bricker—Our Man Brick—and the nostalgically poetic, Don't Be A Kicker—Vote For Bricker!

Out in front of the crowd that swayed and squirmed—mewed and cooed—or blasted out, in tempo with the prevailing mood, was the biggest collection of white sweaters, skirts, and pants that we can remember seeing since that time centuries ago when the Royal Rosarians all had theirs bleached and dry-cleaned. Some were Kwamas, others members of the rally squad, others we don't know just what, but they all had religion and were whooping it up to beat all get out.

They sang and danced and clapped, ran up and down bouncing on their toes, twisting their fluid bodies into all sorts of jumping shapes. Dotson's sound truck with its four amplifiers looking like a cluster of artichokes blared cavalry marches and Oregonouraimamater wewillguardtheeonandon.

The dustytan railway police with big silver stars started pushing the crowd back to clear the track—but a subtle foreshadowing of what was to come later. Torches on long poles were lighted too, seemed rather a waste without marshmallows and weinies as they were little more than glowing embers when the big time came.

Plaid shirts—magenta sweaters—swirling blonde hair—topcoats—beanies—shirttails out—crew-cuts—jeans—pleated swish-

• Lost

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Letters

To the Editor

To the Editor:

To me the coming election is all important. To me it will tell whether there is going to be a lasting peace and no world depression after the war. I am an Independent on the campus and in politics. I am for Roosevelt because I do not believe Dewey has enough background to be able to cope with the tremendous problems that will arise after or during the war.

But Mr. Chas. Politz doesn't seem to realize how important this campaign is. He is more interested in making juvenile, satirical remarks about the Young Democratic party; remarks that have no bearing on the issues involved; remarks that show a general lack of knowledge of good college newspaper policy.

Slurring remarks on a campus organization shouldn't black mark a college newspaper, especially when the organization is merely exercising its democratic right to hold a meeting and isn't doing any harm except to the Republican ego of Mr. Chas. Politz.

I've noticed that the Emerald does not have a section for comments from the students, lack of room or lack of courage are two good reasons.

BARBARA GENE

(The Emerald will print any pertinent letters sent or given to the editor in the column "Letters to the Editor," and a number have already been published. The Emerald welcomes such contributions as evidence that students are thinking about the various issues before them. All letters should be signed by the person's full name.—Ed.)

skirts—culottes—here and there a date dress on a sly, smooth one—dirty cords—clicking heels walking up and down—tension—expectation on 500 anxious faces—all waiting for the big moment . . . would the Life photographer really come? (Tomorrow: He Came)

Ho-Hum

By ORIN WEIR

As the name implies, Ho Hum is a sleepy column dedicated to the purpose of passing on a few yawns of what's going on around here and about our green campus.

Bob "Gay Dog" Caviness seems to be a lonesome stranger at the house on the hill—namely, Tri-Delta. Seems the handsome lad spent a great evening staggling (that means using other men's brew and women) while fair maiden Marilyn Rakow unhappily dunked hamburger at Frankie Wills. Could be it caused a crack in a blooming friendship.

Attention!

Seeing as Herb Hoffman complains of never seeing Herb Hoffman's name in Herb Hoffman's school paper, we dedicate this paragraph to Herb Hoffman with hopes Herb Hoffman will get on the ball and plant one of Herb Hoffman's pins so Herb Hoffman's great name will break into print! Happy now, Herb?

What's this rumor floating here and there about DG Yvonne Prather and big Sam Hardy, SAE lad, spending their idle moments hand in hand. Thought Sam was too occupied showing off his etchings to ever get tied down.

Pin-Plants

That youngster with the big smile happens to be "Buck" Schott, DU, who is out courtin', day and nite, with sweet Kappa pledge, Mary Ellen Struve.

Sally "Right behind you, Terry" Timmons, a Gamma Phi pledge, seems to be totally infatuated by houseboy, Terry Carroll. Some say it's some sort of a shadow game, but thus far no one has explained the rules.

Talent Scout

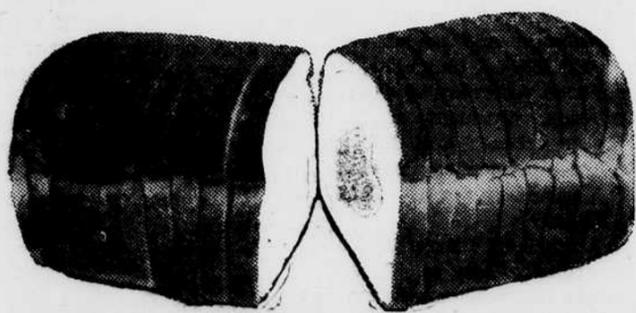
Out in search of campus talent is mighty Jim McGregor, Sigma Nu from USC. What type of talent has not yet been divulged, but Jim appears to be having a great time of it.

Let's all gather about and gaze at Alpha Phi Sue Welch's new Sigma Chi jewelry which came via OSC and Hawley Gilbert.

Ho Hum has a bit of everything, and just now we slow down to repeat a fat gripe brought to our attention; namely that of fellas wearing hi-school numerals on the campus. But, of course, almost quoting the griping group, they're either too young or too old! Ho Hum . . .

The bald eagle is not really bald. He has a white head of snowy feathers which gives the impression from a distance of bald-headedness.

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