

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Powder Burns

By REX GUNN

Each night I work the cat waits purring on the porch and gages by the night the time.

He blurs his sight with heavy lids and listens to the sodden rain; deep feline comfort clinging, his muscles lax, his ears attuned.

He hears a foot, a key, a hinge. It is the time of midnight snacks. We nourish now, the cat and I.

Well, cat, how fared your day? "Oh, dull enough, but not to excess . . . I managed a short while on your bed before found and flogged."

He yawned and flexed his claws. He is large; his teeth are sharp; his claws are keen. He has coals of a jungle flame—they smolder yet. Not so long ago he would have eaten a midnight snack of doe or buffalo or ape or . . .

Now he purrs and eats the meat I ravaged.

Tell me, cat, do you regret the time of beds?

"I regret that I was caught and flogged, no more."

You are honest, cat; you have no depth, no shallowness either.

He grinned at me, a soft, indulgent grin about the mouth, not so the eyes.

"More meat, please."

He took the same, pinned it firmly, smelled it over, tested with his tongue, employed teeth.

If some other fed you would you leave, cat?"

"You feed me, so what matter?"

That's an evasion, cat.

"Perhaps I would if I fared better."

He watched me from the meat, his jaws agrind, his paws still guardians . . . across the night a dog expressed the rain.

Goodnight, cat, it's bed for me and porch for you.

Dropped, he looked up, his body braced as if still airborne for the shock.

"Goodnight . . . yours the bed, but for years by time strewn dead . . . sleep for you (a cave, a tree) and a midnight snack for me."

Telling the Editor

About Oregon Spirit

To the students of Oregon:

What has happened to the "Old Oregon" spirit? I find that the students go "all-out" for off-campus social activities, but when it comes to cheering at football games, or turning out at rallies, or giving full cooperation to the many drives that come up during a school year, there is no spirit at all behind the leaders.

Can each one of you say, "I have real school spirit?" Sure, you can say it, but do you show it??? NO, you do not, because our yells at games are nothing more than the wind blowing through 2000 silent mouths; because you and you have something BETTER to do, than show up at the rallies, and give Oregon's athletes a "come back the victor" send-off; because the drives are gone into with only half-hearted interest.

This year, at Oregon, we have much better than average leaders in every organization, so let's dig out some of that REAL OREGON SPIRIT and really blast out with those vocal chords at those games, and turn out at all the rallies, and back those drives along with the student body leaders, and we'll make this the most high-spirited school on the West Coast.

What do you say, Oregon?

What do you say?

Signed,

Oregon Spirit

There are 35 shopping days left until Christmas.



Ho Hum

By ORIN 'HUSKY' WEIR

Not many breathtaking events took place over the weekend as we understand that Ed Evans was up in the big city which explains the lull in excitement.

Sigma Kappa started the weekend off on the right foot last Friday with a hotsy house dance which consisted of such couples as Bill "Whiskers" Whitelock doing the light fantastic with a gal named Elsie Bennetts, who just the night previous had given Freddy Goodspeed a long song and dance which ended with his once again being in sole possession of his Yeoman pin.

Down the road a stretch at a place termed Alpha Phi Annabel McArthur was doing her best to keep smiling with Arthur Stilwell while she glided along in sandals so the lad wouldn't realize he should have been a big boy to go out with loveable Annie.

Those Gamma Phis took the cake again with a fine "backward party" which included such dynamic guests as Jack Ruble and Al "I'm jealous of Ralph's girl friends" Putnam. Guess the lads put on a fine show tossing around everything at the table except the house mama, who incidentally, didn't enjoy the proceedings to the fullest extent.

Oh happy little DG is Rosie Alber who is hanging around with a guy Tommy Gun pretty steadily. Little wonder say we when one stops to realize the kids are engaged. Congrats of long standing.

Pipe Course

By JACK REEVES

When a person speaks of pipes, he has to be careful. There are water pipes, sewer pipes, bag pipes, wind pipes, bosun' pipes, gas pipes, lead pipes,—(the kind you get hit over the cranium with) and last but not least, man's beloved smoking pipe.

From the type of pipe a man smokes, one may discern his character. For example: round-headed men smoke round-headed pipes, fat-headed men smoke fat-bowled pipes, flat-headed men smoke flat-headed pipes, and slender men smoke slender-stemmed pipes. Which type of man are you?

Not All Cases

Of course this does not necessarily hold true in all cases. Delving into this thing more deeply, we find that there are pipe smokers whose physical attractions do not always go with the physical qualities of the pipe.

There are characters who buy the biggest bowled pipe they can find and then are forever mooching a pipe load from their friends. This sad type of pipe smoking degenerate may be only five feet two, yet his bowl will hold one square yard of tobacco which generally takes him two or three hours to smoke.

Soup to Pipes

We have yet to mention the guy who proceeds to take his pipe apart in the middle of a meal and unceremoniously starts cleaning it. The net result of this action is a mouthful of pipe cleanings along with your soup. This guy is probably a very frank type of person. He doesn't care where he does it or whom it bothers. The recommended cure for this has not been found to date.

We could ramble on and on voicing our opinion on the matter and still leave something out, so before you throw this down in disgust, we'll light our pipe with our own tobacco, and leave you to go burn the leaves.

Trying to smash all standing endurance records is Robbiebur Warrens who not only has found desired companionship with Sherry Ross' Joe Courtney but also is boomin about with Dale Tyler and a Bill Walkenshaw—among others. Home was never like this, eh Robbie?

Poor Paul Smith seems to be a confused laddie since Saturday last when Corky Corkran refused a date with the boy. Strange how a girl would refuse a chance to go out with Mr. Smith even when he did ask her out just a few moments prior to dance time. Just what does Emily Post say about a matter such as this?

Beloved Milt Sparks may soon be getting up to the sound of a trumpet instead of an alarm clock if all rumors make sense and this means Jean Merrifield will be a very lonesome gal no doubt.

All innocent lassies should pay heed, say several girls, for Johnny Woodworth seems to really be making the rounds of the campus these rainy days. Some guys just can't seem to settle down, but then who has all the fun, eh John boy?

Today's open letter is addressed to a guy who insists on writing letters to the editor concerning his opinion on why we should abolish all tradition and then signs his things "Vet."

I believe on the most part you are going to find things very tough going if you insist upon trying to tell a 69-year-old institution such as Oregon that because you have honored us with your presence it should disregard all traditions and instead listen to how you saved our country. We assure you no injured person would ever be endangered by the big bad, thoughtless boys from Oregon.

The greater majority of returned men have lived for the day when things would be pre-war style once again, and if you have any ideas that your moaning will destroy the reality of these dreams, well think again kiddie, or else you've come to the wrong place for honest readjustment.

Sincerely plus friendly,

HO HUM

NOTES 'N STUFF:

Word just slipped in from the Yeomen that the boys are throwing a party at Gerlinger in the form of a dance comes next Friday. Tickets are now on sale from the many Yeomen so buy 'em up chillun, should be a good affair.

Sweating this out for the lack of gossip, which seems doggone different from ye olde Oregon, we hear sweet grumblin's from Leonard "Honey" Turnbull who keeps muttering sweet things about a person called Audrey from Tri-Delt. Wonder when that boy will settle down?

Evan Cantrell's horn blowers seems to have gone over very good at local house dances. Seems good (Please turn to page seven)

The Vesper Choir . . .

Overshadowed by the more spectacular athletic events and all campus dances are a host of activities and programs that make the University a center of intellectual and cultural life.

One of these which has added to the University's program in recent years is the Vesper choir.

In the first vesper service of the year Sunday, the choir presented a one-hour program of religious music. The group which attended was small in comparison with the number who have attended other events which have been given a greater publicity build-up. But the audience which listened to the choir expressed sincere praise for the musical program.

The Vesper choir will always find an appreciative audience at the University. Its programs do not draw the curious who go to concerts and recitals only when the artist is nationally famous, or the conscience-stricken persons who attend such programs because they are considered socially correct.

The choir deserves warm praise because it provides enjoyment for many whose interests in the University are deeper than the surface spirit.

You're A Friend . . .

Ours is a friendly campus, some say. In the opinion of others, it is an impersonal place. Each person judges the school according to his reception here. We forget that friendliness is up to each individual.

One student says that he has no time to make friends. Carrying a heavy academic load, he limits his campus social life. Another student is so busy with activities that, although his acquaintanceship on the campus grows each day, he does not give the matter of making friends a thought.

Still others bemoan their lack of friends, expecting others to seek them out. To them, this editorial is written. To them we advise: Be friendly, in the classroom and living organization; initiate yourself into activities; take part in social events at the "Y", at Wesley and Westminster houses; attend campus church group meetings.

No one has unlimited time, and no one can be two places at once. But everyone can take time to "go places and do things" on the campus. Several movies a week may be the easiest way to use leisure time; it may be more entertaining and enlightening. Leisure time spent on the campus develops interests and friendships.

Those who make it a point of knowing lots of people all over the campus will never fall into the social rut of travelling in small circles.

Friendly smiles and cheery "hellos," take the gloom from Oregon downpours. How many people do you know?

Men Take Over? . . .

When are Oregon men going to step in and take over all the activities they swore to grab up when the war was over?

In the men's edition of the Emerald last year, an editorial suggested that the ladies enjoy their last year of power because the return of the men soon would give that power back to its former owners.

For two years the men on the campus talked big of the old days and how they would be revived. Returnees now recount how they rallied 'round to protect the "O" and Oregon honor in time of battle.

This year, before the OSC game, the men guarded the "O" zealously. However, once the monument fell to the opponents and was decked with orange paint, Oregon's men forgot it.

One group of coeds, inspired by some of the spirit of the war years, decided that the men were too immersed in memories to take the initiative. They tramped up to the butte and restored face to the humiliated "O."

Perhaps the men were too busy admiring their newly-acquired beards to take time out to paint the "O."

The coeds are still waiting for signs that the men are re-converting the University.

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