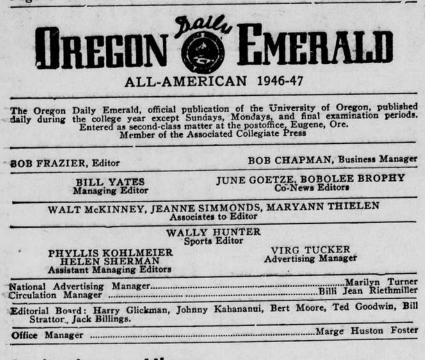
Page 2 DAILY EMERALD Wednesday, November 26, 1947



Invitation to Ulcers

As thousands cheered at the game Saturday and Oregon State took another time out, Willy Gleek, freshman in shuffleboard, took advantage of the break and rushed under the stands for a yummy hotdog. He was immediately caught in a swarm of pushing, sweating humanity and eventually shoved toward a shaking structure of planks. Behind this doubtful counter arrangement (temporary, of course) four very slow, very tired girls were casually dribbling weiners on to an open sandwich plate long enough for the grease to melt somewhat, then inserting them into buns. After being neatly wrapped in wax paper, this mustardless desecration of an American institution was presented to the long-waiting Willy for the handsome sum of 20 cents. Willy, starved into submission and anxious to at least see the fourth quarter, accepted his fate meekly. Thus the cold dog was born.

We realize that people, manners, and institutions change with the passage of time, and, as this page has stated before, we face reality and accept these things. But there is a limit. The cold dog has to go.

The Oregon concessions are operated by the athletic department, and all profits go into their fund. The manager of the "hot dog" (we laugh politely) stand is Harry C. Fowler, a law student, who has evidently failed to run across a real hot dog in the dusty confines of the stacks.

We understand he is conscientious; therefore, maybe he won't object if we mildly suggest that something be done about this matter. Something like talking the athletic department into investing in the proper equipment for such a concession, arranging for a permanent counter arrangement, and by all means, making mustard available to even those without a 20-foot reach. After all, 20 cents is a steep price for even a super-special hot dog, and it is highway robbery for the tasteless morsel that has been passed out all season.

Hayward field will be in use for many years to come, so permanent equipment (it could even be movable) would be practical and the menace to rooters' morale-the cold dog-M.E.T. would go the way of war-time cigarettes.

Bob Reed Observes

For meatless Tuesday, there is macaroni, which can be prepared in many delicious, zestful ways we don't want to

Critic Objects to Amber Clip

I made up my mind last week that I was going to see "Forever Amber" sometime before it left, but now it's gone (for the rest of the year, according to the ads) and I still don't know whether all the critics were right in judging it one of the worst of the season.

It didn't take Homecoming doings or other festivities to keep me away from seeing Linda Darnell, Cornell Wilde, et al. The admission price was reason enough. The management had evidently been forced to bill it as a roadshow attraction, and I wouldn't go to a roadshow of "Amber" if it included all the scenes that were in the book.

When, do you suppose, will the jokers who inflict pictures on us at full admission prices realize that a lot of people aren't going to roadshows because of a rightful wrath directed at the robber barons who store their loot in the Hollywood branch of the Bank of America?

Is Quality Up?

The boys down south have been heard to wail lately that their costs are rising like a V-2. Everything is up, including painting supplies, but you don't hear of a hack artist asking a higher price for his work than Picasso does simply because he uses more expensive daubing materials.

Some comment is still going around the campus on "Odd Man Out," the James Mason picture in town last week. People have told me that it was "The best movie I ever saw. . .", but also, "What a dull thing! Nobody seemed to do anything "

I thought it dragged a little in spots my-

By BERT MOORE

self, but part of that feeling might be traced to my long exposure to Hollywood screen methods. The hesitation technique is not common on the screen; most of our producers seem to feel that something must happen each and every minute in order to keep the audience enthralled.

Censor Trouble

Publicity for "Captain from Castile" is being sent out now. This 20th-Cent. Fox release ran into a lot of censor trouble before it finally went into the can.

For once, it wasn't sex that was giving the Johnson office fits, but a subject that affects many people just as deeply.

In the novel the villain was a priest. He was a bad priest, not fit to wear the cloth, and a disgrace to the standards of any religious organization. But in addition, he was one of the few believable characters in a rather silly novel.

He Accepts Gifts

In the film, according to advance information, the villainous priest has been turned into a small kind of a saint. Instead of taking bribes, he accepts gifts in the true spirit of the church. . . and so on.

This all seems pretty silly to me. I think any but the most perverted realize that a character who is a discredit to his calling or profession on the screen is nothing but an actor and is not necessarily representative of any person or group of people in actual life. Maybe I'm wrong. Do you believe that you live in a nation of morons?

Rhodes Scholar Describes Life in England; Finds Oxford an Ideal Place for Studying

Editor's Note: The following letter was written by Don Treadgold, '43, who is now attending Oxford university as a Rhodes scholar. At Oregon Treadgold majored in history, and was a Senior Six member of Phi Beta Kappa. His wife is the former Alva Grandquist, who was graduated from the law school here in June 1947.)

The first month and half of the first term at Oxford are already over. After the eight-week Michaelmas term we have four weeks at Christmas before Hilary term begins; then there is another four-week 'vac" before spring, or Trinity, term, followed by the four-month summer holiday.

Thus there is plenty of chance to travel, although it is not easy to be a tourist on the continent days.

sient citing that as evidence that everything is rosy.

Butts Cost More

The newest annoyance of the "have-not" living the English call "austerity" are the justannounced potato rationing and rise in the price of tobacco. Cigarettes, now 5 cents a pack, may soon be \$1. As our landlady says, more in exasperation than complaint, "We English must be AW-FULLY wicked" to have such a series of misfortunes.

The question of who is responsible for the misfortunes provokes lively discussion, though most people recognize the cause: balance-of-payments trouble, which can be solved only by increasing exports. At Oxford the Labor government gets its full share of the blame by a Conservative student body. Every Thursday in the hall of the ancient Oxford union, the debating society which has trained more than one prime minister, the Conservative speakers, dressed in white tie and tails, and observing rigid parliamentary protocol, lambast the Socialists for "bungling rationing," "scuttling the Empire," and so on.

"they fought about things which are important."

A Good System

The advantages of the Oxford academic set-up, however, are tremendous, and they are built into the system. One is not only not required to go to lectures, but discouraged from attendance on the grounds of wasting time better spent in reading alone. There are no written examinations, but the periodic oral ones are administered by a board which conducts them in a very thorough manner.

Usually one's only required appointment is with his tutor or supervisor, perhaps once weekly for an hour or two. Afternoons are taken up with games and then tea. No one can work in noon hours, for the libraries simply close. Luck is the man who has several evenings free to study, for Oxford has every night many competing attractions, from usic and plays to meetings of societies.

hear about.

With the distilleries dry, we think it sporting of Cousin Dillingwater to let up on his campaign to drink the country dry. He was never one to take unfair advantage.

Truman's recent radio appearance raised his Hooper rating considerable, but it doesn't dispel ugly rumors that he may have trouble with his sponsor next year.

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An unofficial report from Moscow says the Russians have exploded an A-bomb. At any rate, that's one bomb we know they don't have.

An Illinois mother says she no longer loves the fellow who murdered her father and mother. Just no understanding women-fly off the handle at the least little thing.

* *

Heard the other day of a college girl, who returned to her old neighborhood, looking so very, very in her nifty fall suit with the new length, that not one loud and lusty whistle was heard from the astonished local wolfs. Poor girl, must have made her feel terrible.

The new skirt lengths take us romantically back along memory's trail to the dear, dead days of the early 30's when the hemline was just above the ankle and we gathered around 'neath the silvery moon to blend eager young voices in "Does the Spearmint Lose It's Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight?"

Oregon seems far off. The London Times does not print Webfoot football scores. It did, however, print a shocked story about the tragic death of Governor Snell and party.

Life Is Rough

My wife and I managed within a week to find a pleasant apartment only 10 minutes by bicycle from the university. So getting housing is not impossible; neither is obtaining ration coupons, coal allotments and other essentials. But it is tedious and difficult.

In fact, what strikes the newlyarrived American about England is that "Things aren't as bad as we've heard." One can find entertainments; one can buy good meals in restaurants and stay in comfortable hotels, at reasonable prices. But one soon learns that that is about as superficial a judgment of the situation here as is the observation of congressmen recently returned from Germany who was quoted as saying that he didn't see any hungry people. The English have been very, very patient, and manage to put on a cheerful face; but they are inclined to resent a tran-

Oxford's Past

Not only Oxford's undergraduates are attached to England's great past. Walking amid the university's ancient stone buildings in this quiet provincial town, one is not likely to forget Oxford's 700-year--old tradition. From the time the newcomers are mustered in cap and gown and white tie into the presence of an elderly professor who mumbles a sentence or two in Latin and thus accomplishes their "matriculation," they are not allowed to forget that they are members of one of the world's institutions. Yesterday my professor of logic, discussing the nominalist-realist controversy among 12th century philosophers, noted that the question had caused street fights in Oxford.

"In those days," he sighed,

A Club for It

The societies vary from the Fellowship of St. Alban and St. Sergius (an Anglo Orthodox student religious group) to the university's Federation for Animal Welfare. Perhaps Oxford's ultimate achievement in extracurricular groups was the abortive Oxford Balloon federation, which attracted a large crowd for its first meeting by advertising that Tallulah Bankhead would rise in a balloon from the Oxford gasworks, following a lucheon presided over by Mr. G. B. Shaw. One Glen Byam Shaw appeared at the picnic, and Miss Bankhead did appease the crowd by kissing the aeronaut prior to his ascent.

If one can stave off joining too many societies, attending too many lectures, or drinking too much tea, however, he will find Oxford a place where serious study of any kind can be done t successfully under near-ideal con-(Please turn to page three)