

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

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A Cry in the Night

As all the world loves a lover so all the world looks with admiration and some awe upon a senior graduating from college. Advertisements picture the graduate with feet firmly planted on the ground, eyes shining confidently as they gaze into the future, and chin determinedly lifted to meet the challenge of the Outside World. The graduating senior is accorded a new respect in the eyes of his underclassmen friends as they become aware of this 1948 Daniel girding himself for entrance into the lion's den. Truly they are remarkable people, these seniors, for have they not been called the "future leaders" and the "cream of the nation?" For four years they have prepared themselves in some particular field while the world patiently waited. But now commencement time looms near and the dreaded question is asked, "What are you going to do after graduation?"

Ask this question of the average senior and his shining eyes immediately become shifty and evasive as he slinks away mumbling something about "'S a long story; see ya later'." Peer into this senior's mind that has been carefully fed quantities of knowledge and you will find a jungle of confusion with the incessant yammering of a little voice repeating, "Well, what are you going to do when you graduate." He considers returning to last summer's job as errand boy for the Jones company, but realizes that avenue is closed as not befitting a college graduate. He brightly considers graduate work, but that's too much of a financial drain and he's tired of school anyway.

Over all looms the great requisite for a college graduate, "You've got to make good; the world expects it of you." Family and friends are waiting quietly and proudly with folded hands for sons and daughters to crash out of the Ivory Tower and ride hard and fast down the road of brilliant success and financial victory. But the seniors dread the day when they will feel themselves pushed out from behind the cloistered walls into the glare of a fast-moving competitive business world; a hard-eyed world that asks for working proof of ability—a world that is unconcerned with campus honors but expects more from college graduates.

This then is the thing that makes the graduating senior cringe. The fact that he is expected to do such great things. He himself knows that a vice-president's job does not await him in June, nor does he expect to have a best-seller on the stands in December. He knows that in most cases he will have to start at the bottom and work up, maybe more rapidly than the untrained person, but it will still be a long drag. He's not afraid of that. He's afraid of the voices whispering, "That man had four years of college but he doesn't have any better job than a high school graduate—what a waste of time and money." He wants the world to understand that he's just beginning like everyone else but with his training he'll get to the top faster, if he has it in him.

But right now he's as nervous as an untried soldier going into battle so no wonder he flinches as at the sound of distant gunfire when the question is asked, "What are you going to do when you graduate?"—M.E.T.

Everybody Register

As a service to the University community, a registration booth for the May and November elections has been set up in the Co-op. Staffed and initiated by the Young Republicans campus group, the booth will accommodate all qualified voters who wish to record their eligibility for elections in the future.

Any unregistered student, 21 years of age or who will be 21 before May 21, may register at the co-op booth today or Friday. The deadline of the 21st of May is to insure all voters eligibility for the state elections in the latter part of that month.

The service will doubtless accommodate juniors and seniors considerably more than underclassmen, as the legal age group is no longer dominating the freshman and sophomore classes.

The booth will be a convenience for the students who don't have time to go down to the city hall, and can drift into the co-op between classes. It appears a fine idea and a great accommodation, for it'll be a legal registration as long as the individual remains a voter in the state of Oregon.—J.B.S.

Lost: Another Postwar Generation

THAT WINTER, by Merle Miller, Sloan, 1948.

By BOB FRAZIER

If you are a veteran of the late great war and have never felt sorry for yourself, drop over to the University Co-op store and get "That Winter" out of the lending library. Read it and see what a psychopath you really are. Jack, you're lost. Those people in "The Sun Also Rises," the characters in F. Scott Fitzgerald's nov-

els, even the dissolute young sports writer in Katharine Brush' "Young Man of Manhattan" (remember that one?) were mere babes at this game of disillusionment.

Now take these three vets in Merle Miller's book. They were good at it. Nobody ever played "lost" as these three roommates play it that first winter after the war.

Peter, Ted, and Lew live to-

A BOOK REVIEW

gether in New York. But New York wasn't the home they had remembered. No sir. They were disillusioned. Three hundred pages and several gallons of whiskey later the winter is over. One of them has blown his brains out. One has gone home to California and is never heard of again. The other, Peter, the "I" of the story, packs up and goes to Mississippi to write a novel. Presumably this is it.

It really isn't a bad book, and a non-veteran might find it "penetrating" or "understanding," or at least would have found it so in the distant day when vets were all supposed to have trouble "getting adjusted." Some of the observations that Peter makes on his trip home are the observations of any young man who returns to the home of his parents after a long absence. The author makes frequent use of the "flashback" technique, especially in telling his readers of his old girl friends. The "flashbacks" are generally convincing.

Parts of the book are exceptionally well-written, although a little too obviously Hemingwayesque to be "fresh. Take this scene:

Peter is boarding the train after his father's funeral. His mother has come to the station with him. Peter writes:

"The last I saw of her, she was waving frantically. She was not crying then. That would come later, when she returned to the house that was now too large and needed a coat of paint and had a hinge on the front door that squeaked."

Darn good, see, but you would have a feeling you've read it somewhere before. There's lots of that in the book.

If only the characters were a little more manly, if only they didn't cry in their beer so much, "That Winter" would be a likely candidate for the best post-war novel so far. It's still a good candidate for runner-up.

Applications Due in 10 Days

The ASUO executive council has called for applications from campus organizations desiring space in the Student Union building.

This "space" will include office space, locker space for files, desk space, and meeting room space.

Applications can be picked up by officers of campus organizations from Bert Moore, executive council senior representative, at the Old Oregon office, in room 8, Friendly, Thursday afternoon between 3 and 5:30.

"All campus organizations which will expect to use the Student Union building for any purpose are asked to fill out the forms and return them to his office within ten days," Moore said.

Moore emphasized that these applications are for all campus groups desiring any type of office space, including those which will want only a locked filing cabinet or desk space as well as those whose activities demand individual offices in the Student Union building.

The allotment of Student Union office space, based on the data presented by each organization, will be decided by the executive council.

Ronald Paul to Speak

Ronald S. Paul, research assistant in physics, will speak on "Determination of the Energy of Beta Particles by Absorption" at the physics seminar Thursday, April 8, at 4 p.m. in room 105 Deady hall.

Honorary to Meet

Scabbard and Blade will meet at 6:45 tonight at the ROTC building.

The Rigors of Taking Notes From the Readers' Digest

By BERT MOORE

Excerpts from the diary of a student working on a term paper:

Monday: Found a terrific article in the October, 1943 Reader's Digest. It's called "Argentina's Amazing Newspaper" and its only flaw is that its detail isn't quite complete enough for my purposes. Must look up original article in Editor & Publisher from which it was condensed.

Tuesday: Very funny thing happened today. Tried to look up article in September 4, 1943, issue of Editor & Publisher but couldn't find article anyplace. Must be error somewhere. Will ask librarian tomorrow.

Wednesday: Librarians cannot find original article either. What to do? One librarian recommends I read book called "Little Wonder or, the Reader's Digest and how it grew." Will stay in tonight.

Thursday: Amazing! Find that more than half of Reader's Digest articles originate with Digest, and most of these are farmed out to sterling publications like the Rotarian and the American Legion Magazine. Then they are reprinted in the Digest. This is probably legal but it smells funny to me.

Friday: Smell getting worse. Find that one article, "condensed" from The Nation, actually grew 468 words when transplanted to the Digest. "Little Wonder" very humorous. Has chapter called "Plant You Now, Dig You Later."

Saturday: Have made up my mind. Will cancel my subscription to this falsifying, tory, reactionary magazine. Besides, can always read free copies at the libe.

The good news from downtown is that University kiddies, and that includes the antiques in the law school, can now buy their way into the Heilig and Mayflower theaters for 55 cents. General admission prices are going up to 70 cents (72 at the MacDonald) in the evening because of Eugene's discriminatory new admissions tax, but students are getting a much deserved break. Let's hope the Mac also sees the light.

Only objector to the new deal is the girl who hates to carry cards. No one is willing to believe she's 21, so she has to carry a fake I. D. card when she dates . . . now she'll have to add an ASUO card to the basic supplies in her purse. That's right, no student body card, no student admission ticket. Shades of high school days.

Other good news is that "Henry V" is coming back to town for three days. If you haven't seen it, it's worth the effort of battling through the crowds of people who are intent on seeing it the second or third time.

The remembrance of pictures like "Henry V" give this reviewer a funny feeling when he looks at the listing of the recent Oscar awards. Loretta Young, in my opinion . . . but that's material for another column.

The Eligibility Question

AN IRATE LETTER

To The Editor:

Oregon's track team was forced to call off the annual Oregon-Oregon State relays Saturday partially because of the late notification by Dean Orlando J. Hollis that seven track men were temporarily ineligible for collegiate competition.

The seven men hit were registered in school, had carried the required number of hours and had made their grades—yet they were cut from competition, leaving Coach John Warren in a muddled state as to how to field a team. The announcement from Hollis reached Warren Friday morning, just one day before the contest.

Perhaps a single incident like this is excusable. But a check into the files of the past two years show that the eligibility question has regularly fouled up Oregon players and teams. This spring the dean announced at the last minute that three baseball players were temporarily ineligible. Coach Don Kirsch had to change his lineup hurriedly.

The Friday before the Oregon-College of Pacific game in 1946 Dean Hollis declared Ted Meland and Bill Hanna ineligible. Tex Oliver had to make a last minute revision of his squad.

On February 14, 1947, one day before a swimming meet he declared swimmer Tom Hazzard ineligible.

On February 15, 1947, he declared skiers Chelton Leonard and Bob

(Please turn to page three)