

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and final examination periods. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Ore. Member of the Associated Collegiate Press

BOB FRAZIER, Editor BOB CHAPMAN, Business Manager

BILL YATES
Managing Editor

JUNE GOETZE, BOBOLEE BROPHY
Co-News Editors

WALT MCKINNEY, JEANNE SIMMONDS, MARYANN THIELEN
Associates to Editor

WALLY HUNTER
Sports Editor

PHYLLIS KOHLMEIER
HELEN SHERMAN
Assistant Managing Editors

VIRG TUCKER
Advertising Manager

National Advertising Manager.....Marilyn Turner
Circulation Manager.....Billi Jean Riethmiller

Editorial Board: Harry Glickman, Johnny Kahananui, Bert Moore, Ted Goodwin, Bill Stratton, Jack Billings.

Office Manager.....Marge Huston Foster

Inside Emerald Hall

There has been a hot rumor about the campus these weeks to the effect that Assistant Dean of Men Vergil Fogdall "is after a couple of house charters." The rumor suggested a pretty good story so we set out to see the dean and learn which houses these were, and what the fellas had done that was wrong.

It turned out to be a poorer story than we had thought, principally because it isn't so. The dean told us that he had no intention of going after the charter of any special house, but that it was always a good measure to keep in mind. Things might be a lot rougher another day.

Then he told us about some of the cowboy and Indian games—the same games that Heads of Houses and the dean of women have said will be met with stringent disciplinary measures. The men likewise, is the word.

Dean Fogdall said he was willing to "go along—up to a certain point." But, he said, he will draw the line when personal damage or injury, property damage, or bad public relations comes into the picture. He disapproves of smashing China vases, borrowing furniture that is not returned, and similar hilarious old sports.

He also had a few words to say about scholarship. He wants to do something about it, and about the only direction we can move is up. So we're going to move up, or the new assistant dean of men vows he will know the reason why.

Since we are all mature college men and women the dean reasons that we should be able to look after our own affairs, and that we shouldn't have to have a lot of study rules, and "interference" from Emerald hall. The dean is right.

But, he points out, sometimes students or groups of students demonstrate that they are not yet in the mature college men and women bracket. He cites one men's house with a spring term G.P.A. of just a little better than 2-point. That house has on at least one occasion awakened its pledges at about 1 a.m. and worked them till 5. He reasons that the house cannot afford that sort of thing, and that by making their pledges appreciate college in such a manner they are removing themselves from the above-mentioned "mature" category. Therefore they need a little watching, he figures.

It seems to us that the dean is still right.

If a house can't crack a G.P.A. of better than 2.1 something, it seems obvious that the boys are organized to pursue something other than scholarship. It seems they must be banded together almost in opposition to anything smacking of the intellectual life.

The University of Oregon is a mighty crowded place this post-war year. There would hardly seem to be space for groups that are not sincerely interested in getting something solid out of the college experience.

If this is all there is to the story, and if we have the straight goods, we're all for the dean. We think it is indeed high time.

Flirting With Flame

Every house on the campus has members who are well aware of the fire code with regard to house dance decorations. It seems, however, that these responsible persons are looking the other way or being locked in closets while decorating goes on as the regulations have not been observed at several dances held this year. The fire marshal is most unhappy. The dean of women's office is also very sad.

So far Assistant Fire Marshal F. M. VonAppen has kindly only issued warnings, but he has it in his power under City Ordinance 8874 to require flammable decorations pulled down. Also any house refusing to abide by the regula-

A Short Short Story

By LARRY LAU

Harry took a slow, hot, drag from his cigarette and bent, almost mechanically, over the camera. He stuck a card in a woman's hand that told her where she might obtain three fine prints for only 50 cents. He could tell by the annoyed, impatient look on her face that she wasn't interested. What a way to make a living! . . .

He lay quiet, one arm pillowing his head, watching the thin spiral of smoke leap into life when it met the light from the window. If Gwenn hadn't run out on him, things might be different, he thought. She had laughed when he phoned; told him that when he was making the kind of money this guy Harold was, to drop around. She hadn't been like that before he went away; he wondered what had twisted her—not that he was any great ball of fire! He sniffed, quietly and bitterly, to himself.

Next morning, outside the big department store, he was busy snapping pictures again. A chilling wind blew little whorls of dust and leaf in his face; his feet were cold. He began to snap an old man, scurrying before the lash of his wife's tongue. The hell with it! he told himself suddenly. I'll work till noon, quit, and make a stab at getting another job. He looked up at the tower clock in the nearby church—3 minutes to 12.

He flicked the shutter without really seeing the man. Thin-faced and hurrying, he snarled at the interruption, threw the card at Harry's feet, and was lost in the crowd. . . . The tower clock dolefully announced the noon hour.

That evening, crossing the hotel lobby, his eye was held by the demanding headline in the evening paper. "BANDIT ROBS MILLERS OF \$34,000." Harry whistled softly to himself. "The bandit entered the store just before noon and . . ." The guy must have been nuts to

try a stunt like that, Harry thought. He read on, and his eyes widened and stopped at the second paragraph. "Chief of police Lew Brophy told reporters that it was possible that a sidewalk cameraman, usually at that corner, might have unwittingly taken the bandit's picture. 'It is usually some little thing that gives us a lead in acase like this,' Brophy told newsmen." Harry stopped reading . . . A little thing.

Things happened fast for Harry. The bandit was identified from the picture, the last one Harry had taken before quitting, and picked up the next day. He got a \$500 reward from Millers. The Telegram phoned. Would he like a job? Would he! . . .

A warm April breeze was stirring up mutiny among the office workers. It was lunch time. He laid his flash camera down on the next stool. "Ham 'n' eggs, please."

"Harry!" He looked up; it was Gwenn! "What are you doing here?" he asked incredulously.

"Working. What's it look like," she shot back. "That guy I been with turned out to be a crook. Got twenty years for trying to walk off with all the dough in Miller's."

"Must not have been very smart," Harry murmured, "to get caught."

"Some guy with a camera snapped his picture just as he was leaving," she said, "now ain't that irony for you? . . . Say, maybe you know this guy."

"I doubt it," he said cautiously. She slid a plate in front of him.

"Say, Harry," she said softly, "I'm awful sorry I ran out on you like I did. Maybe we could get together again, huh?"

The eggs looked good. In fact, everything looked good just now. Harry reached for the salt.

"I doubt it," he said.

tions will be barred from holding another house dance, according to Dean Wickham's office. The penalties are certainly fair and only imposed in the interest of student safety. There are enough hazards in everyday campus life without purposely constructing fire traps.

Special care should be taken to see that doors and windows are unlocked and unblocked. Twice the usual number of people plus the elimination of most of the exits can only spell catastrophe if fire breaks out. Candlelight may invite romantic flirtations but it also means flirting with a fire menace. There should be an abundant supply of ashtrays for the ever-present cigarettes, and stairs and hallways should be well-lighted.

Cloth and paper decorations can be made fireproof with such solutions as silicate soda mixture: one part waterglass, two parts water, seven ounces of borax and three ounces of boric acid. The solution may discolor materials so it is better to use unflammable crepe paper.

The lush decorations transforming a house into an exotic Tahitian isle or lower Basin street had better conform to regulations in the future or members may find themselves surveying four bare walls at 5:30 p.m. some Saturday with only time to mentally change their theme to the "Blues."

M.E.T.

Off Side

(Editor's Note: After more than 10 years in the Oregon Daily Emerald, Side Patter yesterday ceased to exist. The new manager of the College Side Inn, which had sponsored the column through the years, decided the reader ad was not in keeping with the new character they hope to develop in their establishment. Sallie Timmens, however, will continue to write the column for the Emerald as "Off Side" until a more suitable name can be found.)

By SALLIE TIMMENS

There were many impressive house dances over the weekend besides the fact that Woody Herman was out at the Park. The Chi O house had as its theme, "Snowbound—So Drift In," plus an added feature of a snowman. The snowman, who was apparently dateless, had one unusual feature in that his nose blinked on and off, ushering all passersby inside. Seen at the dance were snowbunnys Jackie Dilly and Phi Delt Johnny Christoferson. Sigma Chi Sam Gillette was featuring red flannels, and Sigma Chi Pat Wallers with June Bosworth was attired in Gil Roberts' clothing plus padding. Also seen lodge skiing were Sally Terrill with Kappa Sig Dick Bryan. Alicia Orcutt was there too with x-Phi Delt beau Dick Perkins.

At the AOP's "Saint and Sinner" dance Bonnie Chapel and Delt Bob Welhemi were having their usual good time as were pledge Dolores Stenerson and Phi Delt Jim Howard.

Kappa Virginia Fletcher was at the SAM house dance with Al Popick and Theta Hazel Leonard was enjoying the setting of "Cafe Pigale" with Al Lippman.

Both Delta Zeta and Alfa Chi had "Swamp Fire" as their theme with silhouettes of moss-covered willow trees as a background. Phi Delt Ken Hayes dropped down to see the Alfa Chi who is wearing his pin, Maxine Jamison, and the Delta Zeta dance was marked by the engagements of Mary Lou Felt to Paul Klug and Jerry Dostalick to Delt Paul Pearson. The exotic Alfa Chi setting was also the scene of two pin plantings. Dorothy Wonderly is now wearing Mo Thomas' ATO pin, and Jane Grace took back Bob Glasgow's Phi Sig pin.

The Theta house was turned into the setting of Monte Carlo Saturday night, and "Sis" Scott was there with her ATO Jim Bedingfield. Battling it out over Theta Sally Waller are Chi Psi Hank Kinsell and Jack Ruffinbarger, but it was interesting to note that Sally was at the dance with Sig Ep Doug Eden whose pin she once wore.

"Opening Night" was the theme of the Delt house dance, and its elaborate decorations and programs were the most beautiful to date. The dance celebrated the first Delt dance in their new house.

An old pinning that was missed is ATO Ken McKenzie and OSC Alfa Phi Phyllis Bolton. But new surprises in the pin department are Kappa Jane Hull and Kappa Sig football man George "Over for a Touchdown" Bell, plus charming Alfa Phi Anita Jackson and Beta Bud Cobb.

The Chi Psis and Thetas are waging a new battle of superior strength. It isn't broomball. This time it's a pool tournament, and at present the Thetas are winning by two games.

Natalie Brown Warner and her husband, Blair, made a surprise visit over the weekend to see Nate's sorority sisters, the Gamma Phis, and her Sigma Nu brother Merc Brown. Chi O alum Marilyn Holden was on hand with ATO Bob Aiken

(Please turn to page three)



PLANNING A DANCE?

Don't forget to obtain your P.A. system your automatic record changer and player

at

Smeed Sound Service

Sales - Rentals
Glenn Smeed 458 15th W. Phone 6117-M