

OREGON EMERALD

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New Year Resolutions for Future Elections

IF it were around the first of the year it would be a good time to start making the usual banal resolutions which somehow attach themselves to a new beginning.

While it is not the first of the calendar year at the University it is the start of another kind of year—a new set of student body officers has been elected, which means the end of the old year and the beginning of a new one. Under these lights good resolutions might be in order just as much as if it were January 1.

On the heels of the last election this year will produce, providing there is no further protest, and excepting the unfortunate Co-op board, at least a pair of good resolutions make their need felt. So simple are these that they must have occurred to many already.

IN the first place, in spite of repeated trial and error tests, the election system used yesterday was not completely a success, which gives rise to Good Resolution No. 1: Reduce the election system either to a well-defined constitutional status or work out a system which anticipates every slip-up; make sure there will be no chance for variation from one election to another in method.

In the second place, there were not enough candidates to make the thing really an election. It maddened many a voter to have his choice limited to four-for-four, especially when there are twice that many potentially good prospects whose names should have been on the ballot. The answer here is either change the constitution so that nominating a candidate is not such an ordeal by fire as it is now, or else beat them out of the bushes with clubs and force them to run. The way it is now any candidate is practically self-nominated. There is no chance for even a politician to "hear the call."

AS to the election procedure itself, it is worth study. A year which produces one questionable election after another makes study of the problem imperative. It may never happen this way again, but then again it may.

Elections should always have the same supervision, a political science professor or other non-partisan expert, and a few other experienced hands who have done the work before. All elections, class and ASUO, should happen at the same time, except of course the fall freshman voting. The order at the tables should put the ballot box last, checking first, and ballots handed out individually by the election board and even inserted in the ballot box by official hands.

The main thing in elections is to reduce the election procedure to such an ironclad, invariable, unbreakable system that it will never falter. This can be done, but it will never be done as long as the prevailing idea is to hopefully expect everything to come out all right without really giving it a chance to come out that way.

THE idea of opening up nominations occurred earlier in the campaign, but then it was already too late to change. Under the ASUO constitution there is no chance for the kind of write-in victory Corvallis had this year. Neither is there a chance for a dark horse nominee by ballot. Now a candidate must promote his cause himself to a certain extent, which certain more retiring but none-the-less able individuals are unwilling to do.

But whatever happens in the future, it is perhaps fortunate that there are no more elections coming up. Never in history has there been a year in which there seemed no way to be found for doing anything right. And if the year end is the only thing which can stop it the year should end soon.

Maybe a fresh start next year will get off on the right foot once again. But far-sighted improvements undertaken early are insurance against years like this one.

Pinafore's Progress, or--An Apron Gone High-Hat

WHEN it comes right down to it, the average college man is not exactly clear not only as to what the coed wears but as to what he wants her to wear. In day by day association the tendency is to regard the individual as a unit, rather than as a different outfit. As a whole, the total effect is pleasing—the collegian likes the way his coed dresses, even though he may not be very definite as to what that includes.

This average, half blind, not quite indifferent male finds his indifference to details strained to the breaking point these days. Pinafores on a college campus are enough to make even the most comfortable sit up and take notice.

IF there is one thing apparent about Junior Weekend it is that the girls have really gone in for the pinafores prescribed as atmosphere for the Viennese Junior Weekend. Singly, in twos and groups, they appear everywhere. After the first realization dawns as to what these unique garments are it soon occurs that they are all over the place.

The Viennese idea is of course the prime con-

sideration, but the pinafore has more of a meaning than Vienna. Defined, a pinafore is declared an apron, usually low-necked and sleeveless. So far so good, these look like pinafores. Then a further study of the characteristics of pinafores reveals that they are worn especially by children and girls to protect the front part of the dress, and Vienna is left far behind.

IT would be difficult to trace the Junior Weekend pinafores to any such intent as protecting the front part of a dress, or to counteract childish adventurousness with resulting personal be-smearment. These local pinafores represent atmosphere, and no more.

But whatever the origin of pinafores on the campus, their effect is not bad, with that special inflection on the not bad. And the popularity of pinafores gives rise to the sneaking male suspicion that the wearing of such a garment offers much the same casual feeling that the male derives from the wearing of sloppy cords, a new character. If this is indeed the case the coeds are to be congratulated on a step toward ease of soul.

and suggest a song for his Saturday night broadcast, giving reasons as to why it's your favorite. If your song is played on the air and your letter is read, you'll soon be the owner of a beautiful \$125 diamond ring.

The only hitch in this lovely plan is the competition, which happens to be a little stiff. Since the end of October when the program started the contest, more than 700,000 letters have been sent in. These are mullied over by professional readers until the list is narrowed down to a mere 200 a week. The waltz king and his sponsors then whittle this number down to the six melodies

heard on the program. . . . After this little explanation it's easy to see that your chances of winning the diamond ring are practically cinched. Like all other radio contests, all you have to do is to write a good letter and it's bound to stand out among the several hundred thousand other entries. Oh, sure.

Well, Why Did I? . . . Students at several midwestern colleges, including Colorado college and University of Denver, are slated to appear on the radio May 18th in an informal discussion on the question "Why Did I Go to College?" Professors in charge of the pro-

Behind the 8 BALL

With JACK BRYANT

NOW THAT THIS POLITICAL SITUATION IS FAIRLY WELL SETTLED, let's get this campus cleaned up again. . . . Bob Keen, you and your gray winners can help most by picking up those hand bills that litter the campus. It's kinda poor publicity for Neely, Hoke, and Kinney and you to have your names all over.

Tige Payne, isn't there something you can do about all the kalsomine on the streets?

Now I have experienced everything! The law school boys actually wanted to be friends yesterday. Evidently they were not happy over the little incident in which Turn turned her ankle in time to turn Turn's date away from Turn's door. Turn must have turned the ankle back because it was O. K. Sunday. Turn didn't turn back today (but she did turn the sunbeams into icicles). . . . Things have evidently turned.

Pink! Cute little Billie Christianson blushed yesterday. In fact she blushed most of the whole yesterday. You see, people were asking her of her marriage in June. With that red hair of hers and that beet red blush, she would have been a marvelous stand-in for the sun. (If we didn't have any sunshine.)

Well, to continue the story, last week Billie confided in some of her "friends." She told them she was going to be married. Now she CHANGED HER MIND (a woman's privilege). . . . BILLIE IS NOT GOING TO GET MARRIED, now or ever, and what's more she left the impression that she wanted to be a career woman with a future.

From We mustn't forget the junior class' Junior Prom. They are the ones that are giving it, aren't they? . . . On the subject of juniors, somebody was saying that Jim Pickett is president of the class.

This Gerry Young, who is "a Beta at Washington" is going to school here now and not up at Huskyville. . . . Pat Heastand brought him around for evidence. . . . TODAY'S PREDICTION. . . . Oregon State will lose two games to Oregon and Oregon will successfully defend its northern division crown in baseball . . . and the Beavers will get dumped in track Saturday.

Quips Frank Baker, Sigma Chi, now has Jean Lindburg to bear his cross. He planted it at his spring house dance. Jean is from Olympia and came down just to take in the dance, and incidentally the planting. . . . Len Ballif ends his first pin planting and resumes a platonic friendship. . . . Pun of the week . . . when will Ken Christianson quit DIBBLEING around the Theta house. . . . WHO IS SHE girl of the week . . . Barbara Johnson, Kappa from K Falls. . . . Barbara Williams is called her econ class' CCC girl . . . (cute coed, campus class cut-up, coy-clever-confusing . . . ?) Bob Chessman, Beta, pinned Dorothy Pythilla of Portland at his house dance. . . . Dave Brown-ing and Helen Jane Kerr came beaming into the Theta house Monday night with Helen Jane wearing Dave's ATO pin. . . .

In the Mail

May 7, 1940

To the Editor:

Dear Sir:

This is to ask your cooperation in putting the lie to a rather malicious rumor out on the campus that the queen's float has been taken away from the Yeomen and is being built by the Chamber of Commerce and an art student whom rumor has as being "pretty good."

The true case is that the Chamber of Commerce is backing the construction for use in the Bend Water Carnival and the work is being supervised by an art student who is more than just "pretty good." But that art student is Frank Hodson, current Yeoman president and the Yeomen are still doing the work.

Sincerely,
MAX MORRIS

gram have been having a difficult time finding students enough to appear on the forum. They report that on revealing the question to be discussed to prospective debaters they have received unanimous answers amounting to "Damned if I know!"

Papa Jones Packed the House . . . Singer Allen Jones really had his thumb on the home town folks when he gave a concert at Scranton, Pennsylvania, his birthplace. He gave the concert to finance a trip to Paris for musical education. Scranton is a coal mining town and Allan had formerly worked there as one of the miners.

When program time came the hall was packed to overflowing although the honorable Mr. Jones was practically an unknown at

the time. But the Jones family had things figured out to the last minute. The poor miners had to come. Allan's dad was the foreman and he told them to pack the auditorium—or else!

Don't forget to come around to the Saturday afternoon dance on the library terrace. Especially if you want a chance at getting your picture in Life Mag. A Life photographer will be there as well as everywhere else during Junior Weekend. If the pictures turn out well dear old Oregon may get some wonderful publicity.

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The BAND BOX

By BILL MOXLEY

Keep Those Badges No, Boys

You can keep your fraternity pin now. Just give your girl a diamond ring instead by writing a simple little letter. Address this letter to Wayne King in Chicago