

From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

Quite by chance, today we discovered a jolly new pastime. Probably it's well known to students of the business administration school and thereabouts, but it was new to us, anyway.

It seems there are two telephones in Commerce, one downstairs and one upstairs. Now if you go in and one telephone is busy, the logical thing to do is to whip up to the other one. Well, we went in, and it was, and we did, and picked up the receiver, only to discover to our amazement and delight that both phones were on one line and we could listen in on the conversation on the other line with the greatest of ease.

When we picked up the receiver a languid feminine voice was saying that well, maybe she'd be there if she could get up enough energy. She really sounded pretty tired, too. But the devoted lad on the other end of the wire assured her most fervently that HE'D be there, anyway.

Our scruples overcame us at this point and we hung up to wait our turn. Later we questioned a business ad student about the arrangement, and she assured us primly that it wasn't considered ethical down that way to listen in on the conversations—besides no one ever said anything interesting anyway.

Flowers, indubitably, do bloom in the spring. But they're not the only thing, for a few

days, or even hours, of warm weather brings out a blossoming of new spring clothes that are a delight to the eye.

Cherie Brown, petite blonde Tri Delt, greets the spring in a dirndl of striped material in bright colors. Vivian Emery's spring suit is of a soft, dusty pink, one of the newest of the new colors.

Gamma Phi Ethel Rhonalt wears a blue sweater and dusty pink skirt, a popular spring combination. Princess Betty Crawford has a charming spring formal of soft, deep blue, embroidered with gay-colored daisies.

Joe (Junior) Devers is lovely in a spring suit of the new green shade. With pin-stripes, too... Just a Beau Brummel at heart, we guess.

To a reprimand presented over The Emerald of the Air the other night concerning our "hasty" criticism of the action of the Betas in buying up enough tickets to elect Jim Hubbard "man of the hour" we answer this. We didn't object on moral grounds. Shucks, if the boys want to spend their money that way, it's all right with us. We aren't accusing them of any dishonesty. The sale and balloting were all right. And we have no doubt that Mr. Hubbard is fully entitled to the honor, as the Emerald commentator asserts.

All we said was, it was darn silly. And we STILL think so.

Pink's Lemon-Aid

By JOHN PINK

The weather yesterday was balmy and spring-scented, and according to all the available literature on spring my thoughts should have turned lightly to love; but they wouldn't. Instead I started thinking of the open road—of what lies over the horizon.

When I was young, and at one period in my life I was very, very young, I looked upon a motorcycle as a vehicle of the gods. The fellows that used to blast up the streets were all brothers of Mercury, winged young men free from the trammels of civilization; I envied them tremendously. Some day, thought I, while outspeeding the neighbor's brat on my tricycle which had a front wheel that was wont to figure-eight on any provocation, I'm going to own one of those creatures. Then I would kick that wheel into shape again with a lusty boot.

Time passed on and I outgrew my tricycle. I inherited the family bicycle and biologically its nature was that of the tricycle, only a little more vigorous. Its front wheel would fold without any provocation. I would pedal up and down the block simulating the roar of a motorcycle with a furious gurgling through half-compressed lips. The neighbor's kid, having a resplendent bicycle with balloon tires and chromium-plated fenders, could outpace me. That never worried me for I kept thinking that after I got that motorcycle I'd show him.

But fate stepped in here. My next transition in the transportation field was to model T Fords. They were cheaper, easy to repair, and besides the neighbor's kid had one. So I subli-

mated my longing for a motorcycle and poured my energy into the Ford, along with numberless gallons of gas (one at a time) and quarts of oil. I didn't outgrow my Ford, however, it outgrew me.

I was getting older all the time, a common and vicious habit that has filtrated into humanity, and the motorcycle sunk deeper into the recesses of my consciousness—coming out for air only during the springtime when my thoughts wander the full 24 hours of each day instead of the usual 12.

Yesterday with the full glare of the noon sun on my head, I heard a familiar roar. Looking around, I saw nothing, for a minute I was bewildered, even more than usual. Then it came to me: out of the garage in the inner sanctum of my mind came that motorcycle, a putt-putting, swooping, swerving, and very shiny and bright.

I looked the machine over, patted its firm body and told it that soon I would free it from its prison, and we together would cut our swath through the countryside, then it retired until I can fulfill my promise.

There is a spirit of rugged individualism that hovers over motorcycles. They have none of the impersonality present in automobiles, but seem to be a part of the owner; and they have always seemed symbols of escape, and angels of adventure. I never see one that I don't think of what's around the corner. I know definitely it's not prosperity so that limits the field considerably but not the desire.

I began talking with a friend of mine. My mind and conver-

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Safety Insurance

DEFINITELY in the big-time production business, the ASUO has this year turned its attention to improving McArthur court, theater for all major indoor University events.

Many of the improvements planned and completed are designed to better the appearance of the court's interior and to facilitate the staging of concerts there. Other less noticeable but just as important changes are being made to improve safety conditions when the court is thronged with basketball spectators or concert goers.

The steps up from the first floor to the upper halls are being painted, as are the smaller stairways which lead to and from the seats in the balcony. This is more a safety measure than an artistic improvement, although the new colors provide a pleasant relief from the former drab grey.

EFFORTS have been made also to improve the lighting on the stairs. Although the exits and stairways are certainly sufficient to permit the emptying of the court in case of fire or other necessity, the dark and slightly steep smaller stairways have been something of a hazard even to crowds descending in leisurely fashion.

Under the direction of the educational activities board, other measures have been taken to clear the downstairs hallways. Equipment, such as the steam table which so long occupied space opposite the coaches' offices, has been removed to its proper place. Three inches have been cut off each stage unit to permit their storage along the corridors so that they no longer protrude beyond the uprights but are flush with them.

The decorations for the court itself are nearly complete and have already been used several times. The walls of the court have been painted a brighter color.

OTHER changes, not safety measures but designed to better the Igloo as far as concert and other usage is concerned, include

Mouthpiece for the University

PROFESSOR George Hopkins' fingers ran over the piano keyboard. A microphone nearby picked up the melody, and a small wire carried it to the transmitting facilities of radio station KORE where it was broadcast to all within receiving distance. Mr. Hopkins was delivering the first program over Oregon's first permanent radio hook-up.

As simply as that long months of study, planning, and campaigning by the University radio committee were realized. The committee was confronted by many difficulties; it should receive due credit for obtaining worthwhile recognition for the school and, at the same time, giving the radio audience entertainment plus a little knowledge.

IT is a little incongruous that Oregon's first permanent radio connection was made possible at the expense and under the auspices

a plan to re-locate the ticket offices at the west end of the court. This project is being undertaken by the athletic activities board and would free the area on the north side for the check room and men's lavatory. The board has appropriated \$500 for this work, which will be begun if and when WPA labor can be obtained.

Halted at present for lack of sufficient funds is an educational activities board plan to bring more adequate light and power lines into the court which would make possible improved lighting. For the same reason, the purchase of new burlap curtains for the windows has also been postponed.

CONSIDERATION of safety measures in McArthur court brings to mind the fact that the state system of higher education owns at least one really hazardous "fire trap." Oregon State will probably not thank us for saying so but the college really needs a new gym.

About 3500 people swarmed into bleachers and balconies winter term to see the Beavers; wind up their basketball season against Oregon. Unfortunately, many of those in the balcony saw only about two-thirds of the game—that portion of the action which occurred in the playing area they could see over the edge of the balcony.

When the game ended, people jammed the corridors, narrow stairs, and hallways for several minutes. In case of fire, and the structure obviously can't be fireproof, and resulting panic, it would take a long time to empty that gymnasium. Capacity crowds for games are not unusual, either.

True, the chance of fire striking the OSC gym on the night of a basketball game is probably very slim. But the state holds occasional fire drills in its dormitories and women's halls and provides facilities for clearing those buildings quickly. It's strange it takes the risk in the case of the OSC gymnasium.

of a single individual, KORE Owner Frank Hill, when the state system of higher education has long possessed sufficient facilities for carrying out similar work. Mr. Hill's action in installing the connection is definite proof that he believes the University has something worthwhile to offer his station's listeners.

At the last meeting of the state board funds were allotted for permanently connecting the University campus with radio station KORE. When this project is completed the University will have two permanent radio outlets.

The addition of this service is not sufficient reason for great rejoicing, nor should the University band be called out in celebration. It is, however, a necessary and worthwhile outlet for the University and the information it has to offer.—L.T.

sation rambled. I flung my arms to the breeze, and declaimed longly and loudly on the virtues of seeing how the people on the other side of the hill live.

He said they lived in poorhouses, but I ignored him. Someday I told him I'm going to pack up and find out what is happening where the sky and the distant hills are one. My friend wanted to know where I'd go. He had me there.

I don't know.

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PROFESSOR TAKES EXAM
Professor C. V. Langton, of Oregon State College, will take his doctorate's examination in education at 7 p.m. Monday evening in room 3 of the education building. The title of Mr. Langton's dissertation is, "Organization of a College Health Program."

CALLAS APPOINTED
George Callas, ex-'36, has just been appointed city editor of the Ashland Tidings.