

Movie Critics Miss So Many Movies

By LARRY LAU

We wish we were clever and thorough and had the art of criticizing movies down cold. Pick out a good one, rip it to shreds, and before you know it you have a reputation as a drama critic.

Not being clever, we'd probably stumble through some of the less glittery Hollywood offering, like Jane Muscle in **The Outhouse** or **What Price Gloria?**, and let it go at that.



Critics may be missing a good bet. Actually, epics like **Grapes of Wrath** (or, where the OSC student body came from), **Valley of Incision** (with Morris Fishbein), and Hannah Burner in **Peak's Pike** or **Bust** have never been criticized properly.

Some of the best pics never reach Eugene. The French version of **Double Indemnity** starring Tu-Uv-Uss (the brilliant Chinese hermaphrodite), **Western Union** (the ups and downs of married life in California) and **Desperate Johnny** with Errol Flynn have never been allowed to cross the Oregon state boundary.

Hadda Hopper relates to intimates that many of the quickies Hollywood tossed off during the war are still smelling up the storage rooms. **Life With Daddy** (or, why mother left), **Brute Force** (or, I married a logger) and **West of the Pogos** (or, life in the sticks) are typical.

Some of the coming attractions will have much local interest. **Miracle of 11th Street** (a lesson in jaywalking), **King for a Day** (with Gov. John Hall), and **High Barbasol** (and why it costs more at Fennels) are good examples.

There are others, of the Grade X variety, like **Lets Dance** (you eat too much sitting down), **Abroad With Two Yanks** (of the female shortage in London during the war), **Sara Toga's Trunk** (a short production on women wrestlers), that aren't worth a critic's time.

Critics, being very busy criticizing, are bound to miss a few. We'll give our timid recommendation to **Magnificent Obstetrics** (or why you were born), **Green Light** (or, I know she couldn't always say "no"), **Indian Love Call** (or, Who Stole My Squaw?), **Life With Father** (or, the war didn't start 'till I was discharged), **High Voltage** (case history of a girl who dated Roger Wiley), **God's Little Acre** (shot at Fiji meadows), **Of Human Bandage** and **Great Expectorations**.

Others, if they haven't been missed, should be: **Goontown** (a Corvallis chamber of commerce release), **Hellzapoppin** (taken at the Chi Psi house dance), **Heaven Can Wait** (or, I just can't miss spring term), **Intrigue** (hazards of a sneak date) **Leave Her To Heaven** (hell won't have her), **Withering Tights**, and a host of others too awful to mention.

That's the best we can do critics, you take it from here.

This Registration Is No Simple Thing

AN EDITORIAL

The expression is "bolixed up." That's the best way to describe the current registration tangle. There are other expressions, too, of course, but they are either indecent, or are mere euphemisms for indecent expressions. And the Emerald is a family newspaper.

It was bad enough when things were merely held up, but now there is an extra card to fill out, and some departments in the college of liberal arts are handing out special cards in classes, which must also be filled out by the student who wants nothing so much as the privilege of registering. All this is made necessary by the fact that there is only so much time between now and the beginning of spring term.

There are several choices:

1. Give everybody a longer spring vacation.
2. Hold up distribution of winter-term grades.
3. Hold up distribution of spring-term class cards to instructors.
4. Hire more help, a difficult avenue under the present budget.
5. Fill out more forms.
6. Forget it.

Under the original plan, as drawn up by the registrar's office and approved by the board of deans, registration would be nearly completed by now. Clerks would be sorting class

cards, and the University would have a pretty good idea of how things would look next term.

But that isn't the way it's worked out. Registration has hardly begun. Only today—a week and a half after registration opened—will students begin enrolling in liberal arts courses. And registration in these courses will be chopped off Saturday noon sharp. This will result in a mobbing of the co-op book store, and of the registrar's office. The registrar's office, of course, has to extend their part of registration well into next week to accommodate this rush. Therefore registration will actually require close to three weeks, instead of two weeks as originally planned, or instead of the one week the college of liberal arts started out to prove possible.

Clerks will still be working on advance registration, late in the term when they should be compiling students' grade reports and getting class cards out to the instructors. One or the other has to suffer, and the registrar was justified in feeling that, since this mess was no fault of the students, it should not be they who are held up. So the students will get their grades on time—or approximately on time. On the other hand the instructors have to have their class cards. They have to know who is in their classes sometime before mid-term. Thus the extra form.

It just goes to show what happens when somebody tampers with a system.

The Frosh Are Gripped As Who Wouldn't Be

Athletic Director Leo Harris is sore put out, and we don't blame him. It seems that Oregon rooters have not only been failing to give frosh basketball players their support, but have actually been booing them and rooting for the opposing teams at these pre-varsity games.

Harris points out that students can hardly expect Freshman ball-players to stick around for varsity ball, if they get nothing but insults from the loyal fans. Their attitude toward the rooters is becoming one of "T'Hell with 'em." In view of the circumstances, the attitude seems reasonable.

Emerald Ecstasy Contagious, Co-op Book Store Swamped

The people at the co-op book store have sent a telegram for more copies of "The American Mercury Reader," which the Emerald reviewed so ecstatically yesterday. It seems the place was mobbed early in the morning, and the few available copies were quickly sold out. We had no idea our literary enthusiasm would be so contagious. We apologize though, for any frustration we may have caused Mercury fans who cannot get copies of the book. Next time we wax ecstatic about a book, we'll be sure there are a lot of 'em in stock.

Of Crashes and Clover

(From the Idaho Argonaut)

A big topic for discussion these days is the oncoming depression—are we going to have one? If we are, how far off is it, and can we avert it? Economically, these are hard questions to answer, but we are able to compare the social life of our times and the years preceding the last depression and find striking similarities.

The "New Look" is an example. Women wore long skirts in the twenties, fashion in dresses emphasized the small waist and the "hour glass" effect. Today the same trend in "style" is noticeable—even old-fashioned hair-dos are coming in for a revival in popularity.

Partially caused by the Petrillo ban on new records, the nation's music makers and recording companies are bringing back old songs, and old ways of playing them, to the entertainment world. For instance, the "new" hit, "I'm Looking Over for a Four-Leaf Clover" was a rip-roarer back in Coolidge's day—today we can hear the old-style banjo background by listening to Art Mooney's recording of the tune.

A depression is caused by inflation, over-speculation, and the desire on the part of two many people to "get rich quick and not to worry about any rainy days." America seems to be hastening the advance of the lower curve of the economic cycle by the swing back to life in the days before '29.

Side Patter



By SALLIE TIMMENS

Local characters are beginning to look and feel like a bunch of wilted vegetables, and one phantom from the

school has been drinking a quart of milk for lunch as a bracer for finals.

But spring has sprung. Sure sign is the debut of the SAEs suited up on the tennis court. Other legitimate factors are smaller classes and bigger headaches.

Down at the DG pillars the click of the typewriter keys can be heard at weird hours from weird places. Jane Ellsworth has taken to the basement and Barbara John has isolated herself on the third floor to work over the editing thesis.

Just to prove that music has its place the AOPis and the Tri Delt both featured "Golden Earrings" as their dance theme. The Tri Delt had dazzling gold earrings and gypsy silhouettes against a fuchsia background, and gave their dates a golden earring. Sigma Nu John Ross came over from OSC to go with Beth Basler as did Theta Chi Don Koburg to see Joan Ramble. Marilyn French's fiancé, Ted Carter, was down from Portland and Donna Masterson was with Boyd Cooper of Idaho college. Cut couple: Gloria Merten and Phi Delta Jerry Switzer.

At the AOPi dance Phi Delt Jim Howard was with Dolores Stener, son, and Phi Delt Jim Boyd with Mary Keller. Beverly Shorb dated Chi Psi Chris Strahan, and Mar Lou Sexton took Sigma Nu Bob Moores.

Pin department busy of late with Tri Delt Carol Fallin now wearing the Maltese cross of ATO Day Crockett, off-campus romance of former Tri Delt Rally Squad Marguerite Reardon pinned to SAE Bob Burns of the U. Wash. Much noise and elation at Zeta hall when Jean McKean appeared with Phi Kappa Sigma pin of Roger Telow, and the stocks are ready for Don Pickens who planted the Sigma Chi white cross on Theta Zeta Biliter. That character who was wrapped in fish netting and deposited on the doorstep of the Alpha Xi Delta house, Joe, was Herb Bachofner who gave his DU pin to Betty Fink.

Who is this guy Bert Moore? thought he was janitor at the Ma theater. But then he can even make an omlette out of Hamlet.

Theta Barbara Cook is up from SF to date Sigma Chi Bob Stedstrom, and Patty Duncan makes frequent trips from Portland to see Phi Delt Chuck Fagen. AD Pat Stevens, sister of Ivy Butte flop, dating, TKE Ted Ramble these days. X-ASUO prexy to Kay away from the state capital long enough to come to the campus for a date or two with Chi O P. Davis, Jr. Wknd lovely of la spring.

Lucky people to win cartons. (Please turn to page three)

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