

OREGON Daily EMERALD

LOUISE MONTAG
Editor

ANNAMAE WINSHIP
Business Manager

MARGUERITE WITWER
Managing Editor

GEORGE PEGG
Advertising Manager

JEANNE SIMMONDS
News Editor

MARILYN SAGE, WINIFRED ROMTVEDT
Associate Editors

Art Litchman, Tommy Wright
Co-Sports Editors
BYRON MAYO
Assistant Managing Editor
MARYANN THIELEN
Assistant News Editor
BERNARD ENGEL
Chief Copy Editor

ANITA YOUNG
Women's Page Editor
GLENN SNYDER
World News Editor
BETTY BENNETT CRAMER
Music Editor

Editorial Board

Mary Margaret Ellsworth, Jack Craig, Ed Allen, Beverly Ayer

Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and holidays and final exam periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Take It Easy, Jupe . . .

(Since Buck Buchwach's editorial achieved remarkable results for the Junior Weekends in 1941 and 1942, The Emerald reprints it, in part, in hope that it will be as influential with the postwar Jupe Pluvius.)

. . . Mr. Pluvius, the Emerald asks you politely, but firmly, to shift your schedule in such a manner so as not to spoil our Junior Weekend . . . The farmers have had their misty blessings, and the Oregonian and the Journal have received their just due, and the city pavements, too, are washed clean by the sweet Oregon mist. What the University asks now is for you, Mr. Pluvius, to rest on your laurels for a while and visit somewhere else.

There is reason to believe that you intend to scare us a bit . . . But please, Mr. Pluvius (or Jupe, for we know you but too well), don't come around with your clouds and your tricks. . . . Our Moms will be down for the Weekend festivities, and forsooth, they will be attired in their springiest of spring outfits, and their hats will be of the kind to bring male smiles. But we want to take them to the campus luncheon to see the queen and her court of beautiful princesses crowned, and my goodness how the raindrops do raise havoc with even a proud mother's finest apparel!

The Portland papers have more important advertisers and have more influence, perchance, Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, but not even they will praise you with more honest enthusiasm and open-mouthed admiration if you will but take your vacation . . .

And if you have to take that storm which is declared by some pessimistic meteorologist to be coming from out Newport way somewhere, perchance you could deposit it at Stanford, California, or even USC.

Just for the Weekend, you understand. We want you as our permanent resident up here in Oregon, Jupe, to freshen our flowers, to clean our streets, and to keep our soil rich and red. But not Junior Weekend, please.

Telling the Editor

Last Words

To all the critics
Who were shocked and appalled
At the letter I wrote
'Bout the old and the bald,
I still would not have
Traditions all dying,
So I simply suggest
That you babies stop crying.
—Larry Lau.

About Food . . .

I have followed with some interest your recent and varied articles (news stories, editorials, and letters) concerning the famine relief campaign. This letter is not being written because I have any theories on the Druid's intellectual doings, nor am I worried about starving after any intramural contest, and I have no desire to duplicate the works of Shulman, but there are some questions I would like to ask concerning the famine situation.

It seems to me that the whole setup of food conservation is run a little backwards. If it is agreed by the United States, and it seems to be, that we should help feed the nations of Europe and Asia, that's fine with me. But why are they trying to do it from the consumer's end. If, as they say, the crisis in

the famine situation will be reached within the next 90 days, it would seem that a great deal of time is being wasted by trying to convince the American people not to throw bread crusts away. Why don't the people in charge of the program go to the granaries and packing houses and food producers for their famine relief supplies, rather than to the grocery stores, as it looks like they are doing from all the publicity and campaigning. Surely the government, after three years of rationing, knows how much food it takes to properly feed the United States, and how much is surplus, available for famine aid.

I found on my desk last week a sheet of paper with a list of suggestions for consumers, which had been distributed to all of the houses. Some of these sound just a little silly. "Check the garbage can every day." Why? If I find a piece of bread in among the coffee grounds, am I to eat it myself, or sent it air mail to Belgium? "When buying bread, share your loaf with your neighbor." Until there is a shortage of bread, I'm sure my neighbor would prefer to buy his own loaf of bread. As long as it's on the grocer's shelves, why

(Please Turn to Page Seven)

Fred Beckwith and Tommy Hazzard's Ducktation

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Come one, come all. All tickets take you inside the big tent. Watch the world's greatest show on earth. It's State Fair time. And in the meantime, while we're waiting for the curtain to go up, let's make with the news.

Paragraph parade: Culmination of a whirlwind romance was the acquisition of **Herb Widmer's** Theta Chi pin by Alpha Chi **Bobbie Hawley** . . . **Jack Marshall**, Sig Ep, has switched his attentions from the Tri-Delt house to the Alpha Gam domain . . . Theta Nancy **Wortman** is a big interest in the lives of both Kappa Sig **Howard Coffey** and ATO **Stan Boquist** . . . **Konnie Van Allen**, Alpha Xi Delta and **Ed Goffard**, DU, are not classifying themselves as steadies, yet people are wondering what else to call them . . . **Mike Madden**, Fiji, and **Barbara Blaesing**, Kappa, are in the casual stage . . . A card with a match attached by Kelly green ribbon and the line, "Sure 'n it's a good match," at each dinner plate, informed the Alpha Phi sisters that **Mary Palmer** is now engaged to Sigma Chi **Johnny O'Brien** . . . **Dave Goss** is operating in the **June Clayton** (ADPi) league . . . Zeta hall's social chairman, **Lyman Oliver**, is agog over Pi Phi Nancy **McClinton**.

By way of ear and mouth: Campus vocalist **Floyd Stapp** is on the trail of Susan Campbell's lovely **Shirley Hunter** . . . The Chi Omegas deny the nasty rumor that they stole **Edmund**, SAE mascot . . . Tri-Delt **Lois Giberson** is excited over the fact that **SAE Kurt Olson**, recently discharged navy man, is on his way home . . . **Fijis Bert Cox**, **Mike Miksche**, and **Don "You Can't Have Ten Pretty Girls" McSweeney** are charter members of the PPSATBSOA club (Pi Phi Surprises Are the Best Surprises of All) . . . Add trials and tribulations: **JW Queen Pat Metcalf** got the word that fiancé **Lowell Chase** will not be able to escort her to the Junior Prom . . . **Delt Bill Hooper** has seen the light in **Pat Meyer's** eyes . . . Alpha Phi **Patty Newton** now sports **Reed Grasley's** Kappa Sig pin . . . Kappas are helpin' the Fijis put in their sawdust these days . . . Chi O **Pat Davis** has yet to eat her pie under the table after taking an SAE pin.

Cubbyhole of Copy: The SPEs claim the only living example of a Hammus Alabamus is "Swede" **Carlson** . . . Alpha Gam **Ginnie Skow** is still busy denying rumors she's engaged. She does use **Pond's**, however . . . Alpha Xi Delta **Dollie Manville** and Theta Chi **Vern Hanscomb**, co-chairman of the float committee, have a big bet on as to who is going to walk away with honors . . . Theta **Sue Grether** is one girl who would probably appreciate a reduction in track meet schedules. Reason is ace quartermiler **Andy Swan** . . . Chi O **Reba Nickson** and Beta **Ren Taylor** dated last weekend in Portland. They'll do a repeat at the Junior Prom . . . Millions of men are mad about **Mimi Moores**, Kappa . . . **Delt Red Reed** can't make up his mind between the Tri-Delt and Delta Zeta houses . . . **Barbara Peterson** is down with a sad case of spring fever. Donor: Portland lad, **Don McCollom** . . .

Green Front gossip: **Phil George** has worked out an accurate timetable for operations at the local warehouse. He's invariably first in line when the "good stuff" pops out . . . Phi Sig **Jack Rakow** is getting excited about **Jackie Smith**, Alpha Xi Delta . . . With so many kindergarten-age tikes lounging in the weeds, the Sig Ep backyard may soon be a nursery . . . Alpha Gam **Dorothy Pender** is guarding the inside story of her love life, but we understand the guys name is . . . **Ham** . . . Add pin-plantings: **Clarence Terry** made a gift of his

Theta Chi pin to swell-gal, **Bev Ayers**, Alpha Chi . . . **Delt Dick Keefe**, has fastened a rubber band on his pin, and is now ready to finish out the current spring term. . . . Pi Phi **Dorothy Davis** has quite a full schedule; she's distributing her time equally between the Junior Prom chairmanship and ATO **Bill Burnett** . . . Add admirers of **Jo Ann Bush**: Phi Delt **Don Stanton** . . . A Salem sojourn was in order for **Janet Rilea** Sunday. Seems a certain good-looking friend received a short furlough from the Army.

It's The Talk of the Town: **Marjean McElvain**, Tri-Delt, is dividing her time between **Barry Nelson** and **Johnny Jones**, Sigma Chi . . . Sig Ep **Don Merc** is giving the rush act to **Laurel Armstrong**,
(Please turn to page seven)

HITS and MISSES In Current Movies

By Mimi Moores

Robert Donat has been dunked (ouch!) into a light English comedy, "Vacation From Marriage," and he emerges looking much better at the end of the movie than at the beginning. Time does funny things with **Robert Donat**; the last time we saw him, as Mr. Chips, he grew a little older in every reel. Now the wonderful process is reversed, and as soon as he gets a vacation from you-know-what, he looks years younger. Maybe someone should have suggested this cure-all to Mr. Chips.

Simple Story

The story isn't very complicated: a bored clerk and his sniffing wife go into the service when the war starts, fall in love with two other people, decide that their marriage won't work, and finally fall in love with each other all over again.

Such simplicity of plot is probably more realistic than most movie stories—there are no miracles. But the restrained and convincing performances of **Robert Donat** and **Deborah Kerr** make "Vacation From Marriage" outstanding.

It's hard to think of a picture

Powder Burns

By Rex Gunn

In arguments, I had long before spoken against assessing individual faults to racial origins.

In quiet thought where there was no listener to impress, no opponent to abuse, no face to save; I retained reservations such as:

"Although this person seems to be all right, he is a Jew—he will likely prove obnoxious"; or "there are some smart Negroes, but the race itself is less intelligent than whites."

Then came a man who was a Jew: he had a Hebrew shock of kinky, red hair; an aquiline nose, a lean, angular chin, and an unmistakable name. He discussed his race without an air of self-defense, without a thought of appeasement, and with no search for any victory but truth. And he lived by his decisions.

One Sunday night at 2 a.m., he and a Polish friend arrived at the gate of Camp Davis, N. C., and looked with dull, tired eyes at empty streets, blank buildings, and a string of dim, receding street lights. Their bunks were two miles down those lights.

A sedan came by with two men in front, the back seat empty. It stopped, my two friends got in. One of the men in front kept peering at Hal (the Jew), then turning back, then repeating the whole thing again.

Finally he shook his head as if satisfied and said: "I thought you were that red-headed Jew who sleeps in our barracks."

Came the answer: "I am Jewish and red-headed."

Hal later recalled the incident, and I marveled at his restraint.

"It was the same as if he had called me a man," he said. "There never was but one perfect one in either race."

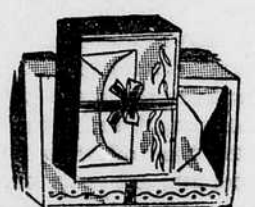
that is more strikingly different from "Vacation From Marriage" than "Scarlet Street." The unpleasant characters in this movie who wander in and out of Greenwich Village apartment obviously don't give marriage enough thought ever to need a vacation from it. **Edward G. Robinson**, **Joan Bennet**, and **Dan Duryea** do their best on a re-hash of "The Woman in the Window," but this time it's not a dream; each of them misbehaves, and each gets a blood-curdling punishment. That's just fine if you like people rough, tough, and moronic—I don't.

REMEMBER MOTHER

with



(China)



(Stationery)



(Leather goods)



(Pictures)

(Glassware)

(Pottery)

Peggy Averill

"GIFTS OF DISTINCTION"

56 West 13th

Phone 212