

Men of Month . . . Press Chiefs Reminisce On 'Things in Common'

By BETTY ANN STEVENS

"We want to be interviewed together. We've always been together, pleaded lanky, red-headed J. Wesley Sullivan, editor of the OREGANA, with a humorous glint.

Soft-spoken Ray Schrick, editor of the EMERALD, entered his office just then, propped his feet on the desk and leaned back. "M-m-m-h-m-m," he agreed briskly, "We both used to be JOURNAL boys . . . "and I was a News Telegram boy."

"So was I," exclaimed "Wes."
"The paper eventually folded," Schrick added impishly.

"I was an Oregonian boy, too."
"Well, that's something we don't have in common."

Ever Since Franklin

The two heads of publications on the campus seem to have had things in common ever since Ray was the charter president of Quill and Scroll at Portland's Franklin high school, and "Sully" was the charter secretary. Sully followed Schrick as editor of the Franklin Post, then "Schrick, Bob Nagel, and I decided to come down to school together and stay in the same co-op," Sully said.

Ray nodded his head.
"We all ended up in different co-ops, then Schrick moved up to the Delt house in the middle of fall term, and I liked Campbell so I stayed there."

Presbyterian

"The meaning of 'J' in J.W.S.? Well, that's rather obvious, isn't it?" Sully asked. "John Wesley the great Methodist . . . and I am a Presbyterian."

Without the benefit of any interviewer's prodding, the two seniors in journalism continued:

Sully: "The way I got into journalism was . . . well, I wrote a theme criticizing movies, and my teacher, Blanche Thurston, liked it. That was a mistake. My first poem was called 'Bells,' or something about tardy bells, alarm bells, and so on. It was very corny. They had to revise it quite a bit." Since then "J.W.S." has written over 360 limericks for the Emerald, and "easily 500 altogether. I don't even save them any more," he admitted. "I used to, though."

News Story?

Ray: "I just about quit the



first day of journalism in high school. We had to write a news story about returning to school, and I didn't know what a news story was. I was all ready to sell my journalism book, but Mother wouldn't let me."

During their freshman year Schrick remarked that "I wrote the two worst stories of the year . . . remember the Emerald banquet?"

Sully reminisced, "And I wrote a story about the 3 o'clock club that Jermain (the news editor) wouldn't accept."

By J. Schrick

Asked for a statement about married life, Schrick grinned. "My wife (Betty Biggs Schrick, business manager of the Emerald) claims I have the dirtiest cords on the campus, but she married me anyway."

Sully continued, "One term we had all our classes together . . . Schrick and B.J. and I . . ."

"All except P.E.," Ray corrected.

"I used to be the peace-maker before they got married," Sully commented sadly.

Elsie Brownell

Sully plans to married "sometime around the Ides of March," to Elsie Brownell, another senior in journalism, and a member of Alpha Gamma Delta.

During their sophomore year, Ray was the assistant managing editor, and Sully the assistant

Suit of Hearts

It's diamonds at a dime a dozen on the campus this term—or seemingly so, judging by the number of engagements announced to date.

Theta Carol Boone and Corporal Dick Carlton, former Phi Delt, are the first happy pair on our list. Too many to keep count though, so—here are the rest:

Pi-Phi Anita Young to Plin Laurence, U. S. army, another of those home boys, ditto Leone Spaulding to Jim Bennison, Phi-Delt; ditto Mary Loney to Bill Freese, Ensign — in you know what; Alpha Phi Marilyn Morris to Dick Chamberlain, service man, former SAE; ADPi Jenny Lu Flynn to Gregory Aimes, former Sigma Chi at University of Illinois, a coast guard at the present. ADPi Winnie Scroggie to Lt. Jerry Hooker, U. S. army.

That's about all for now, but rumors are thick and threatening. Beverly Haaheim — we'll be caught for sabotage yet—well, anyway, watch for further developments.

By Jody Hume and Doris Chappler

news editor, Ray graduating to the managing editorship last year, thence to the editor's chair this year. Sully, however, took a different turn. He did some Oregana work, and became managing editor of the Oregana his junior year, and editor of the All-American publication this year.

"We're all on Old Oregon together . . . B.J., too."

"Assistants . . ."

"Assistants or associates . . ."

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No More Cars, Try Scooter, Says Marty B.

Due to extreme war-time emergencies, we are convinced that a serious discussion on modes of transportation is timely, revealing, and necessary for the general welfare of the people. That is, of course, provided that people want to get places—and they usually do.

Now that cars have become merely tinny bodies with four rims which run on a tankful of water, hope and imagination, we mark the advantages of the mythical magic carpet of Ali Baba.

Mechanical Problem

Incidentally, we are not heart-broken by the disappearance of the car; we are reminded of its annoyance during cold weather when we had to crawl into the black, greasy depths of the engine every night with a hammer, a screw-driver, and a pair of pliers, to turn two thingamajigs which drained the water, and when we carried out water in a leaky rooster's lid every morning to fill it up. It was then we realized the full value and significance of our experiences as a ship-fitter.

We could deliver a short sermon on the values of walking, but we feel sure that somewhere in the collection of Addison and Steele there is an essay "On Walking" to which you can refer.

Electric Train

We significantly ignore the screaming billboards, "Next Time Try the Train." "Go ahead and scream," we say, "but we'll stick to Sherlock Holmes." But if you ever desire a train trip, we suggest a turn around the room on the top of your toy electric train.

We mention bicycles, but serve due warning to students rushing blindly to eight o'clocks, remembering a certain coed who caused

the complete annihilation of two bicycles at exactly 7:49 a.m. the other morning, leaving in her wake a mass of twisted handle-bars and broken spokes.

(Please turn to Page Seven)

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