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Crystal-Balling Education

Ever since the inauguration of the G. I. Bill of Rights, the government has had its silver-dollar eye turned toward the problems of higher education. President Truman's fact-finding commission on higher education, unprecedented in this country, indicated this governmental interest in universities and colleges. This board, upon which President Harry K. Newburn served on a sub-committee on finance, worked for a year and a half, surveying educational problems from every angle. Some of their proposals for financing schooling were mirrored in an address by Dr. Newburn to the national conference of higher education held in Chicago last month. Dr. Newburn's address has been printed, and it was reported on briefly in the Emerald this week. From the report of the commission which in the near future may effect us or our little brother or sister entering college, here are a few additional facts.

Enrollments are going up, and 4,000,000 young people will be ready for college in 1960. These figures do not show how many students will desire further training, but merely how correlation of army general classification test scores and the many are capable of tackling college work, as determined by results of college entrance exams. As shown by the number of veterans who availed themselves of the opportunity for further education when it was offered them, however, it is safe to wager that the majority capable of going on to school will do so if given the opportunity.

So, if the costs of living, building, and tuition are going up, as they are, how are these potential students going to pay for bed, board, and books? The commission has that all figured out. Of the barriers in the way of would-be students, the economic barrier was found to be the greatest (as many of us know). To remedy this the commission proposed allocation of federal funds to the states to lower tuition, and an extensive system of "grants-in-aid" or scholarships which involve a large initial federal appropriation and annual increases until, in 1950, federal aid would be available to 20 per cent of the non-veteran students. At a glance some of these scholarships seemed quite liberal.

It was recommended that this system of federal fellowships and scholarships be put into effect this year. But it seems that it will not be. However, when subsidies under the GI bill begin to fall off sharply, popular demand may bring the bill before congress.

Among the financing plan's bitterest enemies are the private institutions who think they face ruin if the federal government educates students on a broad scale. It was decided that they should receive no financial help, and some do not want it. Students will be drawn away from them to spent their first two years in tuition-free community (local) colleges. Small institutions will not be able to provide equipment to equal that in larger colleges. If you say "so what?" it might be noted that many private schools stand for a certain freedom of thought, action and choice in the very fact that they are standing alone by the educational ideal which they feel is not carried on in state schools.

But bad or good, college will probably be different in 1960.
B.H.

An Old American Custom

There appears on this page a letter, signed by three University students who desire to explore that rather vague and unmapped forest known as "socialism." This is a reasonable desire for students whose years in college are (in part, at least) dedicated to the search for truth. In this year of J. Parnell Thomas it is also a brave gesture in defense of what we had always heard was the American way.

These students have called a meeting for Wednesday night at Westminster house. They may expect that a fair number of left-wingers of various stripes will show up, ready to defend the particular brand of left-of-center economic thought they espouse.

The Emerald hopes they will also find a body of middle-of-the-roaders there too, and maybe even an avowed right-winger or two. With such a group the evening should be interesting, and should prove time well spent to anybody seriously interested in tomorrow.

He Won't Be Here Anymore

By LARRY LAU

He stood weakly at the door of the chamber, grey and dignified, wondering why he'd been brought to this evil-smelling place. Rain drummed dully into the earth, relentless as the years that had whitened his once black hair . . . rain, strong and cold as the time that had stiffened his legs and made him feeble. Only faintly did he hear his last summons, "C'mon old boy." He didn't recognize the hiss of escaping gass. Dutifully, tiredly, he walked inside, still trusting and believing. Perhaps dreaming of days gone by when he jumped and played, went on picnics, and knew everybody; after 16 years on the Oregon campus, "Smoky was dead."



Who was Smoky? just a dog, but a dog that had become a Webfoot legend. A big, black and brown police, mascot of Phi Delta Theta, who came to Oregon as a frolicsome puppy in 1933. The first year of the New Deal, the year a funny-looking, mustached man became chancellor of Germany, the year many of us were being wide-eyed about our first days in grade school . . . 1933, and Smoky was a pup.

Since the war he'd grown old and feeble. His bark was embarrassingly high-pitched. His step was slow and tired. His teeth were dulled and yellow from 10,000 bones. He slept a lot, sometimes with ears twitching, as he remembered an imaginary chase. Canine intuition and respect made other dogs give him a wide berth . . . Smoky, the elder.

The war was tough on "Old Smoke" . . . he had to associate with girls. One of his best friends was Mrs. Howard Boyd, Alpha Gam house mother, who took care of him much of the time. And he didn't, he wouldn't die. Way past the age when most good dogs go to their reward, Smoke lived on, waiting for the men to return. Someone had to protect these giggling females, although privately he considered them to be worse than cats (wise old dog). Every day tired old Smoky, a worried frown on his face, patrolled and inspect-

ed his domain and, in his loyal doggy way, wished for the end of the war like so many others.

Smoky has audited every class the University ever had, and some professors swear he got more out of them than a lot of the students. Contrary to Army regulations, he was allowed to live in the house when the ASTP was on campus. Several times at the beginning of the war, well-meaning friends tried to take him away to the country. Each time he'd come hobbling back in a few days later, footsore and snorting indignation that he'd been put to so much trouble.

Smoky was advancing toward old age in 1940 when he was crowned King of Dogs. The Emerald and Register-Guard carried his picture, and accounts of his manifold exploits. He'd been on campus nearly eight years then, and was already somewhat of a landmark to visiting alumni. The year the Nazi horde pushed the British back across the English channel and steel-booted through Paris; the year a gravel-voiced man stumped through the country, winning over millions with his talk of One World; the year our president told American mothers their sons would not be sent overseas . . . 1940 and Smoky was 8.

He was 14 when, in the spring of 1946, the campus began to look normal again; the girls and Smoky both cut a few capers. Somehow, by holding out until the boys returned, he'd done his duty. Fall of the same year saw him age visibly. In the spring of 1947, 15 years old, Smoky was shivering in the sun when a brash, floppy-eared St. Bernard puppy named Snowbelle became the campus sweetheart, and more and more underclassmen were asking "Who's Smoky?". His long reign was over; he brooded a lot after that.

The Phi Delt's have a new dog now. A three-months-old police pup they're calling Smoky II. He's a cute pup, with a lot of laughing years ahead of him. Still, there are a lot of remorseful boys who kinda' wish the "old boy" were still around . . . a lot of alums who'll feel older knowing he's gone. Our third Atomic year, a year of late spring, impending wars, and presidential elections . . . 1948, and Smoky is dead.

Loretta Must Have Improved

By BERT MOORE

When the Oscar winners were announced the other day I was very sad. Due to a spectacular oversight I missed seeing Loretta Young's portrayal of "The Farmer's Daughter" which, according to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, was the best performance by an actress during 1947. Having seen much of Miss Young's past work, I was naturally sorry to have missed her in the role which allowed her to escape her usual bonds of mediocrity and to beat out such talented performers as Celia Johnson and Rosalind Russell in winning the coveted gold statuette.

"The Farmer's Daughter" will probably return to Eugene, luckily, and when it does it would be nice if it were billed as a single feature. It's getting rather complicated, this going to movies, what with having to call the theater and find out when the feature you want to see comes on, so you'll be sure to miss "Charlie Chan and Tarzan at West Point" or whatever the sterling second feature is. Double features are hard on the eyes, the base of the spine, and the amount of time between the dinner hour and closing hours. A pox on them.

Furthermore, the theater owners don't use any discretion in making up their double feature programs. Last week "Treasure of the Sierra Madre" was playing at the Mac, all

two hours of it, plus the usual cartoon, newsreel, and scenes from coming attractions. That adds up to more than enough show for my money, but on Monday the management added another feature and, I understand, took the cartoon off the bill. I rather believe that a poll would prove that 90 per cent of the people who go to movies prefer the program as it stood in the first place: One feature, cartoon, and newsreel.

This year's award for a supporting actor went to much-deserving Edmund Gwenn, who played S. Claus in "Miracle on 34th Street." He was great, but why he wasn't nominated for leading actor in 1947 I'll never know. Anyone who saw the picture can testify that Gwenn played the lead and was really the star, even if he didn't get star billing or mention.

And while we're on the subject of academy awards, the Academy deserves a large thorn for choosing "Gentlemen's Agreement" as best picture of the year. There's little doubt that "GA" was the best U. S. social document of the year, but there were half a dozen better pictures. As some sort of proof that even the Academy was a little ashamed of its choice, note that a star-less Italian picture, "Shoe Shine" received a "special award." The academy had to give the best picture of the year something, and I suppose that those who appreciate good pictures and fair play should be happy with this condescending, minor Oscar.

