

Vet. Tells of Visit to Primitive Native Village in New Guinea

By Ralph Riggs

New Guinea is a land of strange contrasts with a glassy sea almost level with the shore, deep mountain canyons with sharp jagged bottoms, long rows of coconut palms, slow moving rivers infested with crocodiles, open fields of waist high grass and most strange of all are the primitive people that inhabit it. Before the Yanks arrived these natives lived very much as they have for thousands of years except for the few privileges that the Australians granted them. Changing much of their humdrum life, the Yanks angered the Australians. The Aussies were paying the natives, according to my information, six pounds a year and taking back part of this for taxes. Part of their pay consisted of old newspapers which the natives use to roll their huge cigarettes from plug twist smoking tobacco. Nothing seemed more comical than seeing one of these foot-long specials sticking far out in front of their mouths.

Showered Natives

The Yanks began liberally to shower the natives with newspapers, lemon drops and cigar-

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ettes. Simple as this must sound to most Americans, these items meant a great deal to the New Guineaites who live in a state of squalor that we can't imagine unless we have seen it for ourselves. Along with another group of Yanks, I visited one of their villages and what an experience! We clambered through the jungle for a distance of two miles from the road and finally found two clearings with huts built upon the ground. We were immediately met by about 30 children and about as many of the most scrubby pooches I've ever seen.

Grass Skirts

Then we began to barter for grass skirts but the children seemed to get the best of our better nature. We showed them with lemon drops and they fought all over the ground for them and cigarettes. The young women and men were far away in the jungle foraging for food while the village was occupied by old men and women, children and dogs.

Eventually we secured some very nice grass skirts and most laughable of all we posed for a picture with about 40 children like so many proud fathers. For that privilege we gave them a can of lemon drops and two packs of Piedmonts, which they smoked. However they didn't seem to like our tobacco as well as their plug twist.

Most unusual of all were their flasks of betel nut which gave them the same effect as a dozen of our Zombies. This flask was beautifully engraved and the potion was extracted by a ivory stick. Under the influence of this material they were most likely to do anything, throw knives, spears or what have you.

Male Favored

Among the natives the male seems to hold the favored position as it is always him who satisfies his vanity with bright colored sarongs and all kinds of ornaments which he wears in his hair. The woman's place is to accept more somber clothing and accept the orders of the man. When out foraging for food the male leads the procession while the woman follows along behind with a heavy net bag which is strapped around her head and hangs down her back. In this all the burdens are carried.

Knives and Spears

The only thing about these natives that used to send shivers down my spine was their knives and spears. Their long knives with hooks on them were sharp as razor blades and they were able to sever a coconut with one stroke. The spears consisted of 15 foot poles with the biggest spear heads I've ever seen. They were best with these when they were chasing the wild pig.

I could type on forever on these natives but enough said. America owes them a debt for the invaluable assistance they rendered to our fighting infantry in unselfish service. The most we can do is understand them better.

The Plot Sickens

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like stale beer fumes, and I thought of a verse by a friend of mine named Johnnie McReynolds. We ought to have humility, We think we have instead A hundred years of knowledge In a twenty year old head. Johnnie entitled it: "To Me and My Generation."

Ho Hum

(Continued from page two)

suggestions of an upper term in organizing. His ideas included the use of publicity, the nature of which we soon found to be offensive.

From the very start we were set up as some sort of supermen. Boasts were made, challenges issued and in general we let strong hints fall that we were the start of a new era of manhood on the Oregon campus.

We got off to a poor start. We slipped and we know it. All we want now is a chance to cooperate with the other independent student organizations of the campus."

(signed) The "Barons"

Another nice doings on the campus was Joanne Knight, Gamma Phi, who, rather than tie Dick Smith down, let him be on his lonesome Saturday night while many kiddies were kicking around at Mac court. Nice, huh?

See at the dance, while on that subject, were such cute couples as Jack "big chest" Munro, who no doubt is going places on this campus, and Mary Cowlin. A nice couple indeed. Then there was Sue Schoenfeldt who was with some unidentified shorty. Oh well, she was nice enough to suggest stilt. Nice, huh?

Looks like Dorothy Fleming of Chi Omega is quite enthused over a new civie who answers to the name of Roy Farley. Not much news but they look doggone cute together. Nice, huh?

Investigating the prospects picnics have for good times could be Chuck "I know Hendricks park pretty well" Plum and his new romance, Janet "I never miss this column" Usher. Nice, huh?

Open letter to Marilyn May of ADPI:

Dear Miss May,

It is understood that last Saturday evening you had a date with a boy named Steve Mazzera, but some way Steve and left him lonesome and a trifle disappointed and perturbed. Thank goodness He's learned sportsmanship playing football with other good fellas. Nice, huh?

Affectionately,

Ho Hum.

And so there, dearest Soup and Frank, is what you might have

Grad Describes Freeing of Korea

"It is indeed heartwarming to observe the complete happiness of the Korean people after being liberated from 35 years of Japanese military and economic domination," Second Lt. Douglas L. Hay, class of '42, writes in a recent letter to Dean Karl W. Onthank and his brother Taus.

The letter explains: "My detachment came ashore with the initial battalion in Korea but, as we all had hoped, there was no excitement. The Japs seem to have accepted surrender and even the fanatics are not giving us any trouble. Already Western culture is making itself apparent, as the streets are lined with little kids shouting "hello" and "huba huba" to every passing army vehicle.

"We are established quite comfortably here in a Shinto shrine, and the work is proving very interesting and abundant."

Previous to his present position in Korea, the Oregon grad was stationed on Okinawa. He writes that he is looking forward to enrolling in the Oregon law school next fall and expects to find "a lot of the boys back with me."

termed as column made up of "nice things about nice people." At least we tried. Ho hum.

Instructor: "Why do they have knots on the ocean instead of miles?"
Student: "To keep the ocean tide."

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