

Porchlight Parade

By Ed Cauduro

No trite salutary phrases and no bromides . . . just welcome back to the old grind, Ducks . . . and a rousing congrats to **Jim Aiken** and his boys for copping the Cotton Bowl prize . . . New Years day will find us "deep in the heart of Texas" territory . . . Suggest that in honor of this great event all coeds wear cotton frocks and a day be set aside by the "Powers" for an appropriate celebration. . . .

It was party time over the holiday . . . with top honors going to Phi Psi **Frank Brown**, who acted as host at a shindig at his home in Salem with **Chi O Ruthie Millard** as hostess . . . Many familiar combos were crowding the rooms; **Phil Whelling** and **Barbara McClintock** and **Beta Glenn Holden** with the other half of the **McClintock Kappa Klan**, **Gloria** . . . so many people. . . .

Bob Skopil staged it acting as dishwasher and general handyman since **Gamma Phi Janet Paulson** was feasting with the folks in Seattle . . . also tagging, **Don Renwick** took care of the essentials while his lass **Ann Fenwick** brides-maided for her brother in San Francisco. . . .

Timberline was a popular meeting place for many of the ski set . . . **Pi Phi Joan Carr** and **Larylin Tompson** rolled around in the snow sopping up that out-door-girl look . . . **Chi O Phyllis Chelf** and **Carol Hines** spent their time ogling movie actor **Ray Milland** who was vacationing at Hood. . . .

Many guys and gals who prefer their winter sports canned took in the lavish display "Ice Cycles" at the arena . . . **The Blue Heaven** claimed many a Webfoot Saturday night . . . **The Sig Chis** were especially in rare form . . . **Theta Patty Beaton** and her escort **Sig Nu Roger Dick** backtracked to their childhood days and took in the "Tisk" dance. . . . their hearts were young and gay. . . .

Was it an overwhelming desire for culture or the fact that the Art school profs were there that caused many of the future **Picassos** and **Grandma Moses**' to thicken the crowds at the art museum? . . . the end of the term is nearing isn't it **Larue**. . . .

Another party in the Salem territory saw **SAE Herb Ray** and **Chi O Glenna Hurst** at the home of Phi Delt **Daniel Joshua Fry III** . . . understand **Theta Chi Dick Bennett** traveled six hundred miles to get stabbed . . . others feel the prick of the sword right here at the good old U. . . .

A few pins found owners these past few days . . . **Fiji's jolly boy Robin Aridley** hung his brass on **Kappa Buz Engwall** . . . **The ATOs** and **Thetas** had a double merger with **Johnny McKay** pinned to **Corky Hunter** and **Don South** to **Ruth "Easy" Eades** . . . **Phi Psi Rich Ward** made everyone happy when he tacked his sweetheart pin on **DG Dorf Dalquist's** cashmere. . . .

The **Sigma Kappas** were at the cookie jar again when **Joan Wag-enblast** flashed a chunk of that compressed carbon courtesy of **Vern Risberg**.

Gals, do you have troubles? . . . They couldn't be anything compared to those of **DG Jackie Chalmers** . . . Seems **Jackie** has two men on her line each thinking he is her one and only . . . need we say more. . . .

Wake up, Oregon!! let's celebrate . . . **WE'RE GOING TO THE COTTON BOWL.**

Book Snatching

Far be it from us to condemn an honest seeker after knowledge—but the seekers after knowledge are waxing dishonest. The Co-op book department reports that for the last six weeks books steadily have been disappearing from the shelves. This is an unusual situation at the Co-op, the manager says, and he is meditating dire methods of bringing the thievery to a halt.

Oddly enough the missing books are not of the sort you'd give Aunt Mattie for Christmas, or that you'd snatch to while away a lonely hour. Rather, they are books on philosophy, anthropology and psychology, which proves that godliness and learning are not necessarily correlated.

There's nothing much the Emerald can say about such up-the-sleeve practices except "shame on you, whoever you are," but perhaps one of the missing psychology books will have a well-aimed lecture on kleptomania, or one of the philosophy tomes will treat the dishonest man's place in society.

That might bring the thief around — unless the Co-op catches up with him first.—**B. H.**

How Ironic

Isn't it the irony of fate? Last Monday the campus was poised for riotous celebration and students had their booths all staked out in Taylor's Side.

But when the Rose Bowl news came through there was no cause for celebration. True, students were occupying those booths but "there was no joy." Classes were dismissed, but that was hardly adequate compensation.

Comes vacation and a deserted campus and the news breaks that Oregon's Webfoots will meet SMU in the Cotton Bowl. By the time students returned to the campus Sunday night, it was too late for dancing in the streets.

Although the students missed a chance for a mass demonstration, it doesn't mean they aren't happy. Which way to Dallas? **B. B.**

"In MY Opinion" . . .

WANTS BONES RATTLED

To the Editor:

"Are you putting it in, or are you taking it out?" I queried. . . . "We're putting it in," the man with the shovel said, indicating the white coffin.

"But why do they continue to bury people here, when progress tells us it will only be a matter of time before all the graves must be transferred to make room for the University's expansion? I asked.

"Dunno," said the man leaning on the white truck. "Seems sorta silly to me to keep puttin' 'em to rest in here, with the school building up on all four sides of the cemetery. I don't see why the city doesn't do something about it."

It hurts my civic-conscious mind to realize there are still officials who disbelieve completely in future planning and who are so near-sighted that they are stupidly allowing a cemetery to flourish in the center of the campus. It is harmful to campus beauty, retarding to the University's building program, and completely silly in the minds of the thousands of students who must walk from class to class past tombstones and cement markers.

Being a transfer student, new here this fall, I was surprised to find the graveyard in the center of the campus. My shock on seeing the burial crew at work in the graveyard was indescribable. Some day, perhaps one year or perhaps ten years, the graveyard will be transferred. This transfer will cost thousands of dollars, but the cost is being ever in-

creased and the time of transfer is being put off further by the continuance of burial practice.

Certainly other sites for a cemetery other than the future University of Oregon campus can be found. This reduces the fault to either, or both, of two possibilities: 1) the money needed for transfer of the graveyard has never been appropriated; certainly it could not fail to lack public support. 2) Some or a few concerned officials are politically influenced with their responsibilities only; on the administrative side they are immovable, complacent, and very likely wholly unqualified for the positions they hold.

What say we start rattling some bones?

I. R. K.

CALIFORNIA SUPERIOR?

To the Editor:

Can you read? Do you read? Or do you "liberals," also believe that the second best team should be considered in the same breath with the tops.

There are "also-rans" all over the country, but they have the good grace to be seen and not heard in the presence of their superiors.

Wm. Browning
Ex-Calif. '24

To the Editor:

Although California's football team has been voted the best on the coast, I am certain that a number of Oregon students could be unanimously voted a medal for unsportsmanlike conduct.

Most Irately,
Alice Hein

American AIRLANES

By TOM MARQUIS

One of the best new shows to be aired lately is "This Is Your Life," emceed by its originator, **Ralph Edwards**. The program format is a new and untried one. Each week the life of some average American is reviewed, with that person the witness of the important events of his own past. The candidate, who never knows of his selection until he is brought to the mike, meets face to face or by remote pick-up many of the people he or she knew in the past. The thread of the candidate's life is woven through his meetings with these principals in his past.

Such a program necessitates a terrific amount of research. **Ralph Edwards** and his staff cover the country in their search for people whose life stories "offer the best human interest material for the programs." When a likely subject is found **Edward's** staff goes to work rounding up important people in the subject's life. If these people cannot appear on the broadcast in person arrangements are made for their appearance via remote pick-up.

The program is a very interesting one to listen to. It is amazing what interesting lives people have. On the initial broadcast **Edwards** conducted a pioneer settler of the Cherokee Strip on a tour back through the highlights of his past. During the show the candidate was re-united with his five children and his six brothers and sisters, all of whom were flown to Hollywood for the occasion.

On the second airing the principal was a wardrobe mistress, who had come in contact with many famous people during her eventful life. Many of these people she had known "way back when." **Maurice Evans**, renowned Shakespearean actor was heard by remote pick-up. Person appearances were made by **Don Defore**, **John Lund**, **Barbara Stanwyck**, and **Joan Crawford**. The candidate seemed to grow more and more surprised as each new person arrived and helped her to relive her

past. Several times the past caught up with her and she was often near tears as the program reviewed her life.

Part of the program policy is to help the candidates to have a pleasant future. The Cherokee settler was given, among other things, a 1949 automobile and the wardrobe mistress received \$1000 with which to pay the mortgage on her home. As yet the program is unsponsored, but with the tremendous amount of human interest appeal generated by such a program some sponsor is sure to pick it up before long. Air time: Tuesday at 8:30 p.m. (PST) over NBC.

* * *

Eddie Cantor, one of radio's REAL old timers, announced recently the "greatest give-away contest in the history of radio." This is one give-away show that should have the endorsement of every man, woman, and child in the entire country. As **Eddie** explained it: "Here's how it works: You, the listener, give away a gift to a wounded Yank in the hospital, who gave away his health for your freedom. And the prize you win (far greater than anything money can buy) is the priceless gratitude of those wounded heroes whose Christmas you will have made brighter."

With those words **Eddie** launched his fifth annual "Give a Gift to a Yank Who Gave" campaign. This campaign, started in 1944, has so far accounted for over 6,000,000 gifts with an estimated value of more than \$20,000,000. To be a contestant in this program all you have to do is buy an extra gift when you are doing your Christmas shopping and leave it at the store. The American Legion, VFW, DAV, AMVETS, and the National Retail Dry Goods association will see that it reaches the veterans hospital IN YOUR COMMUNITY.

Lots of hospitalized veterans will have a happier Christmas because you joined forces with **Eddie Cantor**, whose heart is even bigger than his eyes.

Letter From Paris

By Elizabeth Kratt

Paris has been the scene of two big celebrations recently. Despite a very persistent light mist, crowds lined the rue Sufflot Wednesday morning to pay tribute to **Paul Langevin** and **Jean Perrin**, two well-known French physicists, whose remains were placed in the Pantheon during the last of a series of ceremonies held in their honor.

Gardes Republicaines were stationed on the steps of the Pantheon when I went by on my way to a class at the Louvre, and were very colorful indeed in red, white and blue dress uniform with high black boots, swords, and red plumed helmets.

Buses weren't running on the Boulevard Saint Michel so I walked, and crossing the Boulevard Saint Germain I met part of the long parade of student groups on their way to the Pantheon to join in the ceremony . . . group after group as far as I could see. That night the facade of the Pantheon was flooded with light, white in the darkness of the square, as a final gesture of national recognition.

Armistice Day ceremonies were equally impressive at the Arc de Triomphe. I arrived too late to

find a really good place, but from a distance could see the President, **M. Auriol**, head and shoulders above the crowd, as he rode in an open car to review the troupes lined in front of the Arc.

It was a real fall day, cold and with a light mist that didn't lift until noon.

The soldiers stationed along the Champs-Elysees to keep the crowds back stamped up and down to keep warm, and the vendors of roasted chestnuts had their large heated containers parked along the walks. Everywhere people were selling red, white and blue balloons and button-hole decorations.

Many of the buildings along the Champs-Elysees had French, American and British flags hanging from their balconies, and under the Arc de Triomphe over the flower-covered grave of the Unknown Soldier hung a huge French flag.

Already Christmas cards are being displayed in the windows. Most of the flower beds in the Luxembourg Gardens have become large round circles of brown dirt, and the boxed trees have been taken in for the winter. It's time to really dig in since courses are well under way and there is lots to be done.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per term and \$4.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

BILL YATES, Editor
Bob Reed, Managing Editor

VIRGIL TUCKER, Business Manager
Tom McLaughlin, Adv. Manager