

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

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## Now Is The Time

When the state board of higher education meets Monday in Portland, it will consider a recommendation that tuition charges be raised \$5 a term for the next 10 terms. The money so raised will be used to "furnish and equip" the Erb Memorial (student union) building.

Nobody at the University likes having to go to the board with such a recommendation. They'd prefer to see the money come from some other, more appropriate source. That the students have been forced to assess themselves for the building is a rather sad commentary on something.

The feeling of the University administration, however, in accepting this student proposal as a last resort for securing a building "in our time," is that it is NOW OR NEVER. They realize that if the campaign is not carried through, much of the promised funds (pledges) may not be collected. This would nullify a lot of the hard work done last spring and summer.

Also not to be overlooked is the thought that there are other groups on the campus who would dearly love to get their hands on this student union money—for other construction which they regard as no less urgent.

Thus it is that if we don't build this building now we may as well forget it for another quarter century.

If the game's been worth the candle thus far, it is also worth this last step. Friends of the student union idea will be saying their prayers Sunday night.

## On Big Name Bands

The sum of \$2.40 a couple to listen to a relatively unknown band at the Sophomore Whiskerino has resulted in some large howls from the campus half that foots the bill. General opinion has it that the sum is a little too steep for a band that is still on its way up, and why can't we have a name band?

As usual there's another side to the story. On September 8, Dick Williams, educational activities manager, wrote three booking agencies for information on available bands. Only one came through with four bands tentatively available. The best known outfit, Red Nichol's got the nod from the dance chairmen and they wired for a contract. No word was received and a follow-up wire finally revealed that Nichol's wouldn't make the trip for only one engagement, and his bookers hadn't been able to arrange a Northwest tour.

Time was whipping away at a merry rate, and, after many long distance calls and wires, the agency offered Bob Summers at \$1000, including expenses. The agency asked this figure because they will have to pull Summers away from his Spokane engagement for the Eugene date, and then send him back to Spokane.

The crux of the situation lies in the Music Corporation of America's Reuel Freeman's statement to Dick Williams, "Orchestras of the middle class aren't coming to the Northwest because they can't make money." In other words, we're lucky to have Bob Summers.

To make expenses, the sophomore class will have to sell 700 tickets at \$2.40, with not one cent for profit. The chairmen could have signed a local outfit with tickets at \$1.25 but past experience has proved bitterly that students won't go to Mac court to hear the same band they can hear at Willamette park. The reason is obvious.

Budgets being what they are, it is impossible to get a name band for each of the all-campus dances, Homecoming and the Junior prom rank as the top dances of the year and therefore rate the best bands. The other dates will have to be filled with relative new-comers whose music is usually just as dancable. Who knows? One of these days, Summers may be ranked with T. Dorsey!

M.E.T.

## Powder Burns

By REX GUNN

Everything's a worthy cause, Soup and soap and overalls; Value, stretching wafer thin, Takes the whole damned business in.

Looking for communism? On radios, in movies, in slick magazines and in current novels you'll find it. Only it isn't political communism. This particular brand is in the field of human values. They have been leveled as with a scythe. The whole thing is a big blur, a relativistic maze.

For example: There is a pause, the announcer comes on and asks the audience to be silent for 60 seconds. A great eulogy, skillfully written, comes trembling into your ear. The voice of the announcer is resonant, hushed with pathos—the music makes your tear ducts twitch... a tribute to Washington or Lincoln or at least Bunker Hill? No! You're listening to national cat week, or how Van Johnson is bravely planning his screen comeback. Common soap enjoys in life what was once reserved for the most revered of American statesmen in death.

Again—in a dramatic picture, Tyrone Power is searching for his nebulous soul. He goes to night clubs, brothels, good homes, symphony concerts. He also digs coal, but no soul. Finally the orchestra swells into a rush of emotional chords. Power goes to India and picks up his soul.

Why did he have to go to India? I don't know. Power could have found his soul more convincingly at the symphony, listening to Brahms' Fourth.

Profundity is no longer considered a quality that proceeds from merit or service; it is treated in our entertainment world as a mood, a thing which can be found as easily by a fool as by a Socrates or a Christ.

So what? The stock answer to any one who objects to such entertainment, or such advertising is: "The public gets what it wants."

I'm not so sure of that. It's hard to tell which is cause and which is effect. People often go to movies, come out bored stiff, swear never to go again; then forget about it in a week.

There is no reason to believe they wouldn't go to better movies if they could get them; that they wouldn't tune in to better radio programs if they were there.

Smear values aren't new. They've been here for ages. Phillip used to sell them to Athenians just just before he took over. It's just that radios and movies smear values on so much bigger a scale. They get into most homes, guide the thinking of children, convince lazy people that so long as they go to movies and buy perfumes, they are serving a remarkable public service.

And by the dollar standard alone they are, because they keep feeding those interests for a relatively poor standard of work. That, to many advertisers, is the worthiest of causes. But I still think the majority of American business men and movie producers have more sense than their sponsored programs indicate, and some day they will decide that they can afford to tell the public what their products are really worth. Maybe then public speech will regain a facility for something besides deception. But, right now—

Everything's a worthy cause, Soup and soap and overalls.

Wesleyan university, Middletown, Conn., has purchased a special collection of 2,000 volumes on international law.

## Columnist Rewrites University Catalog

(Editor's Note: Columnist Larry Lau and his portable are closeted in Robinson's, where Larry is busy rewriting the University catalog. The first installment, which appears here, was delivered to the Emerald shack by Snowbelle.)

By LARRY LAU

Eugene is a bustling, overcrowded city of 40,000 situated at the southern end of the Willamette valley. Six months a year it is bounded on five sides by water, which makes it the only heavily populated peninsula in the state. Rainfall, usually moderate, seldom exceeds 30 inches in any one month.

The Willamette, which rises 80 feet above its banks each year, will soon be dammed. Construction has been delayed by congress in the rush to send Hershey bars to Poland.

January and February are exciting months in Eugene because of the annual Water Pageant. Basements are flooded, electric power goes off, livestock drowns, houses and outbuildings float away, while the citizens flee laughingly to higher ground. The Pageant's charm lies in the fact that when the waters recede, anything left on your lawn is yours. During these months, maritime law replaces the usual codes.

Has a College

One of the town's leading industries is the University of Oregon, a well-recognized, scholastically-high, liberal arts college, with an enrollment of 5800 carefully selected young men and women. Nobody with a prep decile of more than 10 is admitted, and an accumulative GPA of 3.25 is helpful if the student wishes to remain. This selective process and the rigorous scholastic training, are worth while, because graduates are swooped down upon by eager businessmen who would give them all cushy jobs.

Architecturally the campus buildings have much to offer. Deady hall resembles the mead halls of medieval Frankish kings. Some assert that mead is still served there.

A Mighty Group

Athletically the University maintains overpowering superiority. Oregon athletes, as mechanically perfect as human beings can be, play flawless ball. Football players seldom bother with such physical crudities as blocking and tackling. The coach is a kindly, gentle, old man who never raises his voice. He had a gold mine in Nevada, but gave it up to add to Oregon's string of 54 successive victories. The team usually meets for devotional services the night before the game, but no formal practice is deemed necessary.

Financially the University is exceptionally well off. Because of the foresight of the founding fathers in retaining the school's original timber grants, Oregon stands with the well-endowed, such as Harvard, Duke, Stanford, and USC. Tuition charges are small, and plans are underway for another substantial decrease.

The University owns and operates a cooperative store where goods are sold at little or no cost.

## Pledges Roam With Billboards

"Walking billboards" will be one of the features of the 1947-48 Homecoming festivities.

New pledges of Alpha Delta Sigma, national men's advertising honorary, who were tapped at dinner time Monday night, will parade around the campus with the traditional Alpha Delta Sigma

sandwich boards, Bob Chapman, vice-president, said Thursday.

Tapped for membership in the honorary were: Fred Matthias, Bob Zeller, Al Pietschman, Leo Nuttman, John Ward, Earl Walters, Virg Tucker, Tom McLoughlin, Doug Hayes, Merle Aden, and Norm Bishop.

These 11 men were pledged because of their outstanding record in the field of advertising and promotion on the campus, Chapman said.

GOOD LUCK  
DUCKS!



In That Game

**Del's Inn**

774 E. 11th

Open 7 a.m. - 11 p.m.