

OREGON Daily EMERALD

ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and final examination periods. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Ore. Member of the Associated Collegiate Press

BOB FRAZIER, Editor BOB CHAPMAN, Business Manager

BILL YATES Managing Editor JUNE GOETZE, BOBOLEE BROPHY Co-News Editors

DON FAIR Co-Sports Editor FRED TAYLOR

WALT McKINNEY, JEANNE SIMMONDS, MARYANN THIELEN Associates to Editor

HELEN SHERMAN PHYLLIS KOHLMEIER Asst. Managing Editors WINNY CARL Advertising Manager

DIANA DYE Assistant News Editors JIM WALLACE

National Advertising Manager Marilyn Turner
Circulation Manager Billjean Riethmiller

Editorial Board: Larry Lau, Johnny Kahananui, Bert Moore, Ted Goodwin, Bill Stratton, Jack Billings.

Now a 'Week' for It

Americans with their tendency to set aside a week for everything from good books to good cheese are quite bearable because of the fortunate hap that these "weeks" are usually dedicated to some worth-while cause—a cause which might go unsung save for the "week." Such is the case with "Brotherhood Week" which opens on the campus today.

The idea is good. It is apparently based on the rather solid premise that most intolerance is based upon sheer ignorance, and that an enlightened public is less likely to be an intolerant public.

Students who take advantage of the series of lectures offered in the "week" will probably come out less inclined to prejudice than they would be had they stayed home. Furthermore, and this is important, some of the lectures promise to be downright interesting.

Woe, Themides of March

As the finger of time flicks quickly through the calendar days, it becomes increasingly obvious that we are rushing headlong into final week in three weeks. There will no doubt be unanimous agreement when we say this is, indeed, a sad situation.

Sad not only because final week itself is one of the most malevolent, sinister, and diabolical forms of torture ever devised by either civilized or uncivilized man, but sad because the sun is breathing the warm breath of spring about the campus, yet "due" dates on term papers are looming close and large. Sad because the silky softness of moonlight nights is cut by the thoughts of projects and reports that are rapidly approaching the deadline. And sad because house dances, festivals, and lectures gaily clutter the social calendar for the next few weeks, while assignments get larger in order to complete the term's work.

Oh, woe unto us! But that's not the half of it. Bleak as the picture is, it is dominated by an even more tragic fact. For dream as you will, there is no Thanksgiving vacation winter term.

M. E. T.

An Approving Beam

The Emerald has beamed approvingly several times this year at the manner in which the University seems willing to treat freedom of speech as a practical mode of operation. We beamed again yesterday after reading an editorial in the University of Washington Daily. The Daily's editorial, in part, follows:

Harold Stassen is speaking today at Eagleson hall where accommodations are limited to only a fraction of the students who would crowd Meany hall to hear him.

Political speakers are not permitted to lecture on the University campus.

A political speaker has been defined by the ASUW assemblies committee as a person who has filed for, or been nominated as a candidate for public office.

Any speaker must limit his remarks to those neither opposing nor supporting a candidate or a particular political party.

The Emerald has just beamed approvingly again—this time in the direction of Johnson hall.

If You're Still Part Kid Here's a Good Movie for You

By BERT MOORE

In the year that I was ten we lived quite close to a suburban Portland theater which featured, in common with most small theaters, a Saturday matinee designed to attract the dimes of kids who had either wheedled their parents out of the necessary cash, or spent precious hours away from the perpetual neighborhood game of one o' cat to sell Liberty magazines.

Some of the bills-of-fare featured relentless policemen chasing bootleggers or gun-runners in cars, boats, or airplanes. Others gave us Johnny Weismuller chasing some human or animal fiend via handy lianas. But the chases we enjoyed most took up the major part of our favorite shows, the cowboy movies.



Horse operas? You can laugh and call them that now, but there was no such derision expressed by the members of the "Flags of All Nations" Fan club (we received a pin depicting some nation's flag for each paid attendance; the pins looked great on a beanie) in those good old days. We cheered the hero and booed the villain in consummate seriousness, and when one of the heroines made so much as a friendly gesture toward our hero we were heartsick lest he lose his head and kiss her. Much better to kiss his horse—now there was a pretty animal!

As you grow older your perspective changes. Unfortunately, most cowboy movies have remained the same, and that's why their mawkish acting and absurdly staged fights are funny instead of deathly serious to the average adult.

There's still a ready market for good west-

erns, however. Most people like them, provided they're well-handled or have some filip of the unusual about them. I suppose that's why I liked "The Swordsman" so well.

"The Swordsman" takes place in Scotland in the seventeenth century. It features Larry Parks and Ellen Drew as the offspring, respectively, of the MacArden and Glowan clans, which spend most of the screen time a-feudin', but with swords, not six-shooters. Change the scene to Arizona or Texas and the two clans could just as well be the Bar Craps and Double Zero ranches; it's the same old cowboy movie plot. There's an ambush and some livestock-stealing and many harsh words before the two sides finally make peace and boy gets girl—as per usual.

It's a western through and through, with kilts instead of chaps, and tartans replacing serapes. And most, if not all, of the chases take place while the protagonists are pursuing each other on—you guessed it—horse.

If you like a good western (and who doesn't?), here's one set in a burred-speech-and-bagpipe atmosphere. But if you have to have art in your movies as well, there's one scene that's worth sitting through the rest of the picture to enjoy: A horseman speeds away with a message for MacGarcia. He rides beside a pond where a flock of ducks are swimming, and the noise of his horse's hooves sends the ducks gliding across the pond tangent to his passage. Contrast of motion emphasize speed has seldom been more effectively used.

"The Swordsman," although it is far from being an excellent movie, packs a full load of entertainment. Relax, and pretend you're 10 years old again.

The Odds Are With the Nodders

By MARVIN MYER

Nod vigorously, then bend low and pretend to write like mad.

A distressing fact about all this is that nodding is hereditary; and, as the trait is handed down from generation to generation, the nod becomes increasingly violent, creating classroom hazards.

During my junior year here I had the misfortune to be seated directly in front of a fourth-generation nodder. He often became violent; rocking back and forth in his chair as the hour dragged on, and once or twice he was thrown from his chair, so violent were his nods. This woke up other students, and a general caused quite a disturbance. One day he began early in the period with his nodding and proceeded to gain momentum. He reached the point where he was bending at the waist, his forehead almost touching the floor. So emphatically did he agree with the professor. Unfortunately, on the forward swoop of one gigantic nod his head struck the back of my chair, laying him out cold for two days.

When he next appeared in class, we were somewhat shocked to see him wearing a steel crash helmet and a cumbersome leather harness, which he used to strap himself securely in the chair.

The business of striking one's skull on the chair ahead may be one reason why many of the more prominent nodders on the campus fight to sit in the front row of their classes.

But do not be discouraged by this. Learn the art. Practice it at home if necessary, with the aid of mirrors and a three-minute hot glass.

Wny back when—we used to envy the neighborhood big shot, who handed the barber a buck and said, "Keep the change. Never thought we'd be doing it ourself."

Ancient and outmoded motor vehicles may be seen in the Smithsonian Institution. Another outstanding collection is maintained—and operated—by the postoffice department.