

SDX PRESENTS

DAILY EMERALD

ROY PAUL NELSON, editor	KEITH JANDRALL, associate editor
FRED BECKWITH, managing editor	LYNN JOHNSON, ditto
MARK HOWARD, news editor	JEFF KITCHEN, not much
TEX GOODWIN, associate editor	LEE FLATBERG, a little
RUSS HUDSON, art editor	TED BUSH, went to Portland
STAN WEBER, society editor	JOE MILLER, he's married
FRED TREADGOLD, sports editor	FRED KUHL, clamdigging and
CHAS. POLITZ, associate editor, too	JACK L. BILLINGS, copy boy

Vic "Bow, Wow" Huffaker set most of the heads. The business staff operated as usual.

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Between the Lines . . .

GO AHEAD and gripe. So today's Emerald looks like it had been written in a straight jacket. So what?

Okay, so it is a little different from your routine copies. Yeah, we've chucked ethical journalism to the wind, and this issue has set its own style. We have informality. We have flashy make-up. We have—what's that? Listen brother, you can't insult our integrity like that and get away with it!

Maybe you don't know who we are. Allow us to introduce ourselves.

We are members of Sigma Delta Chi, Men's National Professional Journalism Fraternity. We know more about journalism than—well, a lot of people.

Sure, you could never tell it by looking at this paper. But you don't understand. You see, this paper is an escape.

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AND WHAT ARE we escaping from? We are evading the realities of war, maybe. Or maybe it is just that we are tired of studying. We are tired of hearing how to write, and how to make layouts, and how to set heads. We are tired of conforming to set principles. In fact we are tired.

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YOU KNOW, this journalism is an interesting business. You have such wide boundaries for originality. And you meet such fascinating characters on the sidelines. They all congregate around the shack—the old faithfuls who do all the work, the old faithfuls who do none of the work, and the sundry individuals who drop in to get some publicity.

Sometimes the methods employed by the latter are a bit unorthodox. Take the case of Steve Bristol, for instance. There's a character who is no Emerald worker but who comes down to the shack, writes a story on the merits (questionable) of Steve Bristol as a softball player, and then stamps "must" and the editor's name on it and brings it over to the University Press.

Rollie "Tombstone" Gable, acting as sports editor for the day, sticks the story in with a Steve Bristol by-line. And when Bristol sees it in print the next morning he has the guts to complain because they didn't put his name in the masthead as a sports writer.

That isn't the first time instances like that have occurred. Remember when Joe Miller used to write about Joe Miller in intramural sports stories? The sports editor used to put "by Joe Miller" on the top of the story.

* * *

WHERE ELSE BUT in the Emerald offices would you find characters who write stories all afternoon, set heads half the night, play poker the rest, retire at dawn, and get up in time for lunch, but not quite in time for morning classes.

Where else would you find a thin girl who writes poems praying to lose weight, a high school kid who comes down and wolfs co-eds from University operators, and a character who is not satisfied with seeing his column in print, but must post it in front of the College Side?

* * *

THAT'S WHY MOST of us Sigma Delta Chi members are regular workers on the Emerald. We have found that the shack is probably the most unusual meeting place on the campus. We like it.

So today we are putting out our own paper. We couldn't expect every issue to be like this...It is the novelty of technique that makes this issue a good paper...It is a good paper, you know. And if you don't believe us—just ask us.

—R. P. N.

I Cover the Campus

By FRED BECKWITH

It takes a Sigma Delta Chi edition to bring this goo back into print. That's enough build-up, so down to the dirt . . .

We wonder what would have happened in the campus political battle just concluded if Helen Angell's airplane had not been grounded at Chicago, when she was en route to Oregon. . . Phyllis Heber stepped out with a new man and new reso-

lutions at last night's Mortar Board affair . . . M. A. Jackson just sniffles this week, cuz the Dee-Gee freshmen showered her. . . One of the better known entertainers on campus is some-

what tangled up in a mystery affair with a newly initiated Phi Bete . . . Probably the best literary collection of thoughts, poetry, prose, fiction, plays, etc., is the paper clipped sheaf of papers belonging to "Spider" Dick-

son. Some of the matter is a bit tepid in nature, but good reading . . . "Iowa" Lindley has taken to wearing that morbid green jacket again, despite the advice of fellow Emeraldites . . . Most sensu-

ous eyes on campus probably belong to Karolyn Koepke . . . Cute li'l Mary Bush is scheduled to pen a new volume, "The Art of Tak-

ing Pins." (Good-lookin' Warren Smith take notice!)—What would Ruthie say?

Joan Woodward's number one thrill has returned from overseas to Los Angeles. She'll finish out the rest of the term up here, however . . . Two nights before Barbara (Betty Hutton) Bock took a pin, she fell down and gave herself a bad knock on the head!

. . . Such is life . . . Betas Ted Loud and Curt Lindley (riyacousin!) got into a little mix-up over the same woman . . . Ray Farmer evidently gave that luscious

Kappa the breeze, much to her astonishment. . .

Just Questions:

What would Dick Smith do without those dark glasses?

What would Al Larsen do without Westminster house?

What would the campus barber shops do without that blond Theta Chi's business?

What would Virginia Bryant do without letters from Whitman college?

Just Chatter and Patter:

I know where there is a brand new pair of men's saddle shoes with red rubber, selling for the remarkably low price of \$4.95. (Anyone interested ask the phone operator for 703) . . . Les Anderson's beauty sleep was not interrupted the other night despite the fact that Merrit Kufferman and his entire troupe of 'Mothers' Weekend performers were re-

hearsing their skit under his nose . . . New combination on campus might be the Reba Nixon-Bud Putnam duo, although the young lady was escorted by Spider Dick-

son's drummer at the Junior Prom . . . NEWS FLASH! Jo Hemenway moves to LA. Dr. Bryant may go further south to San Diego . . . Anyone desiring a pair of bruised arms, see C. F. Powers for the fascinating new

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Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ



Catsup should be exterminated from the tables of the earth.

This sickening red drool of tomato tears, demi-god of the living organization table, as done more than any one thing to undermine the good intentions of American cooking.

In campus cooking, where good intentions have for centuries been non-extant, catsup has set out to blanket everything from peas to prune whip, and to provide a steady income for Sal Hepatica.

Without catsup no housewife would dare to serve burnt, damp toast, slightly sooty scrambled eggs, disgruntled "this is my sixth appearance" meatballs. Gone would be the hash Rover refused to stoop to inhale, creamed corn that neither creamed nor corn, and mashed potatoes slightly damped by that trip to the Johnstown flood.

But Utopia is still reserved for people who believe in classroom cocktail bars, think that draft notices are invitations to the President's birthday ball and that Hedy La Marr is Mrs. Santa Claus.

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Catsup continues to engulf the living organization table.

It is the house-cook's darling. With a quart of catsup to the man she can get away with murder (the literal sense may well be applied here).

She can continue burning toast, cut up old shoes, to mingle with the hamburger in the "spaghetti," substitute shredded test papers for lettuce salad, or broil FDR's old fishing hat for salt mackerel.

Why will know the difference (gasp?)

Who cares (choke)?

Finnan haddie tastes like catsup under catsup. Roasta beef tastes like catsup under catsup. Mac the Roni tastes like catsup under catsup.

Why the hell use food!

* * *

But the saddest result of King Catsup's rise to infamy and o'er-blanketing success has been the emergence of the catsomaniac.

This pitiful creature, so well known to Greek chapter houses, is the tragic result of the degeneracy of 20th century boarding house cookery. He has been given up as hopeless by psychiatrists from Bellevue Annex to Pitcairn Island. State hospitals have refused to even grant him weekend privileges. There is no remedy for his insatiable lust so long as the red plague glubbers forth under

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Inside Dr. Lesch

By TEX GOODWIN

Dr. Lesch (Edward Christian Allen Lesch, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English), never talks for publication. In fact, he once declared that the Emerald stinks and that journalists were a bunch of poltroons.

Assuming that a poltroon, a very nondescript one at that did interview Dr. Lesch, this is about the way it would sound.

Poltroon: "Dr. Lesch, what do you think of the Emerald?"

ECAL: "It stinks."

P: "What do you think of victory gardens?"

ECAL: "They st . . . well, no, they are just useless. Why plow up a nice flower garden to plant carrots even if the mortar board women do want to use them for corsages?"

P: "What do you think of the war?"

ECAL: "I agree with Sherman."

From there the conversation would drift to the U of O libe. Dr. Lesch becomes again human. His voice quavers with tender emotion. He is a man who loves books and other beautiful things. He is a man of profound thoughts and in books he finds the escape he needs from the insipid, the mundane, the paltry . . . in short, every thing that is typical campus coed and joe college, even the Emerald.

He tells how he helped secure the University's extensive collection of rare books, one of the finest on the coast. In fact, the professor didn't say so but we know that some of these books could now be sold for many thousands of dollars.

The libe houses a magnificent collection of rare volumes, both incunabula and post incunabula. Dr. Lesch was one of the boys



Linoleum block by "Scotty" Mindolovich

that rounded up this pile of leather and cloth bound gold.

If there are any words here that you are not quite sure about, look them up. I had to.

In spite of his love for books, Dr. Lesch is not bibliomaniacal, he once said as much. He loves the simple things of life, puttering in his flower garden. He has one of the most attractive homes in Eugene because of his work with plants and shrubs.

We came not to either bury ECAL or praise him, we merely turn him over so we can look at him through the eyes of a poltroon. We are safe, too, for Dr. Lesch never reads the Emerald and were he to gripe about this, it would be an admission of having read and taken notice of a poltroon.