

From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

It's all too sad. What a fleeting thing is fame.

The fickleness of woman is indeed a thing to sadden the heart.

Here it was only last year that the femininity of the campus hailed Dave Silver, tall and handsome monarch of the maple court, as their ideal, and did crown him "King of Hearts."

Surrounded by admiring, sighing women, on the throne he sat, the object of their affections, and as they neared his majesty the fluttering of their hearts could be heard round and about . . . flutter, flutter, flutter.

But his reign was brief—as brief as woman's fickle affection, and after the party was over, and Dave stepped off the throne, all six-foot-four of him, they forgot him, and left him to dig among musty law tomes alone.

Now, with a "King of Hearts" party practically on us, a girl writes to the Emerald, signing herself, specifically enough, "A Co-ed." And in she pleads (alas, poor Dave) for Wally Johansen as this year's heart throb.

She says, to quote:

"Such a selection should not be made without giving a great deal of consideration to that little sweetheart of the maple courts, Wally Johansen. . . Wally Jo, or 'Twinkle-toes' as he is sometimes called, who is easily the most outstanding man for the job. This fact is immediately apparent the moment little Wally takes the court for a basketball game. He is the heart interest of the entire feminine section.

"Proof of this is their applause

for him whenever he enters or leaves the game. The other players draw applause from the girls, it is true, but it is as nothing compared to the thundering ovation accorded Wally Jo.

"At the recent pep rally held for the team before they left on a road trip, one girl expressed to the audience the sentiments of the majority of her fellow-coeds, when she singled Wally out, and said she thought he was 'awfully cute.'"

"Nor are the Oregon coeds alone in their choice. This is evidenced at each campus the varsity visits. U. of Washington and OSC coeds were all drawn to the little fellow when he appeared on the floor, and he was the center of female attraction in both places. This 'outside' interest reached its peak in Missoula recently, when after seeing Wally perform in the first game there, the team manager was contacted by girls in almost every sorority house who beseeched him to arrange a meeting with Oregon's dashing basketballer.

"No more need be said. Without a doubt Wally Johansen is the reigning favorite of every sorority and women's dorm and co-op on the campus. We urge his selection as Oregon's 'King of Hearts.'"

Ah, Wally, you cute little rascal, you!

Regarding the Emerald's recent blast against the "Little Colonel" system, one girl, an enthusiastic dissenter to the editorial's tone, remarked, "I'm against propaganda, and I'm against war—but when it comes to the army, that's different!"

Pollock's FOLLY

By BOB POLLOCK

THIS DEPARTMENT has no means of knowing the veracity of this yarn, but it came to us from the usually-truthful lips of Louise Aiken, so we pass it on for what it is worth.

It seems that Louise is wandering around Eugene—she lives out of the Tri-Delts so late hours mean nothing to her—and she sees what she thinks is Dr. and Mrs. Schwering . . . the two are apparently stymied in front of their house . . .

ALL OF THIS interests Miss Aiken so she lends a eye to the subsequent proceedings . . . the couple pauses at the front door of the ancestral home, go through all the appropriate motions of looking for keys . . . no soap.

Determinedly they tramp around to the back of the house where the key hunt is repeated with more vigor and even less success . . . this nonplusses the Schwerings for the nonce . . . then two expensive brains click almost as one—the window!

With Dr. Schwering serving as a sort of step-ladder and the dean as a porch climber, they finally gain admittance to the house . . . queried afterwards the doctor insisted, with bland innocence, that it was the maid who clambered through the window . . .

ALL OF THIS does not matter, however, in the opinion of Miss Aiken . . . what she is wondering is why the dean—who is inclined to look down her nose at late hours for the University lassies under her control—was doing up at that late hour . . .

As we said when we started this thing, we don't know any-

thing about the veracity of it . . . but Miss Aiken has such honest features. . .

THE FOLLOWING YARN has nothing whatever to do with the University of Oregon, but . . .

We were sitting in Dr. Arthur Marder's office yesterday listening to him discourse on this and on that, but principally on the European situation and how long this premier was going to last and what chance this king had of keeping his job . . . all this was very interesting and we were inclined to sit glued to our chair with our eyes on the doctor's plaid necktie and our ears glued to every broad A.

SUDDENLY THE DOOR was eased gently open . . . there stood Fred Bales, Phi Beta Kappa, Senior Six, and a very smart character . . . he had in his hand an examination which, by his own admission, had required the service of a high-power brain for two hours and more . . .

He handed the bulky manuscript to Doctor Marder . . . the doctor, with a benevolent glance, said, "I know it's an 'A' Freed"—and with a nonchalant gesture—he tossed the literary effort in the wastebasket. . .

Freed blushed and withdrew . . . Marder smirked and withdrew the paper from the wastebasket . . . it appears that a spirit that is not exactly kosher dwells beneath that plaid necktie and button-down shirt. . .

That's all for now folks . . . this department feels the urge of its social season and must be off to a dance. . .

SIDE SHOW

By Bill Cummings and Paul Deutschmann

Looking into the inner workings of the Oregana reveals a systematic scheme of things which is proof of the editor's contention that the book will be out by Junior Weekend. In fact, the way the yearbook is being handled this year under supervision of the educational activities board is an almost fool proof setup, which should turn Editor Wayne Harbert's efforts into one of the best Oreganas ever published.

Living organizations, honoraries, and classes raised considerable fuss about paying their slightly increased assessments this year, but that is a natural reaction. As far as living organizations are concerned, they are getting just returns for the meagre boost in assessments, for this year the Oregana has promised each living group a free book for the house files.

So far, Editor Harbert has missed only one of the sixteen

deadlines which he must meet from time to time throughout the year. These deadlines ensure a steady progress on the book and eliminate the danger of a last minute rush which generally results in the book being late. The deadlines were arranged at a conference of the engravers, lithographers, photographers, printers, and paper representatives who are handling the book—a conference which made possible a maximum amount of cooperation among the producers.

The deadline which Harbert missed was a matter of three days, which shouldn't interfere with the timeliness of the Oregana. But if it does, Editor Harbert will be docked a certain percentage of his salary, for this year the editor's salary is being run on a percentage-deadline basis. For every day he misses, Harbert forfeits so much money if missing that deadline means tardiness of the

LEROY MATTINGLY, Editor

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Restriction on Reading and Conference Courses?

WEDNESDAY'S faculty meeting produced little action—(a motion for adoption was deferred)—on the grade system but another important reform was suggested—the proposal of Dr. H. G. Townsend to restrict enrollment in reading and conference courses to students on the honor roll.

The reading and conference system has been abused, in the opinion of many professors. By accepting reading and conference enrollments of a considerable number of students, professors and instructors with already full loads impair their own classroom efficiency. If an instructor attempts to handle very many of these courses he is extending the benefits of tutelage to a few students at the expense of the many.

STUDENTS, given permission to enroll in conference courses, have in many cases done so because they believe such courses to be an easy means of picking up a few hours. Professors, usually busy, have a tendency not to be too exacting in demanding regular conferences and the reading assignments in many cases are more or less indefinite.

Dr. Townsend's approach to the situation is to permit only students holding honors privileges to enroll for this direct tutelage work. This would at least guarantee that fairly capable scholars would get the benefit of the individual instruction and that conference work would be limited to junior, senior, and graduate students.

THE offering of conference courses is justified by their purpose. They were designed to supplement regular courses and to encourage advanced and interested students to take up the sort of work for which there isn't sufficient funds or demand to warrant offering full courses.

No restrictions for enrollment should be necessary. The professor ought to have free rein to decide whether a student is capable of benefitting sufficiently from reading and conference work to make it worth his while to give it to him. And the person giving the

courses should also know just how much of such work he can undertake in addition to his regular teaching load and still do justice to both.

The failure of instructors to keep these factors in mind, which has engendered Dr. Townsend's motion, results inevitably in debased standards, not for the reading conference courses alone, but for the instructor's other courses and, indirectly, the University as a whole.

So some sort of regulation has become necessary.

THE weak point in restricting reading and conference work to honor students arises from the fact that honors privileges are awarded at the end of the second year.

Granted that there is no reason, with a few exceptional cases, why a freshman or sophomore cannot find plenty of courses on the regular curriculum to fulfill his schedule and intellectual needs, it should be remembered that many students do only fair work during their first two years and never accomplish much until they become juniors or seniors. Such students would be automatically barred from receiving any of the benefits (which they might be fully capable of attaining) from upper division reading and conference work.

Many students obtain honors privileges. If all were to take advantage of the right to enroll for reading and conference, the load would probably still be heavier than is desired. This is not probable, however.

IT is difficult to set any line of "can" and "cannot" in academic matters of this nature. It is regrettable that so much abuse has occurred with the courses offered freely at the professor's discretion.

Limiting reading and conference courses in some manner seems necessary, however. Despite the objections to it, Dr. Townsend's suggestion seems the best yet offered, since the limitation must be made on some basis of academic achievement.

OFFICIAL VERDICT

(A Short Story)

By WEN BROOKS

Margus' fingers clenched white over the edges of his big mahogany desk top. He sat lurching forward, staring stupidly ahead, beads of cold sweat standing out on his forehead.

"You're afraid, Margus . . . afraid," the voice seemed to say. But no one was in the room. No one. He glanced nervously about, his small black eyes flitting over everything. The hollow light from his desk lamp flicked weird shadows over the room, throwing dark shapes against the walls, on the ceiling, in the corners. Outside the wind howled dismally, whining through the canyon of tall buildings. A siren wailed somewhere in the distance and was lost in the noise of the storm.

Again the voice came to him, "afraid, Margus . . . afraid." The little man jumped to his feet. Damn the night. Damn her. Damn everything! And the voice cackled on, "Don't get excited. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters . . . much . . . when you're afraid." The voice rose, then died to a whisper, was gone.

Margus' hands clenched, cold and clammy. He swung around as to face an invisible foe. But there was nothing . . . nothing but the darkened walls of his office and the night. And now the voice again.

"It doesn't matter . . . nothing matters . . . much, when you're afraid . . ."

The wind was rising, shrieking around the tall building. Margus stood, his small frame tense, listening . . .

"You're weak, Margus . . . weak . . . but don't worry. Nothing matters, nothing. And you have your front. No one else

book. Already, half the book—in the form of photographs, copy and layouts—is finished as far as the editorial staff is concerned, and everything points to a superior book delivered to the students on time.

knows. No one but you, Margus . . . you . . ." it continued on, whipping through his brain, "and you are afraid." Slow and deliberate now, "You wanted to kill Drake . . . you wanted to . . . yes . . . but you never could have . . . you wouldn't have had the nerve . . . you didn't kill Drake . . . did you? did you? Did you! . . . no, but he's dead . . . yes, Margus, he's dead and someone killed him . . . someone." The voice was laughing now, shrill and high, laughing. "God!" Margus screamed. Everything was still for a moment. Then the win could be heard, sucking against the walls of the building, rising higher . . . afraid . . . afraid!

Margus sank down in the chair before his desk. The light still cast weird shadows over the room. Beads of sweat still stood out cold on the little man's forehead. His hands clenched white over the desk top. And the voice was going on.

"She loved Drake, Margus. She didn't love you. Did she? Did she?" higher, "did she?" Then softly, a whisper, "Drake is dead now though. They think you killed him. But it doesn't matter. Nothing matters . . . much . . . when you're a . . ."

Margus' hand groped nervously in the drawer of his desk. His fingers tightened on cold steel. "Afraid? Afraid am I?" He was crying now, and the gun was coming up, rising before his face, staring at him . . . and the voice broke through. "Don't!" Then, "You'll get out of this. You are Margus. Don't be a fool!" And slower, "It doesn't matter . . . nothing matters . . . much . . . when you're a . . ."

Margus' eyes glistened. His

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whole figure tensed as his finger slowly tightened on the trigger. Seconds and . . .

The janitor found the man slumped over his desk, a black automatic in his hand, dead. At the inquest the coroner said he had died of heart trouble. People thought it strange, though, strange the man had had a gun in his hand . . . an empty automatic.

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MILITARY BALL

Legislation, Where Is Thy Sting?

ON the Oregon State campus Editor of the Barometer Ed Burchell has raised the girls' closing hours question and gotten some interesting reactions.

Most surprising of all was that of the Oregon State college mothers' club of Portland. After hearing the pros and cons of the situation from the dean of women at OSC and from a girl senior, the mothers advanced unofficial (individual and collective) opinions that their sons and daughters were sufficiently mature to take care of themselves under any circumstances. They favored the closing hour plan recently passed by the executive committee of the ASOSC which would set house closing hours at 45 minutes after the closing of all-school affairs.

IT has been the stock in trade of administrative officials at both the state's major schools to justify existing "morals dictatorships" on the grounds that people in Oregon who sent their children to school are so backward as to be shocked by less rigid regulations.

"Why the mothers would be shocked—simply horrified—if we let the girls stay out that late, you know . . ." This argument and another, advanced from the standpoint of health, are most frequently used in the defense of early closing hours.

There has long been a tendency, we believe, to view a few scattered and rabid letters from people around the state as "public opinion." The results the Barometer has attained indicate the prevalence of this tendency to underestimate the intelligence and the advanced viewpoint of Oregonians.

IT doesn't make a tremendous difference, really, when sororities close—that is, it doesn't until you're a sorority girl at the Park, no car, no taxis available, and just three minutes to get her back to the house.

The reason it doesn't make such a great deal of difference is that you can never legislate people into neutrality. Morals don't fall away from the coed at 12:16—if she ever had any, they'll still be in operation at 1:00, at 2:00, and even at 10:00 in the morning when she comes down to breakfast with her hair in curlers.

In fact, morals legislation has had a tendency to produce immoral people. Prohibition didn't stop many older people from drinking but it did create a good many youthful drinkers. America is populated by individualists—most of the spirited younger set would rather

laugh at and break a law they regard as silly than obey it.

IT isn't that morality is inborn. Granting that a certain degree of it is valuable from a social point of view even in the most modern interpretation of social conduct, it can better be produced through education than legislation.

Moral education is not, of course, the easy way out.

Officials can sigh, wash their hands in case of a violation, and say: "Well, we've done all we can. We passed a rule against it three years ago."

It's always easier to pass a rule than it is to put across a point through appealing to a coed's intelligence. To pass a rule that all cases is to admit the failure of a system which should educate its subjects to a permanent morality—one that won't be cast aside when the administration's disapproving eye no longer threatens.

MOST students, we believe, come to Oregon from homes where regulations are not as exacting as they are at Oregon and OSC. The reaction OSC got shows that parents are not unenlightened.

In most of these homes, there's a personal element in the relationship between the guider and the guided. It's too bad, what with house mothers and all, it cannot be stressed more at school.

Most coeds are better trained morally, in proportion to their age, when they leave home than they are when they leave school. Yet morals become more important with maturity.

MATRICULATING at 18 or 19, most college men and women pretty well have their "eyes open" by the time they reach college nowadays. They are not worldly but their sense of right and wrong is just as strong as it will ever be.

A legislative system will not influence them constructively. It cannot govern their actions 24 hours a day seven days each week. It can only emphasize that which it is designed to prevent—for the health factor involved is not important to a young and vigorous student.

The Portland mothers of OSC have shaken our faith. We thought legislation for morality was necessary because it fooled the parents. We knew that those at whom it is aimed are too smart to need it—probably smarter, in their naive way, than those who pass the laws.

'Mammy's', Eugene Road House Closed

"Mammy's Cabin," a road house located on the Pacific highway at the eastern edge of Eugene, is closed for the second time in three months.

Students wishing to "get away from it all" will find an empty hall, liquor agents having confiscated everything but the bar.

The place will be closed permanently if a general nuisance charge is pushed across.

DEAN IN PORTLAND

Dean Hazel P. Schwering left yesterday morning for Portland to attend a meeting of the New York World Fair committee of which she is a member.

She is expected to return to the campus this evening.

Don't forget! Schlick the barber has moved across from Sigma Chi.

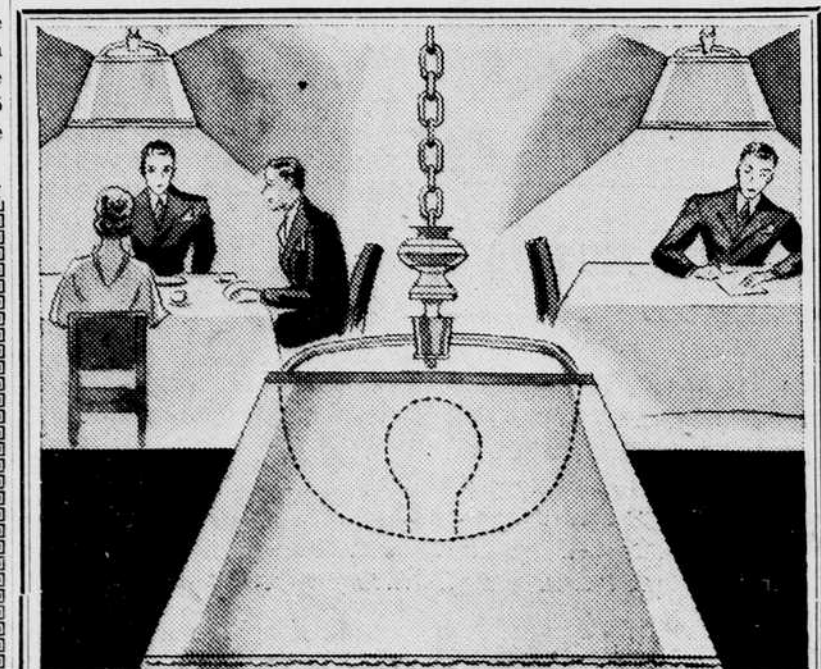
Eugene Ski Laufers Will Run Snow Train

A ski train, sponsored by the Eugene Ski Laufers, will run to Crescent lake, at the summit of the Cascade mountains Sunday, February 12. All campus skiing enthusiasts have been invited by the Ski Laufers to participate in the trip.

Leaving the Southern Pacific depot at 7 a.m., the train will run to the lake where it will be held until the return trip. It will leave for Eugene at 5:30, arriving here about 8:30, officials of the club announced.

The train will carry a dining car but passengers may also obtain inexpensive lunches aboard, club members said.

The train will be able to carry approximately 600 skiers. Last year 621 made the trip.



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