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Squirrels Nuts

Spring is spring and fall is fall, although in Oregon both are wet. It is time the two were differentiated lest disaster strike.

Here's the way it is, all cards on the table. Our furry but misguided little friends the squirrels are sabotaging the campus greenery. To be more specific, they are maiming the magnolia trees growing by Hello walk. We can't present fairly the squirrels' side of this business, but it would appear that they think this is fall nut gathering season.

Witnesses say the squirrel (any squirrel, that is) plucks one of the large, pink magnolia buds, gnaws vigorously at its base in an effort to remove the "kernel," then disappointedly tosses the flower to the ground. Each one tries this seven or eight times, then ripples off disgustedly after finding that all that's hard and round ain't nuts. But there are lots of squirrels on this campus, each with an uncle who is willing to carry on the effort.

An appeal to the scholarship committee or a similar body can't square this issue. Perhaps some campus squirrel lover can tender a solution. Pity the poor magnolia—and the frustrated, psychotic, neurotic squirrel. B.H.

Reader Defends System For Tapping Sophomores

To the Editor:

The author of the incomplete article about Skull and Dagger in Tuesday's Emerald is crossing the bridge before he comes to it.

As an independent student and a member of Yeomen, and having been affiliated with I.S.A., I wish to emphasize the points overlooked by the author of the editorial.

In the first place politics and Skull and Dagger activities are so far removed from each other that not even by distorting the facts can analogy be surmised. The nearest we have come to politics during the past fiscal year has been checking through voters at the polls. As for the ratio of 21 Greeks to 5 independents, that is also approximately the ratio of interest and participation in school functions and activities. Ask your politician about that.

I wish neither to defend nor condemn the tapping system employed by Skull and Dagger. Neither do I believe anyone should be condemned for originating it. If it is generally desired the system be changed, why can't it be done without being nasty about it? However, in addition to the "cons" given by the editorial, the system has some "pros" that have not been overlooked.

The implied practice of "personal" selection is not so widespread as Tuesday's editorial leads one to believe. Skull and Dagger is concerned with school functions which require social ability over "bookwormism" in the individual. Concerning this,

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we're not afraid to show the campus our GPA, if that really signified anything.

With a quota of 25, naturally there are some left out who are deserving as the recipients. But why limit this sweeping reform to Skull and Dagger? Why not bring some of the other honoraries, from which the well-informed could cite further examples of political push-and-pull? Why not have the ASUO executive council investigate all?

I am in agreement that Skull and Dagger should be chosen on the basis of merit, but two terms of college is a very inadequate basis upon which merit can be demonstrated. Generally, freshmen don't have time to show their merit in this amount of time. Who, then, is in a better position to choose men for interest, dependability, personality, scholastic ability, and so forth than the houses in which they live?

In the suggested petition system, how could we be assured that the most deserving would even petition? Maybe they wouldn't be interested—after all, Skull and Dagger calls for donation of personal time for no personal return, to undertake tasks requested of the organization by the University. Term us "house representatives" if you will, but houses gain nothing whatsoever from the "representation." The University is the only entity that does. I only hope that next year's Skull and Dagger will be composed of as well and deserving a group of fellows as this year's.

BILL BROWN

A Fine New Volume Of 'The Rover Boys'

A BOOK REVIEW

DEADLINE DELAYED, By Members of the Overseas Press Club of America (E. P. Dutton & Co., 1947).

By BOB FRAZIER

The Overseas Press Club of America is a tight little group of 500 or so newspapermen and women who at one time or another have been on foreign service for the American press. The conversation around there gets rather interesting sometimes, and we hear tell that many a story that has never seen print comes out over a cool one at the Overseas Press club.

Twenty-one of the members of the club have contributed to this volume, which has recently been added to the University library (070.92, Ov2). Their stories are stories they didn't have time for when they were news, stories that were overlooked in the rush and excitement, stories that were "lost" when they were fresh. All of them are good. Some are superb.

Richard Tregaskis (the "Guadalcanal Diary" man) writes of a parachute jump in the antipodes. J. P. McEvoy discovers Eire and "Dev." W. W. Chaplin tells a touching (and heretofore untold) incident in the career of Woodrow Wilson. Irene Kuhn digs up evidence about the fate of the missing Doolittle bombers. Ruth Cowan relates the rigors of lady war correspondent who has trouble keeping her hair "naturally blonde."

The book introduces a name that is new to this reviewer. Temple Fielding, who leaves it up to the reader to decide whether or not he is related to the "Tom Jones" man, is a magazine freelancer with a sense of humor. His contribution to the book, printed as "Laughter on the Lam," qualifies him as a sort of global Ben-

nett Cerf. His story of the Scandinavian lady who talked too much is one that never should be forgotten. Because the Emerald is a family newspaper, we do not re-tell it here. His book, "Fielding's Air Guide to Europe," is scheduled for release in July, and this reviewer will be at the head of the line when it comes in.

No doubt about it, "Deadline Delayed" is not "history by the men who saw it made." Rather it is another (and rather superior) addition to the unending series of "Rover Boys in Journalism." Not that the writers are not authoritative. Among the 21 there are a number of advanced degrees, a handful of Phi Beta Kappa keys, and years and years of experience at covering the foreign world. Names like Edgar Snow (writing on Arabia) and Pierre Huss (on Germany) need no introduction.

Some of the reporting is in the best tradition of fair and impartial journalism. Henry J. Taylor's account of the Patton "soldier slapping incident" is in this category.

Some of the contributions show real depth. Gordon Waterfield, long of the Christian Science Monitor and London Times, writes of the Labor government in England with an understanding that has seldom been equalled.

Helen Hiett, a Ph.D. from the London School of Economics and Political Science, tells of her trip with a boatload of displaced persons who were being returned against their will to the Soviet Union. It's a story that has not been told—at least not enough.

Some evening when you're looking for cheap entertainment and aren't averse to learning something too, dip into "Deadline Delayed." You don't have to read it all. The articles stand by themselves.

Now Is the Hour

To the Editor:

The ASUO executive council is now surveying the office space needs of campus organizations in the Erb Memorial building.

If any campus organization desires office space, desk space, locker file space, or the use of rooms for meetings at a time in the future, now is the time to make that desire known.

The executive council is now

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issuing the necessary informational forms for organization officers to complete. Organizations wishing to submit their space needs to the council may have a representative pick up a blank form next Monday or Tuesday afternoon from 3 to 5 p.m. at the Old Oregon office, room 8, Friendly hall.

Bert Moore
Senior Representative,
ASUO Executive Council

"After capping his millionth bottle, he began screaming: 'Can You Top This? Can You Top This?'"

T. Dorsey Waxes Pop Album

By MICHAEL CALLAHAN

Once in a great while an album or single will roll off the shellac lines and into rave press notices that leave the front-office big-domes blinking.

Victor is the lucky company with what shapes up to be the biggest hit of 1948. The lucky bandleader now in line for a harvest of lovely green notes is the old reliable of Victor's Smart Set series — Tommy Dorsey. And the album in the spot light is TD's "Tschai-kowsky Melodies for Dancing."



Last week we gave an advance tip that this offering by Dorsey's orchestra has all the pedigrees of an all-timer to rank with his "Getting Sentimental" of years ago. After hearing one of the first of these albums to reach Eugene dealers, take it from us that TD came through with a classic in dance stylings.

Culled from the best of Tschai-kowskia are great pops melodies like "Tonight We Love" (piano concerto No. 1), "On the Isle of May," (Andante Cantabile), "Some Things Will Never Change" (Waltz of the Flowers), "Moon Love," (Symphony No. 5), "The Things I Love," (Melodie), "Our Love" (Waltz from Romeo and Juliet), and "The Story of a Starry Night" (Pathetique symphony).

Some random jottings as we played these: standard format, the song, the words, then long melodic passages behind TD's mellow trombone . . . superbly smooth and danceable . . . no jazzy takeoffs . . . "Story of a Starry Night" will be recognized by fans of the low life and bottle-on-the-table joints as the theme from the busy Hughes-Russell epic "The Outlaw" . . . only slight weakness in an otherwise memorable offering are the vocals by the Town Criers and Sentimentalists, still three strikes behind the great old Pied Pipers.

Also-rans: Two more albums new on the shelves this week are Bing Crosby's "Stephen Foster Classics" and Guy Lombardo's "Waltzes."

We have yet to see der Bingle wax a lemon, and his "Stephen Foster" collection is as good as any. Best sides in the album are "De Camptown Races," "Swanee River," and "Old Black Joe," with five more grade-school thrillers trailing along. Calling Crosby the world's most prolific crooner might be bashing rhet rules, but his steady flood of top-rank albums and singles is nothing short of phenomenal. The Crosby merry-go-round has swung along from Latin America ("El Bingo") to Hawaii ("Aloha Bing") and now to the South, and the gears aren't creaking yet. 'Smazing . . .

If you still linger back in the bouncy '30s, Lombardo's Royal Canadians are still tops, and their stylings of "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," "Merry Widow Waltz," "Shadow Waltz," etc., are still terrific. For us, a few doses of the Lombardo brand of saxophone syrup start us looking around for something hot by Dorothy Shay.

Religious instruction in schools is forbidden, but children and their elders will continue to receive sharp lessons from the Almighty.

Rebellious Dixie Democrats talk tough, but nevertheless they have bad dreams, in which they see Re-