

OREGON Daily EMERALD

ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and final examination periods. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Ore. Member of the Associated Collegiate Press

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Hail to the Chief

There is an excellent chance that the president of the United States—or at least the vice-president of the United States—will have been a speaker at the University of Oregon. A year from now students may well be able to point out that the man in the White House once spoke in the Igloo.

It started last February when Harold Stassen spoke in McArthur court. The Minnesota governor spent quite a little time around Eugene that week-end, and drew a fair body of campus support from students who were impressed with his energy, and his nice smile.

willingness to answer questions from the floor, his amazing

This week Thomas E. Dewey will be a University speaker. Thus, barring a "dark horse" candidate and figuring the candidacy of Senator Robert A. Taft as unthinkable, the Republican candidate will have been on the University stage.

Henry A. Wallace, Wallace party candidate for the job, will come here the week of campus elections.

If the Democrats win the November election—we mean the pre-Madison Square garden Democrats—the president probably will not have had the honor of having spoken in our Igloo. But then there is the possibility that the vice-president will have spoken there.

There are persons who see Ellis Arnall, former governor of Georgia and fall term speaker at the Igloo, as the Democratic choice for the peoples' choice, second string.

See, that's pretty good. Memories of our Igloo will be carried to Washington, and perhaps to great and secret conferences across the seas.

Seriously though, University of Oregon students can count themselves lucky that the administration here has adopted the common-sense policy of allowing "political" speakers on the campus. This policy is in marked contrast to the policy of some other west coast institutions—some of them in this state—which have refused "politicians" this fundamental right.

Congratulations

By the last day of winter term, the barrage of Merry Christmases has become fatiguing, to say the least. But that phrase-weariness is nothing to what descends spring term. Congratulations! For what? For almost everything. Greek letter honoraries from alpha to omega tap in the spring. Congratulations. Various other societies hand out membership bids. Congratulations. A large slice of the populace gloms king or queen crowns—even some folks "who aren't exactly good looking, but have swell personalities." So, ditto.

This should be alleviated, lest our society be known in anthropology books of the future, as the "race of one word." If congratulations must be expressed, perhaps the government could issue a new three cent stamp with that one worn-out word. Or alphabet soup companies could use just the letters of "congratulations" in their dehydrated concoction. The letters would be scrambled but the sentiment would be there just the same, we're sure. All kinds of possibilities exist. All newly elected officers, all finally-successful politicians, and all recent parents could put quarantine signs in their windows saying, "If I Have Not Congratulated You, At Least I Meant To."

This is not an attack against kind sentiments. It is merely an expression of wonder that all promotions, honors, and new kittens come in the spring. Therefore, until there is a fairer distribution of events, or until the alphabet soup people come through, congratulations to one and all. We're sure that no one deserved it more.—B.H.

They Taste No Different

By BERT MOORE

No 40-cent tour of the campus is complete these days without a short stopover in the quonset that houses the Emerald to see the grunion run advertisements that plaster the walls. If you have the time, make the trip.

Speaking of stopovers, a vacationing California doctor visited one of the local professors during the weekend and had a few words to say about Camels. You've seen the ads? "More doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette," or something to that effect. The survey is made, also according to the ads, by an independent research organization.



"The organization may be independent," says the doc, "but whether that's true or not its representatives have a wonderful sense of timing."

It seems that every year the good doctor gets a couple of free cartons of Camels in the mail. He doesn't care much what he smokes, so he cracks open the free weeds as soon as he's out of his current brand. A week or so after he gets these smokes one of the independent organization's men drops around and asks him what he's smoking. Well, it just happens . . . and another statistic is chalked up.

Tradition week has come around again, and the usual arguments about good old traditions are being waged by those who care. Completely uninterested is the faculty; traditions at Oregon usually don't even touch the periphery of their existences. However, a new "tradition," one in force at several Coast schools, could and perhaps should be installed at Oregon in the near future, and this one should affect the faculty quite a bit.

The idea, as brought up by Tom Hazzard at the last exec council meeting, is that at the end of each term, when the bell has rung to close the last lecture, that the class give the professor a round of applause as a token of esteem.

It would be a good way to show professors on this campus that they are appreciated. I imagine that many profs would value an indication that they had pleased their classes almost as much as they'd value a raise. The sensation arising from being applauded for your efforts is a good one.

It could become a fine tradition here at Oregon. And, of course, it wouldn't be mandatory that a thunderous roar of applause break loose at the end of the last lecture of each term. The possibilities arising from that thought are also interesting.

You're No Match

By KEN LOMAX and JOHN MAC DONALD

EXPANDING THE FRONTIER: Local stations have made occasional but infrequent contributions to the fight for control of venereal disease. But last Thursday night, the American Broadcasting company added its network strength in an effort to stamp out the pockets of fear and falsehood that make control difficult. The one-hour documentary, titled simply, "V.D." used almost every production technique in the book. Mythical but typical case histories provided pointed dramatic interest, and neatly sandwiched between these were thought-provoking volleys of information. Writer Earl Barnow pulled no punches. High point of the script was the naming (in a condemning tone) of those ten states which have no law requiring physical checkup before marriage. Another well directed device: Recorded interviews with doctors (gives the weight of authority to the document). And there were voice montages and emotion-packed music transitions to embellish the dramatized portions. ABC went all out in getting the best for this show. Barnow is one of the top radio writers, George Hix has the right quality for stirring narration, and Joseph Stopak is no newcomer to radio drama.

The announcer called attention to a series of programs now in preparation. Yes, radio is pushing its frontiers. A grave social problem has a voice.

For a long time there has been a need in radio for more programs in the public interest. Something that should make all of us sit up, open up our limpid pools of aqua blue. We are sure that radio has at last started to take steps in the right direction when it airs programs like LIVING—1948. NBC, in collaboration with G. Gallup, and the American institute of public opinion, really blew the lid off the real facts and figures of what makes America tick. The show tackles such problems as the housing shortage, education, and divorce. Ben Grower, grand old bachelor of radio does the narrating. This is one show (and we don't mean to wave the flag too vigorously) that everyone should hear . . . as long as the series lasts.

Boquets this week go to John Larner. John is doing a thorough job on radio publicity for J. Weekend. Right now he's working on a half hour coverage of festivities at Mac court.

Side Patter



By SALLIE TIMMENS

No rest for the weary is the new motto for collegians left afloat in the wet and flooded Willamette

valley . . . But no submerged activities at the ATO "Neptune's Follies."

After a romance of many moons Alfa Chi Mary Lou Hatfield is wearing the Tau Cross of Lloyd Zimmerman. But no ordinary pin planting this. . . Mary Lou got her pin at the "Follies," and then lost it. She returned sans pin, and the activities really began.

Mary Lou wasn't letting in sneak dates on her various trips to the mail box. She was switching pins, and by the time everything was settled and she had the right pin, most of the sisters had taken to the sleeping porches.

Ed Allen divided his time between the Tau dance, the law school shin cracker, and Barney Frank's party. The Taus were proud of their Queen Dud I who reigned in splendor at the law school gathering.

Pi Phi Jean Boquist and fiance Pete Dunn were down from Posieville, and OSC KKG Patty Cecil was over with her Maltese cross to dance and party with Carl Reusser.

ADPi Marlene Larson was with Biff Brainerd; Theta Florene Engels dated Pete Miller, KKG Grace Hoffman with Frank Rauch, and Gammafie Phyl Holdman with Frank Bocci.

Bert Moore threw a fine party and was dating Heide Sachse of Susan Campbell. Jeanne Simmonds was with Dick Perrin, and ChiO Kay Schneider was with X-Emerald sports editor Bernie Hammerbeck. DG Barbara Eagleson and Tom Hazzard wandered in from the Tau dance. Gloria and Jack Billings, Tex and Marge Goodwin, and Mary and Bill Wassmann were there. Staggering it were "Wild Bill" Stratton and Bob Whitely. Bob "Whoopie" Frazier introduced everybody.

Theta Kholo-Ann Mayer has Don Linsted's pin, and Delt Shirley Fossen is pinned to Kap "Dutch" Reich. Tri Delt Nancy Sable was down for a surprise shower, announcing she will be the June bride of Clay Gosser from Portland U.

Gammafie B. J. McKenzie is now wearing a sparkler from Don Wood, a home town (Medford) romance of many years. ADPi Pat King will be married in June to Earling Gramstad, a U. grad., and ADPi Dolores Ray has announced her engagement to ATO Sandy Pierce.

Betake thyself to ye ol' College Side for an iced coke and a hamburger.

Weekend Heads Confer

Junior Weekend committee chairmen will meet at 4 p.m. Monday at Susan Campbell hall, General Chairman Hank Kinsell said yesterday.

Every modern statesman's peace formula seems to include fist-shaking.