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ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

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The English Mind Changes

F. J. Reithel, assistant professor of chemistry, dropped in the other day to show us that the English change their minds every hundred or so years. Under his arm he carried a copy of "Rambles in the U. S. and Oregon," by "Rubio." (Reynell and Weight, London, 1846). In his mind he carried memories of the Emerald's editorial on Yankee women, and the previous remarks on the subject by a learned British anthropologist.

Mr. Reithel opened the book, a drab little volume with the sweet smell of a very old book, to Page 22, and read:

But the truth must be told, and I have seen more pretty women in London in one day than ever I saw during all my rambles in the United States. That prominent point of female loveliness, and which the whole English race so much excell in, is entirely wanting in the American ladies: they are as flat as their own horrid seacoast; and though they artfully endeavour to conceal this national deficiency by a peculiar, newly-invented, and really very ingenious corset, yet it will not do; our imaginings return unsatisfied, and our worst suspicions come back confirmed.

But it must be confessed, that what they want in busts they make up in bustles and to an excess that shocks an English female, and which is so glaring and preposterous to be downright indelicate.

Mr. Reithel closed the book triumphantly and said, see, the English change their minds every hundred years or so. We agreed, and asked to look at this little book.

It is very old, this little book, and has been down in the basement of the stacks untouched for the most part while generations of students have come to college and gone away educated. The first date stamp in the back is June 7, 1916. There are nine other dates, then, before the Feb. 12 date which was stamped to remind Mr. Riethel to take it back. Three of the dates are in 1916, which means that from December 4, 1916 until now the book has had a reader only once every four years.

Mr. Riethel seemed quite proud of his discovery and we don't blame him. He left the book with us for a day or two, and we've dipped into it enough to find quite interesting these observations of a visitor of a hundred years ago. While his impressions are about what the reader who knows Martin Chuzzlewit would expect, he does add to the more common literature of European travelers by coming way out west and commenting upon our Oregon.

His glowing descriptions of the mountains of the Cascades intrigue us. He speaks, for example, of the "Presidents' Range," a group of mountains in what we now know as the Cascade range.

He speaks of our Cascades and locates them for us, telling us the degrees and minutes of longitude at which each peak stands. Some day, when our time is more abundant, we shall dig out our atlas and spot these mountains anew, and see just how the names have been changed this hundred years. For example, there is Mt. Jackson, Mt. John Quincy Adams, Madison, Monroe, Van Buren, Harrison, and Washington. The Mount Washington is not the peak we know on the McKenzie pass, but is "The Mount Saint Helens of the English." "Rubio" liked the custom of naming mountains for presidents:

The stupendous line runs from Mount Jackson to Mount Tyler, and there is yet room among their gigantic cousins for several succeeding dignitaries. The idea which suggested their adaptation to our natural history was a happy one. Perpetual mementoes in the archives of our nation, they form no perishable notes of heraldry for the contempt of a succeeding age, but basing their stupendous data upon the eternal earth, pierce with their awful grandeur the region of the clouds, to transcribe their records on the face of heaven.

Thank you, Rubio, for your kind words, although we may argue that a name like "Three-Fingered Jack" is more colorful—more "American" if you will, than the name of some president long gone. And Hood and McLoughlin, men who were here in those days, we couldn't neglect them when we named our peaks. But your thought is well taken, Rubio.

And thanks to you, Professor Riethel, for bringing us this little book. You have inspired us again to go to the library and prow around in those stacks.

Local Boys Can Also Make Good

By FRED YOUNG

It seems that our difficulty is an inane desire to dance to the music of a big name. If it isn't a big name we won't go—if it is, we can hardly afford it. Dick Jurgens' music was quite nice, and he certainly put on a good show. If Joe Doaks had done equally well, we would have enjoyed it—only nobody would have been there. Hallock's band last year was local so it couldn't have been any good—yet it was better than the comparatively expensive bands we've seen this year.



The freshman dance is the next on the agenda and Steve is worried because of the record list the school presented him. If we're lucky we'll get a Portland band. It will afford good listenable and danceable music. As good as any we've seen all year. And with our cooperation by opening our eyes, ears, etc., we might be allowed some credit when the Junior Prom is due.

We who like screeching Illinois Jacquet should be happy to know that he'll soon be released on Victor. Also, Victor has re-issued several B. Berigan records, including his memorial album. And be

nimble as that "sensuous, aesthetic" depiction of "Can't Get Started" is briefly available. Father Hines' also released on Victor.

Which reminds us—Dads' weekend—before ya know it.

And there's quite a famous Negro combo on the coast known as Sanders King.

And we note that Capitol is issuing an album of pressings of the early 40's. The album will be the initial release and concern Red Nichols, Benny Carter, and like.

Did someone already mention the availability of Billie Holliday's "Gloomy Sunday." The tune allegedly decided many of the undecided.

Dinah Washington on a Mercury label does our Duke's song "Evil Gal Blues." It features a good deal of fine Milt Buckner's (Hampton band) piano.

Remember—KGO, 810 kc, 11:30 p.m.—modern, interpretive jazz-quoth the annon. KGO. KGO should come in like some local station.

I hear where musical interests in Portland are forming a Progressive Art Series for production in Pacific Coast cities. They'll use outstanding local talent and promote tours to interested cities. Well worth while—hope Eugene will be interested.

The Well-Rounded Girl

"Shasta," said her mother, "you are going to college." Shasta, nothing loath for the big stay in Eugene, packed up her duffle and left Rhododendron, the only home she had ever known. Shasta, whose mother had gone to normal school back in '22, was told to become well-rounded.

"Become well-rounded," Shasta's mother had said as she embarked for Eugene.

"Become well-rounded," her father echoed, as he slipped a dollar into the porter's hand with the confidential request to "take care of that little girl—first time on a train." (Shasta had gone to Portland to embark for Eugene.)

So Shasta came to Oregon. To become well-rounded became her goal, and Shasta, determined to take advantage of each opportunity, centered her life around that aim. We see Shasta during, just for example, some ten days at midterm time.

Monday a week ago Shasta, having heard that the Fourth Estate was the fluid, moving world of the future, determined to work on the Emerald. She spent from 7:30 to 10:30 setting headlines for the publication. Tuesday, determined to study for her midterm in Baluchistan Since 1815, Shasta wended her way to the libe. Alas, the Ravolution had struck, and Shasta, who had blindly groped to the upper reserve, found herself in the Greater Wow Comic room. Another evening shot.

Wednesday, Aubrey, a darling boy from Fossil and decidedly a well-rounded individual, took her to hear Tex Beneke. That certainly was instrumental in her well-rounded aims. Hadn't her folks warned her against all work and no play?

Thursday, Shasta decided to get a bit of the old left bank, and trundled to the lecture on existentialism. No one could deny but what existentialism was broadening. Friday evening saw our heroine at a party on research of peoples from other lands—she had been asked to the Hui O Kamaaina party to study Hawaiian songs and culture.

Saturday evening Shasta got a bit of the military, when her boyfriend Aubrey climbed into his parachute suit and they drifted in to the Military Ball. Sunday, Aubrey and Shasta flower-hunted in the foothills.

Shasta had been told that modernistic plays were a part of the America's heritage in the theater. Shasta got out her abacus, added her yens, and attended "The Adding Machine." Tuesday night the Gleemen sang in Mac Court and anyone will tell you that well-roundness includes knowledge of music. Last night Aubrey and Shasta developed their understanding of two problems of the day—they attended a meeting devoted to alcohol and another to the Young Democrats.

Tonight Shasta has "The Emerson Nobody Knows" on her calender. That's well rounding, she's convinced. Tomorrow night's the Heart Hop, another development of social living, and Saturday Shasta's father will visit.

Shasta has a problem—she hasn't opened a book since the night with Greater comics, and frankly, she's worried. She is going to ask Aubrey tonight (Aubrey's majoring in biology) if this theory of osmosis can apply to studying also. J.B.S.

State Barometer that the Beavers' "Smarty Party" is open to freshman women who have earned a 2.75 their first term in school. The University's party is open to women who made 3-points.

RABIES or children to keep in my home during the day or at night. 2215 Echols or call 2-8804.

We'd like to see what would happen if an irresistible force met Mr. Molotov.

Side Patter



By SALLIE TIMMENS

Having rolled out my parchment note book and friends I find that all is reasonably quiet on the



western front. Besides the fact that ATO Dave Crockett, collects old fossils and specializes in sharks' teeth, very little of dynamic importance has

reached my ears via the grapevine.

However, congrats are in order to lovebirds Delta Zeta Joanne Utz who announced her engagement to Sig Ep George Johns Sunday night, to Tri Delt Margie Tate who is now wearing the Pi Kap pin of Toni Clovis, and to ADPi Marjorie Johnson who will marry Theta Chi Clyde Johnson in the fall. This latter combo is by far the most advantageous situation to date. Look at it this way. Here's a gal getting hitched. She won't have to change her name or scrape her initials off cigarette cases and the like.

Valentine's Day in Posieville will see the marriage of ADPi Rebecca Bovington and Bill Bales. Most romantic. Posieville, i.e., Roseburg. Another pinning is that of DG grad of last year, Ann McGillicuddy to a DU from Washington.

House elections have been going on, and the new ChiO wheel is Mary "Spread Joy" Ham, who incidentally is no relation to the beer company of approximately the same name. It was almost to be a remote control job of managing the ATO house for new prexy Carl Reusser, but the lad has given up his previous residence to rule the "Hang Together" Roost.

Carl's former roommates, Ramsey Fendel, Bob Wallace, Bob Mitchell, and Johnny Miller, however, are managing quite well.

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