

Oregon Emerald

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They Earned Them

THE Koyl and Gerlinger cups—symbols of activity prominence, scholarship, and all-around capability—go this year to Roy Nels Vernstrom and Rita Wright. And for these two journalism majors these awards are the fruits of countless hours of diligent work, of efficient intellectual toil, and of numerous personal sacrifices.

There can be no greater honor for a junior man than to be chosen the outstanding member of his class; and no greater honor for junior women than to be awarded the Gerlinger cup. Well can the shack's Rita Wright and Roy Vernstrom be proud. Well should they be congratulated.

But these cups are only symbols of achievement. It is not in the mere possession of these trophies of a three-year chase that Miss Wright or Vernstrom will glory now or in the years to come when University days are but a memory. It is what they stand for that counts. It is the knowledge of work well done, of contact with fellow students and faculty, and whole-hearted cooperation in the never-ending task of building a greater Oregon that will, in time to come, be reward enough.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Charles W. Koyl, class of 1911, gave the University of Oregon the cup that bears his name. Active in student affairs himself, he hoped this cup might promote achievements for his University. Four years following the debut of the Koyl cup on the then young campus, Mrs. George T. Gerlinger, in whose name the present women's building stands as a monument, put up a similar cup, to be given to the out-

standing junior women. Her reason for doing so was similar to Koyl's.

In the years that have followed, these cups have been awarded annually to outstanding men and women of the junior class. A high standard of general efficiency has been maintained by the long line of editors, ASUO officers, activity men, and students who have achieved success in their chosen vocations. What was once a hope of Koyl and Mrs. Gerlinger is now a reality.

This year's winners, chosen by the award committee, headed by Dean of Men Virgil D. Earl and Dean of Women Hazel P. Schwering, maintain that same high standard. Both Vernstrom and Miss Wright can look back on a long list of activities participated in during the past three years.

A member of the Emerald staff for the three years, Rita Wright was chosen "Little Colonel" of the Military ball. She was nominated for AWS prexy, and is president of her house.

Last week Vernstrom was elected second vice-president of the associated students. He has served on numerous committees, and worked on the Oregon staff for three years. He is also head of his fraternity, and is one of the most efficient activity men on the campus.

The committee is to be congratulated in its choice of these outstanding young people as "No. ones" of the year. For both Miss Wright and Vernstrom, next year should be a "banner" year. And today, Oregon is proud to honor the friendly, pretty, and capable Rita Wright, and the efficient, smiling, and active Roy Vernstrom.—G.P.

Track Is What You Make It

OFFHAND, or off-foot, track at Oregon is on the incline. We are inclined to think otherwise, however, since Colonel Bill Hayward's allotment of dough-rei-me has been cut from \$4800 to a paltry \$1500, a sum which is large for a sportswriter's salary, but small for luring potential prep school material and outfitting the varsity in something more than a pair of spiked shoes and a flegleaf.

The trouble with Colonel Bill is that he's too confounded good at developing high school "lugs" into champions. Not that the affably senile Hayward can make a sprinter out of a kid with a wooden leg, or develop a shot putter from a 90-pound urehin from the city tenderloin. But the Colonel's reputation of rounding out a track team from material that ought to be applying for membership in the old men's home is known even better than the Colonel's fishing ability. Therein lies an analogy: Hayward, if track team building is any criterion, could catch a barracuda with a trout fly. And probably would, rather than beef about the handicap.

THE point we're finally getting to is this:

Since Anse Cornell took over the decapitated ruins of athletic coffers and instituted more reforms than the New Deal, Hayward's track budget has had to suffer the aforementioned decrease of \$3300. (The reason that sum is easy to remember lies in the fact that it is the telephone number of dear ole' Oreg.). Last season, for instance, the football team which won nothing but a trip to New York and the championship of Lane county, put Mr. Cornell's books into the red to the tune of several thousand dollars. Of course some of this was due to buying a couple of new outfits per man so that the Lemon and Green gridders of Oregon could be colorful in one way at least. But the track team (skeleton though it is) goes merrily on piling up records and putting the name of Mighty Oregon on the map with clothes that would put Mahatma Gandhi to shame.

Maybe this is a premature attack on a defenseless situation. Perhaps Colonel Bill would rather his team was cut to half its deserved size, wearing the tattered Cinderella garments it has worn for years, rather than see the football team go without its new silk panties and foundation garments. But we've a pretty good hunch that if Colonel Bill was convinced of his authority around these here parts, podner, there'd be some ink flying on the ledgers. And it wouldn't be red.

You can't buy track material with plugged nickels, Mr. Cornell.—V.G.

Let's Live a Little Longer

DRIVING is a cinch, especially for we young people. We're physically better able to meet emergencies—we've got confidence, ability, everything we need to be good drivers! This is the average student's attitude toward "herding his four-wheel buggy." And yet, when it comes down to actual statistics, this same group of young people is in a class all by itself as far as the question of poor driving goes.

Referring to a report issued by the secretary of state's office last year, the age group from 15 to 24, comprising only 18 per cent of all the drivers in Oregon, had 35 per cent of all the drivers in fatal accidents. This looks even worse when compared with that driving group of supposedly "old fogies," say from 40 to 54 in age, which makes up 30 per cent of the total yet has only 20 per cent of the fatalities.

THE report goes on to ask what is the reason "for this startling failure of young drivers to drive as safely as their elders?" It offers an explanation in the fact that probably overconfidence, combined with inexperience and lack of judgment is most responsible. It adds that many young drivers attain a high degree of physical skill in handling a car before their judgment has been tempered by long hours at the wheel. They don't allow themselves enough margin of safety.

These facts can certainly be substantiated in a college town. Reckless students hurling their high-powered cars around a campus often arouse the comment of "brainless or just crazy." College education is supposed to be one means of providing quick maturity of judgment for youth. Yet in this field, at least, it still has much headway to make. The safety groups of every state and every community are striving earnestly to slow down the needless slaughter of human beings. Figures show that students would certainly "live longer" by cooperating.—P.B.

"Vote now and make the world safe for radio listeners!"

That's the slogan of the new Unpopularity Song contest organized by Haverford college students to counteract the many popular song ratings being broadcast. "The Stinker Parade," as they call their "program," is designed to do away with songs that plague the ears of the radio public.

Latest winners on the new parade are "Little Sir Echo," "Hold Tight," "Penny Serenade," "Umbrella Man," and "Ship Ahoy, My Little Skipper."

Ye Old Dunking System



"Help!" said the cute little fishie.—By Ralph Woodall.

Anyway, We Have Junior Weekend

"HELLO walk," asks someone, "what? . . . where is that?" "Do we have a junior bench?" chimes in an upperclassman. "No one ever told me about the Oregon seal," pipes up another.

Yes, we do have a few traditions on the University of Oregon campus even though some of them unfortunately have been packed away in mothballs for future generations to read about. The freshman at Oregon isn't given much in the way of the good old frosh tradition to look back on when he's someday recalling school day memories.

The Emerald's editor pretty well hit the proverbial nail on the head in Wednesday's paper after his house brothers had given him the "works" in the form of a good dunking and a ride up the McKenzie. Said Deutsch, "As a matter of fact, I was worried that I might get through school without being tossed over the bridge. You know, this afternoon was the first time that had happened to me."

WHAT we consider a healthy form of tradition is Junior Weekend with its many little rules and regulations. . . mores of our society as it were. The president of the University speaks from the queen's platform at the campus luncheon sans necktie and white shoes. The baseball coach comes around in a nice spring suit with white shoes and tie. . . and takes a good-natured dunking in the campus bird bath with Oregon lettermen administering the punishment. Coeds speak to

fellows who are trying for one day to talk to only student members of their own sex. Those coeds are marched severely to the pool and ducked, permanent wave and all, head first, and with the same enthusiasm our president of the University would get his.

Junior Weekend has its duckings at the campus luncheon. It has its painting of the "O" by freshmen. It has its annual tug of war between the freshmen and the sophomores. Junior Weekend marks the changing of classes, and the donning of cords by sophomores, and moleskins by freshmen. For three days the campus is seeping with tradition. We can be thankful for that.

BUT for most of the other eight or nine months of school a virtual king's-x seems to exist. Freshmen at Oregon State college, our sister institution to the north, have to wear green lids around to mark themselves from the matured sophomores, juniors, and seniors. At Willamette University, the church institution in Salem, the lids are in order too and the first year students carry around little frosh bibles. . . or else.

Of course we may be a bit more progressive than our neighbors to the north. We may have passed that certain stage in college culture. At Oregon, the freshman who wants to mind his own business and stay out of the spotlight can go around unmolested with little fear of ever hitting the millrace. But like Editor Deutsch he's apt to be worried about

members of the Order of the O, official referees of the contest each year. Paddle-swinging Tony Amato went in three years ago.

Queen Maxine I and her princesses looked mighty good yesterday. And wasn't Corbett anxious for a few minutes though? Would she come? Scott's a pretty good showman. He forgot to introduce the name of the little princess who sat at Max's feet, however, with the sun umbrella. Jim Wells was in his glory at the luncheon, rather. . . the picnic, checking up to see that everyone of the ticket-takers had enough punch! And I didn't know we had a college choir and band combined! I still don't know we do. The whistling was O.K. . . but let's let professionals do the singing. And could anyone say our prexy isn't a regular, joining in as he did minus necktie!

The annual glamour show of the millrace comes off tonight. Students were busy all day yesterday, some still are, getting the floats in final shape. Mr. Byrom downtown hopes one of the floats will be suitable for a Eugene entry in the Kosee Festival. Was inquiring around yesterday. Something new for the fete is a water curtain to be used this year. In past years a large curtain has been strung across the race upstream from the stands, screening the floats from view. This year a water curtain will be used. Power pumps will shoot streams of flecked water high over the race. Colored spots will be directed on the water screen. The water will be shut off as each float passes through into view of the stands.

Well, that about does it for now. The Phi Psis are still wondering just who the four girls were who serenaded them last Saturday morning about 1. . . sang the Phi Psis' own fireside song!

Footballers to the Rescue

TRADITION and practice has it that Junior Weekend on the campus should be highlighted by at least one, and sometimes two, three, and four athletic events. But this year, Oregon came within a gnat's eyebrow of going through the celebration without so much as an exhibition of ping-pong or hop scotch. Only a generous spirit of cooperation on the part of Tex Oliver's football men, now practically through a long practice, saved the day.

Originally, the OSC-Oregon track meet was scheduled for Junior Weekend, but a shift in the date of the northern division meet forced a postponement of the competition. The shift sent the track team to Pullman, and inasmuch as the baseball and frosh teams were also due to "battle" away from home; the athletic slate for the weekend was wiped out.

WHAT to do? It looked very dark, until one day Tex Oliver called his boys together and put it squarely up to them. And they responded. They called off spring practice for a week, in order to extend it until Junior Weekend, and booked a game for today. Now only the Junior Weekend "entity-spirit" could have motivated the footballers to drag out their spring practice a full week, for spring practice is monotonous, and no picnic, and the boys were in a hurry to get it over with.

So when you fans escort the Oregon mothers to Hayward field this afternoon to see Coach Oliver's 1939 grid edition in action, give the football players a hand. They, Coach Oliver, and the alums taking part, deserve bouquets just as much as all the other Webfoots who have done their bit to make this a truly "big" celebration.—G.P.

getting through school without being thrown in, and yearn for the experience. What then? He can't tell his offspring about those days of terror he spent when a freshman. If it doesn't matter to the student, then this exposition is pointless. But we'll wager that the frosh bible, and green lid, and traditional ducking will remain forever in the memories of Oregon Staters and Willamette grads.

And they'll be proud to recall those days later. One campus memory we'll cherish is Junior Weekend with its three days of activity. University of Oregon's traditions come to the fore on Junior Weekend. Maybe we'll never see the hello walk tradition revived, but at least the campus does have its duckings in the campus pond during the campus luncheon, etc., and for those expressions of revived tradition on the Oregon campus we can thank Junior Weekend. We do.—E.H.

Ruth Watanabe, University of Southern California senior, has maintained a straight A average for 13 consecutive semesters.

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Round 'n' About

With WEN BROOKS

It's great to lie back in bed and take it easy the morning after. It's hell to be rudely awakened and then tossed in the millrace! But the latter is what, in all probability, will happen to some members of the moleskin wearing sophomore class this morning. . . unfortunates who happen to be residing in houses along the race. I am basing my prognostications on what has happened in past years. . . when freshmen literally "went hog wild" after painting the O, proceeding to paint up everything and everyone in town.

My freshman year Don Thomas was one of the official slopper-onners for the class of '40. After the big cement O on Skinner's butte had received its spring facial in yellow, the mighty freshmen proceeded from house to house, routing sophomores out of bed, applying the yellow in big wet gobs to the bodies of sophomores. Fellows in houses along the mill-race were simply marched out to the race and tossed in, pajamas and all. It was great. . . for us freshmen!

I have no way of knowing what will happen this morning. Anything is likely to. After the O has been painted, members of the tin-pants aggregation and members of the Staiger-fired sophomore class will meet on opposite banks of the millrace just above the railroad bridge north of Kincaid street. No matter who wins the tug-of-war, everyone will go in, including probably some