

KHAKI CLIPS

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Brass, Beer, And Blondes

By AL YOUNG

"With the departure of the ASTP from the haunts of the Web-foot, the social life can now be listed in the same category as gas, sugar, and tires. At present, needless to say, our white hopes for campus news lie with the pre-meds and the civilians,"—Betty Sailor in The Emerald.

Well, well. So young, and very inexperienced, Miss Sailor has taken it upon herself to set the boys of the "fightin' 51st" straight with the world. It seems a pity to us that Miss Sailor ever left the "pill palace" beat and started writing a gossip column because, as often occurs in the case of young fillies who take the bit between their teeth, she isn't in full possession of the facts.

We don't dance . . . talk . . . or go out with girls. By her own testimony, she proves herself false in this statement. Witness the fact that a good plurality of the names in her column were those of air corps men. Perhaps the young lady doesn't read her own column.

But let us suppose that for a moment we accept Miss Sailor's hypothesis. Air corps men just aren't going out with enough Oregon coeds. The girls' morale is falling off rapidly and some drastic step must be taken or else the cause is lost . . . though what cause we're not exactly sure of.

It seems to us that Oregon girls are not particularly desirable, if

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Illiterary Criticism

By DICK MURWAY

Week after week Bill Buell in his cutting column, "The Cutting Room," has found fault with motion pictures which I enjoyed. The last straw was loaded on my back Tuesday when Buell informed Emerald readers that Orson Welles, as an actor, is "something which should be sliced, fried, and served with eggs for breakfast." Buell spoke of Welles only as an actor, thus leaving open the possibility that Welles, as a ping-pong player, is something which should be charcoal broiled, smothered with onions, and served with french fries.

One must credit Orson Welles with some sort of ability. After all, he pays a lot of income tax and Rita Hayworth wouldn't marry a man without some sort of ability. Maybe his eyes really are as white and his soul as troubled as Edward Rochester's in "Jane Eyre."

"The Cutting Room" panned the picture, "Jane Eyre." Too many shadows, too much wind on the heath, too many close-ups, the writer claimed. I agree that one could have laughed at Welles' breathing melodramatic passion from under tremendous black brows at the Victorian maiden, if one wanted to. However, one could also have left critical analysis in the sophisticated paunch of the New Yorker or George Jean Nathan, and relaxed to appreciate ninety-odd minutes of excellent entertainment.

All of which leads to the proposition of this little essay: the only standard by which art, literature, and music can be judged is public acclaim, interest, and satisfaction.

By this standard "Treasure Island," "The Three Musketeers," the Bible, "The Wizard of Oz," and Ellery Queen rank near the top in literature; "Snow White" and "Gone With the Wind" in motion pictures; "God Bless America" and "Sleepy Lagoon" in music; and so forth—none of which is among my personal choices. But still the standard of popularity is the only one which can be maintained because the well-trained and well-educated critics disagree concerning values.

Many college intellectuals lean over backwards in order to sneer at the best-selling novels and Hollywood box-office successes. Their posture is unfortunate because once in a while the public goes for something which is "arty," even

the above is true. Surely, we are not men of such a neuter nature that we would not succumb to the charms of a lovely girl. Perhaps, there just aren't enough charming girls to go around. And then again maybe you don't move in the right circles. After all we aren't all on the same intellectual or social levels. Maybe we don't frequent your house, but that certainly is no sign that we don't get around.

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by the intellectuals' standards. (Example: the movies "Grapes of Wrath" and "How Green Was My Valley" were huge box-office winners.) I have known persons who couldn't laugh at the Marx brothers and "The Three Stooges" because "too many people laugh at

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