

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 PRAZIER, Editor

BOB CHAPMAN, Business Manager

The Hayward Legend

The gaunt figure of a man will be honored by the University of Oregon Saturday. Real heroes are few and far between on the American sporting scene, but Colonel Bill Hayward definitely belongs in the category. The day belongs to Bill.

A simple slogan—"Win for Bill"—will be transformed into the living, breathing, battle cry by which the Oregon Webfoots will muster their forces to defeat Oregon State. No tribute would mean more to him.

Bill Hayward came to the University of Oregon in 1904. Its history is Hayward's history. He is the figure by whom the University is best known throughout the nation and the world. His feats as Oregon track coach are not writ in sand but carved on the indelible edifice of sports history. His name has inspired a legend, one that will live as long as noble deeds and unselfish devotion are a part of the University of Oregon.

It is unnecessary to delve into Hayward's record. When one thinks of Hayward, flashbacks of champions parade in review. One sees the flashing spikes of Mack Robinson, the perfect symphony in rhythm that was Les Steers soaring over a crossbar, the combination of form and skill that was Boyd Brown heaving a javelin.

But these are the pictures that will fade, dim, and be forgotten with the passing of time. The man that taught the champions, encouraged them, inspired them to their athletic conquests, never will cease to live in the memory of countless generations of Oregon students.

When one thinks of Bill Hayward one recalls his kindness, the mirth on his lips, the firm handshake, the sense of humor, the calm eye as he noted flaws in his performers no other could detect, his devotion to his friends.

The tales the oldtimers tell about Bill Hayward are countless. But the memory most of us know Bill Hayward by was occasioned last spring. It was the day of Bill's last track meet, and his harriers were competing against Bill's most bitter rival, Oregon State. His team was given an even chance, but it won by a huge margin. But that isn't important.

There was only a fair-sized crowd in the stands that day, but it numbered many of Bill's friends who came to see his last meet. Near the end of the afternoon's events a simple announcement blared over the loudspeaker: "Ladies and gentlemen, after 44 years at the University of Oregon this is Colonel Bill Hayward's last meet as track coach. Let's give him a hand."

The crowd rose in unison and applauded for five minutes. There was a tear in the Colonel's eye as he doffed his hat in acknowledgement. There were tears in the eyes of the oldtimers as they bid their respects.

Bill Hayward today lies on a sick bed at his home on the McKenzie river. It is not known whether he will be able to attend the events in his honor—the fish fry at Gerlinger, the march by the Order of O, and the football game on the field that is named in his honor.

But Bill's friends—and there are legions of them throughout this state and nation—will be here to pay their respects. And those that can't come will stop, we are sure, for just a moment—and remember.

It is no secret that Bill's biggest desire in life was to beat Oregon State, not only in track, but anything else. If men are inspired by legend, if there are forces that can make men perform deeds they could not otherwise accomplish, if tradition and sentiment can triumph, the Oregon Webfoots Saturday will "Win for Bill."

And if they should lose, an event within the realm of possibility, that defeat will be accepted as both Bill's triumphs and defeats—by high ideals of sportsmanship and an abiding respect for one's fellow man.

That is the Hayward legend!

—H.G.

Matrimony Recognized

Things are looking up for the student who would take his spouse to the big game next Saturday. Saturday's Emerald carried the welcome news that the athletic department had no objection to wives who were not students sitting in the student section, so long as they had general admission tickets. The only other objection could come from the Order of the O, which organization is enforcing the ancient "No Piggin" tradition at Oregon games.

Roger Wiley, no-piggin chairman of the Order, has now announced that that group doesn't care either. It's up to the vet and his wife, and to the unscrupulous student who might try to smuggle in a casual date.

Friendship --- A Short Short Story

By LARRY LAU

The phone's mad jangle clattered through the house frankly, noisily—demanding. He made a soft noise of wonderment, then a harsher sound of annoyance and swung his feet out from under the covers. His slippers flopped and thudded against the bare floor as he padded grimly through the hall and into the dining room where the phone stood trembling impatiently.

"Hello . . . hello," he barked.

"Hank?" a voice queried, "this is Sam. I just had to phone somebody. You're my best friend. I'm half-crazy. . . I had to ph. . ."

Hank's eyes became alert and puzzled. "Whoa! slow down Sam. Tell me nice and slow like just what's happened."

The voice exploded hysterically. "It's Rita—she's gone! First I get this letter signed 'A Friend' saying she's being unfaithful, and now she's gone. Didn't leave a note or anything. . . just gone."

"Calm down Sam," Hank growled, "you're not well enough to get this excited. She'll be back. Maybe she's sore about something. . . did you show her the letter?"

"Yes—yes," the voice babbled, "I didn't accuse her. I just laughed and told her I thought someone was playing a joke on us."

"Well—cool off a little." Hank soothed, "she wouldn't leave you. She loves you Sam."

"No she doesn't," the voice broke in, "she'd leave me all right. All those months I was laid up in bed I kept yapping at her, 'Rita this' and 'Rita that' . . . oh, she's fed up I tell you." Muffled sobs rang dully, hollowly, over the phone. "I've got a gun Hank. . . I'm going to shoot myself. I can't stand it without Rita . . . I need her!"

"Sam, for God's sake don't talk such nonsense!" The white of Hank's knuckles where

he gripped the phone gleamed softly in the darkness. A rivulet of sweat ran hesitantly down the side of his face. . . "Sam," he pleaded, "listen to me. She'll be back. . . I know she'll be back. Now if you've got a gun put it away before you get hurt."

"No Hank, she's gone for good. . . I can sense it. I don't even know where she is. . . if I only knew. . ." The voice murmured to a stop. Hank heard an ominous, spine-chilling click. . .

"Sam!" he whispered hoarsely, "don't be a fool!"

The voice mumbled brokenly. Hank could only catch fragments of what Sam was saying. . . Hear that Hank? . . . hear that noise . . . in a minute . . . I'll be gone . . . then I won't care where she is . . .

Say something—anything, he thought, keep him talking . . . my God! . . . "Sam, wait . . . wait a second. I know where Rita is . . . are you listening? . . . Sam Rita is here with me . . . she's here Sam! . . . are you . . ."

"That was a nice gesture Hank," the voice broke in quietly, "but I know you better than that . . . so long!"

The roar of the explosion almost ripped the phone from Hank's hands. He stared at it dumbly, ground his teeth tightly together and closed his eyes, as if to blot out a bad dream . . . "Oh no Sam! . . ."

He sat slumped in a chair in front of the phone, stunned. Through a haze he heard a soft, sleepy voice call to him, "Anything the matter darling?"

He ran his hands, tugging through his hair. Get a grip on yourself, Hank old boy, he told himself. He got up and walked slowly back down the hall.

"No . . . nothing," he said woodenly, "nothing at all Rita."

To The Barricades

While the modern-type Cold War wages its diplomatic way on the international front, the local battle between the University of Oregon and Oregon State college is being waged on the fine, old-fashioned free-for-all lines.

All-night watches, suggested by Dean of Men Vergil Fogdall, have been ably manned by stalwart Oregon men armed with lead pipes, clubs, and fast cars. During the wee quiet hours of the night bass voices are heard to thunder, "Hey, you guys Aggies?" and the injured retort, "Hell, no!" Meanwhile, coeds securely-locked up for the night hang from their windows breathing, "My hero!" There's something gallant, noble, and King Arthurish about the nightly dramas of the past week.

Then comes the dawn of morning and 8 o'clock classes. But young Galahad fails to show; he doesn't make it to his 9 o'clock either. When he finally pokes into the Side for black coffee, large circles bag under his eyes, and he bemoans the mid-term he had to cut because he has had to save the campus from being carried away brick by brick for the past three nights.

Obviously, there is something wrong with the picture. It's not right to ask students to stand watch half the night and expect them to attend or be prepared for classes. But there is another answer. We heard rumors that Scabbard and Blade offered to enforce a state of martial law. This would not only be more efficient but so much more modern. Armed sentries would patrol the campus with the muffled roll of drums in the background; snipers could be placed in the lap of the Pioneer Mother and under the beard of the Pioneer Father. Maybe an old tank could be resurrected from someplace (we hear there are quite a few hanging out at the corner of Thirteenth and Kincaid.) The plan has no end of possibilities.

The cowardly Beavers would naturally be terrified by this show of strength and retreat in disorder, and, as an added attraction, the coeds would have the joy of going uniform-mad all over again.

M.E.T.

The ancient Chinese used to ripen hard pears by putting them in a closed room with burning incense. Ethylene gas in the incense smoke caused the ripening, and today that gas is used to de-green fruits.

Country children go to school an average of 168 days a year while city students attend sessions an average of 182 days a year.

Two and one-half per cent of Nebraska births are illegitimate.

Of Rats And Rex

By REX GUNN

Barbara and I were having our usual 11 p.m. snack when the mousetrap went off on the back porch. She went pale and drew back, but I arose, undaunted, in a way that would have made my mother proud—and went to the back porch.

The mouse was quite dead.

There was no pulse in his tail and he didn't wiggle when I poked him.

Being in the middle of my snack I didn't relish handling the creature, so I left him there, thinking I would go about disposing of him the next morning.

I would have too, but the next morning—no mouse. Corpse, trap, and all were gone.

Barbara is panic-stricken. She won't go near the back porch. The baby, who is now big enough to hold his own in a fight with a medium sized mouse, faces an unknown menace.

What got my mouse?

Probably a rat. Well, we've looked all over the premises and there are no signs of rat. If such, he must have been a transient.

A transient rat—why, certainly; why didn't I think of it before. This mouse must have been a mesmerized Beaver.

There is a hole in the floor just about large enough to admit a beaver or a rat, provided he would crawl on his belly for some 30 feet before reaching the hole. (I have heard that this is no trick at all for either rodent).

Come to think of it, I could almost swear that there was a daub of orange paint on the mouse's paw.

And the motivation? Clear as a cat's whisker. The cheese in the trap was lemon yellow.

Come Saturday.