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ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

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A Fine Old Tradition

This is Homecoming week, and the campus is honoring all the fine old traditions. Observance of these quaint ways is one of the finer features of University life—one of the features that makes a University different from a factory. The Emerald recognizes their importance in the social picture.

Thus it is that the Oregon Daily grows a little mossy this week, and blazes forth to do its part in keeping another fine old tradition, to wit: the annual traditions editorial.

A perusal of the files shows us that each year some crackpot on the Emerald has sat down to his typewriter and lambasted the fine old tradition of enforcing traditions. These people have had the temerity to suggest that the Order of the O was a fine organization for letterman, but that the group had no business hacking the pants off strangers who chose to smoke in front of Fenton hall. They have been even more unreasonable in suggesting that sometimes people might be suffering hangovers or mid-term headaches and might not feel like saying a cheery "Hello" to somebody they met on a strip of sidewalk arbitrarily known as "Hello Walk."

There have been years when the man behind the typewriter has become real dogmatic and pointed out that by nature a "tradition" doesn't have to be enforced. It's observed because people want to observe it. Isn't that a naughty thing for a scribbler to scribble?

That's the way it's been going for these many years. It's a tradition—a tradition that doesn't need to be enforced. It's kept up because the Ivory Sewer boys over at the Emerald Shack want to keep it up.

So this year the Emerald does its part. The Emerald says a simple "Amen."

Now, that's over until Junior Weekend.

While They Are Here

It seems to be a favorite pastime of universities and colleges to speak fondly of the graduate who made the grade and belongs to the school. He is the school's painter, the school's writer, the school's actor—after he has been discovered in the world of competition.

Such are many of the "names" who now belong by fame to the University of Oregon. We speak of the authors, Ernest Haycox, Victoria Case. We speak of the actor, Edgar Buchanan. We speak of the "undiscovered voice," Marie Rogn-dall. All were Oregon students—who now belong to Oregon.

Undoubtedly much of this talent was present while the student was here. How many were applauded during their college days? How many are here today who will be discoveries of the future?

Each year, the University presents a student creative art program, Odeon. It includes the creative efforts of students as artists, writers, musicians, dramatists. With more than a surface glance at the work presented at Odeon, students and faculty could find the discoveries of tomorrow.

It has been a habit for spectators of the spring Odeon to look no farther than the surface. It might be well for them to begin now, as the work on Odeon begins, to find the undiscovered and make them known.

It's an early start for the Odeon show, but it would be more creditable to find the "undiscovered" while they are here, than to claim their fame after others have discovered them.

—Gloria Billings

The modern paper-making industry in the United States began in 1867 with the use of wood for pulp and the installation of the first wood grinder in Curtisville, Mass.

16 1946 the New York City fire department put out 44,764 fires, an average of 122 per day.

Where a Few Million Count

By LARRY LAU

Down on the Stanford farm, we noticed immediately what a great difference a few million dollars can make. Not that we'd trade Oregon's hallowed grounds and its beautiful millrace for the towering piles of granite and colored tile we saw at Palo Alto, but it is sort of a shame that we were never blessed with a patron saint that owned a lot of railroads.

We learned that there actually is a town of Stanford. It is run jointly by the student council and the University trustees. While sitting on a stack of empty Acme cases, we learned further that no liquor may be sold or possessed in either Palo Alto or Stanford. We're greatly impressed with their sincerity.

House bills at Stanford average about \$80 per month. All the houses on the "Row" are enormous, but the granddaddy of them all is Phi Kappa Psi, a gigantic, five story structure built in 1890. It's members pridefully explain that it was the only building in the bay area to survive successfully the great quake. The sawdust-floored "Sin Inn" in the basement defies description, or at least what we saw we can't print.

Stopped in at the St. Francis to return Dick Strite's typewriter. While making a deal for delivery with the bell captain, Old Oregon editor Bert Moore playfully shouted "Hi Blondie" across the lobby at our date. We thought that was right friendly of him. Lent a cheery, provincial atmosphere to a place that isn't particularly provincial.

Goes International

We hit the International Settlement and a moderately famous bistro called "Genes" that caters almost exclusively to the newspapermen of the bay area. Painted caricatures of the "guns" on the staffs of the four leading papers lined the walls. During the meal the m.c., (a hopelessly jolly creature) instigated a cummnity sing where everyone had to do a solo. Ten minutes later he stopped the show and to our horror, played back the recording's we'd unwittingly made. It was probably the greatest collection of monotones ever assembled in one spot.

Hit Chinatown after dinner and was dutifully impressed. Ordered an Oriental Passion

at the Dragon's Lair that tasted like perfume on toast. The occasional couples strolling the streets gave the impression of being in a foreign country. Tubs and boxes of garbage on the curb lent aroma to the atmosphere.

Visits Madhouse

Fisherman's Wharf was next. Gorged ourselves on fresh crab. Tried hot buttered rum with crab sauce. Experiment not too successful. Walked from the Wharf to the Lido theater and cabbed it downtown to a joint called "Coffee Dans" about 2 a.m. What a madhouse!

When you order, they give everyone a little wooden mallet, the idea being to beat time to the music and singing on the crockery and tables. Sounded like a riveting factory when we walked in, and we thought they were all a little off. It was catching though, and a little later we rather sheepishly succumbed to temptation and pounded away idiotically like the rest.

The place opens at 1:30 in the morning and stays open until 5. We gathered it was a hang-out for all the second-rate entertainers in San Francisco. The m.c. kept calling on the cash customers to do a number and they'd leap to their feet and usually do pretty well. One old biddy crowding 70 weaved her way to the stage, went through several songs, a la Sophie Tucker, and nearly brought down the house.

Makes Last Stop

By 4 a.m. the joint was filling up with Oregon students making their last stop before beginning the long trek home. The waitress (a sour old tomato who said she was "sick and tired of them damn collich kids") told the m.c. of our presence (as if he couldn't tell). He stopped the show, told the people where we were from, and had the music-maker rip through a rousing chorus of the Oregon Alma Mater. Everyone joined in except a couple of Stanfordites who were sulking in the corner. Loyal to the last drop, the Webfoots stood at attention during the song; stiff attention that is!

We think one San Franciscan summed up the new Oregon spirit rather nicely when he shook his head and asked, "What's got into you people up there?"

Let Us Consider Now the Critic

By BERT MOORE

Relatively few people go to or stay away from motion pictures because of what some reviewer says. Much of the Fidlers, McCartens, and Parsons would like to claim a large amount of influence over the paying public, their power is rather small.

Most people go to pictures because it's the easiest form of recreation yet devised. Some go to see certain stars; others want to see favorite books depicted; everyone goes for some kind of emotional release. That includes those who go to sit in the back row and neck.

But very few go because a reviewer recommends a certain picture as being good, fine, or excellent. I'm certainly no exception. I'll believe what some critic says about a film, perhaps, especially when all his fellow critics agree with him. Usually, however, a judgement of very good or very bad just intrigues me; makes me want to go and form my own opinion.

But Some Don't

That's going to be the case this week. Tonight is the last night for "Odd Man Out," recommended artistically by film critics working for **The New Yorker**, **Time**, and other fairly reliable sources of opinions on movies. These men say it's good; Bob Frazier says it smells ("First movie I've seen in three months; last one I'll see for a least three months"); so out of curiosity I'm going to have to go and see for myself.

It's almost the same thing with "Forever Amber." So many people have said that "Amber" is the worst big budget picture to come

over the hill in many a moon that I'll have to go, if only to see if it's as mad as all that.

Somebody Likes It

It's unusual for everyone to be down on a picture. Take any recent punk movie and you'll find one voice at least raised in praise, albeit not ecstaticly. "Dark Passage" is a recent fine example of that: **Time's** reviewer liked it very much—and he was very much alone in the granting of kudos.

Remember "The Outlaw?" Nobody liked that one except, surprisingly the sophisticated lily of journalism, **The New Yorker**. It seemed to think that the picture was a great big burlesque of westerns, using its knowledge of the fine talents of Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell and these two actors performance in this picture as a yardstick.

Maybe the magazine was right, but I don't think anyone in Hollywood has the combination of brains and brass necessary to produce a mammoth satire.

Well, no one has given "Amber" any kind of a break so far, and because of that I might like it. Don't be surprised if next week's column contains a fervent urging for all readers to grab a car, plane, or pogo stick and hit themselves to whatever theater is currently screening what might be titled "How Darryl F. Zanuck Spends His Money." If no one reacts, then I'll know what I said earlier about reviewers' influence is true.

About 10,000,000,000 pounds of whey are produced annually from the manufacture of 1,000,000,000 pounds of cheese.