



"As a matter of fact, my students had a lot of classroom theory before ever starting the project."

Crotchety Old Vet

Tell Us All A War Story

by Steve Loy



Sort of missed having my Dad down for the weekend but his lead dog took sick and he couldn't make it. By the way, did you see the pic of the Alaskan minister's sled dog with the little plaque around his neck? They probably have casks of hot tea around their necks too.

Speaking of cold and who ain't, someone suggested that the heating plant clean out the basement of Mary Spiller Hall and raise the temperature a couple of degrees. Might also prevent a hotter conflagration some other time.

Kenton is coming! Also June Christy is coming. The press book on the caper says the gal is getting remunerated in the neighborhood of \$1,000 fish per week. For your information \$1,000 is 13 and a third plus, times

what I get per month.

From where I sit, "Battleground" is the best war picture I have seen. The story was very evidently not written by the same guy who upwhooped the Marine Corps in "The Sands of Iwo..." and even an old Navy man can pick out very subtle adaptations of cherished phrases that were part of the business. I'm afraid I was a little over impressed with the thing because some people are beginning to be a little slow in "Sounding off" when I give the command. I got a kick out of sitting there associating the characters on the screen with the same types that I remember. The present state of Eugene weather helps to impress you with the bone soaked cold that those guys must have felt.

Days for Dogs

Dog days are in August, they say. But that's just an old wives' tale. Ask the dogs. They'll tell you that dog days are right now!

For every senile beast groaning in his sleep by the radiator, for every poodle on a perfumed cushion, you'll find any number of dogs—dogs that are dogs; great, smelly, doggy dogs—rollicking chest deep through the snow, grinning with frosty-whiskered faces.

Snow! Here's a chance to roll and dig and tussle. Here's a chance for a black dog to look white and a white dog to look clean.

Now's the time for a dog with a mind for practical jokes: From the outdoors he'll trot straight to the nearest person, and giving his coat a mighty shake, cause a small blizzard that's never recorded by the weatherman. He'll charge between legs traversing an icy sidewalk and send pedestrians spinning like bowling pins. Small matter. A dog leads a dog's life too many days in a year. Now's his season to laugh.

Now's his time to make circles in the untracked snow, and chase the frost-logy robins. It's time to sing to the blueish moon and un-bury canine treasures snowplow fashion.

So come the sun-sick August days let the humans run off to the beach and leave poor Fido with his tongue hanging lopsided in his head. For dogs have their days now, while mankind is swallowing quinine pills and huddling into itself. Nine dogs out of ten agree. Ask them.—B.H.

Offhand Observations

In Winter a Young Man's Fancy Turns

by Bill Rogers



Like others, I have read Paul de Kruif's glowig accoudt of the dew adi-histabide drugs which are supposed to be sudded and paidful death to the bost viruledt code. But dod't you believe it—havig caught wud, I codfidedtly rushed over to the co-op to purchase a box of these little wuder-workig pills which are supposed to get rid of codes id the head wth practically no discobfort to the user. It seesb I ab wud of those individuals that nothig helps.

The odely doticeable result was great fits of coughig ad sdeezig, a ruddig doze, ad little spell of fallig ad sleep id the drowsig roob of the library. I have reached the codclushud the old fashud way of gettig rid of a code is still the best way. Just soak id a red-hot bath, drik as buch whiskey as possible, ad clibe idto a bed piled high wth covers. If the code does'dt quit or your heart does'dt, at least you will be

pleasudtly edough polluted to forget the code for a while I udderstad that medtholated cigarettes are a great cubfort to the code-sufferer too.

Here is a bit bore advice to adybody who thiks he is catchig a code. Lay id a good-sized supply of all the various cobforts ad rebidies usually prescribed for a code... This idcludes a box of disposable tissues (which they say are dot so hard od the doze as hadkerchiefs), assorted doze drops ad throat lozeges, cough syrup ad wud of the various brads of grease for sbearing od your chest, a bustard plaster, ad, if you're not conviced they wod't work, sob of the dew adi-histabide pills. Thed you just take all that stuff ad throw it id the fire ad watch it burd; it'll bake a real pretty blaze. You bay as well, because dough batter what you do, you're still goig to have a code id the head.

Apertura Cranium, Rushee, Spoke in Six Tongues

by Betty Ann Stevens

(The following piece was written for the Emerald by Columnist Betty Ann Stevens in 1948. With Winter term rushing in full swing, we thought it a choice little tidbit to re-print, and are running it forthwith to share it with you, once again.—H.S.)

The girls at Ivy's house were groaning their way through "membership selection week."

Rush Chairman Felina St. Garblesnatch had the floor, reclining with wholesale abandon, head propped on a revised edition of Emily Post and bobby sox braced on "Robert's Rules."

"Now, about this legacy, Apertura Cranium," she shrilled. "Girls, remember the five points... appearance, family, activities, grades, and personality. Let's hear some pertinent comment."

"She plays bridge according to the Pi Phi system."

"Is her Fiat a three-or five-passenger?"

"I've seen her drink cokes with a straw."

"The Betas speak to her."

"You ought to see her sparkle in 'Use of the li-

brary'."

"She went to Ulysses High School."

"She has six pairs of cashmere wristlets."

"We really need a few more blondes, and Apertura's an albino."

"Greasy snob! She don't get nawthin' below a 2.24."

"I hate her! I hate her! I hate her!"

"Somehow, I wonder if she's just Our Type," mused Felina. "During dinner she repeatedly tossed the gravy boat over her left shoulder and snuffled, 'I hate Greeks,' in German, Hungarian, Russian, Italian, Portuguese, low French and Greek as follows:

"Gehen sie zu helle!

"Pukholba a Grekvel!

"Chort veeh Greki!

"A'l inferno con tutte e Greci!

"P'rao inferno com todos os Gregos!

"Mars naturellement!"

"Posa hellades pros Gehennas!"

Ivy observed, "Super candidate for the presidency of the International Relations Club."

"But about family background," Felina continued in a dulcet shriek. "Her great grandmother was Abigail Goodenough Leech, a founder of our sorority, who, after exam week on March 15, 1847, designed our original emblem, a white ribbon around the neck from which a 10-pound brass millstone is dangled. However, since all three of the chartering founders strangely developed carcinoma, commonly known as cancer, the badge was discarded in favor of the daintily jeweled hammer and tongs which we wear today."

"Her grandmother, at 42, married a prominent KKK organizer and was an active member of the Anti-Vivisectionist league, Happy Gang-busting Crocheting Circle No. Nine, and the American Gas association."

"Her mother was nothing."

"Oh, pledge her," prompted Ivy. "With 41 vacancies, what can we lose?"