

Pollock's FOLLY

By BOB POLLOCK

TONIGHT, NEIGHBORS, I don't feel so good. The center of my grief seems to lie in the pit of my stomach where a rectangular object of about the size and consistency of an anvil trimmed with old razor blades refuses to disperse and be digested.

The reason for my malady is, as nearly as I can estimate, my insane desire for cream puffs, by the pound, if you please. It has never been my fortune to own enough money to buy all the cream puffs I could eat at even half a sitting. I therefore concluded this term to get at least one practical thing out of my university education and learn to cook 'em.

Pursuing this desire in what I thought was the logical direction I signed up with the home economics people for what they advertised to be a course in camp cookery. Let me say now that I had no notion of what camp cookery included or I would still be buying my cream puffs at a nickel each whenever I could spare the money.

My impression of a home economics course was one in which beautiful young women fell all over themselves when anything male showed up. I figured that outside of the janitor I would probably be the only masculine article in the home ec shack. This, I thought, was going to be fun.

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UNFORTUNATELY—and this was merely disillusionment No. 1—the class was filled to the brim with husky males, most of them twice my size. I am what I am and neither the good Lord nor spinach by the case can make me any larger.

Well, I thought, if there are no women in the class I shall at least have the pleasure of shortly baking great quantities of cream puffs interspersed with steaks and chops. The University will furnish the food, I will cook it with a bit of help, and there won't be any question about who will eat it.

The other night—Wednesday to be exact—we had our first regular class. It started out very lovely with Miss Wood, our instructor, giving us a beautiful pep talk which but stimulated our appetites. It was only shortly before we donned our aprons to descend upon the kitchen for the grub that I learned we were to cook.

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BRIEFLY, and in words of one syllable, our meal for the evening was to consist of: 1. Stewed rhubarb. I hate it. I have never liked it. 2. Poached eggs on toast. I come from a farm and had bred in me from birth hatred of the crow of the rooster and the cackle of a hen. I can't even stand a feather pillow—even if they use duck feathers to stuff it. 3. Cocoa. This is palatable although milk is much better. It was the first ray of light up to date. But the worst was yet to come. The entree, the piece de resistance—whatever that means—was nothing less than mush. Right here I would like to indicate as strongly as possible that the only time the word "mush" has any pleasant connotations to me is when it is associated with an Eskimo and a team of huskies. I have never eaten mush, nor rhubarb, nor poached eggs on toast.

Yet before the evening was over I ate them—with a smile on my face. The reason for the change is simple: You start the class at five, the prof lectures for an hour and then they turn you loose in the kitchen. By seven-thirty, if you are lucky, you have your grub done and in the interim you have worn yourself to a frazzle keeping the collection from burning.

I tell you, neighbors, by seven-thirty you are hungry enough to eat boiled Ethiopian, en casserole or on the hoof.

All I hope is that the lump is gone out of my stomach by Wednesday. There's a bare chance we may graduate to actual honest-to-Peter food next period.

Prize Essay Contest Stays Open to May 1

Almost a month remains in which to enter the annual Philo Bennett essay contest, announced George Turnbull, chairman of the faculty committee in charge of the contest last night. The deadline for entries has been set for May 1.

Essays are to be written on the general subject of "An Armament Policy for the United States." The word limit is 5,000. The committee announced that the essays should approximate this set limit.

Prizes for the contest are \$25 and \$15, Turnbull said. Three copies of the entries are to be submitted along with a bibliography. Faculty members are requested to announce the contest in their classes, the chairman said.

Classes Split

(Continued from page one) also call for creation of a central election committee, composed of class presidents and ASUO officers.

Election Board Appointed

Each president would appoint an election board to handle his particular election. It was here that an objection was raised, with a motion being made by a sophomore to have each presidential candidate name three members of the board, the class president to name

the chairman. The motion was passed after a short discussion.

The sophomore constitution was also amended to hold nominations the fourth Thursday in April, instead of the third as previously stated. This will allow one week until election day.

Schumacher Cites

(Continued from page two) is another question. If she objects, France would probably side in with her."

In that case, the professor remarked, England would stand aside and watch for developments. Asked if England would not lose considerable prestige by so doing, he replied, "Her prestige is very low anyway, isn't it?"

"Of course," he concluded, "trying to predict what is going to happen in Europe is like trying to predict next week's weather."

WEBER GETS PARK JOB

Stepping from school into a paying position is Herschel W. Weber, who will receive his bachelor degree in landscape architecture in June.

Weber, who has completed his work at the University, left Tuesday for Marshfield to act as landscape architect for a new city park.

PREXY TO SPEAK

President Donald M. Erb will speak on "Wages and Prices" before the Portland City club at a Friday noon luncheon at the Benson hotel in Portland.

MYSTERY to HISTORY

By GLENN HASSELROOTH

Appearing on local newsstands yesterday for the first time was Ken, described by the publishers as a magazine which will reveal "the insider's world." Of Esquire size, but without that periodical's bulk or content, Ken makes up in pretentiousness what it may lack in consummate worth.

The cover, colorfully reproducing the fierce face of a native of Morocco, illustrates the magazines leading article, "The Coming Moroccan Revolt." Other articles worthy of attention include items by Paul de Kruif on the combating of venereal infection, "Exposing the Peril of Panama," articles revealing facts of the Hauptman case, Manchukuan recognition, and Hitler's search for a frau.

Ernest Hemingway, who was at first to be one of Ken's editors, writes an article on present day Spain. In a prominently placed box, however, the publishers announce that Mr. H. is not an editor, only a contributor, but that he may become one if he sees "eye to eye with us on Ken." Jay Allen is another who has joined the ranks of "Ken's former editors."

A large section of photographs, each illustrating an article, is included along with colored illustrations, mostly drawn in newspaper political cartoon fashion. Many of these have captions, plainly stated. Others have none, and will bear "reading into." Each carries a definite message. To agree or not to agree?—it's up to you.

Leads to read. "Danger is My Business" by John D. Craig is a corking good biography by a deep-sea photographer who is also a good reporter. There is excitement on every page, it avoids the great-I-am attitude, and is guaranteed not to bore. . . . In case you don't get enough econ in school, there is a new approach to economic problems offered by Harry Scherman in "The Problems Men Live By." It's 492 pages of good, sound reasoning to soak up. That is, if you want good, sound reasoning on a spring weekend.

In the Mail

LIKES THE BABY

Since you asked readers for comments on the new format of the paper—please let me say I find it splendid. I hope it may be continued. It makes easier reading, it has semed to us.

Evalyn Willcox
(Mrs. W. R. B. Willcox)

Women's Dormitory Elects New Heads

Mary Alice Hutchins was elected as the new president for Susan Campbell hall at the election held Tuesday night. Six girls received offices.

Other officers elected were: Helen Patterson, vice-president and social chairman; Lorraine Gjording, interdom councillor; Norma Johnson, treasurer; Harriet Minturn, secretary; and Helen North, sergeant-at-arms.

An installation dinner for the newly-elected officers will be held Sunday.

Pink's Lemon-Aid

By JOHN PINK

(By Emerald Dramah Editor)

Wednesday night at the dress rehearsal of "Hay Fever" I got my first glimpse of the latest theatrical innovation—the Intimate Theater. I liked it.

According to theater tradition, dress rehearsals are always lousy, but I didn't take in this rehearsal in order to evaluate the acting. I was interested in the audience reaction. The room atop Gerlinger was packed to the last chair, in fact I think I had the last chair, or else my chair was on its last legs.

The audience encircled the room and the actors held the center. There is something very satisfactory about this arrangement. Present in all of us is the desire to see how other people live. Walking down a street at night, I often hesitate in my steps to peer at some domestic scene in a house which I pass. It is just a natural curiosity to know how other people live and act.

And that is the way it is with the Intimate Theater. You sit around the room just as if you are present at someone's home—invisible—while they go through the every day routine of living. The feeling of the theater is lost entirely. There are no footlights, no fancy back drops, and the heavy makeup evident in many stage productions is missing. It is just as if the Joneses are fighting again next door, and you want like everything to be over there and see if old man Jones really does beat his wife. Well, in the Intimate Theater, you're there.

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There was a comfortable, friendly feeling in the air at Gerlinger that night. Just like one big happy family watching its more talented members go through their paces.

The Intimate Theater style of production puts a much higher premium on good acting, I think. There is no off stage from which an actor can be prompted, and if he forgets his lines he really has to ad lib with a great deal of nonchalance. On the whole the acting in "Hay Fever" the night of the dress rehearsal was good, and, I thought, excellent in several instances.

Going in the other direction, if acting is bad in this kind of production, it has a much better opportunity to smell up the place than on a regular stage.

Another thing I like about the Intimate setup is that everything, actors and audience, are on one level. The actors aren't on a pedestal, as it were, for us to admire and gasp at, but they are right in front of us—people in the front seats can reach out and touch them. You don't feel divorced from the players, but you feel almost as a part of the production. And it is a delicious, intimate feeling, especially if you think the stage is a glamorous place.

* * *

I don't believe that the Intimate Theater is just a novelty or a fad. I am convinced that it has a distinct place in the modern theatrical world. It is an excellent vehicle for presenting drama to small, select audiences, an excellent mechanism for testing the mettle of the actors, and a thoroughly excellent medium for getting the actors to react to the feelings of their audience.

One thing I forgot to mention. After the act is over, the lights are extinguished, and the room is in utter darkness. And if I have to tell you what to do in a dark theater when you have your latest lily along, you shouldn't go to theaters.

A word about "Hay Fever." It's quite a hilarious number—just the thing to get across in an Intimate Theater production. The girl sitting in front of me was in a continual spasm from start to finish. I didn't think it was quite that funny. But I laughed.

Guild Theater Players Score New Triumph in Intimate Production

By KENNETH KIRTLEY

With a cast which was very much at home in its strange surroundings, the University theater's intimate production of "Hay Fever" was enthusiastically received by an unusually responsive audience last night.

The "intimate" technique has the effect of removing the walls from an actual room and giving the audience a glimpse of the life within totally unobserved by the occupants. The spectator is much closer to the actors than in any ordinary setup since the seats start right at the edge of the stage, and no one is more than three rows back.

The domestic nature of Noel Coward's play lends itself especially well to this innovation in production, and although its plot content is negligible, its sparkling, pungent wit repeatedly flashes out to hold the audience's attention.

Janet Felt as the perpetual actress, Judith Bliss, emoted in grand style, despite the discrepancy between her actual age and the age

of the character which she was portraying.

Gerry Smith was delightfully distressed as the dismayed diplomat in the Bliss madhouse, and Gayle Buchanan was the sloppy maid right down to the soles of her runaway shoes.

The marriage of Edith Faunce and Wayne E. Tyrell, both graduates of the class of '35 took place in Oklahoma City on March 12. Tyrell is now working for the federal internal revenue bureau. He recently completed a CPA course here and at New York university.

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