

# War Women

By MARY JO GEISER

"This is Miss Blank, your announcer, saying 'goodbye' until this same time tomorrow . . ." and so might end a program announced, produced, written, acted or directed by a feminine crew of radio operators.

Yes, radio is now calling talented college women to its exclusive fold. Before the war, men held practically all key positions

in radio and women activity was limited. The keys of the industry are in women's hands for the first time if they care to use them.

If radio is your dream job, and there are radio shoes you want to fill, consider the possibilities offered through the courses here on the campus.

In charge of radio coordination is Kenneth S. Wood, instructor in speech and dramatic arts. Comprehensive courses offered are the prerequisite fundamentals of broadcasting, then program production, radio scrip writing, and the radio workshop.

"At present the radio workshop classes build and produce two programs a week over the Corvallis station KOAC, totaling three hours a week over the air," explained Mr. Wood. "Other schools and departments cooperate on these shows, the journalism and music department, for instance."

Possibly next year, Eugene's station KORE will have completed plans for a regular U. of O. campus program release. Experience on these small programs is invaluable since the smaller station is considered the finest training ground for the individual who wishes to work into and up in the industry.

Right now the radio industry is divided into the networks, their managed and owned stations, self-owned stations which are affiliated with the networks, and independent or non-network stations. There are 950 stations operating on the 29 available channels. Stations may vary in size from 100 watts to 50,000 watt clear channel stations.

Writing for radio is not limited to dramatic scrips, although these are very important. Varying types of programs make up a station schedule. A check has shown that on the average 52 per cent are musical; 9 per cent drama; 8 and 5-10 per cent variety; 11 per cent talks and dialogue; 9 per cent news; 5 per cent religious and devotional; 2 per cent special event; 2 per cent miscellaneous. Because of the war, the percentage of news commentaries and talks has gone up materially and music and special programs have gone down.

Today you can't talk about radio without dreaming about televisions. Television probably will come out of this war as radio did in the last. Its popular use is not so much a technical problem now as one of economics and production. Although techniques for national television broadcasting are unperfected, local television with in a 200 mile radius will be possible as soon as supplies are again available for civilian use.

Nine U. S. television stations are broadcasting regularly now, three in New York, one in Schenectady, one in Philadelphia, two in Chicago, and two in Hollywood.

New television sets will be available within six months after peace in Europe. Television's pictures will depend on receiving sets, but probably will range from 8 in. by 10 in. up to approximately 20 in. by 24 in.

The best reception is within 60 miles of the station. Television will carry any scene that a camera can record from the studio or field.

Frequency modulation and international short wave further will enlarge the field of activity and point to the new vocational opportunities. (FM is a high-fidelity, almost static-free radio system, op-

# The Cutting Room

By BILL BUELL

"Old Acquaintance" is a story of love affairs as tangled as a restoration comedy and of undying friendship that makes Damon and company look like local 72 and the International Boilermakers.

We were surprised to learn that the source of the script was neither the Good Housekeeping nor the Woman's Home Companion but a successful Broadway play. This drama may well make a deep and profound impression upon middle-aged middle class housewives.

The picture glorifies the lifelong friendship of two female novelists. Bette Davis writes good books no one will buy. Miriam Hopkins, motivated by sub-conscious jealousy of her friend's success, prolifically dashes off best-selling trash.

Miss Hopkin's husband (John Loder) falls in love with Miss Davis. Miss Davis renounces his offers because Miss Hopkins is her best friend and "one just doesn't do that sort of thing." Mr. Loder politely removes himself by joining the army.

Several years elapse. Miss Hopkin's daughter (Dolores Moran) grows up into a sweet and brainless young thing who falls in love. But the young sheik whom she loves (Gig Young) is practically engaged to the cradle-snatching Miss Davis. Miss Davis gallantly renounces the dictates of her heart and gives Mr. Young to Miss Moran.

The picture ends with the two-middle-aging novelists drinking flat champagne and looking forward to a manless future. But then, of course, they have their beautiful friendship.

Why the attractive and intelligent Miss Davis continues to put up with the lint-brained and egocentric Miss Hopkins is something we never quite figured out.

In spite of the banal plot and much corny dialogue "Old Acquaintance" is almost an excellent picture. Director Vincent Sherman makes the most of his inferior script. Bette Davis, who could make a good part out of anything from Tarzan's mate to a horse opera heroine, turns in a typically distinctive performance. John Loder also handles his job capably. Miss Hopkins, however, ruins many scenes by shrilly overplaying her rather neurotic part. We're never quite sure when she's serious and when she's burlesquing herself.

of the floor. This particular carcass snored.

"Recreational reading," sneered Percy as he turned his head in the other three directions and found himself staring a yawning mouth in the teeth.

"Come to think of it," he added, "Sleeping is recreation." Surveying the other almost alive bodies and deciding that he was too conspicuous, took a Red Ryder Comic book out of his watch pocket, browsed through it and was soon drowsing through it.

Browsing room or drowsing room, that is the question, according to Percy. Oh, but if only Bill Shakespeare were here!



BETTE DAVIS and MIRIAM HOPKINS in "OLD ACQUAINTANCE"

# Two Good Ideas . . .

Hawthorne lodge and Highland house put across some "open house" parties which seem to have hit the social nail on the head.

This is what happened at Hawthorne. At their first mixer this term, no turnout, no fun. A pow-wow showed that many of the boys invited didn't know how to dance. When the next open house rolled around, soldiers and girls were learning dance steps in droves and having a terrific time. Now they're learning to rumba and conga!

Highland house solved the date problem for their house this way. Having decided that three couples dancing in the living room didn't constitute a good time, they proclaimed, and put over an evening of darts, ping-pong, checkers, and just gabbing.

This same idea has drifted through the campus before; the campus canteen was started on the same principle. As one soldier told us once, "We like to go bowling, and play games as well as dance. When we're off for the weekend we don't go for a lot of formality and artificial deals . . ." M. M. G.

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# G. I. Muscles . . .

So the hand-me-down ditty goes . . . "Sing a song of colleges. Tell us were to go . . . Oxford where the knowledge is . . . Cornell where they row . . . Harvard with its bloomin' swells. Notre Dame, and then, good old Princeton for its yells, and Oregon for MEN." Snatched or adapted, the song had a bit of significance last week when Oregon's ASTU students were rated tops, physically speaking, in the nation in the performance of push-ups, sit-ups, pull-ups, ten-yard pick-a-backs, 300-yard run, not to mention the burpee. No, don't forget the burpee.

Dean Ralph W. Leighton, of the school of physical education, says the University's rating is superior to any of the nearly 50 units tested. That's good.

\* \* \* \*

Senior-sixer Edie Onthank whipped over the obstacle course last year in cumbersome blue jeans and a t-shirt. She didn't establish a record, but obstacles courses were strange . . . especially with girls running them. The Emerald news editor rubbed her hands together and muttered, "A feature!" Last year too, moans and the stench of liniment arose from men's living organizations as compulsory p.e. was enforced.

Obstacle courses and burpee tests aren't strange now. They're a part of the program and pattern of militarized student life. It's a well-ordered, rewarding pattern.

B. A. S.

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