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Three of Portland's

The bush-league historian of Old Portland will be delighted to find in the May issue of the American-Mercury a sparkling account of three of the old town's major-league characters. Stewart H. Holbrook, who has established himself as a historian without peer in chronicling the story of the American west, writes of "The Three Sirens of Portland."

Their names are not graven on tablets of stone. Some of the better histories mention them not at all, yet each of them lives on in legend. The three, Liverpool Liz, Mary Cook, and Nancy Boggs, were in business in Portland in the day when the average northwest logger considered "Portland" to be that triangular strip between Burnside and the Union Station, Broadway and the river.

Mary Cook was the cigar-smoking lady wrestler, Liverpool Liz was the Limey lass with the diamonds who earned a reputation for her great honesty, and Nancy Boggs was the inventor of the "wiskey-scow." Nancy's scow was anchored at about the place where the prosaic Burnside bridge now spans the Willamette. When the police of Portland attempted a raid, she moved her establishment to the East-Portland side of the river. When the East-Portland police attempted a raid, she moved her scow back to the Portland side. When the two police forces coordinated their raids, she did Homeric things with a fire-hose and live steam. She also grew fine roses, the city flower.

Mr. Holbrook has told his story other times in other magazines, but it is a story that can be told again and again by the master story-teller of the town so many University students think of as home.

An Intriguing Question

A paragraph in yesterday's Emerald captures the imagination, leaves one wondering. It is news of a type that the Emerald must follow-up, else its loyal readers may find themselves sleepless many a night as they wonder what happened to those argyle socks.

The paragraph is from an interview with Mary Handelin, a member of the court of the Junior Weekend queen—or maybe even the queen. The reporter tells us that Mary "is struggling with her first pair of argyle socks. She's not just sure who will receive them when she finishes them—that will be decided if and when."

Now socks are funny. They really should fit. We assume, perhaps naively, that Miss Handelin will someday finish the socks and then set out, socks in hand, to find an eligible male with the proper foot size.

Robert J. Moyle, whose comments on the "piggy socks" development appear elsewhere on this page, may have the answer, although we have yet to learn of "piggy socks, argyle." Plainly it is a development that should be encouraged for there may be many a lass in this land who finds herself in Miss Handelin's predicament.

Meanwhile we—and our friends—shall watch the Emerald classified ads. Argyle socks are not so easily come by that the normal male can afford to overlook a bet.

'Piggy Socks' Promise to Save American Marriage

Are your collars too large? or too small? Are your sleeves too long? or too short? Do you try to squeeze your feet into socks two sizes too small? If any or all of these things plague you, you are probably the victim of a scheming female. But don't despair; you still have a chance.

It is common knowledge that the American female has not been content with choosing her own clothes, but has made it her duty to select her mate's attire as well. Not only has she chosen his clothes, usually with utter disregard for size, but she has borrowed his shirts, borrowed his trousers, even borrowed his hair style.

Now I'll admit there isn't much

we males can do about this female pirating, but steps have been taken to abolish the size distortion from which we have suffered at the hands of our mothers, wives, and daughters. Our benefactor is a manufacturer, who is now making for men socks that are absolutely fool-proof. It just isn't possible to get the wrong size, because the manufacturer makes only one size.

But a little background is probably necessary at this point.

Some years ago, an eastern manufacturer began making special stockings for children. These stockings, called "piggy socks" were especially adaptable to youngsters with growing feet, because they

could never grow out of them. They were a tube-shaped, knitted affair, twisted like a long stick of licorice, and were elastic enough to adhere to the contours of the foot while being worn, but immediately to snap back into shape when removed. Mothers liked them because they contained no visible heel to require future darning.

Well, this manufacturer merrily continued making "piggy socks," until one day someone discovered that if a child could wear them, a little more yard would make "piggy socks" for the American male. Of course the manufacturer couldn't call them "piggy socks" when the

grown-up male wore them so he named them "heelless hose."

Now these "heelless hose" for men seems to be placing a foot in the right direction. If we begin at the foot of the American male and work up, who knows? Some day he may have collars and sleeves that fit, too.

One thing sure, now that "heelless hose" are on the market, we males won't have to suffer from too small or too large socks any more. That is, if we can talk that scheming female into buying them for us.

Incidentally, before we get too happy about the whole thing, there is no conclusive proof that it wasn't one of these scheming females who thought up the idea of "piggy socks" for men.

Friends, Romans, and Countrymen

A BOOK REVIEW

Have you ever wondered what goes on in the mind of a Napoleon or an Alexander? Thornton Wilder's latest book, "The Ides of March," gives an astonishingly credible picture of the thoughts of Julius Caesar in the last months of his life. The book is written in a series of imaginary documents and letters by or about Caesar. The form does not particularly obstruct the smoothly moving action.

The story gives a vivid background of a fateful moment in history, the machinations of Cleopatra, and one of the most peculiar love affairs in fiction—all written in extremely lucid prose. Whether the characters are discussing their sex lives or the political and philosophical disciplines of poetry, they do

so in language where every shade of meaning is made very clear.

Mr. Wilder, author of "Our Town," "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and "The Skin of our Teeth," and three times a Pulitzer-Prize winner, has revised his philosophy to follow that of Kierkegaard. In the words of the author, "The Ides of March" attempts to show the mind of a man like Caesar—with enormous experience with men and affairs—trying to separate the elements of superstition from those of religion, the elements of exploitation from those of government, and attempting to ascertain whether his great role in the Roman state was of his own making or whether he was an instrument of a Destiny Force beyond his knowledge.

The Success of a Picnic Depends Upon the Whether

By FRED YOUNG

Picnics have remained a legend so far this winter. Nevertheless, you all know they are discouraged as recreation if before breakfast. If you have more than ten chaperones, you'll require a chaperone. Fires should not be too warm, and kept in the open. Success depends on the whether.

For the record, the field is checked and the best bets follow. Victor records shipped in several all-time greats by Duke Ellington. "Moon Mist" and "C-Jam Blues" are backed, and also "Creole Love Song" and "Black and Tan Fantasie." These jazz immortals enhance any collection yet they probably won't be worn as thin as Nellie Lutcher's latest—we forget its name. New on Victor is the first record by Illinois Jacquet, "King Jacquet" which is wild, modern, and good listening describe. Ray McKinley's advanced band with Eddies Sauter and Finckel arranging is now on Victor.

Buddy Rich's first release on MGM records is available. Unfortunately, his singing is featured on both sides which allows his talented band little chance to perform. Maybe, the next one.

Decca records offer Little Jazz Eldrich contributing another trumpeters impression of "Can't Get Started." The reverse sounds like the Krupa original of "After You've Gone," but label credits Eldrich and his "Ork." Lionel Hampton, also on Decca, with some good "Rockin' Rhythm" parts 1 & 2.

The record of the week is Claude Thornhill's "Robbins Nest." The number written by tenorist Illinois Jacquet in honor of New York disc jockey and promotionist Fred Robbins is subtly bopped by Gil Evans' excellent arrangement. Claude even uses all ten fingers as he briefly block-chords the introduction to a boppish clarinet. Great ensemble work, loading the record with music and showing Thornhill as the band to reckon with this year.

Interesting sidelight on Will Osborne's contract for the Jr. Prom. Osborne listed the names and union numbers of all 14 men in the band on the contract. Up to now contracts have just supplied the leader's name and the number of men, allowing the occasional contention that valley musicians have filled out a band's section.

And don't be naive when prom ticket sales begin about the time those checks arrive.

Side Patter



By SALLIE TIMMENS

Hail to Thee, blight Atomic spring!

For sprung thou never wert. Without premeditated art of William Adolph Yates.

While theorizing a bit more I advocate that all newly elected Emerald editors be boxed up and shipped to Siberia.

The Phi Psis arose on turnabout day in an atomic manner when the call boy set off a few strategic fire crackers at 6:30 a.m.

After an energetic game of baseball for the Susan Campbell baseball team, Barbara Richter began panting all over again when she received her engagement ring from the boy back home in Oakridge. Also a recent engagement at Susie is Barbara Skinner who got a ring from John Dhill of the Vets Dorm.

Surprise to the Gammafies was the marriage in San Francisco of Gene McPherson to Peter Jenkins. At the Campbell Club John Thorp is pinned to Helen Ross of Rebec house, and cartoonist Dan "Scot" Mindolovich has planted his pin on Hen Hall's Ardetta Daniels. Susie's Barbara Denning is pinned to Beta Jim Jeffers from Carrol College.

Pi Phi Joan Bush is hopping to Corn Valley TriAd this weekend to do a little dancing with Beta Al Lobe. DG Janis Reed is dating Fee-Gee Jim Bernhard much these days, and Millracers Alfafie Ruth Jamin and Chi Psi Bob Maxwell are seen about the quad.

ChiO Sally McGuirk dating Phi Psi Ed Cauduro, and Pi Phi Margaret McKean with Sigma Chi Bill Holmes. Alfafie Mary Knox and Sigma Nu Darrel Robinson together, and Susie's DeLorris Simler going with Phi Sig Larry Cushing. Sigma Kappa Betty Green down to the campus to date Lambda Chi Ron Bright.

Bill Dunn "from out of town" will be the special guest of the Theta cuties for their house dance this weekend. Sigma Kappa Murry Spears down to see Spee "Swede" Carlson. Former Gammafie Becky (Please turn to page three)