

LITERARY PAGE

Paging You

By Adele Hart

It is the intention of this column to indicate what is current and vital reading in our University of Oregon library. As in a hotel, the page only calls you in the lobby, and you go to the telephone to receive the message, so we will only briefly call and suggest books to you. Whether you answer the page is strictly your business! We hope your appetite will at least be whetted by these book hors d'oeuvres.

What are Russia's aims in this post-war world? Edgar Snow gives us a clear picture in "The Pattern of Soviet Power." Mr. Snow, one of the most seasoned foreign correspondents, has spent much time in Russia and is well-equipped to throw this revealing spotlight on our powerful brother.

He outlines the reasons for Russia's insistence upon making her European and Asiatic borders secure. He describes the Russian plan for extinguishing all traces of Nazism in Germany. He shows us what Russia is doing to soften Polish antagonism; what kind of programs it is setting up in the Balkans and on its Mongolian frontier.

Rise of Ukraine

Snow tells of the amazing rise of the Ukraine, hardest hit territory during the war, whose industries and farms have grown over its ruins as fireweed covers the charred ground of a totally-burned area. He tells of the fitness of the Russian women after years on a black bread and cabbage soup diet. We see the new Russia, a Russia which is casting its lines back into the familiar and stable waters of strong marriage ties, strong religion, and the demand for morality and honesty in men of public office.

His gathering of brilliant little details which light up the ignorant corners for us in our study of Russia is fascinating. For instance, it is surprising to read that the Russian press didn't know until days later of the marriage of Stalin's daughter. How far could Margaret Truman get on a honeymoon without the American press?

Stalin Worship?

What is Stalin worship? This book tells us why the Russian nature requires a man, symbolic of perfection and greatness in government and leadership, whom they may honor and adore. Stalin is that man.

Above all, "The Pattern of Soviet Power" shows us that Russia fought a frontyard war and is not so anxious to forgive and forget all the cruel and haunting sacrifices this involved. Russia's homes were destroyed, her families taken as servants by the Germans, her men gone by the thousands. She had to destroy many of her own great factories and burn her rich crops, so that the Germans would not be strengthened by them.

Through this book, we feel the strong will of Russia, which already bends over the future with a silent and tremendous scope.

("The Pattern of Soviet Power" is a seven-day book and may be found on a shelf near the big circulation desk at the library.)

Mail Call

The administrative office of the Veterans' Administration center announced that mail for John R. Nolan and Julia A. Kallak is being held for them at the office.

A Drink on the House

By Rex B. Gunn

Grandpa Shelton belched audibly and looked at the heat waves shimmering off the pavement.

"Dammed Hot," he muttered. "Always gets hot this time of year. Wonder if it's this hot in them South Sea islands?"

"Damm sight hotter according to the papers," replied his granddaughter.

Gramps cackled in appreciation and launched into a discourse on the situation at Gettysburg.

"Well, you can bet it was plenty hot when them rebels came charging across that level piece o'ground."

(Babs knew this one by heart but she weathered it again figuring that maybe she could catch him in a lie.)

"Men was fallin' all around me and if I hadn't been so busy I might have been plumb scared."

"Now, wait a minute, Gramp," she cautioned, "you said once before that your outfit only lost three men during the entire battle."

Antietam or Gettysburg?

"Dadgummit, I did not. That was Antietam where we only lost three. It'd have been more like 300 at Gettysburg."

"No, I think you said Gettysburg; in fact, I know you did."

"It's a gol-durned lie," snorted Gramp rising from the chair. "Why should I sit here gabbin' with a pesky female that never done nothin' in her life but cook hard-batter biscuits."

He straightened his 83-year-old spinal column and grumbled his way down the porch steps.

"Now, don't stay past supper time," she said.

"Go to blazes, he yelled and proceeded toward his favorite bar with his little goatee quivering in righteous indignation.

The widow Norton was watching from her window only half a block down the street. Spotting Gramp, she hastily laid aside her needlework and ran out into the garden. By the time Gramp was parallel to her garden fence, she was busily putting among the flowers as if she'd been there all morning.

Gramp grunted, stopped and queried: "What ya doin'?"

Tea for Two

Hardly five minutes later, the widow had him drinking tea in the living room.

They drank tea for exactly 14 minutes, at which time the widow grabbed her umbrella (the one old man Norton had given her on their 16th wedding anniversary) and started for the door.

"Where ya goin'?" he asked.

"I'm going to a meeting," she replied.

"What kind of a meeting?" Gramp persisted.

"A woman's meeting on female business, she said. "You won't like it."

Gramp was determined to go, then, and the widow wanted his company, so she protested and he insisted as they protested and he civic auditorium on Twelfth and Izard Street.

Of all the gatherings Gramps had ever seen this one was the payoff. There were 84 females of all sizes, shapes, ages and accents. They twittered and jabbered and filled the walls with a constant jumble of sound. Up on the platform there were six chairs, three of them filled with the excess flesh of corseted colossus and the other three punctuated with the very sharp haunches of Mrs. Alworthy, Mrs. Dooley, and Mrs. Ferber.

Behind the chairs was a large poster showing a dishevelled helion brandishing a walkingstick over the cowering figure of a little girl. On the poster were painted the following words: "This man

is a model father WHEN HE IS SOBER!"

Gramps felt eyes boring into the back of his neck and turned to see Babs watching him in much the same way an engineer looks at a short fuse on a dynamite cap.

The secretary called the meeting to order and introduced the first speaker. This was Mrs. Alworthy of the spare shanks, a power in the community by virtue of 17 years in wedlock with a state senator.

The Deadly Evil!

"Ladies, she began, "we've gathered here today to discuss a plan of battle against one of the most deadly evils in this country. In fact, so deadly an enemy that it has victimized more American men in the past year than the entire Japanese army. Our enemy is DRINK!"

Some of the ladies twittered, others clapped their hands and still others jabbered about the feather on Mrs. Alworthy's cap.

Gramps couldn't as yet figure out whether they were for or against whisky.

Mrs. Alworthy continued: "Drink, ladies, that's the enemy we must conquer from international murderers and thieves. We owe it to our boys to have the enemy swept into the sea when they return."

Gramps cackled out with his little goatee bristling slightly, "If ya throw the liquor in the ocean, they'll all join the navy."

The widow Norton rapped him on the shins with her umbrella handle and a wave of giggles swept the audience.

Mrs. Alworthy pretended she hadn't heard the interruption, and proceeded: "When you fight an enemy, ladies, what is the first thing you crush?"

"His source of supply," chirped Mrs. Ferber. (She and Mrs. Alworthy had arranged that beforehand.)

"That is correct," beamed Mrs. Alworthy, "and in this community, where are the sources of supply?"

Little Brown Jug

"Brady's saloon on East 16th street, the Moosehead bar on Twelfth and State streets, and the Little Brown Jug on Third and DeLancey street," chanted Mrs. Ferber.

"Correct again. Now, ladies, with the kind cooperation of your honorable chairman (she bowed to Mrs. Dooley) I have drawn up a government sealed certificate to—"

"What's the matter with a little whiskey?" boomed Gramps.

The audience giggled a little louder this time, and Mrs. Alworthy got red in the face, but she attempted to answer his question without acknowledging it.

"Whiskey makes a man get unreasonable, it makes him grab the nearest pistol, it makes him shoot at his neighbor—"

"And it makes him miss," bawled Gramps.

The meeting dissolved into a madhouse and gradually quieted itself again.

"I," screamed Mrs. Alworthy, "will not utter another word in this meeting unless you get that man out of here."

Gramps rose majestically and made his way to the aisle. "When you're talkin' against drinkin', Miss Prissy, jest remember this. If Jim Alworthy hadn't been drunk as a skunk the night you married 'im, he'd have probably had more sense."

After that, the old man did well to escape with his life. He dodged the murderous umbrella of the widow Norton and ran out of the hall with surprising agility, paused when a safe distance from the screaming females, and took note

Ashes

Clouds,
Dying with the birth of rain,
Cannot stop the spiraling speed,
Nor lessen the intensity
Of the fire which burns inside my heart.

It is too late. The robins have taken wing.
The air is bitter, raw . . .
And the cool dampness which descends like tiny rain-drops
Upon my cheek, finds only ashes, softened and gray with age,
Where once a brilliant flame of red and gold emerged from
unseen depths
Into conscious pools of blue.

Radiant blue eyes, who once knew love, how is it that your
color
Now reveals only the faded gray of dusk?

JEANNE WILTSHIRE

of two huge basins full of punch beside an open window on a table covered with sandwiches. This, figured Gramps, will serve as the ladies' refreshments.

He made his way down to the "Moosehead Bar" only two blocks away on Twelfth and State streets and cornered the proprietor, one Amos Lieblie.

Only 20 Minutes

The old man whispered a few words into Lieblie's ear. Amos consulted his watch and pursed his lips. "I can have it for you in 20 minutes, Gramps." He made two phone calls, one to Brady's saloon on East Sixth street, and the other to the Little Brown Jug on Third and DeLancey street.

At the civic hall the ladies got themselves quieted down once more and got on with their meeting.

As Mrs. Dooley tearfully related the decline and fall of her first drunken husband, an aged hand stole furtively through the open window and emptied a quart of bourbon whiskey into one of the punch bowls.

Twelve times the arm went through the window and twelve times withdrew, and when Gramps quit his post there were six quarts of whiskey in each punch bowl.

Centerville Legend

What followed now constitutes a legend in Centerville. The meeting ended at seven P. M. and the drinking began at 7:05. The ladies were intrigued by the delicious taste of the punch. At 7:45 Mrs. Huntsberger, the butcher's wife,

called Mrs. Schultz a dirty, narrow-minded old cat.

At 7:46 Mrs. Huntsberger was lying on the floor and Mrs. Schultz was standing over her (in exactly the same pose as the villain on the poster) swinging her umbrella for the second round.

At 7:49 the Widow Norton observed the fate of Mrs. Huntsberger and decided to apply the same treatment to Mrs. Alworthy.

By 8:02 P. M., 46 of the 84 females were screaming their lungs out, seven were disgorging on the front lawn, eight were guffawing uproariously, eleven were sobbing most pitifully and the remaining twelve were indulging in a free-for-all, during the course of which, Widow Norton in the blue dress at 114 pounds had undoubtedly scored a knockout over Mrs. Alworthy in the pink dress at 102 pounds.

At 8:04, the riot squad arrived. If you should drop in at Brady's saloon on East Sixth street, the Moosehead Bar at Twelfth and State streets or the Little Brown Jug at Third and DeLancey streets, you'll see a little silver plaque located above the full length mirror with the following words engraved thereon:

"ANY MAN WHO IMBIBES AT THIS BAR MUST DRINK THE FIRST ONE ON THE HOUSE AND DO HONOR TO THE NAME OF PETER A. (GRANDPAW) SHELTON IN APPRECIATION FOR SERVICES TO THE MALE POPULATION OF CENTERVILLE."

And Gramps often quenches his thirst to lead the toast.

STOP AT THE SPOT
WHERE YOU'LL GET
THE BEST IN . . .

Deluxe Hamburgers

Chile

Milkshakes

Hot Fudge Sundae's



DUTCH GIRL

OF COURSE

1224 Willamette

Phone 1932