

Behind the

8 BALL

With JACK BRYANT

BULLETIN

AURELIE WOLCOTT, Pan-hellenic and Tri-Delt proxy, gets SAEIzed Wednesday afternoon as she takes FRANK LUKOWSKI'S pin. He's changing his name to Lucas.

BETAZ now own a railroad! Editor Jermain complains at lack of room and plans to move it from chapter room to McArthur court. "It's always too crowded for me to play," he moans.

Story of the week is Art Winetrou's and Bette Hobbs' decision to be married at the Tri-Delt house December 20. Of COURSE you've heard of the celebration that the Kappa Sigs threw after Art announced that he was going to make the big jump. . . . EVEN better was that Oregon's football team is going to be minus one star tackle come next season. . . . he's going to work in his pop's Ford garage as a parts man. . . . he's not going to finish the term, and Bette has already gone home to get ready. . . .

CONGRATULATIONS are due the Sig Eps on their steady drive to rid the campus of the SFEs and install the Sig Eps. . . . they started this many long years ago. Three years back they had it well under control and now a complete victory. . . .

MORE CONGRATS to FRANCES BUD (BEASTIE) NESTOR. . . . he comes through with the news that he left his pin in Seattle. . . . now he says tell all the pretty girls hello.

BOB SMITH IS BACK in the good graces of Mary Jane Johnson, Seattle. . . . She saw him play his sensational game against UCLA.

THE SPORTS STAFF is wandering around with the phrase, "This boy Frank Emmons is really in love. . . ." Then there is the TIMELY idea about having HOMECOMING for the grads next year. . . . the idea centers around having a campus dance the night before the big game and an Alum dance the night of the game. . . . Alums are still kicking about the last one, and while on the subject, if some one mentions Leon Mojica for next year there is going to be at least one picket at the joint.

Cutest column of the day was Dave Compton's little ditty on advertising men's clothing. . . . Dave, you know, is one of the members of BOUNDERS ROW, really an exclusive organization. . . . (you have to live on Patterson street!) . . . Another club, not heard much from this year but still active, is the SMOOTCHE club. . . . Leading member Mary Jane Horton who returned from Chicago Tuesday.

Rod McMillan, prominent Fiji, relinquished his pin to a Portland lassie over last weekend. . . .

THEY SAY

Virginia Swearing keeps the Fiji (?) phone busy three hours a day talking to . . .

Scuse Please

Didn't see Kitty Ritter and Bob Whitely at the Uptown Saturday night but they were there. . . . also missed all the ATO and Pi Phi cuties that were allegedly there. . . .

BET THEY CAN'T SEE ANY MORE OF EACH OTHER if they tried: Mary Cormack who fell in a hurry for Johnny Martin (he fell hard too) Delores Davidson, not a baker, is also seeing a lot of Rocky Rodman. . . .

Fire, Fire

Delivering for the (censored) last night offered an opportunity to talk in the fire drills at the Alpha Chi and Chi O mansions. . . . one Chi O keeled over and one Alpha Chi nearly had heart failure.

Little publicity has been given the 3 o'clock club, and probably because they don't want it. . . . the club is the bunch that hangs around the press and puts the Emerald to bed. . . . they meet at 3 o'clock in the morning for a feed of cokes and hamburgers—they can't get those good sandwiches from the (censored) because that place closes at 12. . . . We've heard stories about some of their meetings.

OUTRAGED WORD Didnt the students get prom-

'No Man's Land' Was Never Like This--or, The Throttle's Reign on 13th

A popular vagary which sometimes finds itself boomeranging is the time-honored expectation, near-resignation, that collegians will be varying erratic and given to extremes in their natural habitat. To the man in the street, particularly the non-college stock, it is his wont to prefix the word "crazy" just before the word "college" when referring to the boys or girls who belong. Guppy-gulpers and angworm swallows certainly do not help to refute this conception.

However, there is something which happens every hour of every day in and about this campus which would seem to indicate the shoe is on the other foot, namely the driving characteristics demonstrated by non-University cars.

Even state law has plenty to say about how to drive in certain restricted areas, such as residential districts and school zones, but this seems to make no difference as far as the between-class hurrier can tell. He must watch and wait for a safe crossing anyway. Trucks, busses, passenger cars—everything on wheels—are in a hurry. They force their way through bluntness, and with consummate and undeniable crust.

ALL streets about the campus are heavily used, both by pedestrians and wheeled traffic. Drivers have gotten used to going by these routes rather than others, while the students naturally swarm about the University buildings. Most of the 3600 or so students enrolled do not drive cars to class.

Any school of any considerable size is

bound to develop into a compact unit. This is especially true of colleges and universities, which become little communities within communities. Such is the University of Oregon. At many schools of this size and type the tendency is toward complete isolation, blocking off the campus streets completely from through and almost any other traffic. It did not take long for traffic experts to realize that a campus has a need and a right to be a unit. Where there is another route it has been found more satisfactory to make use of that. Even on the Corvallis campus, where it must be admitted the situation is slightly different, there is no constant whizzing through of public traffic.

TO student pedestrians, moving about on their own campus, a special consideration seems merited. They are busy, and the campus is their unit. But instead of special consideration they get not even ordinary courtesy. Between classes no one is allowed to forget that the hand at the wheel and the foot at the accelerator pedal are blithely unconscious of the fact that in roaring down Thirteenth they are not on the open highway.

It was most interesting last year, especially toward spring, to watch the movements of the city council toward regulating traffic in the University vicinity. The council was convinced to a man that it was the collegians who ought to be watched as reckless and dangerous drivers. At the same time there was a smashup happening daily and oftener at University and Thirteenth, not once including University drivers. Small proof this was

of the aldermanic theory that it was a collegiate axiom to operate with only two speeds: wide open and stopped.

AT this time the University officially requested stop signs, all ways on Thirteenth at University and at Kincaid. Stop signs, one way, only at the entrance to the campus proper, were the answer. Still the University could not get the city to realize that here was no ordinary stretch of city streets.

This is no complaint against speeding. It goes farther than that, for speed is no hazard in itself, what with better drivers and better equipment. Speed is here to stay, and it is good. But there is room for the exercise of common sense on the part of those non-University drivers who do their maneuvering on or about the campus. They are not God just because they hold the wheel of some fast truck which takes the route through the campus as the shortest way. True, not all such drivers are as rude as those in whose direction this is pointed, but these are in the minority, as anyone can see by simply going out and watching the stream of traffic whistle down the campus asphalt, scattering pedestrians like a splash in water. No driver likes to wait for pedestrians, but where he should not be driving at all he must expect that.

THE situation might adjust itself temporarily to a point at which conditions might be better than they now are, but this will not come in a short space of time. Better law enforcement alone is not enough.

The only real solution is one which has

been entertained for no little time in the minds of plenty of thinkers who have direct and official contact with the problem. What better answer could there be than to shut off campus streets entirely to through traffic, or to any traffic? There is not a single non-University property between Kincaid and University on Thirteenth, and there are enough alternate routes to make blocking feasible. Thirteenth is not needed for through traffic, and since its days are numbered as a traffic street, it is just as well that the idea be gotten used to now as later. Re-routing could be a simple matter.

ACTION, if any is to come, will undoubtedly wait until the state decides what it is going to do about its new highway. Any of the proposed new routes would send traffic streams in better lines than the present. Apparently nothing is going to happen very soon, and meanwhile this source of irritation maintains itself, a thorn in the side of the University. It is not reasonable for the city to assume that college students, because they come from other cities and towns, because they are here only for four years, have no right to a better arrangement in their own college unit community.

Unless it can be demonstrated that Thirteenth cannot possibly be given bodily to the University it would seem that this is the only lasting solution to the difficulty.

Meanwhile drivers might tend to their knitting everywhere in the several blocks each way in which University students must navigate afoot.

Oregon Emerald

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Serious-Minded Wings--A Winner

IF there ever was a course around here which developed quite the spirit that the new pilot curriculum has built up in a few short weeks it would have to be a wonder.

In the first place, Carlton Spencer and his board had a list as long as their collective arms from which to choose applicants. When the opportunity was first made known enough bids came in the first day to fill the course, but Spencer went out and campaigned for a larger list, and he got it. Out of this they did their picking, established an alternate lineup, and made some entries for next year. With so large a list it is certain there was plenty of the very best material to select from.

Coming along fast, the flying classes have already developed into one of the most hotly pursued studies in the University. Part of this is due to the fact that the people who are conducting the pilot training indicated early in the game that they meant business. No loafing would be tolerated, and none has been. There is too much ground to cover and the

investment is too great.

ANOTHER thing about University flying which is obvious is that the fortunate ones who are enrolled are getting a whale of a bargain for their money. This they know and are anxious to protect.

No one in the course wants to get "rolled out" of it. That is why the competition is so keen both to stay in and to get in. Let an enrollee miss a couple of classes in a row and he commences to try to guess about his successor from the alternate list. With so long a list the goods have to be delivered. Only two hours of University credit are given for the training.

They are learning to fly, these would-be pilots, chosen from among the regular undergraduate ranks of the University. And incidentally, it was no slight job of maneuvering which got for this school so large an allotment.

Here is the most modern course in the University. It is good to see it succeeding well.

uled to be Benny's steady vocalist. . . . Speaking of swing, they laughed when he walked out on the dance floor with a paper bag full of water—they didn't know he was going to "swing it." Ouch!

Rushing the Border, Brain

Downtown music stores report large sales of "South of the Border" and "Scatterbrain" . . . Glen Miller's recording of "Blue Rain" is drawing favorable comment. "Piggy Wiggy Woo" is

Frog-Voice Fades

Exit: Tony Pastor from Artie Shaw's band and Jack Leonard from Tommy Dorsey's crew. . . . Glen Miller and Larry Clinton are slated for spreads in a forthcoming issue of Life magazine.

The BAND BOX

By BILL MOXLEY

Orrin Tucker and his band are currently playing at the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco. Doesn't seem very far from here. In fact, it's so close that, if Mr. Tucker and Wee Bonnie ever started to come north we might send out a special delegation to block all the highways and steer Tucker and company right to the Oregon campus. The only trouble is that if Orrin could be lured up this way we'd have to enlarge the Igloo. And there is no way of telling how many people would be killed in the rush when the band began to play "Oh Johnnie."

Page the Oliver Metronome Seven out of 12 of the men in Gray Gordon's Tie Toe band played football when they were in college. Perhaps the timing and coordination learned on the gridiron are responsible for those clock-like rhythms. . . . Benny Goodman's new band still needs some whipping in shape—he doesn't sound nearly as smooth as he used to. Mildred Bailey is evidently sched-

uled a rally dance by the ASUO? It says on the student body cards that we get ope but where is it? WHAT ABOUT

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