

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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Block That Comma Splice

Competition is the soul of progress. Loyal Emerald workers were delighted Monday morning when they awoke to find that a new paper had come to the campus. "The Oregon Daily Mist," is just beginning the hectic life of the campus newspaper; and there are those who actually suggest that this first issue may be the last. Maybe so, maybe no.

But maybe the Mist will continue to appear on doorsteps. Perhaps it will come out all through the year, and not just on election morning. Going on that assumption the Emerald has a few words of wisdom to offer its infant competitor.

First thing, boys, scrub up your grammar. "Party," "each," and other singular words are singular. A relative pronoun following such words should also be singular. The word you wanted in such cases was "its," not "their." Also watch your "different than" and "different from" combinations. "From" is the generally accepted preposition.

Watch that awkward sentence. Specifically, watch sentences like this one: "The party in question said that the Phi Deltas had it two years ago with Tom Kay and why didn't Marv run with the third party as he would never get it from the ASA." That sentence is lifted from Page 4 of Monday's Mist.

Giving credit in the above manner is also a sound principle of good journalism. The Mist should have done that with the following joke: "She: 'Do you know what they're saying about me?' He: 'Yeah, that's why I came over.'" That is cribbed from the Oregon Daily Emerald's "Staglines" for Wednesday, May 19. The Emerald credited it "Dodo." The Mist does not credit "Dodo," nor does it credit "Staglines." Author Alvin L. Pietschman. We fully expect Pietschman to sue.

After you boys have scrubbed up your grammar, and after you have learned to give credit where credit is due, we suggest you go to work on punctuation. The question mark (?) should follow the interrogative sentence. An adverbial clause at the first of a sentence should be separated from the main clause by a comma.

Watch capitalization. Accepted newspaper style is "Page 6," not "page six," as you have written it on Page 3 of Monday's Mist.

Read a book about the "comma splice." That seems to be your specialty. Two separate thoughts connected by an "and" should be separated by a semicolon (;). Or better yet make two sentences. Use the period (.)

In headlines, datelines etc. do not capitalize prepositions (words showing relationship between two otherwise unrelated words) of fewer than four letters.

You say "University Of Oregon." Should be "University of Oregon." Get it?

Watch, too, the authorities you invoke in support of your statements. On Page 2 you use the Oregon Daily Emerald as an authority. Watch it. You demonstrate in the other columns of your journal that the Emerald is anything but a reliable authority.

Now a word about fair and truthful statements. Don't give it a thought, fellas. Carry on as you are. Carry on in your present manner. Join your big brothers down here at the Emerald Shack. Together we can go forward, deceiving the campus, breathing libel from every nostril. But of all things, fellas, leave us not stoop to arguing issues.

Peter Potter Passeth

By KEN LOMAX AND JOHN MAC DONALD

Our last column of the year, but we shall refrain from commenting on the weather or final week. But tell ya' what we're gonna do. Here's a few programs you might tune in while burning the midnight oil. Might help to keep you awake or otherwise entertain you during that 11:30 break.

Locally, and you are probably familiar with most of these, is Swing Soiree with Don "I want an automobile" Porter, KASH. (You'll find him there anytime after 6). Then we have Rockin' Rhythm at KUGN; Les is Ready with some hot and some blue. Lastly but not leastly is the good old Night Owl Band Wagon with Hank (Ya shure, yu betcha) Hildahl, flip-pin' the platters with patter betwixt.

Outside the Eugene area are a million of 'em. In Portland KXL does a good business with Club 750 (on your dial). KGW has the Wax Museum and KALE Platter Patter.

Down south, The Midnight Merry-go-round at 12 from KNX (Da verce a Hollywood) and we're not sure whether Tom Hanlon is still passing out the brass rings. KNBC gives with the Midnight Flyer and D.D.T. (Doctor of Discs and Turntables). These should give you enough musical interludes to keep you going for the next two weeks.

Incidentally? What ever happened to Peter Potter and his Platter Pulse of the Pacific. Perhaps Peter parted privately professing possibly present program progressing poorly, OR, perchance Peter's pecuniary patrons professed pleasure placing Potter practically prostrate. Well, proceeding.

"Jump on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round..." and see who can be the most ridiculous... is it Thomas L. Thomas with his Haunted Heart a la ParEE? Or perhaps Marian McMannus with her broken voiced Heart Breaker? Neither. Top candidate is the show's writer. A lilting adjective is on hand to introduce every song: "lovely," "exquisite," "thrilling," "delightful," and back to "lovely." "And now, our lovely star, beloved of thousands, renders a delightful ballad from the exquisite stage of the divine Cafe La Plaza." The writer finally gets off the merry-go-round with a dazzling, redundant "new novelty" hit.

I Adjure Thee, Depart

While campusites were politicking, partying and picnicking the latter part of last week, a show was being presented nightly in the Armory. It was a pitiful and yet, we shamefacedly admit, an entertaining sort of exhibition.

The featured player was a faith healer who came to Eugene to drive devils from the afflicted citizens. His "miraculous cures" were accomplished by hallelujas, moans, and the clinking of coins in collection plates.

The ceremony was a long one, for mass emotion had to be excited in the audience before the healer made his appearance. Two or three times the spectators sang a spirited but simple hymn, "I Believe." The collection plate was passed and the healer's associates gave folksy sermons.

On the platform were the more infirm of the health seekers, some with their crutches propped against their chairs. Others lay listlessly on cots. They waited, most of them calm for the re-enactment of a Bible story—they waited for the miraculous cure which doctors had not given them.

The healer finally made his appearance. A small, balding "mystic" with fanatical eyes he told the audience in his soft, ungrammatical drawl what hard work being a faith healer is: he had lost one third of his total weight, he said.

When the time came for healing, the unbelievers strained forward in their seats. The believers murmured to themselves swayed a little, and tensed again as they tried to fire an ecstasy of believing within their souls.

All were ordered to hide their heads lest "the departing demon enter you." Burly, brown-suited ushers stationed here and there saw to it that the order was obeyed. (They wore tags reading "usher" apparently so the devil would not mistakenly enter them while they were scanning the congregation.)

Those who risked peaking through their fingers saw the healer grasp the arm of the sick one. Into the microphone he intoned, "Demon, in the name of Jesus Christ I adjure thee depart from this brother! I feel the vibrations. That cancer is there. Oh myyyyy! The vibration is gone! The Demon has departed."

The "cured" ones (who were counseled not to be alarmed if they felt worse the next day, "for it takes a while for the infection to push out") and several stooges said their halleluja and passed from the stage.

And the audience wailed its praises and mopped its eyes while person after person went forward.

Superficially it was funny—but not really. Some were grasping at a last hope, some were demonstrating religion in the way they thought best—but everyone who put a nickle in the collection box had bit at sucker bait.

Better than sneering at the believers would be the enactment of statutes enabling such racketeers to be banned. I adjure thee, racketeer, depart!

—B.H.

Side Patter



By SALLIE TIMMENS

Who's getting the most blisters... the politicians or the sun-tanned Oregon maidens? Mortar

Board is a thing of the past, and you've had your chance, ladies.

Alfa Chi Charlotte "The Indian" Youdall was on the campus to escort Beta Art Milne to Mortar Board

... Kappa Emily West dated Fee Gee Bill Ralston, Kappa Pat Robbins with FeeGee Shelton Sessions

New additions to the spring pin department come from the Theta house en masse... Janet Fee-naughtly to ATO Ramsey Fendall... Barbara Patterson to Sigma Nu Duff Kinsey... Patty Beaton to Sigma Nu Jim Bartelt... and Donna Poundstone to Sigma Chi Duke Elder.

ADPi Mary Ellen McKay is pinned to Theta Chi George Costello... Pi Phi Margaret McKean to Sigma Chi Bill Holmes... Alfa Chi June Wiswell to SAE Guy Mount... ADPi Margaret Reid to TKE Larry Davidson, and ADPi Imogene Love pinned to Pi Kap Bob Webber.

DG Eli Johns is now wearing the Chi Psi lodge badge of Chet Lowrey, Pi Phi Carmelite Joan Carr is pinned to Beta boy Bob Rasmussen... Kappa Mary Ann Haycox to DU Jim Wallace.

Swinging from the rafters at the recent Emerald picnic were such well-known characters as Bobolee Brophy, "Beaver" Wright, Bob Frazier, Tex Goodwin, and rubbing noses by the fire was Bert Moore with Heidi Sachse... Pi Phi Marilyn Turner dating Beta Bill Yates.

At the Beta house dance Bob Allen, playing in Herb Widmer's band... featured a specialty... "He's the Best President We Ever Had." Alfa Fie Ginnie Cox with Tom McDonald at the Beta "Tulip Time" formal... Delta Zeta Diane Barnhart with Beta grad Bill Loud.

At the Phi Delt Indian pow-wow were "Mop Head" Rog Wiley and DG Barbara Borrevik... How those Kappas get around! Joyce Davis was with Bob Hendrickson... Pody Fitzmaurice with Will Urban... Sue Small with Max Maude.

Dick Wilkins squired Kappa Jane Hull to the Sigma Nu formal, but made several phone calls during the evening... At the Sigma Chi Mardi Gras KKG Paige Laird dated Bob Roberts... All the Kappas went to the Sigma Chi dance as bunny rabbits.

Mortar Board combos of interest were ADPi Kathy Kuluris with Sigma Nu Harry Smith... Marge Scandling presented date Phi Psi Mike Callahan with an individual corsage... Theta Chi Ken Seeborg was looking lovely at Mortar Board with ADPi Lois Heagle.

Prize remark during all this pre-primary politicking came about at the Friday evening gathering of county wheels... A certain prominent Eugene matron was officiously pouring coffee for frowning and

(Please turn to page three)