

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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## Alone on the Shelf

### Halliday--Fast Life, Fast Times

By David Earle

"The Disenchanted" by Budd Schulberg. Random House. 1950. \$3.50. Available at Co-op Lending Library.

During the past six months there has been something of a return to F. Scott Fitzgerald and his autobiographical novels of that period known as the Roaring 20s. Fitzgerald, who fell out of favor in the early 30s, did not live to see this return to popularity, and he would have liked it.

Budd Schulberg, who will be remembered for "What Makes Sammy Run?", takes incidents in the personal life of Fitzgerald—the debts, the drinking, and the separation from his wife—adds to them a Hollywood setting, a college winter carnival, scenery from half the world, and a young author, and calls his collection, "The Disenchanted."

Fitzgerald emerges in the book through the character of Manley Halliday, a gifted (we gather from his own recollections) writer of the 20s, who lived wild and fast while he could. Through his own negligence, his debts mount up, his wife turns into a dipsomaniac, and his world turns into a sawdust pile. In order to gain back his former status as an author-of-some-importance, Halliday accepts a job in Hollywood, reworking a flimsy script with its writer, the young author.

The script gets no place—its name, "Love on Ice" should be changed to "Script on Ice"—and

eventually gives away to a big spree. What happens from there would only spoil the story for the reader.

Schulberg's story moves rather slowly, and is further marred by causing the reader to be jostled back and forth between the 1920s and the 1940s. Just when one thinks that progress is being made on the movie script, Manley Halliday is reminded of "a similar incident that happened . . .", and away we go: to a big, bustling party; to a swim-in-the-nude in the Mediterranean; to a long weekend party on the California coast; to an argument that lasted from California to New York, and then was never settled.

For the time, the reader wants to admire Halliday, but as his character is filled in with additional details, the reader becomes thoroughly disgusted with him. He has no will-power, and evidently doesn't wish to attain any. He seems to live on insulin, codine, and gin, and arrives with the Hollywood crew on the Webster (Dartmouth) campus amply bolstered will all three.

As a character study, Schulberg has painted a magnificent portrait, not only of Halliday, but also of his wife, Jere, who we see very little of except in flash-back. However, the book could use other action than mere globe-trotting and the too-occasional parties.



### Re: Hash

By Bob Funk

All about us we note people poring through the spring term class schedule, pondering such cryptic courses as Elem Con Brg, Sem Wrld Ugh, and Mmf Blp Thot . . . bgh fl G. That last group of letters indicates prerequisites.

For those who found that Survey of Amphitheatrical Thought was not compatible with their inner-selves, or who found Helen of Troy's Second Cousin and His Times a bit of a bore and difficult to boot, let us recommend Obs Ide Tht Prm . . . nsocirhG.

Obs Ide Tht Prm is Obscure and Idiotic Thought along the Pacific Rim, time of meetings to be arranged by class vote if a quorum can ever be achieved.

NsocirhG; pre-requisites, of course. They are the following:

N: course open only to students born under the sign of Leo, the lion.

S: and to those who vacationed at Big Sur during the summer of 1942. Wasn't it fun!

O: restricted to those of Portuguese ancestry.

C: must have permission of the state legislature.

I: there is to be no talking back to the professor.

R: bring pen and paper.

H: are you sure you want to take this course?

G: G'wan, don't bother me, this course is for persons of intelligence.

It may be a great waste of time to dwell at such length on such a subject, but then it's good practice. They're going to publish another schedule for fall term. Watch for it.

### The Second Cup

It's always darkest before the dawn. The worst is yet to come.

A man's best friend is his mother. A man's best friend is his dog.

### Food for Thought, Fact for Action

Lean may be the man who lives on dormitory food. But loud has been his voice.

During Thanksgiving vacation last year, a petition saying the food in the vets' dorms was "sometimes inedible" and generally of poor quality was printed in the Portland papers. A sophomore circulated the petition, which was signed by 397 vets' dorm residents.

In 1941, 40 dormitory students wrote letters to the Emerald editor about the poor food served and low wages paid to dormitory employees.

And right now some men in the vets' dorms are circulating a petition expressing their "extreme dissatisfaction with the quality of food dispensed." The petition continues, "We do further respectfully request that the administration investigate and take steps to improve a situation that is creating ill will among the students and that is no longer tolerable."

First we want to know if these men circulating the petition are only another bunch of eternal grumblers. Every dormitory has them—those students who complain no matter what is served.

Or do a majority of the vets' dormers believe the food is intolerable? Are all or most of the residents extremely dissatisfied with the quality of food served?

If the latter is true, the entire food program should be turned upside down. Be it the cooks, the foods director, the state purchasing agent—whoever it is that's at fault—their work should be thoroughly checked and something new tried. The students deserve their money's worth, and that means quite a return.

But even if the complaints are coming from a handful of grumblers, this should also be investigated. They too are paying.

The first step is up to the students. These vets' dorm men should write out their specific complaints—giving complete details and suggestions. They should build up their case with facts and figures and then turn copies over to Foods Director Barnhart.

While the responsibility begins here for the University administration, it does not end for the dormitory men. They'll have to push their case (with outside help, if the case is a good one) and see that the changes are made or the reasons for not making them are completely explained.

And if the complaints still persist, the University administration is falling down, either by not improving the food or by not explaining the situation.

We quote a most significant line from an Emerald editorial written last year after the food fray; "But the University, unless it wants the steam to collect slowly for another blow-up in another year should be definite in its actions."

### Frivolous Young Things, Wot?

Speaking of women (which we weren't), they can be divided into two distinct classes:

1. Those who milk (and kiss) cows on stages of movie theaters, and . . .
2. Those who don't.

The daring young women on the milk stools must have proved something sociologically significant Sunday afternoon during their unique performance at the Heilig. But hanged if we can figure out what.

Anyhow the three Kappa Alpha Thetas, Betty Drummond, Diane Bekins and Gerry Pearson deserve the admiration of the entire student body, especially now that they are each worth \$25 and a year's free pass to the movies.

And our special thanks to Theta Leslie Tooze (who accepted a dare and got \$5 for kissing the cow) for proving that women don't think mere beauty is everything.

A problem arises, however, in connection with the wider aspects of this situation. How're ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm when they can earn \$25 a minute milking cows in movie houses?—K.M.

### THE DAILY 'E' . . .

to Chairman Steve Church and his committees for putting on a genuine good-time-was-had-by-all dance Saturday night, despite advance adverse criticism.

### THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to students who ask questions in class not to learn nor to clarify, but to show off their own brand of intelligence.

## Letters

### The Campus Answers

#### Spilt Milk?

The Cotton-Pickers Ball of last Saturday night.

That's exactly the type of social event this campus needs. The orchestra was tops. The decorations, excellent. And I sincerely believe everyone had a good time, without the stilted formality we have had at some all-campus affairs.

So many students are so wrapped up in tradition that they fail to take advantage of such a chance to have a really fine time. Maybe I'm being trite . . . but a good time was had by all.

Clyde Herbert Fahlman

#### More Milk?

Emerald Editor:

A one-inch follow-up story on the Senior Ball insignificantly placed on the last page of Monday's Emerald hardly does justice to the Class of '51 and its members who worked to put the dance on.

But it is typical of much of the publicity that the annual "attraction" of the senior class got.

This year, however, publicity backfired into making what should have been a major attraction into a detraction. Dissenters who put more faith in tradition than common sense took up a crusade protesting the type of dress decided on for the dance, with this page as a battlefield.

Their cries instilled defiance in the minds of students, from the tradition-shackled senior on down to the freshman who no more knows the value of a precedent than he knows about spring term.

The end result was automatic—a cold shoulder toward the "Cotton Pickers' Ball" and another financial slap in the face for the senior class.

According to the "story" in Monday's Emerald, only 230 couples were on hand for the dance. The other 670 couples that could have got into the Student

Union ballroom should give themselves something worse than the Oregon Lemon.

King Perry and orchestra will be talked about for a long time by those who heard him. Decorations by Bonnie Birkemeier were incomparable.

My Daily "E" to Steve Church and the Class of '51, and heaven help the gullible who in the future let a few one-sided individuals tell them that precedent is all important.

Bill Frye



"What-ya-say we circulate a rumor that the best way to keep 'Welfarism' from being taught in schools is to pay teachers capitalists wages."