

Columnist Likes Girls, Hours, Politics on Washington Campus

The University of Washington is an impressively arranged pile of stone a nickel's worth of gas away from downtown Seattle. The school buildings are large, ornate, and functional. They have none dating back to the 1870's.

Closing hours there are a bit more reasonable, the excuse being that it takes the students longer to get back to the campus. With Seattle's imposing array of nit-eries, beaches, etc., being what they are, their attitude is to be commended. You say goodnight at 11 on weeknights, and 2 a.m. on Fridays and Saturdays.

Dormitories and veterans housing are the apartment type, brick, with hardwood floors, steam heat, and inside comfort stations. Thus far, none have been flooded.

Houses Larger

Sorority and fraternity houses are larger, richer looking, with average chapter membership in the seventies. Newest house on the campus is the AOPi's, and what an eye-catcher. Designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, it's the kind of building heretofore seen only in advertisements. A maze of sharp angles, one way windows

and green and ochra-brown paneling.

Unlike the Oregon campus, the independents at Washington are very active, and manage to split things 50-50. Politics are played hard there, as here, and they too have TNE. Coalitions are more of a rule than an exception.

Webfoots who made the Stanford trip were bitterly disappointed in the women there, and came back to Oregon in a more appreciative mood. Webfoots who made the Seattle trip found the gals there generally cute and vivacious. A friend of mine who dated said the Huskie mantraps are eager to take on their share of the entertaining, while the gals down here sit around and look bored, waiting to be amused. We think that a bit unfair, but thought we'd pass it along.

Lots of People

Their enrollment is about 17,000, roughly three times that of Oregon. "Piggin'" is looked upon with more favor at Seattle. There were more couples than singles at the game. No comment.

The UW is in the midst of a

200-million-dollar building program. The whole campus is dotted with foundations, building materials, and swarms of workmen. On the south end of the campus is a new 16-million-dollar medical center, now half finished. In addition a new art building, new engineering halls, new physics building, new liberal arts halls, are all in various stages of construction. Their new student union building will be started in March. Without comment, we contrast this to Oregon's unsuccessful attempt to get a new science building, and our age-old drive for a student union.

Boo, Too

Huskie basketball fans have the same kind of contempt for game officials as we do. The referees were properly booed and catcalled when introduced Saturday night . . . reminded me of Mac court. They call Hal Eustace "Useless" just like we do. Speaking of crowds, Huskie patriots have no more luck than our own in keeping the crowd after the game to sing the pledge song.

They think their basketball

team will win the Pacific Coast title. They are not so sure about their new football coach, Howie Odell, but think he couldn't be any worse than Pest Welch. They seem honestly fearful of Jim Aiken's 1948 team, and some went so far as to predict a Rose Bowl trip for the Webfoots. Just how much of this was politeness, I don't know. We think they were right.

Jammed Together

They don't have the campus space we do. Contrasted to ours, theirs seems a bit jammed together. They speak fondly of beach parties, like we do of picnics . . . All their language courses are five hours, brrr.

George Bartlett was the nervous possessor of the only Oregon rooters lid at the game. Stuck far up in the crowd, he looked like a dandelion.

Everyone we talked to says they went far out of their way to be helpful, and show their visitors a good time. We hope we can repay the hospitality some time. Then too, Oregon has many fine points that out to be pointed out. They'd go wild about the Pioneer!

Side Patter



By SALLA LAMMENS

The hemlines of the campus cuties at the Senior Brawl reminded one of a fluctuating day on the stock market. There were some of us old conservatives who wore skirts to the floor and tripped over them most of the evening, but then there were a great many featuring the "New Look" who showed their ankles. Tch, tch.

But the highlight of the evening was the Jurgens band cutting loose on "I'm My Own Grandpa." This little number was followed by the hoisting of Alpha Chi Shirley Phelps to the bandstand by her date, ATO's "Just Plain Bill" Monroe. It wasn't her birthday, and she claims she was framed. The lad who did the framing was ATO playboy Wilbur Craig.

The gathering of the clan at Robin Arkley's house before the dance was like a Republican nominating convention with Stassen, Dewey, Vandenberg, Warren, and Taft all present. All the latter-day Mark Hannas, too.

The Fijis threw a party that resulted in two pin plantings—that of Alpha Phi "Favorite Dish" Marilyn Moore to Dick Randall, and ChiO Annette Sheldon to Gordie Wilson. Even Dad Robbins and squaw appeared on the scene for the festivities which eventually merged with the Delt party.

The Deltas were doing much singing and making rowdy noise over the engagement of their house manager Doug Donahue to Gammaffe Dee Moore who announced her wedding plans at her sisters' initiation dinner.

Hear that there were several Webfoots who had much better luck in Seattle than did our basketball team. Sophomore class prexy Mike Mitchell enjoyed a post-game seminar with Alfa Gam's much pictured Helene Crane. The Emerald's famed columnist, Larry Lau, dated Huskie sweetheart girl, blonde Jackie Bollman. Both parties sipped cocktails at Seattle's swank Aero-Marine club.

Saw Bobolee Brophy, whom W. C. Price once accused of being German, with Joe Conroy, Tri Delt Shirley Ingman with Sig Ep Winny Carl, and Pi Phi Mary Margaret Jones with DU Warren Lovell. Theta "Sis" Scott was over from OSC to see her ATO Jim Bedingfield, and was surprised to see another Theta out-of-towner, Patty Beaton, down for the dance with ATO Carl Reusser.

Also at the dance was Tri Delt Marie Lombard with Sigma Chi Perry Holloman, Fiji Chuck Corrigan with Theta initiate Barbara Fagg, and Phi Delt Rus Monahan with his fiancée, Sue, from Walla Walla.

Kappa town gal Andre Manerud is now wearing Phi Psi Dave Kepfston's pin, ADPi Lois Heagle, Lorin Thompson's Sigma Chi cross, and ADPi Shirley McCarten Theta Chi Kurt Butterfield's jewelry.

Those popular ChiOs are at it (Please turn to page three)

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What's a 'Liberal,' Pop?

The better campus bull sessions this third atomic year seem invariably to take into account the role of the "liberal" in politics—national and international. The best sessions, carried on by the local Deep Thinkers, always get tied up on a definition of terms. The boys discover anew that everybody thinks he is a liberal. It's just like everybody thinking he has a sense of humor. You can't tell him otherwise.

Occasionally—and we note with relief that it is not too often—some Especially Deep Thinker brings up this matter of the "independent liberal," and lets the other oracles chew on that one for a time. Truly an excellent gismo, this "independent liberal" thought, for side-tracking any group onto an involved discussion of terms.

The fabulous New Yorker, a smart magazine which manages to stay "liberal" without getting dirty fingernails, without growing belligerent, and without becoming suspect in the eyes of congressional committees or veterans' organizations, sheds some light on the Battle of Terms in the Talk of the Town section of the January 17 issue.

Without getting tied up in historical or philosophical background, the magazine does not (repeat NOT) once mention the name of John Stuart Mill. The New Yorker compares this "independent liberal" to a dog—but the comparison is not at all uncomplimentary.

We quote the New Yorker:

He (the liberal), greets with enthusiasm the fact of the journey, as a dog greets a man's invitation to take a walk. And he acts in the dog's way, too, swinging wide, racing ahead, doubling back, covering many miles of territory that man never traverses, all in the spirit of inquiry and the zest for truth. He leaves a crazy trail, but he ranges far beyond the genteel old party he walks with and he is usually in a better position to discover a skunk. The dog often influences the course the man takes, on his long walk; for sometimes a dog runs in-

Revolution, Heresy, Communism

An infirmity physician made some startling statements just a little while ago, the Associated Collegiate Press reports. Dr. Evelyn Rude, in a speech at Dallas before the American Student Health Association of the Southwest, blamed student ailments on "lack of sleep, 'sloppy Joe' shoes, bad posture, and Coke and coffee diets."

Fie on you, Dr. Rude. Would you remodel college? Would you alter the whole social and intellectual structure of our life? Would you revolutionize the accepted mores of a university's cultural society? Alas, Dr. Rude, would you have us a group of intelligent, civilized individuals, forsaking our own Bohemian patterns of self-edification for your more conventional, so boring, and possibly effective health habits?

"Gab" sessions (a word so out-moded that it has settled into the 23-skiddoo-oh-you-kid graveyard), it seems, keep the coed up way past her bedtime. Dr. Rude is obviously unaware what morsels of knowledge are imparted at such after-hours gatherings. Furthermore, says the good doctor, women wash their clothes much too late at night. The new Bendix washers should quiet the good doctor's worries on that score, for they do all the work and suffer from ill health only if they get ptomaine from a slug instead of legal tender in the slot. Dr. Rude advises a retiring hour of 11 p.m.

The "sloppy Joe" shoes—otherwise known as loafers—featured by coeds are downright unhealthful. Says the doctor, "They are without adequate support for the ankle or the foot, having to be lifted too short in order to keep them on." True, we've seen many a coed dragging her shoes along the ground, but it's always happened on a Monday, and we've never sought for the answer in the fit of her shoes. But her arches are slowly dropping with this shoe. Woe is the coed. . . .

The mainstay of college life—the supplementary diet—is also being attacked. Shall we sit by, college youth, while the Coke date is undermined? The cuppacawfee, innocence itself, is one of an infirmity's chief complaints. These beverages, according to the doctor, "displace an appetite for more nourishing foods." Well, here we feel Dr. Rude has jumped in way over her head. Maybe an Ivy Butterphlop snack can "sperl her appetite," but we're not convinced that when the average coed's appetite palls, it's the fault of these worthy institutions.

We repeat. Fie on you, Dr. Rude. Would you have us all going healthy? Things must be different in Dallas.

J. B. S.

to something in nature so arresting that not even a man can quite ignore it, and the man deviates—a clear victim of the liberal intent of his dumb companion. When the two of them get home and flop down, it is the liberal—the wide-ranging dog—who is covered with burdocks and with information of a special sort on out-of-the-way places. Often ineffective in direct political action, he is the opposite of the professional revolutionary, for unlike the latter, he never feels he knows where the truth lies, but is full of richer memories of places he has glimpsed it in.

Okay, boys, order another round, now, and go on with your discussion.