

The Final Push

The Millrace is looking more like a probability than a possibility.

Warren Davis, who is heading the drive for campus contributions, announced yesterday that the students have pledged enough to fill their quota.

But behind this simple announcement is a lot of hard work. Ever since the race became waterless more than three years ago, there has been talk of restoring it. A small crew of interested Eugeneans and students kept the idea alive.

The houses along the millrace have pledged money; the students have pledged their part; and donations are coming from the alumni. The University has done its share.

When the word came that the funds were necessary, Davis was appointed to direct the drive. He and his small band of workers devised posters showing nostalgic scenes of the Race as it was.

But they didn't stop with the usual promotion and publicity. They personally canvassed the living organizations to see how the donations were coming in. They willingly explained to the uninformed the whole history of the race, its demise, and its forthcoming resurrection. For sheer enthusiasm in their mission, they could not be surpassed.

Now, thanks to their efforts, another step in the long drive has been completed. Future canoeers along the race may well look back on these people who in 1949 gave the final push for the restoration. J. G.

Boyle's Column

Life in a Brown Study

By Hal Boyle

NEW YORK — (AP) — My mother-in-law had a wise old saying:

"A woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still."

In my twelfth year of marriage to this dear lady's daughter, Frances, I am beginning to understand the truth of this saying.

For the more you try to change a lady's mind the more you change your own. A high wind may sway a tall building, a tempest of objection may bend a woman's purpose. But, as soon as the pressure lets up, both the building and the feminine mind snap back to their old position. They can be broken—but they won't be warped.

I discovered this, rather late in life I must admit, after my wife started having an affair with Brown. I am referring to brown, the color.

One morning Frances announced to me suddenly at breakfast:

"Black has gone out of my life."

"Whom?" I asked. I always say "whom" to my wife now, because every time I say "who" she accuses me of being ungrammatical.

"Anything black," she said. "I'm not going to wear anything black any more. Black gives me

a haggard look. It has gone out of my life forever."

This was all right with me, as the only black I have ever worn was a shot or two—or an eye or two.

Frances blossomed out at first in dark blue. I liked that. Then one day I came home and found her dressed in a flappy new look suit. And under the blue jacket was a brown blouse—a very brown blouse.

"Donate it to a rummage sale," I suggested. "Brown is for woodchucks. It's duller than a kitchen knife."

"Is that so?" queried my hausfrau. "Well, brown has come into my life to stay. I like brown."

Then began the busy business of making me like brown, too.

The next time I went to buy a suit Frances pointed at one on the rack.

"Try that." "It's brown. Haven't worn a brown suit since my voice started to change."

"It isn't brown at all. It's tan." So I bought the suit of tan, which is a kind of pale stepbrother to brown.

Then came a tan shirt. Then a striped shirt, and the stripes looked brown to me. And then a necktie arrived, and I knew I had been sold down the river. It was as brown as the feeling you have when you ask the boss for a \$5 raise and all you get back is a \$10 explanation.

Next came the problem of furnishing the second bedroom in our apartment. The original idea was that it was to be a kind of

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Looking for a Job?

Things Are Gettin' Tougher

By Michael Callahan

The June bride is facing some stiff competition.

You, gentle reader, may be savoring the prospects of a hot hundred words on free love. Which is too bad, because the items herein have nothing to do with Topic A. So let us on with the story.

Time was when all the June traditions were wrapped up in lace and champagne. Now thanks to the monthly 75 from Uncle, the post-war June rush is in sheepskins and help wanted ads.

Which brings us to the big question: where are the thousand-

odd (and some of them are very odd) Oregon grads this year going to land their cushy jobs? Some lucky few are already in with business moguls who also happen to be their uncles and fathers. A few others have put off the big step and will be back for a year or two and another set of initials after their names.

To those harried hundreds who are still sweating out replies to their application letters, we would like to pass on a few words of cheer. The chances are that you will soon be right in there working for your pensions.

A recent survey of 100 out of the more than 30,000 possible jobs open in this country shows that for the next year or two, things will continue to be pretty loose. For everything from salesmen to dentists, insurance agents, librarians, social workers, nurses,

teachers, and clerks, the doors are all wide open.

There are some gloomy corners in this job picture for a few majors, according to the survey. Journalists, whether lowly reporters or top-notch editors, will find the competition rough. So will photographers, musicians (they seem to starve by the numbers), store managers, artists, advertising agents, and authors. Accountants will find opportunities only slightly above average, as will business executives and managers, decorators and display advertisers, hospital attendants, hotel managers, theater and recreation managers, radio men, office managers, and engineers.

The survey (the work of a college administrator) also has a word of warning for those who are now underclassmen in the University, or who are piecing out their graduate theses.

By 1952, the reports say, things are going to be tough in every field. By then the big wartime drought of skilled workers and executives will have been filled out and the jobs will settle back down to the "opportunities fair" or "only normal replacements" stage. The big boom where soft, rich jobs went begging for trained men will belong to history.

Footnote: June brides and hearts and flowers will be back in style then.

From Other Editors--

International Universities

(From Christian Science Monitor)

Internationalism is something less than universality. But an institution devoted to the pursuit of universal truths is more likely to serve its purpose in proportion as it escapes from the cramping confines of any one national viewpoint.

Delegates from 12 western European nations, meeting in Germany at a conference on comparative education, have enthusiastically endorsed proposals for the establishing of several international universities in Europe. Actual plans for the founding of one such institution at Bremen have been made. In a country which has so tragically felt the heavy hand of nationalism laid on its intellectual life, here is something that promises a new breath of vitality to education.

It has been suggested that Unesco (the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization) might well get the project started. The first great problem is to finance it adequately, and American aid, as usual, is looked to as the answer. More important still, however, is the desire of educators in the countries concerned to surmount barriers of tradition which are higher even than the financial hurdles.

The vision of a university where German learning, French civilization, Slavic reflectiveness, Anglo-Saxon pragmatism could rub elbows is a good one. This is the sort of substratum on which political federation must rest if it is to be more than a flimsy superstructure. While national universities may approximate this ideal, Europe may well need the example and influence of international universities specifically dedicated to a new universalism.

'Mystery Thriller' Set for Tonight

"A notable mystery thriller set in a background of intrigue and menacing totalitarian enemies."

That's "Lady Vanishes," an Alfred Hitchcock production slated for showings tonight in 207 Chapman at 7 and 9. Picture stars Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave.

Protest Eisler Detention



Carrying placards denouncing the detention of Gerhart Eisler, pickets parade in front of London's Bow Street court during the Communist leader's hearing before a magistrate. Eisler, taken off the liner Batory at Southampton after he had fled New York while out on bail, was sent to jail to await hearing on whether he will be returned to the U.S. as a fugitive from justice. (AP Wirephoto via radio from London)

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