

# OREGON EMERALD

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## One Way Ticket-Out

REPRESENTATIVE government is on trial Thursday night when freshmen organize. The jury is the class of '46. Unlike the usual trial jury, it is not judging the fate of an outside gangster; it is deciding its own democratic course of action.

The preferential voting system is tried and proved in ASUO elections. It is based on the principle that any sizeable minority has a right to representation on governing bodies.

The ASUO executive council is a representative body of both Greek and Independent candidates. Class officers, until now, have represented only one bloc, one side of the political picture.

...Some persons will object to the fact that a minority of almost half of the freshman class should be represented among class officers. Their machinery is already grinding away—against the preferential system. They are afraid that if the minority is represented by a class vice president or treasurer that their "gravy" won't spread far enough to cover the entire political machine.

\* \* \*

THEIR fears are justified. The political bosses will have less power if a large minority has its democratic representation.

This is a question that freshmen could decide for themselves—but the political bosses want them to vote a "straight ticket" good for passage on the one-sided gravy train.

Students, however, sometimes tire of being told how to vote, and they vote for the man they think will be best in the job, or the motion that will best effect a democratic rule.

Freshmen who are now receiving explicit instructions as to what action to take Thursday night can remember this as they face the preferential voting question.

Only last year University students threw out the number one blockade to democratic class government, the poll tax. Thursday night they can throw out the number two blockade, the straight voting ticket.

## Let's Help Out . . .

THIS is war! Ever since our president made a momentous declaration before the Congress of the United States, one drab afternoon a year ago last December, this phrase has echoed and re-echoed down the skies above our nation.

The fact is constantly kept with us. We hear reminders over the air, we see them in the newspapers, we even read them in books.

But there is something else we must remember. Something that we, as college students, especially, should never forget. No matter how critical the situation may become, we must not, we cannot, lose our sense of proportion. We must keep our personalities, our lives, well-rounded.

\* \* \*

THIS war cannot last forever and we, men and women, who are in the colleges and universities of the United States today, are the men and women who will be charged with the obligation of running the country tomorrow.

A handful of the more cultural minded persons on the campus have organized and are planning a "day of culture" to be held next February 22. These men and women have asked for contributions from the students, poetry, stories, essays, pieces of art, musical efforts, modern dance exhibitions, and radio scripts, to be read or displayed during this day.

\* \* \*

THEY have chosen to call the day "Odeon," a name the ancient Greeks used for their music-theaters.

Any student who is at all talented should feel it almost a duty to put forth some effort to helping such a movement. Just as it is our duty to do away with needless luxuries, to stay home so that the army may have more gasoline, to eat less meat so that our fighting men may be better fed, so it is our duty to keep ourselves cultured that we may be better prepared to take over when our time comes.

Odeon is asking for contributions, the University of Oregon can, should, and I feel, will, contribute.—G. D. W.

## Between The Lines

By ROY PAUL NELSON

THE KAPPA houseboys went calling on the Pi Phi houseboys the other night.

"Have a chair," invited a Pi Phi houseboy.

"Thank you. May I sit down?" responded a Kappa houseboy.

The purpose of the party was to discuss the organization of a houseboys' union. The potential union has been under discussion for quite some time, but now Don Brown, Hal Brevig, Al Larson, Otto Larson, and Mike Smith—currently on the Kappa payroll—are actually beginning to lay the plans.

According to their present calculations, the union would probably just include all sorority houseboys. Somebody has suggested it be given a Greek letter title—Breaka Nu Plate.

The union is still in the formative state, but, according to the agitators, it is being given the glad hand by other houseboys who have been accosted.

\* \* \*

MEMOIRS of an auction—My heart bleeds for the gents who picked up a slug of books at the AWS sale, and then took them over to the Co-op store and couldn't sell them . . . a swimming cap, made of rubber, went up as high as \$3,000,000, but finally sold for six cents . . . Tex Goodwin picked up a pair of bun-

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## the campus web

by spider dickson

On the way to the shack to write this copy I happened to think of a new definition for COLLISION: Two drivers after the same pedestrian. The one coming up thirteenth nearly got me. I made it, though. There was the editor.

"Write me a column . . .

Okay. What about?

"People's names make news. . .

That's right—they do, editor, but—

"But what?

How shall I start it?

"Put it under a banner—how about

Names in the Web?

Okay.

NAMES IN THE WEB:

. . . good morning everyone, this is your campus reporter Filbert McSnab . . . strolling with flashlight in hand to my eight o'clock . . . I have my portable microphone ready . . . and here is the news of the morning . . . OOPS . . . 8-9-10 . . . someone remind me to watch for that tall Pi Phi who pulls those Dagwoods every morning about this time . . . what a stride, ladies and gentlemen . . . she breaks for the rail . . . she knocks the favorite—sleek Dr. Comish out of the race . . . she . . . your pardon, folks, your pardon . . . but I couldn't help marveling at the poise . . . the conditioning . . . the . . . and here we are with the hottest news since Rome was put off the air back in 68 A.D. . . . Phi Delt TOM TERRY and lovely Gamma Phi ROSLYNN

MORRILL announced their engagement last Tuesday evening . . . 6:45 Pacific war time . . . also congratulations are due to recently elected Pi K. A. pi . . . —musical AL KASMEYER for his engagement to Portland's blond bombshell MAVIS NELSON . . . special flash . . . SIGMA CHIS AND THETA CHIS HIT BETROTHAL JACKPOT! . . . ART HOSFELTD and charming TEDDY NICOLAI . . . BOB CURTIS and attractive EILEEN DANIELS . . . not forgetting famed PHIL BRADSHAW and the Alpha Phi's pride—PAT LONGFELLOW . . . meanwhile Cupid is still working overtime on sorority row as Theta Chi CHUCK HAENER'S diamond accepted by vivacious Alpha Chi Omega ANN VODERBERG . . . those adjectives are wonderful, aren't they? . . . but so are the girls . . . and chaps in PE talking discourteously about the Burpee test . . . think how o worked you'd be if you were Cupid on this campus . . . this is Filbert signing off with 30 engagements for this morning . . . sometime I'd like to come back with a few quotations I picked up near the . . .

### MUSIC SCHOOL

. . . "Jeez—dat gutbucket bass was knockin da cats in Chi before Bernstein's doghouse was old enuf to growl, and besides, hearing Debussy's Cathedrale englutie produced a decided nauseous nervous strain from brass and oboe overtones . . . almost as much as an aria from Pergolesi or Rossini . . . and don't foh-get dat character on tram . . . why, Jack, when he sends you dere ain't no return. . . ."

### HIGHWAY 99

"I say, don't you ever set t up in this establishment?"

"Naw, when they can't stand we drag them out!"

### THE ART SCHOOL

. . . "you must not cloud your artistic perspective . . . go out and view life judiciously. To be another PETTY you must spend many leisure hours in Alder street sororities . . . drink deep of the feminine symmetry and charm" . . . he did . . . but the enticing coeds transformed him into a bitter painter of the pessimistic school . . . you see, things are really never as bad as he paints them . . . it's too bad . . . if he could have been cured of a few petty inhibitions . . . who knows? . . . another Frans Hals . . . Quentin Matsys . . . Rubens . . . Van Dyck . . . or perhaps a Peter Breughels. . . .

### THE COMING SENIOR BALL

" . . . you'd be every bit as flawless and as graceful a dancer as Astaire, but for two minor insignificant things."

"Yes, my deah?"

"Your feet, Throckmer, your feet!"

### STYLE

. . . was obviously lacking in this tirade of black on white . . . I wished it to be a free thing with animal exuberance running rampant in a rolling field of Iowa corn . . . certainly the right locale . . . however, there should be the slight tang of pseudo-phistication as in the NEW YORKER . . . where is it? . . . around you, pulsing, breathing every second . . . in the campus web . . . caught in the campus web. . . .

Mildred Wilson Spies . . .

## Don Belding

In 1940 Professor W. F. G. Thacher paid a visit to former student Don Belding in Los Angeles.

He was ushered into a spacious, handsomely-furnished office and greeted by a deep-chested, slightly-graying business executive—Donald Belding, then an executive vice-president of Lord and Thomas, nationally famous advertising agency which has made a household by-word of hundreds of names from Lucky Strike to Pepsodent."

During the conversation Belding casually inquired if Professor Thacher remembered the first boarding house he lived in for a few months back in 1914. (He was waiting for his family to join him from the East.)

"Why, yes—I remember—down on Eleventh street."

"Do you remember anyone else who lived there?"

### Surprise

Professor Thacher admitted recalling one fellow who was a well-known football player—and a man named Koyl—who later donated the Koyl cup to the University. But that was all.

"Well," said Don Belding—and he grinned a little, "I guess you didn't see much of me. I was out in the kitchen washing dishes for my room and board."

The January 4 issue of Time magazine carried a story that indicates very graphically just how far Advertising Man Belding has traveled in the 24 years since his Oregon graduation. Announcing the end of one of "the oldest, most famous names in U.S. advertising"—that of Lord and Thomas—Time revealed that the agency would now be known as Foote, Cone and Belding—after the present active heads of its New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles offices.

### Time Mention

Commented Time, "To the ad-

vertising world it was almost as if Tiffany had announced that from now on it would be known as Jones, Smith and Johnson. For Lord and Thomas, in its 70 years of life, has placed well over three-quarters of a billion dollars' worth of advertising, has for years been among the largest agencies in the U. S. It was a pioneer in radio, in the early days placed over 30 per cent of all national radio advertising."

According to Professor Thacher, "The thing that impresses one first about Belding is his tremendous energy. Power and simplicity are two of his outstanding characteristics."

These traits were also evident back in his undergraduate days—when besides working for his room and board—he went out for track as a distance runner. Later in his career he became a member of Alpha Delta Sigma, men's national advertising honorary, of which his former teacher, Professor Thacher, is now national president.

### Son a Webfoot

Just how much Belding still thinks of Oregon is indicated by the fact that he sent son Don Belding, Jr., back to Oregon for his education. Don was a sophomore last year, member of Kappa Sigma, and is now in the service, slated for graduation as a navy radio technician, January 22. Belding, senior, also served

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