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ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

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The Friendly Gesture

Unless we misjudge the temper of people over at the state college, there are warm collars in Corvallis this day. The Aggie neck was way out last week, and the Eugene Register-Guard did what comes naturally.

Briefly, here's the story: Tom Dewey spoke Tuesday night at Oregon State. Naturally he spoke about agriculture. This offended a share of the campus, which apparently resents being classed with the agrarian group around the Quad. The Oregon State Barometer, that sensitive barometer of student opinion, chides the governor gently for attempting to appeal to the agricultural interests of the highly cultured students in the other schools. It implies that culture of the soil is not the only culture that is taught at Corvallis.

The Register-Guard, of course, picks it up and shrieks with delight as it finds "One school those birds don't want." It proposes moving the agricultural school to Eugene, pointing to a lot of spare land around the airport, and to the county court which has a reputation for letting good land go at bargain prices.

While the Emerald shares the Guard's enthusiasm for the agricultural school at Eugene, we frown at the idea of putting the aggies way out by the airport. We hasten to point to a few acres of land across what used to be a millrace. That's University property now.

The long-range plan calls for a "recreational area" over there when the millrace is restored. Although the long-range plan has been cherished by a generation or two of college students, we feel sure that mere recreation would not stand in the way of the agricultural welfare of the state. We feel safe in offering this land—already University owned—as a new home for the aggies who are so unwelcome in that great cultural center down the river.

It's a natural. Right across from the anchorage there is an ideal spot for an onion patch, and maybe a few cucumber plants could be set out by the S.P. tracks. Chickens could roam down toward the gravel pits, thus insuring a high-quality, hard-shelled egg, of the type a first-rate school of agriculture should produce.

A large, barn-like structure is going up over there right now. It's going to be the physical plant, we hear, but it is by no means completed. Certainly it is not too late to convert it into a fine barn.

Picture, if you can, the herds of gentle kine, roaming the meadows across the millrace, lowing in harmony with the whistles of the Cascade and the Beaver.

And that isn't all we have to offer. We are sure our good friend Keith Fennell, who operates a clothing store right next to the campus, would be more than happy to stock bib overalls. And Hersh Taylor could convert his establishment to vend Copenhagen.

Nor is it a one-sided proposition. We stand to gain, too. Art majors, looking out their big north windows, could paint lovely pastoral scenes. English majors, budding poets, could roam the millrace flats seeking inspiration in the plowmen, plodding the weary way homeward—back, perhaps, to the Beta house or the vets' dorms. Music majors could also find inspiration to write lovely melodies, rivaling the tuneful bits that have sprung from the vienna woods.

And the Emerald? The Emerald, too, would benefit, just as the Barometer has benefitted at Oregon State where agriculture majors are required to study elementary journalism.

Come on over, aggies. We'll love you here.

Chicago Players Do Good Job On Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta

By KEN LOMAX and JOHN MAC DONALD

Well, what with Junior Week-end, sunny daze, and Sunday picnics, we found it a bit hard to stay in and listen to the radio... BUT, we did... and with some pretty fair results.

Chicago Theatre of the Air is back, (MBS 9 to 10 p.m. Sunday), and with the usual series of light operas and operettas. Last Sunday they did a fine job on Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado." Some of the dialogue was cut and modernized without any severe damage to the show. Music was left intact, much to the delight of all G&S admirers. Chicago Theatre always seems to have a flock of fine voices, (that we've never heard before), who invariably turn in a creditable performance. Only drawback to the show is the mid-period dronings of Colonel Robt. R. McCormack, but we are willing to overlook Robt. R. since he is the man behind the blank check for the show.

While we are still on Mutual, we might mention that a good way to catch the news before your 8 o'clock is: listen to the news the Hemingway (Frank, MBS 7 a.m. Mon. thru Sat.), then catch up on the details in your local paper.

We don't mind listening to the music, nor do we mind the commercials for the three

C's (crackers, coffee, and cigarettes), but we wish that "Pops" Whiteman would stick to his evening show. We don't know what Mr. PW's Hooper rating is, but we feel that as a disc jockey he'd make a better living chasing grunions, (Gershwin grunions, that is).

"Round and round Hitler's grave..." KASH observed V. E. day's third anniversary with a trunk of the Corwin Documentary, "On a Note of Triumph." And a sharp note it is. Goose pimple narration with dramatic impact—this and Corwin's relentless exploitation of detail make the show timeless. Timeless, too, are the "whither now" problems posed at the end of the program. Corwinesque drama (actually "radio poetry") is an epoch art form. If you have never heard the "Triumph," you can hear it now at the University library's record room. Length: one hour.

Last week we made reference to one Ben Grower. Because of the many queries received as to what Ben is growing, we feel a correction is due. Grauer, of course. That F in third grade spelling has caught up with us.

KOAC is broadcasting the ball game (Ore. vs. O.S.C.) Saturday May 15, 2:55 p.m.

Some Still Buy Books

Anyone who still believes that college students don't care about good books anymore, who still believes that today's college student is interested only in prom dates and bloc politics, should have seen the 57 personal libraries which were exhibited in the library Saturday and Sunday.

The "personal libraries," some of them "general" and some "specialized," represented the treasures of a number of students, who do care about books. The lack of "big campus names" was lamentable, but the students who did enter their libraries did the University proud.

While we can justifiably be a little suspicious of many of the books on display—some looked absolutely unread—the selections were universally good. Interesting was the number of "repeats." Nearly everybody seemed to have the Bates' Bible, the Inner Sanctum edition of "War and Peace," and the Complete Shakespeare with the Rockwell Kent illustrations. Common, too, was the Rubiyat, although there was no one edition that seemed most popular.

It was an education in itself to see the display by one student who had bought 100 great books in second hand stores, thus building a creditable library at an average cost of less than 10 cents a book. The same goes for the 100 pocket books, gathered at a cost of \$27.50—all of them "classics."

The "specialized" collections also offered pleasure to the bibliophile who likes to browse among the treasures of another.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the libraries could not have been on display for a longer period. The library is not among the most frequented of buildings on Junior Weekend. It would have been handy if students could have dropped in on the displays during the normal course of a visit to the library.

Half a Thanks

This a half a "thank you" to Jupiter Pluvius, who went away over Junior Weekend. He scared the daylight out of the Junior Class, for he was here Saturday morning, but by noon he had folded his tent.

Students who marched in the several honorary "parades" at the campus luncheon had reason enough to curse him for making the ground so soggy. The maintenance men, whose job it is to keep the campus sleek and well-groomed, will doubtless curse him for weeks to come for the terrible condition of the sod.

But it could have been so much worse. The luncheon went off well. No Saturday night rain spoiled the formals and the tuxes of Oregon dancers, and the sun extended a warm welcome to Oregon mothers who were here for Mother's day, Sunday.

You could have done better, Jupe, but we hesitate to ask you to leave home altogether.

Petitions Due Today

Petitions for freshman counselors will be accepted at the YWCA until 4 today. Any girl, regardless of class, may petition.

Duties of freshman counselors include writing to incoming freshmen girls during the summer,

meeting them next fall at the opening of school, and escorting them to assemblies and other functions.

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Side Patter



By SALLIE TIMMENS

Bless you, Mother, now go home. Lovely Queen Nancy is tired, the Sigma Nus are hoarse, and Hansel and Gretel has been dismantled. Never has the florist business been so prosperous with dandelions selling for a small handful of gold coins!

New pins over the weekend are Kappa's Kay Becker wearing Stan Boquist's Maltese cross, Sally Watson waiting to remove Perry Holoman from the Sigma Chi stocks,



Gamma Phi Jackie Wachhorst sporting the "New Look" and the Beta pin of Pat Groff... and Gamma's charming Joan Amorde with Reedy Berg's K Sig pin. Engagements from Alfa Gam are Helen Haglund to OSC DU Bill Winters and Ruth Bogan to Lyle Gilbertson.

Dancing and picnicking were KKG Patty Stone and FeeGee Sam McKinney... Pi Phi Connie Jackson dating FeeGee Herman Lind and Pi Phi Jackie Newburn still seen frequently with Sigma Chi Steve Button... Kappa Jane Hull with Sigma Nu Dick Wilkins, and Theta frosh Janis Enke dating K Sig Sam Galloway.

Theta Prudy McKrosky dating FeeGee Dave Young for the Prom, and Pi Phi Janis Hart down for the weekend to see Phi Delt Ken Bargelt... ATO Ramsey Fendal down to date Theta Janet Feenaughty... Prom Chairman Joe Conroy squiring Emeraldite Bobolee Brophy... Tri Delt Lucille Bellingier

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