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Welcome Dad \$\$\$!

Once again proud fathers are swarming over the campus and seeing for themselves just what makes up this place that sons and daughters have been writing home about. Last night they watched the Oregon-Idaho game and found themselves joining in the lively cheers and groans of the spirited rooting sections and today their offspring will escort them to the "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" luncheon. Tonight they will have to choose between attending the play or seeing the basketball game, and tomorrow there will be sightseeing trips and dinners at living organizations. No doubt Dad will be a little tired when it's all over and will understand better why Willy's grades weren't quite up to snuff last term.

We wonder what dad will think of the change in his child—for he still thinks of Willy as a kid, the veneer of college sophistication doesn't fool him a bit, although it might startle him a little. If dad was a college man himself, he'll probably get an inward chuckle realizing that things actually haven't changed much—the same horseplay with a few new twists; the same blase attitude about education and classes; the same gripes about food and expenses. And if dad isn't a college man, we warrant he'll be more than happy that he was able to give his child the chance he never had.

But whoever dad is, whether he be tall or short, heavy or slender, bald or still with hair, we'll bet on one thing for sure—dad won't get away without getting out his checkbook. Willy still isn't too sophisticated for that! M.E.T.

Shades of Old Heliotrope

Valentine's day has always been surrounded by an aura of romance, old lace, and a faint scent of heliotrope. Sentimental cards bedecked with hearts and lace shyly asked the recipient to be the sender's valentine. Girls blushed and men scuffed their toes in pleasant embarrassment.

But that era has disappeared with the shorter hemline, it seems. The modern fast-paced life has hit even valentines. No longer are the verses timid and sentimental. The proposition has blatantly replaced the proposal. Cupid and his arrow has given way to a cow and her attachments. There aren't even any single sheet "funny" valentines any more.

Shucks, maybe we're old-fashioned but we still think "Roses are red, violets are blue, etc." sounds better than "Baby my phone number is ———." M.E.T.

Regarding the distillers' place in the campaign, the Hinton (W. Va.) Daily News headlined: "Whiskey Head Air Grievance at Meeting."

The liar's punishment is not in the least that he is not believed, but that he cannot believe anyone else.—George Bernard Shaw.

The first thing needed to make a dream come true is to wake up.

Insanity in individuals is something rare—but in groups, parties, nations, and epochs it is the rule.—Nietzsche.

BACHELOR—a man who thinks that the only thoroughly justified marriage was the one that produced him.

The Professor Was a Nice Guy But Herman Was Grader

By SALLIE TIMMENS

The other night as I was concentrating on my thesis for home economics ("How to Cook a Wolf and Like It"), there was a furtive knock at my chamber door. My brain and type-writer ceased simultaneously, and I hid my reference material in the closet.

"Scratch under," said I, for I recognized the leaden footsteps in the hall to be those of my friend Isabelle Illbedammed. Her mother had remarried so her last name was really Twice, but I dislike formality so I call her Gismo.

Gismo looked very sad, kind of like a cocker spaniel six months dead but then she always looked that way. It couldn't happen even to a dog. But Gismo had one very attractive feature, which we all loved her for. Money. Her father had been a lawyer who handled Tommy Manville's matrimonial cases on a commission basis, and since he had never been to college, he thought there should be at least one pedigree in the family besides the airdale.

"Come on in and lie down," I said, "Maybe I'll get to love you better." Gismo removed her shoes, an old family custom, and slumped down in an overstuffed chair which fit her personality. "What seems to be the difficulty?" I asked.

Gismo began to sob. It was a nasty habit she had picked up as a small child. "I'm ruined, socially that is. I might even go to prison."

"Not again!" I gasped. She nodded. "You remember that course I was dying to take? Well, it took me. It was that lower division Advanced Writing course in Hieroglyphics, 625. Stanislaw Sandwichbisky, from Ireland, you know, teaches it. He's supposed to be an expert on the shotgun theory of marriage. He's okay, but it's his reader that gripes me. His name is Herman, but he's more her than man."

The first day of class the prof asks us to write our autobiography and hand it in at the end of the hour. I wrote all hour, but I only got to when I was 6 which is most disconcerting, for it was in grade school that I really began living, but so anyway, I get the paper back. The grade is C-. This Herman character says on it that I have a creative imagination and should go far in the field of fiction. This is discouraging, of course, for had Herman known what I did in high school, I'm sure he would ask me out.

"Stick to the point," I said morosely, ex-



haling a gray lather from my cigar. This was going to prove a tedious session. Gismo had a habit of jumping from subject to subject, especially if the subjects were men.

"Well, I got kind of mad, I guess. I decided to be sly. I pilfered a love story from the Saturday Evening Post, making the necessary corrections in spelling and punctuation. This Herman, whom I am beginning to think is a sadist, writes on it. 'Story improbable. No respectable magazine would print such tripe.' Right then I decided that Herman and I were going to war."

"I came across a brilliant dissertation by a doctor of lit., law, philosophy, and theology in Harpers which I decided would be more classy so I handed it in. It was a very interesting article, and I almost wish I had written it myself. A bit stuffy, though. Herman, however, was still playing games. His comment was terse, mine was worse. The grade? He flunked me. I was awful mad."

"My next paper was somewhat of a satisfaction. Herman wrote: 'Have gone home to mother. Alcohol is a man's best friend.' I was really sort of sorry then that I had given poor Herman such a rough time. I decided I should go apologize to him. But on second thought, I decided to try something new, something dynamic, something darn right loathsome."

"I dug out my dictionary which I have not needed since the third grade, and wrote down consecutively the first 1,500 words. But Herman did not put a comment on this one. Instead I noticed the handwriting of the prof himself. He had written. 'Excellent! Wonderful! Terrific! superb character delineation. You have developed the subtle touch of James Joyce and Larry Lau. Come see me. You can have Herman's job and an A for the course.'"

"I bet that went over like a lead balloon with Herman," I said, always siding with the underling. Gismo began to wail again, and I snarled.

"No, poor, dear Herman," Gismo muttered, wiping several tears from her cheeks with sandpaper, "poor, dear Herman had committed suicide! And it was all my fault." Gismo's tears and snorts were becoming uncontrollable. I patted her on the back and gave her a slug of mouthwash.

"It wasn't your fault," I said casually. "Just a sign of weak character on Herman's part."

"But just think," Gismo cried, "I might end up dead too! And Herman wasn't such a bad guy."

New Book Seen Helpful to Music Lovers

By MICHAEL CALLAHAN

with George Gershwin, Sigmund Romberg, and Leopold Stokowski. In short, this is the first index to America's living and recent composers.

Every feature of The ASCAP Biographical Dictionary is slanted for quick, middle-of-the-record reference. Besides the alphabetical listings, names are further cross-examined by birthplace (Oregon can boast three listed composers, one from Ashland and two from Portland), birthdays, and residence. Readers might at first object that the names listed in this offering are only those of members of ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers) but few great names in the American musical scene are not included in that society's rolls.

Edited by Daniel J. McNamara of ASCAP's executive staff, the dictionary will be published this spring by Crowell of New York. The list price of the first edition is steep enough (\$5) to put it out of most stu-

(Please turn to page seven)

Disgruntled clams could take a lesson in silence from the average American musician. Though he may drift into raptures when explaining his compositions, he seems to be as chummy as an iceberg when it comes to putting his life history down in unmelodic ink.

Considering this, we would like to add our own little hallelujah to the latest and most useful musical book to cross our desk. Titled "The ASCAP Biographical Dictionary of Composers, Authors, and Publishers," this little volume is the answer to the prayers of a discreporter suffering from libraryitis.

More than 2,000 authors, composers, and publishers have brief, but complete sketches of their lives and outstanding works included in this dictionary. Names like David Rose, Harold Adamson, and Frank Loesser are to be found in the alphabetical listings together

