

OREGON EMERALD

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Way Back When . . .

Oregon Explained an Idaho Grid Victory

By TRUDIE CHERNIS and
Dorothy Habel

Thirty Years Ago

"Guild Hall, the 'little theatre' in Johnson hall, was formally opened by the presentation of Jerome K. Jerome's 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back,' given by members of the Drama Guild."

Front page criticism ran: "The wonderful inspiration of Mr. Jerome shown brightly through the slow-moving and creaking machinery of amateur production."

The acting abounded with affectation and over-long dramatic pauses which intended to allow the moral to sink in. Instead, as a rule, so much time was given that it generally sank through and kept the audience in a state of suspense hoping against hope that the actors would remember the line at last."

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Sports: "The Oregon-Idaho football rally has made its plans for celebration. We will have the usual pajama parade with prizes for original costumes—Villard will be the scene of festivities."

* * *

A must in every college girl's wardrobe: "Smart suits with convertible collars of velvet or fur trimmed, made of poplin, serge, mixtures, and gabardine. Also new coats of corduroy, plush, and mixtures. Come see."

They were healthy, too. "The girls have infinitely better feet, which condition is due largely to the more reasonable type of shoes worn by the women of the west," a P.E. instructor said. A far cry from the Dutch shoes of today.

Twenty Years Ago

The University of Montana imposed the following regulations for their freshmen: "Girls who wish to display the pictures of men shall do so only on condition that these pictures be pinned to the curtain and that said pictures be labelled with the correct name, age and relationship."

* * *

All the better to yell with—"6,000 megaphones, presented by movie actor Harold Lloyd, were distributed to the rallying Ducks for the traditional Oregon-Idaho football game." Made of yellow cardboard, the sides were filled with the lineup of the teams, place for summary, and a large picture of Lloyd himself.

* * *

Taken from a two column ad in the Emerald: "Surprise the Folks—make Phi Beta Kappa. The Wahl pen has a big ink capacity, and won't fail you—its fluent easiness will boost your grades, its slim, trim shapeliness will match that golden key."

The Ducks did loose the Oregon-Idaho game that year, but Emerald sports writers set everything all right with the real reason, as printed in their headline: "INABILITY TO SCORE IS HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR DEFEAT BY IDAHO'S TEAM SATURDAY."

Ten Years Ago

The Emerald ran an advertising column with Polly as its star.

To quote: "Polly found just the right footwear at 'Grahams' for the football game. Black or brown slacks is what she calls them and they are flexible and just the right weight before the heavy winter brogues. Polly had a hard time choosing between the brown \$6 pair which were trimmed in seal and can be worn in the Prince of Wales pattern or tied around the ankle or the more popularly priced, \$3.50 black suede or brown elk with saucy flaps and the new trouser crease over the vamp."

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Headline news: COUNCIL FINES NINE FRATERNITIES \$140 to eliminate "dirty" rushing.

* * *

Always in the spirit, the Oregon yell team dreamed up this new "popular and tricky yell":

Team Rah, Rah, Rah, Team OOOOregon!

One of the Champions . . .

The "ladies of the press," who did most of the work on the Oregon Daily Emerald last year have won deserved recognition from the Associated Collegiate Press.

The All-American honor rating signifies that the 1944-45 Emerald was among the best of the college and university papers in the nation.

Although this rating has been awarded to the Emerald a number of times, the staff may feel a special distinction for maintaining the standard last year.

During the war the Emerald had its own manpower shortage and frequently was faced with a lack of newsworthy activity. As the work fell to a smaller number of people, those people were overworked.

This year the campus daily will be expected to keep up the records of All-American ratings. Possibly competition will be stiffer, and judgment will be more critical.

But the fact that last year's staff was able to carry on the high standards will encourage this year's Emerald workers to do their best.

We congratulate the staff of 1944-45. Their record goes on the list of Oregon's great.

Worth Waiting For . . .

Tabling of plans for the revival of the canoe fete at Junior Weekend this year is another reason why Ducks cannot expect to see the so-called "normal year," for a while yet. Only an occasional student now at the University was here before the war began to take its toll of peacetime activities, tradition, and atmosphere. One of the best-remembered of these events was the canoe fete on the mill race.

Even before the 1945 Junior Weekend celebration had ended, many students had it in their minds that the canoe fete would be revived next time. Students should not mind waiting a while for the traditional spring fete. The State Highway Commission plans to let contracts for the construction of the new super highway between Judkins point and Broadway. Since the mill race crosses Broadway and Franklin boulevard, which is part of Highway 99, the University will cooperate with the highway commission in improvement of the mill race site.

The project was reviewed, and the educational activities manager was directed to add to the \$15,000 already set aside, as funds are available from the budget. The money will be used to fill the old channel, construct bleachers on the south side of the race and a stage on the north side, and for general improvement.

All this means that the mill race will be a much more attractive site for the next canoe fete.

Signs of Past Times . . .

Journalists say there is nothing so old as yesterday's newspaper, but Oregon has something that ages even faster than its daily.

Signs posted in prominent campus spots advertise all forms of activity—twistie sales, political campaigns, drives of various sorts and numbers of dances, lectures and other entertainment. They have performed their function when the activity has been completed.

Nothing is quite so bleak as a rain-streaked, warped piece of cardboard announcing a past event.

When out-dated posters are left in place, the value of such advertising declines sharply. After a time, we remember that they're old stuff and don't bother to read them. When a new event is announced, the sign plicity is lost on us because we regard each sign as an old stand-by.

Such advertising is supposed to be removed as soon after the affair as possible. This duty should be assigned to same specific committee. And the job should be complete.

The Plot Sickens

By REX GUNN

One day, a few years ago, a man sat in front of a typewriter in a hotel room in San Francisco and recorded the fact that it was cold.

He spent 3000 words saying that and that alone.

Later, the 3000 words became a chapter in a book, and the book became a best seller.

How did he do it? A cold room merely as such holds no suspense, no conflict, no drama, no interest—nothing that professional writers consider necessary for money-making copy.

The Props

Put a corpse in the room—yes, we have something now—put a knife in the corpse, a cigarette with lipstick on it in an ash tray; give the corpse staring eyes with constricted pupils. There's the skeleton of a plot.

After being introduced to the suspects, the police, the master sleuth, etc., the writer leads you into a dozen false clues, then blithely beats you over the head with the solution.

But Saroyan didn't do that. He just said it was cold.

How did he make money?

The Reasons

There are many possible reasons. Maybe the book got first-rate advertising. Maybe the chapter was just a chaser for stronger stuff. Maybe the public had an off month.

All this might be, but there was one other factor.

Saroyan not only said something, he felt something. When he said it was cold, he had an honest desire to convey that feeling to other people. He mentioned how hard and brittle the typewriter keys felt to his fingers, how cold the copy looked on the cold paper, how the gray light in the room had a cold color.

The Effect

When imaginative readers finished the chapter, they felt cold.

Willie had recreated the morning and the room.

Since that time, he has made a

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Clips and Comments

By CARLEY HAYDEN

At Stanford, tryouts for the Farm's first peacetime gaities are occupying the time of vets in civies, AST's in khaki and NRO's in blue. The theme, "A Girl In Every Port," will feature completely original music, dancing, and skits. The navy will have an opportunity to act themselves in the musical based around naval experiences in various ports.

* * *

The loss of his left arm in a minefield explosion on a battlefield in France last winter hasn't stopped Bobby Ravera, gritty ex-doughboy, from playing a flashy game in the University of Nevada backfield. He broke through the Idaho Marine line for a 42 yard gain after catching a punt.

* * *

Transportation problems didn't worry a pretty coed at the University of British Columbia. She took them in their stride, and her favorite horse takes her in its stride to classes. The artswoman sailed right on past rain-soaked students in block-long lines in the recent but shortage.

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Football forums are sponsored by the Syracuse Daily Orange for the interest of ardent pigskin fans. Movies bring out technical points of the game and sport announcers answer queries.

* * *

From the University of B. C., maybe the Greeks have a word for it, but the staff of the registrar's office was left down right speechless last week at the height of the registration roar.

A soft-voiced, would-be coed argued for an hour that she wanted to enroll at the university without attending lectures.

She planned to take six units of music off the campus but was "slightly worried about three junior matriculation sups."

"And why do you want to attend university?" tactfully inquired the registrar's office.

"Because" reasoned the girl, "I want to join a sorority."

* * *

A University of Southern Cali-

ifornia sophomore was persuaded to enter a beauty contest at the last minute and triumphantly emerged the winner over 50 contestants. Better late than never!

* * *

All photographs made by the army, navy and marine signal corps of Ernie Pyle during his ser-

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Telling the Editor About Oregon Spirit

Dear Editor and University of Oregon men. Rah, Rah.

Several following quotations have surprised "Old Line" Oregon backers in the past few days.

The first quotation: "was disgraceful. I know that it was none of the University students who were booing and hooting throughout the game. I would be ashamed to admit I was a student of this school if it were."

Now isn't that nice. May I suggest we all take lollypops to Corvallis this weekend and sing sweetly, "I love you."

The lady with the sore ears obviously hasn't been to many Oregon State contests which are an important factor in the return of many Oregon veterans. She was probably referring slightly to our "bilged" sailors at the Idaho game.

The Emerald editorial gently curtsied, straightened up its lace cuffs, booties and emitted, "We should have had a separate section for them."

Would that have solved the problem with the Torpedo juice' boys? We should have escorted them out on their ears. I think even I would have felt strong enough to help, and that's unusual. The exodus wouldn't have been new to Oregon spirit. And Oregon is famous for it's spirit. I know. I've seen enough of it purchased.

The second quotation: ". . . and since the men don't dress up . . . the natural effect is that the quality of their behavior is lower than it ordinarily would be."

All the males stop and think. With all these beautiful women around the campus, it's hard

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