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The Carpenters Eschew

The motivations that motivate groups are often invisible to the casual observer. So it is this week with the interested citizens who learn how the local carpenters' union eschewed what looks like a mighty fine chance to gain all and lose nothing.

Here's the background. The carpenters who have been working on apartments in the Amazon Flats community are on strike, asking \$2 an hour, an increase of 25 cents. The University is required to pay the "prevailing wage," which is \$1.75 until the carpenters and contractors agree upon some other figure. If the contractors agree to \$2, then the University will pay up willingly, but not until. But the University is eager to see these apartments finished because there are student families who need them badly.

Here's the University's offer. The carpenters go back to work at \$1.75 an hour. The University puts 25 cents per man-hour in escrow in a local bank. When the strike issue is settled, the University pays from the escrow account the difference in the \$1.75 and the new figure (if any).

Here's the carpenters' answer. No.

The explanation given the press was a terse "No comment" from A. R. Major, who handles the affairs of the thousand-odd carpenters involved in the dispute.

Here's the result. The apartments lie unfinished. The carpenters are not employed. They are not receiving the asked for wage; they are not even receiving the old wage. Under the University's plan they could have had their cake and penters to carry on their strike while working.

We don't get it.

For 'Brisker Pipes'

Last week this page moaned and groaned about the frozen-faced individuals on the campus who refuse to acknowledge a greeting with even an uncivilized "ugh." Now a possible solution has come to light that may bring a smile from even the most hardened offender.

It has been a common practice prior to an election or other all-campus event to have sound trucks strategically stationed around the grounds blaring forth commercials and other propaganda between popular music selections. The music sounds swell. In fact, when combined with blue skies and sunshine, one feels almost like skipping down Thirteenth street.

Why not put this fine music to the use for which it was intended and dance? Sound trucks could be employed full time and upon leaving their respective classes a male student could say to a coed, "May I waltz you down to Oregon?" and off they would go. Conga lines would be formed to the men's P. E. building, and the fast moving schottische or heel-toe polka would be appropriate for the long trip to the music building or Emerald hall. Those having their classes in the same building could stand on the porches and rhumba during the break.

The possibilities are infinite, and the results beneficial. If one desires a practical reason, the answer is that dancing to classes would be a lovely way to keep warm during the cold snap. Socially the scheme would be a fine way to get acquainted with someone you've long wanted to meet. From the economic standpoint, it would be cheaper than going to Willamette park, and you wouldn't have to wait until the weekend to dance.

Now that all is said and done, shall we samba down to Villard?
M.E.T.

Who Is This Lana Turner Person?

By BERT MOORE

This column is primarily for Clief Dunson, disappointed candidate for King of Hearts, who asked me the other day why I thought "Green Dolphin Street" was a prime example of Hollywood tripe. Admitting that I hadn't seen it, I still had reasons for calling it tripe. Let's examine them.

First of all, the picture starred Lana Turner, one of Hollywood' loveliest lassies (not to be confused with the putative bitch with the same label). I admire Lana Turner. Try and name someone nicer to look at. But almost everyone who isn't blinded by her obvious charms will admit that as an actress she is just one cut above Lizabeth Scott, which is a cutting thing to say.

When you consider the leading part Miss Turner (I think she's still Miss Turner) had to portray and when you call up memories of her capabilities as shown in many previous pictures, the more-than-casual moviegoer has to conclude that here is another film it's best to avoid. According to the book and the advertisements she has the leading role. That's enough of a reason for me.

But there is another, stronger reason, and it hinges on those same advertisements. As nearly as I can recall the ads for "Green Dolphin Street," they featured pictures of Miss Turner, Van Heflin, and some words like "tremendously exciting, spectacular volcano eruptions, a thrill-a-minute," etc.

Through the years I've become leery of pictures that are promised to break the world in two before my very eyes. Several unhappy experiences with typhoons, tidal waves, and Dorothy Lamour and other Vine street thespians have combined to set my teeth on edge when the talents of prominent stars take second billing to earthquakes and the like.

Until I can see someone as capable as Spencer Tracy operating in the screen's foreground while the earth quakes around him, please give me my terrestrial carnage in a newsreel. And please omit Lana Turner. She an excellent earthquake spoiler.

Word of mouth information about a picture's merits shouldn't influence any so-called critics, but spies A through M didn't care for it either. According to spy B "Green Dolphin Street" would have made a fine serial—it was a poorly integrated series of close escapes from death and/or destruction.

Spy B also reports that her roommate knows Donna Reed, who had the second lead, and that Miss Reed didn't like her own picture. It seems that most of her scenes were left on the cutting room floor.

Here's a final memo to spies N through Z, who liked the movie, and Clief Dunson: Go see "Henry V", then reconsider the merits of "Green Dolphin Street."

Who Says There Ain't No Santa Claus? Or Life Is Just a Bowl of Wheaties

By JEANNE SIMMONDS

While baby-sitting with the grocer's youngsters the other night, we decided to do something profitable, since the store was just a step away. So we investigated the rather overwhelming box-top and free offer situation—an enterprise almost equalling Bethlehem Steel in percentage and business volume. After an exhaustive perusal of the grocer's stock, consummated by mastering the arts of shelf climbing and ladder technique, we reached the following conclusions: 1. You can't sell cereal without box-tops. 2. The bargains bring the miracle of modern science into the home, teaching the powers of the atom to 20th century girls and boys. 3. The bottom box of cereal is never sold, evidenced by the deluge of dust upon the investigator.

Moving from left to right along the top shelves (the top shelves, we find, always house the cereal) we discovered that Post's Grape-Nuts Wheat Meal offers "beautiful silverplated teaspoons," selling the gorgeous things to housewives who are willing to invest, say, in "two handsome quality spoons for only 25 cents and one of these boxtops." H-O Oats, apparently a well-established product, offers nothing but H-O Oats to the customer.

Aluminum Yet

Something out of our childhood sprang before us—but with a new twist. Well-loved Mother's Oats are now advertised "Quick Mother's Oats with Aluminum." Just as tasty as ever, we'll bet. This offer is convenience itself, for a cookie cutter, measuring cup, salt shaker, or some aluminum item is included in each package.

A personable box advertised a cereal with which we're not familiar—Fisher Flouring Mills Company's Zoom, an instant whole wheat cereal. The slick-papered box carries a picture of an impressive airplane and the legend, "Wings of the Future." A stamp and button, displayed in Glorious Technicolor on the box, encourages the wee ones to cut 'em out. It seems that a Zoom club, democratic in the extreme, accepts you if you simply "clip the insignia—this makes you a member."

Free Cities

Post-Tens are also enthusiastic over silverplate tea spoons; for virtually a song—three labels and 50 cents—you pick up three spoons. Betty Crocker cereals, including small packages of Kix, Wheaties, Cheerios, etc., just hand out a model city with each purchase—a cereal is contained in the cardboard villages. A double offer is included, for with

coupons in each package, you too can add to your silver collection. A sample offer, for instance, includes a hollow handle knife, Queen Bess pattern, for only 129 coupons and 5 cents, or, if you're in a hurry for a knife, the economy measure is 3 coupons and 85 cents.

Wheaties, brisk and businesslike, portray terrifying masks on the back of each box—a stroke of genius, we'd say, for the kiddies have to polish off the Wheaties in order to cut up the box.

Look, Daddy

Kellogg's are giving away Hudsons these days—at least Hudsons were all that the grocer had on his shelf. Their Corn Flakes advertise a fleet of new automobiles, but all the boxes we lifted had Hudsons. Probably collusion of some sort between firms. But the kiddies just cut them out and stick them together, and look, daddy, a new car.

Kellogg's Corn Soya have intellectual appeal also—animals on the back, vitamin counts on the side panels. Pep—and we're inclined to think that here is the bargain of the decade—offers goodies of all sorts. The new Gy-Rocket ("modelled after the famous V-2 Rocket") is yours for 15-cents and one box top. The makers encourage you to "have swell fun. Have speed races, altitude contests, exhibitions with the other kids." Not only that, but a photo of a star is in every package. We know this is the real thing, because Charlie Trippi emerged from our latest box.

Fun With Kellogg

The small sized Corn Flakes (Kellogg's again) carry double bargains also, for Rolled Gold 12k 1/80 name pins are advertised for two box tops and only 10 cents. Games, "Fun with the Kellogg Kids," provide reading matter for the Corn Flakes eater.

Party games and parlor tricks are featured by Albers Corn Flakes, but no send-in offers. Advertising for "House of Mystery" radio programs are found on Post's Corn Toasties, guaranteeing the listener "suspense, excitements, secrets." Grape-Nuts Flakes, put out by the same people, encourage you to listen to the Aldrich Family.

Kellogg's 40 per cent Bran Flakes, appealing obviously to the oldies, present "Kellogg's Memory Album of All-Time Favorites." We were impressed at first, but after turning over box after box, we're convinced it's a hoax—"Grandfather's Clock" was

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Young Republicans Explain Meeting Plans

To the Editor:

For several years the Lane county Young Republican federation has been active in Eugene. However, its membership is almost entirely non-University, which recently led to the suggestion that, for increased student interest and participation as well as a more convenient meeting place and time, a University Young Republican club be formed.

The Young Republican national

federation, organized in 1935, has 45 state associations among which Oregon's is particularly active. The aims of the Y.R.'s are to develop youthful talent, ability, and ideas, to promote civic responsibility, and to advance the interest of Young Republicanism and the active participation of young people in politics.

An organizational meeting will

be held this evening at 6:30 p.m., in room 3, Fenton hall. At this time plans will be made to affiliate with the state federation, and a discussion will be held on a program of activities for the proposed club.

All students are invited to attend tonight and to help set up a Young Republican club at the University of Oregon.

—H. Clay Myers