

Bill Bowerman

Within the past two years at the University, the overall athletic picture has taken a very decided shift upwards. Web-foot teams are falling into a pleasant winning habit against all kinds of competition.

The latest Oregon sport to assume a victory stride has been track. Or more correctly, the cinder Coach Bill Bowerman has injected this victory spirit into the sport to produce one of the finest track squads at Oregon within a decade. When Bowerman assumed his role last fall, he was moving into big shoes, left by his long-time nationally known predecessor, the late Colonel Bill Hayward.

Hayward won his way into Oregon backers' hearts, by his repeated ability of turning out championship performers with a minimum of material. Bowerman, by his achievements with this year's track squad, has also won himself a strong following. With a team that was destined for a fifth place finish, in pre-season polls, the ex-Medford coach masterminded Oregon to a second place rung in dual meet standings—and luck has played no part in this surprising showing.

Bowerman is a perfectionist, and he is used to having winners. At Medford high school, he produced seven consecutive Hayward relay titlists, and his Black Tornado harriers captured the official state track title three times. Here, he is again methodically laying the groundwork for a Northern Division championship. Maybe not this spring, but the track outlook for 1950 assumes a rose-colored hue.

In building the sport to one of prominence and increased spectator interest at the University, Bowerman has proved himself more than equal to the task. His evaluation of material is letter-perfect. Witness last Saturday's dual meet with Oregon State in which Bowerman jockeyed his entrants in such a manner that Oregon captured surprise points, and still the competitors were not in any way strained or overworked.

Bowerman has introduced many new theories to the spring sport, such as moving pictures of the track men in action, having his outstanding athletes perform at various local meets throughout the state, and his clockwork timing in running off the runs.

Yes, Bowerman's brains and track know-how are beginning to pay dividends. This weekend he takes his team to Seattle for a crack at the division championships. Despite the outcome there, it's congratulations for a job WELL done, Bill Bowerman.

—Don Fair.

Oops--

News has filtered back through subterranean channels to the Emerald and the faculty rating committee that there ain't no such word as "opinionnaire." The word was used in a news story and an editorial which explained the forms which students are asked to fill out when rating their professors on June 1 and 2.

Chief critic of the Emerald's choice of words is, as to be expected, the English department. The Emerald is chagrined that this department should have caught it in such an error, but we are not left without a defense.

We feel that in our rapidly-moving civilization and in a country where freedom of expression is one of the most sacred beliefs everyone has the right to coin a new word occasionally. When the rest of our culture is changing daily, no one, not even an English professor, can hope that the language will remain static.

Newspapers have long been known as the originators of new words. And some of the words have even crept into the pages of Webster's Unabridged. Furthermore, the word, "opinionnaire," was used in the interests of fair and accurate reporting. Members of the faculty rating committee decided that "opinionnaire" came closer than questionnaire to describing the rating from which they have devised.

In answer to the purists, let it here be stated that we've picked up another rumor. It's been said that now some English professors are even condoning it, "It is me."

However, a concession to older and wiser heads, the Emerald will henceforth always put "opinionnaire" in quotes—at least until such time as Webster officially recognizes the word.

And we sincerely hope that our word coinage has in no way jeopardized the fine work of the faculty rating committee. B.B.

After Four Years--

Larry Lau's 'Summing Up'

By Larry Lau

Summing up four years of college is a perplexing sort of assignment. What was significant



to the seniors is dimly understood by the underclassmen. Each new group creates its own heroes, and its own legends. Somewhat ruefully, we must admit that memories are personal, individual things that cannot be handed down as collegiate heirlooms.

We're hard pressed for the right "peg" on which to hang a four-year story . . . like not knowing what hour to re-set a stopped clock. If the significance lies in "change," then our story must deal first with the astonish-

ing advances made by the athletic department.

For some, college has been wrapped up in a living group. For those, our story must judge anew the merits and demerits of the fraternity system, the deferred living plan, housing ills, and attempt to evaluate their effect on human relationships.

If the significance is moral or spiritual or social, or all three, then the four-year story must describe the Oregon pattern in boy-meets-girl, the pubs and churches, the picnics and parties, lectures and seminars, the "country-club psychology" we glory in, and the little things and the big things we pick out in the University to be proud of.

If the significance is intellectual, the story must speak of professors, their labors, and their faith in us. It must tell of the nervous, uneasy feeling in the

seniors, strangely balking at birth, who see in graduation the cutting of the umbilical cord.

We learn that four years of college is not an end in itself. We leave, each with an intellectual Good-Housekeeping seal of approval. Whether anyone will buy the goods depends on the attractiveness of the package. Prospective employers tell us a degree means only that we have learned, and that (barring depression, recession, strikes, material shortages, war or plague) we may be given a chance to start learning all over again.

Any summation must be made up of all of these kinds of stories . . . little pieces fitted together to make an Oregon mosaic. By next year, we hope to see a book written about the University that will do these things. In the meantime, the editor willing, we hope to sketch a few of the chapters.

That Cold World--

IS It So 'Cruel?'

By Vinita Howard

You'll never have it so good. That's what people keep telling us when we complain. After all, they say, this is the best time of your life and in a few years you'll wish you were back in college again.

"Yes sir," exuberant alums proclaim, "just give me the chance and I'd go back today . . . football games, dances, deserts, picnics and what Picnics, did I ever tell you about the time . . ." So it goes—it's pretty tough out in the cold, cruel world.

Far be it from us to sneer when someone recites the joys of college, but may we make so bold as to reply that "it ain't what it's cracked up to be."

Life, some say, is just what you want to make it. Well, if we had our way, life, even in the cold cruel world, would be appreciated even in Siberia. Perhaps, we're merely admitting what several professors have already suspected — laziness. But what's wrong with laziness; Rip Van Winkle was no lively fellow and he made a name for himself, didn't he?

Maybe we're too tired to think coherently today, but just off-hand we can't think of college as a period of gay living, particularly when certain people decide that spring term is the time to learn. We can't see reading a book per week, writing term papers and a thesis, nicely termed research paper, and numerous projects as any bed of roses. It reminds us more of a cactus bush.

As a matter of fact, we can't see bothering with going to bed at all when the most sleep we get adds up to maybe five hours per night.

Enough of this; our schedule tells us it's time to read another book so we can write another term paper so we can hurry our exit into the cold, cruel world.

Concerto Slated

There will be a repeat performance of Igor Stravinsky's concerto for Two Pianos Saturday, May 21 at 10 a.m. in the music school auditorium. It will be played by Jack Witter and George Hopkins.



By Al Pietschman

Sometimes we wonder if a person can get a suntan at Oregon or not. One day you see students with sunburned faces but the next thing you know they have faded back to the winter-term whiteness. Oh well, can't blame students for trying.

We recently made a trip to Portland to view some of the merchandise of our client, Carl Greve, Jeweler and were pleasantly surprised at the wonderful gifts he has for wedding presents. And what surprised us most was the fact that they fitted a modest pocketbook.

A lot of weddings are on the agenda for the coming months, so when thinking of an appropriate gift, remember you can find an appropriate one at Carl Greve's.

For the past two years we have been banging out this column and enjoying the work. However, comes the time when people get ready for graduation and leave the quad. So we submit our "swan song" earlier than the usual last week obituary by graduating columnists.

Next week we are breaking in a new man to the job. He will take over next fall and bring you the news and comments as he sees them on the campus. He will also inform you on the jewelry profession.

We pass this information on to our successor "Red" Beard. People are interested in themselves and will always read what you have to say if they are mentioned. And people like to read about things that are going on around the campus as long as they are in a lighter vein. Don't trouble them with too many problems, they have enough as it is.

But then the best way to learn, (as potential employers tell seniors) is by experience and you will learn that way the best, "Red" Beard. Good luck and we'll see you in Tuesday's Emerald with your first fling at this business of column writing.



Mrs. Roosevelt happily congratulates her son, Franklin, Jr., in New York, on his election to congress to fill the seat vacant since death of Democrat Sol Bloom. Running on the Liberal and Four-Freedoms parties' ticket, Roosevelt defeated his closest rival, Tammany-backed Municipal Court Justice Benjamin H. Shalleck, by nearly 20,000 votes. (AP Wirephoto)

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