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Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Co-editorial

He's Your Guy . . .

"Great oaks from little acorns grow." And from a tiny, uncertain rumor a major catastrophe may occur.

It seems like such a small thing. What harm can it do? "I got a letter from Bob today," the coed exclaims excitedly. "He says that he's leaving New Guinea now, but for me not to worry because he'll take care of himself."

So small . . . so unimportant . . . repeated . . . built up . . . added to . . . hasty telegraph messages . . . codes . . . and finally, the lives of thousands of our soldiers and sailors lost.

All this the result of one unimportant remark!

Those coeds who carefully keep to themselves all military information are doing a far greater service for their country than they realize, a service which saves precious lives and valuable equipment. They are helping every general and admiral who is leading men against the enemy to win the final victory as soon as it is humanly possible. The rule which has been set forth for everyone to follow is this: If the information is published in the newspapers or broadcast on the radio, it is perfectly safe to repeat it. Otherwise, keep small bits of information to yourself.

Remember—Hitler and Hirohito have a million ears. Don't let them hear any information which might endanger military personnel or equipment in any part of the world!—B.F.R.

Block That Sneeze . . .

Whoop it up for Baker high, if you will, but, please, take care of that cold here at Oregon.

The rains haven't come yet, but the usual siege of colds has. When Oregon weather begins to act a little more typical, the situation undoubtedly will be worse.

Students have been known to pull such anti-Emily Post tricks as barking bronchially into another student's face. The Kleenex shortage is pretty bad, we'll admit, but it's not that bad.

We can ward off colds in the first place by observing such "mother used to tell me" rules as getting plenty of sleep, eating a balanced diet with an emphasis on fruits and vegetables, and changing into dry clothes after a day of deluge.

Once the cold "bug" starts operating the infirmary should be the first port of call. The nurses dispense cough syrup, nose drops, pills to forestall colds, and capsules to counteract them. They'll paint your throat or let you inhale some odiferous steam to help you breathe again. If you have a fever, they'll put you to bed until you have fully recovered. The food is good, and the Pill Palace has a campus-wide fame for restful entertainment.

But we're not conducting a Fill up the Infirmary campaign. The main idea is to protect yourself and others around you by observing the rules of common sense and common courtesy.

With the onset of the rainy season Oregon can easily become the land of chills, coughs, and germ-laden sneezes. One of the surest ways to lose friends and alienate professors is to make a gift of your misery to other students in your classes and living organization.

A cold is like a military secret. It's much smarter to keep it to yourself once you get wind of it, and it's smarter yet to avoid picking it up at all.—L.S.M.

Livingston hall at Columbia university, New York City, has been given back to the college. Once again fellows will drape out of windows and lounge around the lobby. Lights will no longer go out at 10:30. Nobody will ever again get up at half past five in the morning to do calisthenics. There will be radios blaring, water fights, and penny-pitching. There will be complaints about all of them. Dorm life is on its wonderful way back, as it is on many campuses throughout the nation.

Three Jills in a Shuttle Car

(This is the fourth in a series of articles about a trip made to Mexico by three University students, Betty Sailor, Dorothy Frideger, and Peggy Faubion.)

* * * *

By BETTY SAILOR

As we neared Mexico City, we gained about 5000 feet of elevation, and the surrounding country became more alive with color. Taking the place of the adobe houses, clumps of desert vegetation, and obvious poverty, were pretty homes with red tile roofs and patios, fences made of narrow flat stone chips piled on top of each other, and hills covered with beautiful green foliage.

The towns were prosperous in appearance. The churches had an elaborate air, and many of the bridges and buildings were made of a red stone that blended perfectly with the blue sky and sunshine. The heat became less oppressive. In short, we were so impressed with the sights along the way that we were almost glad when it was announced that we were eight hours behind schedule, a fairly prompt arrival for Mexican trains.

The Ladies' Room

Finally the last hour of travel was at hand. As we had changed from our more dignified apparel to campus clothes when the mercury soared, the obvious procedure was to head for the washroom and become hastily re-transformed into something resembling our former dignity before we pulled in. With this objective in mind, I headed hopefully for the end of the car, only to find that tumult reigned.

During our absence, the porter had taken the opportunity to shove four immense laundry bags crammed with towels, into the infinitesimal aperture. Approximately six members of the very young generation, all prospective mountain goats, were clambering noisily and joyously over the wreckage, pursued by determined mothers laden with wash clothes. Hastily shutting the door, I dashed in disillusionment for the next car.

Peace and Vegetables

All appeared peaceful. I had a few misgivings upon seeing that both basins were filled with soaking vegetables, but, rising to the occasion, began the clean-up routine. Suddenly, the door burst open. Grabbing the nearest towel in sight, I watched in horror, as the head and shoulders of one of the waiters appeared, followed by a huge sack of potatoes. He dragged his burden forth and deposited it in the middle of the floor, then turned his attention to the vegetables, with as much unconcern as though I were a coat rack.

Deciding that something had to be done quickly, I adopted sign language in an attempt to persuade him to evacuate for the necessary ten minutes. Surprisingly enough, he departed. Taking ten seconds to pat myself on the back, I plunged into the task at hand.

Sir!

Hearing a noise, I turned quickly. In came the waiter, brandishing a wicked-looking knife. He calmly pulled up a stool beside me and proceeded to peel the vegetables. That was too much! We engaged in a lively discussion, but it soon became evident that one of us was going to have to leave. As his excitement mounted, he attempted to illus-

trate his argument with both hands. The knife was still firmly clutched in one of them. It cut the air with a vicious swish. 'Nuff said—a clean face is fine if you're alive to enjoy it, so I returned to the Pullman, completely vanquished.

The Eyes Have It

Before long, we were passing lines of semi-lighted buildings. Groups of children could be seen clustered along both sides of the track to watch the train pull in. Grabbing our suitcases and retrieving articles from under the seats, we threw ourselves together.

Then the train jerked to a stop. We were in the second car from the end of the train—just another way of saying that it was a ten-mile hike to the station. Everyone had told us to keep an eye on our baggage. Allowing for the fact that we needed one eye apiece to see where we were going, that left us with three eyes, six bags, and the typewriter between us. Caught in the mob of onrushing passengers, we were shoved in the general direction of the exit.

Yoo Hoo

Somehow we became separated. The inky blackness was punctuated by the wavering beams of two flashlights, coming from some unknown spot—a huge pile of suitcases was on the ground—an assortment of unidentified hands, presumed to belong to porters, were eagerly grabbing for them. In the midst of the Spanish-speaking confusion, we began to yell for each other.

Suddenly Jorge, our guardian angel, emerged from the crowd, with a battle-scarred Peg and Dodie in tow. Leaving us together, he started in search of the suitcases. We marched single file, Indian fashion, through the station—Jorge at the head of the parade, followed by a porter, then Dodie and Peg, each keeping an orb on the porter, while I brought up the rear.

Habla Ingles?

The Mexico City station seemed unusually large to us at that point. Coach and Pullman passengers each have a separate waiting room, and there is also a fair-sized restaurant. There never seems to be more than one English-speaking official in the building at a time, and it takes a well-organized manhunt to locate him. We immediately headed for the restaurant and phone booths. There are two phone exchanges in the city, Ericsson and Mexicana, and they aren't interchangeable.

Jorge had generously offered to take all of us to the Tampico club, a restaurant well known for its sea food, to celebrate our arrival, but we politely refused as befitted our collective appearances. As a substitute measure, he then offered to call our respective hosts, secured two taxis, and sped us on our way—Dodie and I to Colonia del Valle, and Peg to Las Lomas de Chapultepec. Two days later Peg joined us because her friends were in the moving process.

The taxi drew up before a low, white house, circled by a high white wall, and the driver, with a "Well, here-we-are!" attitude, waited patiently while we haggled over the still-strange Mexican currency. Then we unloaded in front of our new home!

Next week: "Mine Host, and Our First Day of Adventure!"

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