

Pollock's FOLLY

By BOB POLLOCK

It is 4 o'clock in the Shack and all about us people are engaged in beating the pants of typewriters . . . This is a daily occurrence and is done by freshmen, sophomores, and juniors in Oregon's school of journalism.

All of these various yokels are engaged in the de-pantsing of the typewriters for one reason and for one reason only—to wit, they want to be writers. Because most of them are dumb screws—like this department, only this department knows it and they don't—and because writers are a superior race, probably none of these apes will ever amount to more than hacks or twenty-five buck a week reporters. And hell has no lower depths than either of these two estates.

This, however, does not discourage the would-be scribes and they go on punishing the typewriters, each of them thinking to himself, "Ha, the rest of the punks in the University may end up on WPA but not J. Oliver McTwist, no sir."

All of which has a tendency to sadden this department. Once we were young like that with unhardened arteries. We regarded the patient typewriter as a means to an end and not as an infernal machine—its natural status. But now we are old. We are a senior and we have spent enough money in the vain pursuit of knowledge to make a down payment on one of heaven's more heavily gold-plated avenues.

We realize now we'll never amount to much. We are resigned to it. We live only in the hope that the Democratic administration will plan things so we can spend the rest of our life in the CCC. One doesn't have to think there. All one has to do is shoulder one's little axe and go out and make passes at a bunch of trees. After awhile this becomes automatic and one lives in a comfortable state of numbness.

But these freshmen, these sophomores, and these juniors—somebody oughta tell 'em. And they ought to be told while they're still in high school so that they'll stay on the farm and never be exposed to the danger of learning how to think. When one learns how to think one immediately wants to be a writer or something else. Look at Roosevelt. He learned to think as a young man and now he's President of the United States with more trouble than an atheist trying to learn how to play the harp.

If one stays on the farm, though, one doesn't have to struggle with whys and wherefores all the way through this prolonged toothache someone called "life." The difference between substance and attribute in Aristotle's system of philosophy would not be nearly so important to one as whether Susie, the white-faced Jersey, was going to have twins or was going to play solitaire again.

So, friends, let's keep our young 'uns on the farm. And eventually we'll breed a race that not only will not want to be writers but will spend most of its time living down the fact that grandpa on Maw's side of the family one time went to college.

Oregon Emerald

LEROY MATTINGLY, Editor WALTER R. VERNSTROM, Manager

LLOYD TUPLING, Managing Editor
Associate Editors: Paul Deutchmann, Clare Igoe.

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays and final examination periods. Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Editorial Board: Darrel Ellis, Bill Peace, Margaret Ray, Edwin Robbins, Al Dickhart, Kenneth Kirtley, Bernadine Bowman.
UPPER NEWS STAFF
Bill Pengra, City Editor Martha Stewart, Women's Editor Alyce Rogers, Exchange Editor
Lew Evans, Assistant Managing Editor Don Kennedy, Radio Editor Betty Jane Thompson, church editor
Bill Norene, Sports Editor Rita Wright, Society Editor Milton Levy, assistant chief night editor

The Rejuvenation of Skull and Dagger

THURSDAY afternoon the first move to pump new life into Skull and Dagger was made. Officers of the sophomore society met with prospective freshman candidates and outlined for them the aims and purposes of the organization.

Skull and Dagger is at least the second and is perhaps the third, fourth, or fifth sophomore service society to be founded on the campus. They are begun just as Skull and Dagger is now being rejuvenated. With, to quote, "a desire that in the future the group would find it possible to follow a more constructive program," such organizations are launched and re-launched. They drift along, becoming more and more what Skull and Dagger was the last two years—a scrubman's honorary.

Fostered by the administration, service has been the prime ideal—usually that service has deteriorated into the menial, dirty task of cleaning up after campus affairs.

FOR some years Skull and Dagger had considerable political significance. House politicians fought over the sweaters when it came time to pick the new members. Some of the men chosen by this method were not particularly deserving. The organization faced a climax last year when someone attempted to put the requirements for membership on a new basis. Close count was kept and members were to be chosen on the basis of number of hours of janitor work done.

What a method for choosing members of a University service group. It was probably just as good, however, as the old-time political

horse trading and it was typical of the level to which the organization had deteriorated.

In addressing the prospective members, Dean of Personnel Karl W. Onthank expressed the desire that the rejuvenated group follow a more constructive program. If some such program cannot be mapped for it, someone should, in the words of the Corvallis Gazette-Times, "scotch this snake before it has a chance to coil." For there is no justification for the continued existence of an organization dedicated to the high purpose of sweeping floors.

IF Skull and Dagger is to serve as a source of free unskilled labor, a very strong program will have to be devised to otherwise justify its existence.

This can, no doubt, be done. There is a place for a worthy sophomore men's society on the campus. In the old days, however, Skull and Dagger candidates did the dirty work, went through an infamous initiation, held a picnic spring term of doubtful character—and the society called itself a service honorary.

Because there hasn't been much emphasis placed on the group's activities this year, it is almost in the position of starting afresh.

With redefinition of purpose, a real standard for selecting members, and a strong program, Skull and Dagger could take its place as an important factor in underclass campus life. What work the organization has undertaken this year has been constructive. Maybe next year's neophytes will move the society still further along the comeback trail.

The Finer Points of Boogie

UPON occasion this year the rafters, if any, in McArthur court have been made to rock with Oregon cheers.

The type of ball Oregon plays is interesting and colorful, even though L. H. Gregory doesn't always approve of it. It has afforded many opportunities for cheering in the past two months.

During the Idaho series, and especially in the first half of the second game, there wasn't much to yell about—except the whistle tooting. The Bronx cheers and other customary forms of boogie were brought out of the moth balls. They hadn't been used much since the Oregon State game here.

NOW, there are many styles but only two types of boogie. To quote John Pink, "On the one hand there is the one kind of boogie; and on the other hand there is the other." Although the difference is easily discerned by this definition, it might be added that there is the spontaneous, indiscriminate boo delivered at anything and everything an

audience doesn't like; and there is the vicious, unsportsmanlike razzing used by a crowd which doesn't like any break or decision which goes against its team.

Anyone attempting to make a case for any kind of boogie is asking for indignant criticism. But the first brand has done much to improve the caliber of stage performances, politicians' speeches, basketball officiating, et cetera. It relieves the booger's feelings about as well as does cheering. It may deserve a place in the fan's vocal repertoire.

THE second type of boo has never, to our knowledge, accomplished anything constructive. It's a well-recognized evidence of the old "my country right or wrong" spirit extended into intercollegiate competition.

There was too much of the second type Wednesday night—enough to occasion considerable unfavorable comment. If we're going to boo we ought to do so in the gentlemanly manner advocated by the principal when we were in high school.

Something

ONE hears so much about this spring stuff, what with poems and all, that one begins to wonder if maybe it hasn't got something.

So, mining down the street this afternoon, we set our mind to analyzing just what that something is.

It might be connected with school work, we thought, some people say it's so hard for them to go into the libe and study when the sun is shining, and the birds . . . But no. Upon consideration we decided that it wasn't that—we solved the problem of studying three years. It was so difficult to study any term that we just crossed off the whole matter, so it isn't anything to do with studies.

ROMANCE? Maybe . . . some people go around planting pins and stuff in the spring and others write poetry. But sober analysis soon vanquished this delightful possibility, for the only time we ever went canoeing we fell in and caught a cold and we never did have any luck at planting our pin. What is more to the point, we like to have our hair cropped close and go around in slacks and shirtsleeves in the spring, and there isn't much romance or poetry in a fellow with no hair and no coat.

About that time the old brain began to function. We realized what this balmy weather, blast it, does to us. For we remembered how stuffy it seems to sit down before

a typewriter when the sunshine is calling and attempt to arrive, through careful logic and detailed consideration of all the facts, at the weighty and universal Truth about the rally committee or the sophomore treasury or Skull and Dagger.

AND then we knew that "something" was swelling within us. Yes sir, we had it at last. In the spring all the old stodgy issues seem flat—the truth seems a distant goal at the end of too long a path, man is illogical, resents the dictates of authority. In short, one is reborn, free of conventions and responsibilities.

Alas, just then another great revelation burst upon us, there in the warm afternoon sun, and shattered the happy bubble that had been our definition of that something which is spring.

For the sun shone on about us, and the birds . . . We might have been in revolt against responsibility, convention, logic, and the Truth—except that we realized we'd arrived at our definition through the stodgiest, conventional, logical process. We'd eliminated the possibilities one by one, accepted the remainder as the essential ingredient—by the method of residues.

We sighed and went on into the shack to write Saturday's editorials. There may be something in this spring stuff but apparently it is not for us.

waiian-born Orangeman, holds down one of the guard positions.

Working opposite Mandie will be Chet Kebbe, the only senior on the starting team. Like Mandie, he is a "bearcat" at following up shots, as well as being a consistent scorer.

Stater Sophs Lead
Slats Gill will present a five which will be dominated by sophomores. Frank Mandie, husky Ha-

fer from California, is slated for center. Romano, a dark, silent player, is a fierce scrapper when the going is tough.

Romano Plays Center
Play of the Orangemen probably will be directed by Nello Vaneli, swarthy Italian from Commerce high in Portland. He will

line up with Roy Pflugrad at the forward berths.
Merle Kruger, speed-boy forward; Bob Rissman, lanky center; Bill Stadhim, barrel-chested transfer, Mal Harris, steady letterman who may get a starting role; and Alex Hunter, are other Orangemen booked for action.

Pink's Lemon-Aid

By JOHN PINK

Without a doubt, and I say this unreservedly, many freshmen are being taken in by the age and time old shibboleth that comes out of hiding as soon as the first sun hits the campus after the winter's dreariness.

I know last year I listened avidly to the old timers at the tail end of winter term under the warming rays of the sun. "Just wait until spring term," they said, "boy, it's like this all the time." So I, having nothing more noteworthy to the sleeve, did wait until spring term. "Just wait until the spring term." Vacation couldn't go fast enough. I hitch-hiked back on the double quick.

"Just wait until spring term," and here it was: I was making my usual touch at the dean's office with which to register. Spring term, flooded with beaming, warming sunshine, alive with the mellifluous chirps of birds, punctuated with the bright, cheery campus clothes, started.

After registration the first week—the sun was on hand to help—the sky began to cloud up. The second week of school a high fog appeared. The third week the high fog translated itself into a low fog, which made all the cheery spring clothes hang like dishrags in the back closet.

But I was never downhearted. "Just wait until spring term," kept dancing through my head, which at the time was singularly free from any obstructions to such thoughts. About the fourth and fifth week, the monsoon set in. If you've been in India during the rainy season you know what a monsoon is. If you haven't, drop around to my place and we will look it up in a dictionary (the word has such a pleasing rhythm—repeat it several times to yourself—that I find myself using it indiscriminately).

Rain set in with the monsoon (there I go again). It wasn't the soft, slappy brow-caressing rain, you read of in romantic novels or short stories but a driving, slashing fury that unmoored everything in its path. About that time I began to look up some of these old timers who had said at the tail end of winter term under the influences of the first sun, "Just wait until spring term."

I didn't do anything violent. I was pretty fagged out from wading in hip-deep mud which is that much deeper than knee-deep depending on how you're built) that seemed to draw my strength from me like giant forceps. I just walked up to them, and glared in my best cinematic fashion and ran my hand through my hair (which is easier than it sounds for I had been clipped very closely in anticipation of the balmy spring) several times.

It finally started to sunshine, and what sunshine. Big juicy globes of it from early morning to the unburiedly fading light. But fate dealt a hand off the bottom of the deck. Ironically, the finest week of the term rolled around concurrently with exam week. The one week of a term, and for spring term especially, when the students have to get on the boat.

Two hours taking an exam in a stuffy room with your soul in possession of the sun. It was horrible trying to show any semblance of intelligence with the rays capricious outside every window, every now and then slipping into the room to nip you on the ear and goad you.

So trusting, gentle, naive little freshmen, don't believe anything yet—"just wait until spring term."

SIDE SHOW

By Bill Cummings and Paul Deutchmann

Campus

IF E. H. T.—writer of the "Bronx Cheer" letter to the editor in yesterday's Emerald—was disillusioned by Oregon's "display of poor sportsmanship" during the Idaho game, he'll probably be crying his eyes out along toward the final minutes of tonight's crucial tussle with Oregon State. For Oregon spirit is riding high again—real Civil War spirit—on the crest of Hobson's comeback wave. And little things like gentlemanly conduct are pretty apt to go by the boards.

However, E. H. T. has a legitimate complaint. Boogie is un-sportsmanlike. That is, when it is done with malice. Most of it tonight will probably be directed to the referees—the boys who can't win—and probably some of it will eke out in the direction of our worthy rivals, the Beavers. As for chanting the number of times the ball is

passed, that is something in crowd psychology that Slats Gill will have to contend with. He adopted the system of the scientific break and must take the consequences, because, Mr. E. H. T., crowd psychology is something which not even our three white-sweated yell leaders can control.

ASUO Prexy Barney Hall is fostering a plan whereby the champion "amateur" students of the campus—such as intramural champs—can participate in an interschool sports carnival conducted especially for students who like to participate in minor sports. The carnival might include entrants from Oregon, Oregon State, Reed college, Willamette, and other schools of the state, and would probably be rotated among the various campi from year to year. It is a plan which falls in line with the movement toward making Oregon's sports program more appealing to minor sports enthusiasts. All of which leans toward a broadened athletic program.

Warren's Lads

(Continued from page two)

Rooks Rally
Rook Coach Bill McKalip must have told his team plenty during the half, for as the second period started the rooks put on a scoring spring to bring the count to 28 to 27 after about seven minutes of play.

This was the nearest they ever came to catching the Ducklings. From then on the big Oregon lads outran the Staters, and when the rooks called time out after nine minutes of play the score was 47 to 30 against them.

Coach Warren then sent in his third team which battled the Orange team on even terms until the final gun.

Evert McNeely in the short time he was in the game scored 12 points for high point honors. Marshik and Phippo scored 10 each.

Clayton Shaw copped high point honors of the game with 14 markers.

In a preliminary game the strong University high quintet moved a step nearer the championship of the southern division, district 7, when they nose out a fighting Springfield five, 45 to 30.

Send the Emerald home to Dad every morning. He will like to read the University happenings.

ROBERT H. LEMON
Public Accountant
Income and Social Security
Tax Counsel
Phone 1639 229 Miner Bldg.

Fun Round-Up

Mayflower: "Parnell." Starts Sunday, "Saratoga."
McDonald: Starts today, "Buccaneer" and "Love on a Budget."

Heilig: "Non-stop New York" and "Cattle Raiders." Starts Sunday, "She Married an Artist."

Rex: "Bride Wore Red" and "Lancer Spy." Starts Sunday, "Dead End" and "Perfect Specimen."

Dancing

Willamette Park.

Saturday's Radio

KORE: 1:45, University Radio class.

NBC: 7, Symphony orchestra directed by Toscanini; 9, Ripley; 9:30, Jack Haley's Log Cabin with Wendy Barrie, Ted Fiorito's orchestra.

CBS: 7, Lucky Strike Hit Parade; 8:30, Johnny Presents; 9, Prof. Quiz.

Dance orchestras: 9, NBC, Horace Heidt; 9:30, NBC, Eddy Duchin; 10, NBC, Louis Panico; 10:30, NBC, Larry Funk; 10:45, CBS, Phil Harris; 11, Jack Winston. (KORE from 9:30 to 12.)

At the Mac today is one of the foremost pictures of the month, "The Buccaneer," starring Frederic March, Francisca Gaal and Akim Tamiroff.

Frederic March takes the part of Jean Lafitte, a pirate of French descent, who has a small kingdom in the swamps below New Orleans. The war of 1812 is in progress and when the British attempt to capture New Orleans, Lafitte and his gang decided to turn patriots. Enemy factions in New Orleans send the American forces against Lafitte and it isn't until the pirate enters General Jackson's private room and threatens "Old Hickory" that he is able to ally himself with the defenders.

Francisca Gaal is a Dutch maid rescued from the briny deep by Lafitte and Akim Tamiroff after a boatload of Lafitte's associates have made her walk the plank. This former Budapest actress is another Wampa baby star of 1937. Not to the discredit of March, but it's the general consensus of those who have seen the show that this freshman is the one responsible for its success.

This is another Cecil DeMille production and has provided jobs for 6,000 extras.

The Rex has a strong billing this Sunday in "Dead End" and "The Perfect Specimen." The former was one of the top ten films last year, while the second with Errol Flynn is far above average.

Single features are still running at the Heilig with "She Married an Artist" starting Sunday. John Boles and Luli Deste (another foreign star) take leading parts.

GROCERIES FIRST . . .

but

Try our soft drinks. Eat our popcorn.

UNIVERSITY GROCERY
Mayflower Building

A NEW STANDARD In LIGHTING . . .

The Electric Industry has combined to give you better lighting. After much research many manufacturers now offer a lamp that protects eyes and gives greater efficiency—the I. E. S. Lamp.

Specifications by: The Illuminating Engineering Society.

Certified by: The Electric Testing Laboratories. Endorsed for lighting effectiveness by: The Lighting Committee of the Edison Electric Institute, and the National Better Light-Better Sight Bureau. These lamps may be purchased at many stores.

