

## Critic Discusses Camels and Cleavage

By BERT MOORE

Last attraction on the educational activities' circuit this term is, appropriately enough, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

It's an Italian film of the silent era, but whether or not it is an improvement over the other Italian film of an early era to be shown here ("Anthony and Cleopatra") is yet to be known. Judging from the film techniques used in "Anthony" it could hardly be worse.

In these old films the breast-beating and hair-shredding is almost beyond belief. Couple these primitively dramatic actors and actresses with ancient camera techniques, or, rather, lack of camera technique, and the result is burlesque to our modern eyes.

A fixed camera was used in "Anthony"—when the characters moved away from its range they were lost to view. This provided some funny moments for the spectators, as in the final scene where Caesar returned to Rome in a triumphant procession and mounted a platform to speak.

The camera was set to encompass the parade, and when our hero detached himself from the procession and stepped up on the podium his head went past the camera's top limit. So in the final speech we were treated to a headless lecturer. But who knows? It might have been a good thing.

At that I enjoyed it more than I did "Slave Girl," an atrocity which should have left town by now. Featuring a well-muscled girl who can't act, it was evidently charted as just another of the Technicolor melodramas which Universal-International turns out by the gross.

Somebody along the line got wise that this one was just a shade worse than the usual run-of-the-mill smeller and so it was purposely hammed up.

A camel who talked (stet.) in a Brooklyn accent stuck his head into the proceedings at various times and commented on the action. He had several good lines: once the camera stopped in the middle of a large-scale screen fight just as a heavy chandelier was being dropped on the villains and friend camel emphatically stated something like, "We camels prefer doctors two to one." Then the chandelier fell and the action began again.

An interesting double bill in Eugene over the weekend coupled "Perils of Pauline" with "The Wicked Lady." I say interesting because "Lady" was the picture that was banned from the U.S. until a number of scenes showing too much cleavage were reshot. In "Pauline" there's a dance sequence where Betty Hutton shows the hawk-eyed spectator more cleavage than the producers of "Lady" ever dreamed about.

This is "Old Hawkeye," signing off for the term.

## An Open Letter

Mr. Stanley N. Williamson, President  
Associated Students  
University of Oregon  
Eugene, Oregon

Dear Stan & Members of the Student Body:

At the completion of a highly successful football season may I take this opportunity to express the sincere thanks of all the members of the Athletic Department for the fine manner in which the students have supported our football team in its victories and defeats. I know that the members of our squad and the coaching staff were inspired by the confidence and loyalty of the students as demonstrated not only in the rooting section but in the every-day contacts on the campus as well. Your confidence never wavered and certainly this was one of the vital factors which made our team play its best in every game. As Director of Athletics, I would like to say that this "one for all and all for one" spirit can, if maintained, result in many years of athletic prosperity.

Let us continue to work together with one goal in mind; namely, representative athletic teams at the University of Oregon, built as the result of our all working together and sharing equally the bitterness of defeat and the fruits of victory.

Sincerely yours,  
Leo A. Harris  
Director of Athletics

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## The Iceman's Better Off; He Has His Pick; We Don't

By JEANNE SIMMONDS

In this age of highly professionalized specialists, as inventions replace the old regime, it's mighty hard to keep up with the miracle of modern science. The professor has his briefcase, the gas man has his meter, and the ice man has his pick. It stands to reason in such a mechanical era, the Fourth Estate can not be too far behind. The journalist has his filler.

The filler, according to journalism textbooks, is "copy, usually in small units, set in type for use at any time as reserve or to finish columns or pages of odd length." Another definition is "that stupid item of trivia forced upon the unsuspecting newspaper reader, loaded with misinformation in which he is not interested and which will probably clutter his mind, replacing valuable data."

Fillers may be placed in many classes. There are educational fillers, amusing fillers, scientific fillers, and the desperate last minute we've-got-to-fill-this-hole-up-and-get-the-paper-on-the-press fillers.

Now for instance, the Roseburg News-Review tells us that "Newfoundland has about as many people as Toledo, Ohio." That is probably a fact, once carefully read, that will enable you to remember in what state Toledo is located, and may even give you added credit in a paper about Newfoundland. It may also arouse the curious mind as to the population of Toledo.

The News-Review appears given to that educational filler, but is inclined to drift off into the realm of the hypothetical, when it informs its readers "If tuberculosis had continued to kill at the rate which prevailed in 1904, four million more people would have died of this one disease than actually have." Interesting, but it makes you wonder who sits around dreaming up such statistical phenomena.

The Atlanta Journal, not a far cry from the tropics, informs its readers that "The Union of South Africa is nearly twice the size and population of Texas." Another population difficulty—wonder how many people Texas has . . . .

Possibly the cosmopolitan tastes of New York Tribune readers demand the knowledge that "Egg losses during handling, processing, packing, transporting, and marketing run into millions of dollars annually." Hmm.

The San Francisco Examiner, scorning the abstract and clinging to the practical, informs its readers, via fillers, "Your favorite comics are read on KNBC (formerly (KPO) 8 a.m. every Sunday." Such a filler arouses only one question—does it get the message to the appropriate public? But then, maybe the parents read it to the children, and then the kiddies tune in to the radio.

The fair-minded New York Times, a journalistic masterpiece, practices impartiality

in its every filler. On Page 4 one may find that "Education is still the important issue in the regular Army. Get all the details by calling at your nearest Army recruiting station, 39 Whitehall Street." But, before the enthusiastic young man rushes off headhurdily to Whitehall, the Times retaliates immediately, and on Page 6 encourages him to "Enlist with the Marines, and enroll immediately in the Marine Corps institute. Choose from over 160 courses of study. Details at 90 Church street, Room 1104."

The Eugene Register-Guard recently went ripping through the 13th century. It seems that "Marco Polo, famous world traveler who lived in the 13th century, reported that spectacles were worn by Chinese with poor sight." And in their same issue, it was fascinating to observe that "In the 13th century, Venice was the business center of the world." We don't suppose the two are inter-related.

They got themselves out of a stagnant hole, however, when they completely modernized the presses and noted that "Chopped hay must be well cured before it is put into haystacks."

The Christian Science Monitor, well-known in journalistic circles for its thorough investigation into the background of every situation, put its research department to work and came up with "Sugar beets contain from 16 to 29 per cent of sugar." Proving that they wouldn't restrict their policy to Boston and the content of sugar beets, however, they crashed through with "California produces 60 per cent of the mercury mined in the U.S."

Helpful hints on architecture are rendered by the Gervais Star, which could hold its own with the metropolitan dailies when it smirks, "Wide cornice overhangs are out of date, and houses without them cost less. The same is true of most 'gingerbread' which formerly was used as architectural decoration. Simple lines are best."

College papers don't yield much, for they manage to fill remote corners with meeting announcements and "Patronize the jerks who buy our ads" lines. But the Southern California Daily Trojan came through with a few collegiate ones. It seems that "Wardrobes of South Dakota state college coeds have been termed 'practical' by the merchants of Brookings, S.D." We know it's true because we read it in the paper.

Fillers must be interesting, peppy, informative, and up to date. Just for example, take a look at today's Emerald fillers. They'll probably say "The average coed wears a size 14 dress" (one of the pre-war vintage), "The University of Oregon is coeducational. That means both men and women attend there," or "Beat Montana State!" Oh well, it may prove our point.

## 10 Years Ago on the University Campus

(From Emerald Files)

"Furnish our browsing room" will be the theme of the assembly when students meet in Gerlinger hall for a general "good time" program.

The board of education has authorized the purchase of ten tables and eighty chairs for the reference room of the library and one hundred arm chairs for the reserve room.

Oregon's high school "editorial association," composed of 80 editors and representatives of ap-

proximately 30 school papers, met at the school of journalism to begin their twelfth bi-annual conference.

A first quarter touchdown plus a wild scoring spree in the final period gave the Husky Babes of the University of Washington a 26-0 victory.

Money to pay for removing the paint daubed on OSC buildings recently must be raised by those responsible for the damages.

Checked momentarily by a vicious opening Oregon defense, the

Golden Bears' terrific touch-down machine finally started rolling, completely crushing the Webfoots, 26 to 0.

More echoes from "little Civil War" activities were heard yesterday when it was divulged that it will be necessary to take up and replant the Hayward field turf on which enthusiasts burned OSC initials two nights before the Oregon-Oregon State game.

Permanent decorations for the "Igloo" were practically assured following four class meetings at which motions for making appropriations for improvement went through like clockwork.

### Night Staff:

Jackie Newburn  
Jackie Hinds  
Warren Mack  
Marilyn Nelson  
Elva Rankin  
Jo Rawlins, editor

## It Was Somebody Else

The best reporters sometimes make mistakes. So it was with Emerald (ad side) Columnist Sallie Timmens when she paired up the wrong people in Tuesday morning's Emerald. It wasn't Ginny Parr whom Bob Stanbery was seen about Portland with. Tut. 'Twas Ginny Nash to whom he is, in the words of the gossip columnist "pinned." Everybody regrets the Emerald's unwelcome match-making.