

GOOSE STEPS

By SAM FIDMAN

An undefeated season and a bid to the big annual Bowl game at Flushing, N. Y., was in store for Coach Ronson's undefeated, untied, and unscored upon Dneiperpoopsk Redrums, of Dneiperpoopsk.

The Redrums (spelled backwards—Murder) had waded through eight games, including six conference frays and a pair of intersectional clashes. The Redrums were never even threatened; no team could approach their physical ruggedness.

Coach Ronson's team was tough; it was rough; and it was ready for Saturday's season finale against the Wyoming State Violets, a new University which had sprung up in the Rockies, and had likewise gone undefeated through eight contests.

Enroute to the Violets's stronghold, the Redrum's star infinite-threat quarterback, Darrel Shmarrel, was making love to Coach Ronson's oversexed young wife. As he pressed her back against the rail of the caboose (the train's), Darrel Shmarrel lost his footing and smashed to the tracks.

To make a long story taller, the star griddier wound up in the hospital with a detached caboose and multiple abrasions of the.

When the Redrum special arrived in Violets-on-the-Stromboli, the massive, corpulent coach wept publicly. "Without Darrel Shmarrel—we've had it," he bawled.

A milk-toast-like Dneiperpoopsk Redrum eleven wrung itself onto the Violets-on-the-Stromboli turf. The game was on! Only once in the first half did the Redrum forward wall make a stop in time to ward off a first down. On that occasion the Violet center stepped ferociously on the Dneiperpoopsk line-backer and spat out, "thaaaay—you ol' meanie you!"

The Violets scored twice in the first quarter, and repeated in the second; when the team went in for halftime, the Redrums trailed 26-0.

In the dressing room, Coach Ronson, always the shrewd one, rallied his battered team around him and, in silence so thick that you could cut it with mediocre halitosis, he said, "Men, it looks bad. Some of you have given up—but I haven't."

"Just think of Darrel Shmarrel—lying there in the hospital—listening to the game. He is probably crying and near death—"

Then in a moment of tense drama, reminiscent of Knute Rockne and the "Gipper," Ronson belched: "Let's go out and win one for the Shmarrel—"

The Violets shrunk before the enraged Dneiperpoopsks—and, with less than four minutes remaining in the game, the score was Violets 26, Redrums 25.

By now Coach Ronson's boys were plainly pooped, and the sub quarterback for the great Darrel Shmarrel was carted off the field with ingrown toenails. Tearfully, the broken-hearted coach pointed to his last remaining sub, and a pitiful sight dragged off the end of the bench. It was Glockamora Schultz II.

There he stood, a glorious, voluptuous hulk, his garb including two casts on his arms and heavily-spiked shoes. He had never played in a college football game—but the moment he lumbered onto the gridiron, the Violet coach sent his squad into an 11-man line. Always the foxy one, he figured that Glocky could never pass—unless he had a third arm. He laughed to himself.

The fans were in frenzied hysteria; the cheerleaders bawled and danced salami numbers; alumni fired rewolowers at Coach Ronson. With his casts covering his hands, Glocky had to double over and take the snap from center in his midriff.

He faded back—back—back. Then—and you will find this hard to swallow—but I saw it: Glockamora Schultz, always the resourceful one, pulled a third arm out of his jersey and fired a perfect strike to Donald Schmonald for a touchdown and the victory. The Redrums were in the Bowl.

The Violet coach committed suicide by pounding his melon-shaped head against the nearest goal post and wailing "ahaa-haa-haha-no!no-ohno-aghaaaaa."

Reporters mobbed shrewd Coach Ronson. One of them asked—"How did you know the boy had a third arm?" Coolly, calmly, dragging on his marijuana tube, Coach Ronson replied: "Just a hunch, just a hunch..."

Lemon



Sour

Oh shed a tear for
Poor Harry Van Ness;
He agreed when his girl said
"My hair is a mess!"

"What was the explosion on
Keke's farm?"
"He fed his hens 'Lay or Bust',
and one of them was a rooster."

Defensive halfbacks
And freshman lasses
Should always be ready
To intercept passes.

When as a youth I went to school
I was quite dumb, you see;
In fact I found school very dull—
And that's how school found me.

Better get a good laugh out of the
bathing suits women are wearing
today. Soon there won't be any-
thing to laugh at.

Foul Play

Murder Mystery Stumps Police

By J. SLEUTH NORTHSIDE
(777)

Who killed Johnny Walker?
The murder of the well-known
local playboy is still at large and
city police chief I. Crackem But-
fast says he has few leads.

The night-clubber was found
dead early yesterday morning be-
hind a local grocery store.

Walker was killed by one or
more assailants from a sharp blow
on the head, according to assistant
chief Wier Helpless. His cap was
found a few feet from the body.

Walker's apartment, 96 Proof
avenue, had in it only a corkscrew,
two shot glasses, and a Theta Nu
Epsilon membership card. Officers
are questioning The University of
Oregon Inter-fraternity council as
to the meaning of the TNE card,
Bulfast said.

Funeral services, under the di-
rection of the Fluid Embalmers
Inc., will be held at 2 p. m. Sunday.

Owl Boosts Humor Mag

By THE WISE OLD OWL

Well, don't blame me if this
doesn't turn out to be very funny—
I wrote a real keen, smutty-type
column but a little bird (not one
of Bob Funk's robins) hinted I'd
have to go south with the seagulls
if it was printed, and owl be darn-
ed if I want that to happen.

A carrier pigeon I know dropped
off a copy of the Stanford Chap-
paral last week and followed it up
with an end-of-the-term, humor-
ous-type edition of the Stanford
Daily, edition SEXXXXXX it was
... One realizes that the admin-
istration here would be about as
happy to see a local of the Ku Klux
Klan started as a humor magazine
... but it'd sure be nice. ...

(Stanford has a humor maga-
zine, and in spite of it Stanford's



educational standing is probably
almost as high as the University's
... well, maybe someday we'll have
one ... In the meantime, look out
for falling pieces of green cheese
from the Moon.)

W.O.O. (figure it out for yourself
stupid) guesses that "what we
need around here" is more queen
contests. ... After all, here's more
than a week gone by and nobody
elected Miss Two-way Stretch, or
Miss Plumber's Helper (send two
ounces of bird-seed for the punch-
lines. ...)

Anyhoo, most of the (six) girls
that came to Oregon for purposes
than trapping a husband figured
on either getting an education or
being elected queen-of-something-
or-other, and who are we to dis-
appoint them? So call me early,
mother, for I'm to be queen of the
Salvage Drive. ...

Uncle, what's a bachelor?
Junior, a bachelor is a man who
didn't have a car when he was in
college.

She'll love you if you tell her that
time stands still when you look in
her eyes, but try telling her her
face would stop a clock.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Tragedies Averted By Gossip Column

We heard the other day the
woeful tale of the gal who asked
her dream man to the Heart Hop,
only to discover that he'd plant-
ed his pin the week before.

Our heart bleeds for her.

So, beginning in next Friday's
feature section, we'll bring you
that repository of... social... infor-
mation (?), the gossip column.

Jack Landrud is tentatively
taking over the job of Oregon's
own Louella Parsons; let him
know about that surprise engage-
ment or that hilarious fun night
skit last week.

Why Are Daters Piggers?

(Continued from page six)
this far, because whenever he saw
some gal stopping on campus to
chat with a male, he would holler
loudly, "Pirga." Through the
years, we who speak a sort of Eng-
lish transposed that to "pigger,"
and from that grew a raft of false
legends.

Anyhow, that's the story I got.
But don't forget that those sailors
were really loaded.

YOUR NAME YOUR PRODUCT IN THIS SPACE

WILL REACH AN EAGER
STUDENT MARKET

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