

## SIDE SHOW

By JIM BRINTON

The modern way to desecrate a thing seems to be to paint it!

If you really hated a thing the best way of express your hatred would be to wait until some night, in the dark of the moon, find an old bucket of paint and a three-inch brush, then stalk out and smear the loathed thing with color. The next morning those who revere the thing would be stung to the bottom of their hearts.

In far-away Czechoslovakia Czechoslovakians awoke last Thursday morning to find one of their monuments to Thomas Masaryk decorated with freshly-painted swastikas. Masaryk, first president of that republic, philosopher, and statesman, is probably the man dearest to the hearts of Czechs. He is often called "the George Washington of Czechoslovakia."

The monument is located in a city near the German border where there are many Nazis—so the blame was placed on them.

Nearer home was the defacement of Plymouth Rock Saturday night with a brilliant coat of the "communist" color from its base to its top. Every inch of the huge granite boulder was covered. Residents of Plymouth, Mass., some of whom are direct descendants of the humble passengers of the Mayflower, howled for police to track down the culprits who had painted,

and thus desecrated, their rock.

The "job" may have a communist tinge. It was stated in an Oregonian editorial yesterday that "some years ago the school authorities of Russia went into a solemn convention and ended by ruling the story out of the Soviet classrooms and out of Soviet literature in general." What communists could find distasteful about our little "Pilgrim fairy tale" is a little hard to see.

A better assumption would be that the rock was defiled with left-over paint, and that left-over paint just happened to be red. If communists actually did the job they probably purchased a new bucket of paint. Tip for Plymouth police: find the table knife they used to open the bucket—it'll be lousy with fingerprints.

The third desecration was right here on the campus sometime Friday night. But the senior bench in front of the new law building has been so often defaced that it doesn't quite make news. After a turpentine bath the bench now glows in a sickly shade of sky blue pink.

But there's one kind of paint that does not do desecration: the kind that comes in little silver and gold cases, and for which, statisticians say, women spend 18.2 per cent of their hard earned money.

## From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

We have been challenged a challenge.

John Yerby, Sigma Chi and super-athlete, self-styled, has intimidated—nay, more than that—flatly accused us of not having enough nerve (though that wasn't what Mr. Yerby called it, bless him) to mention him in this column. He has hinted darkly that he "had something" on us which would make us tremble in our boots at the mere mention of his name, and as for daring to malign him columnically—no, never!

Well, now, we don't know what Mr. Yerby means, but we suspect it was just his none-too-subtle method of assuring himself of a little longed-for publicity. There is practically no way quite so effective to get what you want done as to dare someone to do it. And we are human enough to feel the almost instinctive "oh, yeah" rising to our lips the moment anyone tells us we're afraid to do something.

Besides, we are a little touched. To think that all this time Mr. Yerby has so yearned to have his name before the public eye—and we've neglected him! Now, rack our brains as we will, we cannot think of anything Mr. Yerby has ever done which has made our fingers itch for the typewriter keys, nor do we think the gentleman has shown the originality and sparkle to deserve any special mention.

But shucks, if it will make him any happier, we're glad to do it.

The best we can do is to follow the lead of one of Mr. Yerby's friends, and breathlessly relate that he is still carrying the torch for Betty Pownall, though the romance has long since withered. Now whether Mr. Yerby wishes this choice piece of information to reach Miss Pownall's ears only, or whether he would like it to be

an item of general campus interest we don't know. But anyway, there it is—for whatever it's worth. You guess.

If this doesn't satisfy you, John, come in and tell us all about yourself sometime. We'll be more than happy to oblige you with all the publicity you feel yourself entitled to.

And don't ever say we didn't do anything for you!

Ron Husk, according to latest reports, has planted his pin on Barbara Evans, a simple fact, but behind it is a story tender and romantic. It seems that Ron has always been, if not an avowed woman-hater, at least remarkably indifferent to the charms of the fairer sex.

But this changed this year when Barbara Evans stabled her Saint Bernard Buck at the SAE house. Ron took the gigantic Buck out for walks, and whenever Buck would see Barbara he would dash over to her with a great show of affection—with Ron trailing after.

Well, things went on this way, with the final result that though Buck is no more on the campus, or at home at the SAE house, Ron and Barbara don't seem to need him any more.

Touching, too, is the romantic tale about Les Forden and Janet Felt. It seems that Les, smitten with love for Janet, wanted to do something to show his affection. But being a hall-dweller, he had no pin to plant, and the thing seemed pretty hopeless.

Not content to let the matter rest, Les' inventive hall-mates scurried around, sent for a package of breakfast food or something with a huge star in it—a special gift from Ken Maynard, or whoever it is that sends such special gifts to kiddies when they send in the top of the box, etc—and presented it to Les, who took it over to

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## Streamlining Still Needed

WHILE seniors were given little satisfaction in their proposed "remodeling" of commencement exercises, according to the report of the committee at the class meeting last night, the members of the class of 1938 did mark down slight victories.

Although the speakers' list is still lengthy the main address will be given by President Erb. Other addresses will be short and to the point, according to the faculty committee.

The student request for an outdoor commencement was met with the reply that weather conditions were too unsettled to warrant trying such a scheme. There was a suggestion that next year, perhaps, open air exercises could be held.

One might be provoked to wonder whether it will rain any less next year than this, but outside of this observation most of the faculty arguments in favor of the traditional system for the present seem valid.

THIS does not obliterate the fact, however, that commencement exercises come very near being the dreariest and most uninteresting event of a college student's life. Every year about this time seniors become aware of

this fact and attempt to remedy the situation.

Many suggestions are broached, some of them practical, others unfeasible. In the past the greatest difficulty to be overcome by students has been the adherence to tradition—tradition that began in times for which it was suited, but which has grown unwieldy as the years pass.

Some—although not all—of this difficulty has been overcome. The faculty committee has indicated its willingness to cooperate with students, and has indicated that suggestions for constructive changes would be welcome.

Commencement day, in spite of dreary exercises, is one of the most important events which occur in the life of the college student. The faculty is, to be sure, the conferrer of honors, but the students as recipients deserve every attempt to make this event a pleasant and happy memory.

The crux of the problem thus resolves itself into the need for constructive change. While lack of time may prevent further action for the approaching exercises, any improvements which can be made or suggested at this time when the subject is live, will be groundwork for better commencements in the future.

## Boys and Girls Together

MIXED recreational sports were initiated at the University last winter term with a moderately successful reception by students. The program was not continued, however, after a few trials. Now the WAA announces that they are considering plans for building up a similar program for next year.

The idea of a mixed sports program meets with varied response upon the mere broaching of the subject. Some students look askance, others accept the idea heartily.

With most students a "natural" reticence to participate in such a mass program must be overcome before the movement can go forward. As was evidenced during winter term, students turned out for the first few times, but did not support the program enough to warrant continuance.

IF any successful mixed sports are then to be established at Oregon a considerable attitude against—or perhaps just indifference to—the idea must be overcome.

The ground has been broken, to a small extent, by activities already well established, such as the social swims in Gerlinger. While these have made a start, it is as yet very small.

The values of a mixed sports program are numerous. It is true that they will not add greatly to the opportunities for health-building athletic endeavors provided for the University men, but it will increase the opportunities for women immensely.

And furthermore, men, think of the money you could save in cokes, as well as improving your health.

## In the Mail

### A SECRET

To the Editor:

I wonder if you have done your full duty by the members of the class of 1938 in informing them that the seniors are getting ready for a whale of a good time at the senior picnic to be held—sh! we mustn't let you know when.

Chairmen Jane Slatky and La Verne Terjeson have already made great plans for barbecued lunches and dancing and baseball. Mel Shevack is to be in charge of the entertainment and he promises to have enough good games of ring-around-the-rosy under way so that the most bashful of the seniors will immediately get into the spirit of the thing.

The most interesting part of it all is that it will be absolutely free. Free food! Free dance! Free transportation! for all bona fide members of the class whether they hold class cards or not.

B.P.

Janet.

She now wears it proudly pinned over her heart.

## Scanty Suited Skiers Scan Slopes



Catherine Clegg, Lorrain Cousins, Marion Folsom . . . three Seattle girls who display the latest in skiing attire on Mt. Rainier's ski slopes and are not just "props" for a press agent's idea, honest.