

LITERARY PAGE

Paging You

By Adele Hart

If you were looking for Abraham Lincoln, you'd search the country roads. You wouldn't think of him walking proudly in the nation's capitol. Rather, you'd picture him sitting in a country store, as much a part of it as the old jar of tobacco sitting near him and the stove which warms his feet so that his big, rangy body is comfortable while he tells his stories—stories homely as apple pie.

He became president through as simple and constructive tactics as he would have used to build a fence in New Salem, and yet these tactics did not lack determination or fire. Opposition grew around him as fast as mustard plants, but the oak of his character was far above it. We look toward great men of the past to measure the men of today. That is why books on Abraham Lincoln will never get tire-some.

On Seven-Day Shelf

One of these books (it is as crisp as if it hadn't been touched) is on our seven-day book shelf: "Lincoln, the President, Springfield to Gettysburg," by J. G. Randall, professor of history at the University of Illinois. Naturally, this book is not light reading. It requires us to comprehend the stormy period of American history when Lincoln took office. Yet, we are carried through the weight of historical

RONDEAU

A wasted night, we two agreed,
Each night that palely goes to seed
And, flameless, ripens into dawn,
(You with those sweet pajamas on!)
When conflagration's what you need.

Your stripes, rose-ash on snow-bands, plead
The dark that flowers no firey weed
To oust you, stifling a pink yawn,
A wasted night.

Should siren moan and firemen speed,
Neighbors would pay you rapt-eyed heed—
How dear you'd be there on the lawn,
A tender, startled zebra-fawn!
We'd scarcely call those hours, indeed,
A wasted night.

facts with the story of Lincoln's character absorbing our attention. Certain facts about him are repeated again and again as he meets each new happening in his never-peaceful life, and these give us a definite impression of Lincoln's full character. We see how many times he substituted silence for speech when his speech would have been misunderstood. We see that before he would believe in anything, it had to be as real to him and as fruitful in results as rich soil.

When he did speak, Randall shows us that he used no tricks in oratory. All of his speeches were based on reason and contained humility, but not self-depreciation. He was more at home on a stump, than on a platform.

Besides showing us Lincoln as president, Randall gives us a very

interesting account of Lincoln's union with Mary Todd. We have seen her pictured before as a fish-woman who was constantly throwing things and resorting to vile words in her tempers. She is our idea of a wife who would be terrible to come home to.

In this book, we rather change our mind. She becomes in Randall's description, a "delightful conversationalist," a woman greatly absorbed in her husband's political life, a woman whose early instability and violent tempers in later years were the result of a mental illness. We feel drawn to Randall's attitude toward her—that while she may have thrown quite a few brooms and undoubtedly often added to the sorrow he carried in his face—she really loved him. She offset his gloomy nature by her fascination for life. We are amused to read an excerpt of one of Lincoln's letters when he wrote her and told her that when he returned home, he would enjoy having some of their friends over for a visit—that is all those she was on speaking terms with.

Lincoln As Tailor

Randall shows us clearly a Lincoln who stood like a patient tailor trying to mend the great rift between the North and South and create the unity of the nation. He shows us a Lincoln who could debate fiercely and still keep his head; a Lincoln not frightened nor moved by threats, and above all not willing to compromise. Look at him a little while, and then look at America today.

Fire Destroys Float; Cotton Burns Fast

A fire, following the All-Campus sing last night, destroyed all but the framework of the Hendricks hall-Sigma hall float. The sudden flame had been brought partially under control by students when the fire engine arrived at the University street entrance of Hendricks where the float was located. Firemen were not certain of the flame's origin but stated that a carelessly flipped cigarette was probably to blame.

The float theme was to be "dream cloud" and a great deal of cotton batting had been used. Several of the girls declared that the float would be remade and ready to go by parade-time tomorrow.

BUSINESS STAFF

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Life at the 'U' Reviewed In New, Colorful Oregona

By LaVerne Gunderson

Say, Webfoots, if you haven't picked up that new 1946 Oregona yet, you're missing something. It's something you'll want to have and keep for a long time to help those memories of Oregon a la 1945-46 stirring.

Deady hall never looked so bright and cheerful as it does on this year's annual cover. It really looks good all in "blushing technicolor" (we quote a current movie advertisement).

Snaps and Photos

Inside, of course, the main reader interest lies—shots of favorite campus spots, those never-to-be-forgotten classroom scenes, even your roommate's leering photograph on the proper page.

A whole section of full-page portraits of well-known campus personalities covering the rulers of almost every social activity of this year is included. Betty Coed, Joe College, our Victory Queen, last year's Junior Weekend Queen, King of Hearts, Oregon's Cover Girl, Dream Girl, the Favorite Dish—all are there, almost as big as life.

Dentistry, Nursing

Something new this year, are the

sections devoted to the University of Oregon school of dentistry and nursing education. Technically a part of the University, both are situated in Portland, and are something of which not too many students on the campus are aware.

And speaking of additions, those 392 pages as compared to last year's total of only 334, should indicate some change. Perhaps the school is growing. We'll check with the Oregonian.

Throughout, from senior pictures through classes, through activities, through athletics, through living organizations, clear through that chuckle-provoking Lemon Punch, the Oregona has shaped out well and—it's growing.

OREGON OUTFITTERS

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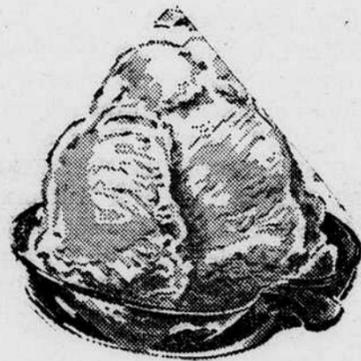
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