

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

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## Number, Please?

The old squeeze play is operating again, and this time the dormitory students are caught in the middle while the University and the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company decide whether or not to hang them with a pay phone system.

Upon investigation we discovered that the points used by both sides in favor of the system don't hold water. It looks like another case where a public utility is greedily looking for a soft touch and has landed on the unsuspecting students, while University officials are going along for the ride.

Last spring term the University decided the campus switchboards was overcrowded, and they asked the telephone company to recommend a plan that would bring relief. The submitted plan would install pay phones in all of the dormitories and 11 offices. Three reasons were given by the company officials for this move, 1) present tariff regulations, 2) relief of the campus switchboard, and 3) protection for the company and the University against long-distance call charges.

A conversation with Louis Eade, business office manager, of Pacific Tel. & Tel., resulted in the statement that the company is "not interested in increasing or selling the University additional service because they do not have the facilities at present." The company, it seems, is only trying to help the University solve its problems. Next on the list was J. O. Lindstrom, University business manager, whose big worry is over long distance calls being charged to the University. This item can easily be eliminated as the campus operator refuses to accept long-distance calls, and according to Mrs. Genevieve Turnipseed, director of dormitories, "There has been no trouble over this point since the present PBX was installed about 1930."

The over-loaded switchboard argument is also weak. The hours when dormitory phones are at the busy peak are at lunchtime, dinnertime, and in the evening. During these times campus business offices are not using their phones, therefore, a nice balance has been maintained and no overload has resulted.

It seems strange that the telephone company should suddenly decide that "present tariff regulations . . . call for the semi-public installations where larger numbers of phone users are

served." Times can't really be that rough for Pacific Tel. & Tel. as we noticed in Friday's Oregonian that the public utilities commissions' chief accountant termed their revenue "high" for the 1940-46 period.

Our task wasn't made easy by the lack of cooperation from both University and telephone company officials. We tried three times to see President Newburn but were thwarted by his very efficient front office. Those officials we did talk with were very anxious that no publicity be given the plan until the final decision is made. We appreciate the fact that the University did not accept the proposal flat-footed, but we don't feel they are giving enough, if any, attention to the students' position. Also the word "final decision" usually means it's too late for students to protest.

As it stands now, with one or two exceptions, fraternity and sorority house bills run between \$60 and \$61 a month, including their local and national dues. On the other hand, dormitory students are paying \$57 a month for board and room, which does not include their house dues nor the better living accommodations. The point is not to raise the old Greek vs. Independent feeling, but to illustrate the unfair saddling of extra expenses on one living group merely because it comes under the University.

At this point it is pertinent to mention that the new campus switchboard will be completed by December 1. The purpose of this board is to relieve the so-called overcrowded switchboard. What happens to the problem?

From all of this we can draw only one conclusion: It looks as though the telephone company is attempting to railroad through a plan that would only serve to give them increased revenue and do little or nothing toward bettering University service.

M.E.T

## Two at Once

Thursday night saw a conflict in two top-flight extra-curricular attractions. That night, and that night only, it was probably a good thing.

Dr. Gordon Wright told a packed Chapman hall audience about "The Anatomy of the Fourth French Republic," while George Hopkins, professor of piano, played French-American music before an audience that packed the music auditorium.

It is obvious that many who attended the concert or lecture would have liked to have gone to both. Both represented the finest talent the faculty has to offer. Both were certain hits.

Had they appeared on different nights, the crowds would have been too large to handle. They were just able to squeeze into the two halls as it was.

Nonetheless a lot of people had to forego one of the two. A little coordination in the future might work to prevent a repetition of this unfortunate circumstance.

## Our Best Wishes

Monday's mail brought a 24-page issue of the Daily Californian, the Emerald's counterpart on the Berkeley campus. The staff put out the big issue in celebration of their 50th year of bringing the news to the students.

We offer hearty congratulations to the Californian for its performance this half century, and the fond wish that the staffs the next 50 years may continue in the same tradition of excellent college journalism.

## Twelve Reported Ill

In the infirmary this week are: Gloria Grenfell, Maryann Miller, Harold Hytinen, S. G. Hefflin, Jack Keller, Roy Williams, Donald Ferguson, James Beddingfield, Richard Marlin, Richard Damis, Milton Brown, and Fred Fewins.

## Side Patter



Among the bouquets to be thrown, top honors go to Alfafie Carol Handelin and Delt Harry Nyland who were elected Betty Coed and Joe College. Also a few thousand words of praise to the football team which showed plenty of hustle Saturday.

The Sigma Chis announced their five Sweetheart finalists Saturday night by serenading in excellent voice. The five candidates are: Gammafies Janet Paulson and Barbara King, Alfafie Mary Knox, DG Betty Perry, and Theta Nancy Chamberlain. The winner will be announced over KORE at 8:30 this evening.

Mucho congrats to the newly pinned Helen "Cis" Steele who is now wearing the fabulous Peter B. Hill's Delt jewelry. Also among the newly pinned are Pi Phi Ginny Nash and Phi Delt Bob Stanbury, ADPi Peggy McKillop and TKE Don Sweeney, Hendricks hall's Rosa-Lie Lillum and OSC ATO "Scratch" Hays, and Theta Nancy Lausman who is pinned to Sigma Chi Connie Schmick.

Cute couple on the dance floor Friday night were Pi Phi pledge Roberta Tussing and Fiji Max Angus. Also looking very smooth at Robin Arkley's Fiji dinner-dance was Kappa Leslie Palfry with "Gabby" Martinson.

A constant duo nowadays is ChiO frosh Barbara Link and DU Randy Paulson, and SAE Jim Popp has been dating Alfafie Janis Jordan. Kappa Mary Ellen Struve has been directing her charming smile lately in the direction of Beta boy Ray Farmer.

The Thetas had a shower for their lovely bride-to-be, Mary Kingston, when she came up over the weekend to see her fiance, Fiji Frank "Dad" Robbins. Word has it the Betas and Chi Psis are afeud-in' again over the newly erected fence between the two Millrace fraternities.

The Theta Chis were greeted with a serenade at 7:30 Saturday morning by the ADPis. The pledges, for some strange, but very kind reason decided to wash all the cars in the house, and no one seems to know just what prompted such generosity of elbow grease. Also on the ambitious side this weekend were the Kappa Sig and ChiO sophomores who were the point cleanup committee of the Whiskerino.

Nomination for "Miss Popularity of the Week" goes without question to Kappa queen Mary Lou Hill.

For some obscure reason Alfafie Phyllis Potter has lately been humming "I've Been Working on the Railroad."

The 1947 academy award should go to Paul Smithrud for his Saturday night performance. There was only one flaw in the act: Football player Jim Ryan was on his way back to California.

It's quittin' time again, and when it's quittin' time, it's time for a cup o' coffee in the Side.—Pd. Adv.

# Vive la All-Campus Dance

By LARRY LAU

Because of numerous inquiries concerning Oregon's social activities, we are devoting this article to a brief description of a time-honored institution, the all-campus dance.

All the big dances are at McArthur court, which pleases Coach John Warren no end. According to John, there is nothing like having two or three thousand people stamping around on a newly surfaced basketball court to give it that well-used look. Dancing at Mac court is not to be taken lightly. It requires unlimited endurance, a disregard for minor abrasions, and a willingness to believe that what you hear is music.

The rules of dress are generous, although formal dances require "cleavily" cut gowns for the women. With material in ladies' wear being taken from the top and added to the bottom, it is a rare moment when someone notices what the man is wearing. One fellow we know danced away a completely uneventful evening in jungle shorts

and a skull cap. Dances are all duly chaperoned—it says so in the programs.

We accidentally dropped around at 9 sharp one evening. We found the janitor and his wife doing a listless mazurka, and half the band playing gin rummy. Other than that, there wasn't a single activity. People usually begin to wander in about 9:30 and an hour later, the joint is jammed. Eleven o'clock is the peak hour, after which people begin to toddle off, headed vaguely for home.

Due to the efficiency and alertness of the educational activities board, big name bands are arranged for months in advance. So adept are they, and the dance chairmen, at this sort of thing that admission prices are kept within easy range of every man whose father owns a large factory.

Decorating Mac court is a problem that has long defied even the cleverest of art students. Usually a small, gallant band will labor 20 or 30 hours each in an effort to achieve some sort of effect other

than that of dancing in a bathosphere. All this work isn't without its rewards, however. A few of these diligent producers are always awarded complimentary tickets, which again proves our contention that way down deep, the University has a big heart.

Of course the real purpose of an all-campus dance is to provide an excuse for a pre-dance party. Men's living organizations mortgage everything but the plumbing to provide her ladyship with a genteel place to sip her toddy. It often happens that the party is better than the dance, which leads to intricate question and answer games the next day like, "How was the dance? . . . What dance?"

The homeward trip from Mac court is a lengthy, and frequently involved, process. Generations of male students have proved that the quickest way is over the top of that romantic knoll called Skinner's butte. At the top the car must be stopped and allowed to rest.

Once parked in front of her ladyship's abode, a tension-producing

game called, "Watch the lights, Joe, I can't hack the fine!" begins.

On Saturday nights, with closing hours pegged at 1 a.m., the gal on the lockup must have all the women on the inside and the men outside by at least 1:30—a job comparable to the one the Marines had in pushing the Japs off Iwo Jima.

Once home the ladies, bless 'em, busy themselves in explaining what happened to their lipstick, how they'll never take another blind date, what a smooth date Joe was, and what a perfectly ghastly dress some other girl wore.

The men, sterling souls of intrepid honesty, gather clannishly about and go over the evening point by point, ruefully fingering their wallets. The merits and demerits of the girls are hashed over and the air resounds with "Ahs" of appreciation, and sympathetic catcalls for the man who was stuck. As a result, some coeds will receive their next invitation sometime in the 1950's, while others will be plagued with the ringing telephone.