

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$1.25 per term and \$3.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

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A Warning

The death of Norman Sims, University student who was fatally injured in an automobile accident during the week before winter term finals, must have been a distinct shock to every University of Oregon student. Sims was one of their group—a student who had come here for the purpose of securing an education.

He was a senior and in another three months or so would have been graduated, would have been added as another University graduate who made his own way through school. Somehow everyone who saw or heard of the accident hoped—perhaps it was wishful thinking—that by some miracle he might live. To say that his death was unfortunate does not half cover the case. It was a fatal warning that something was wrong.

It is not an injury to his memory, but a warning to those who survive him if we remember the fatal errors which his death symbolized. Responsibility for those errors must be shared by a number of people.

The most obvious was the failure to do anything about the Thirteenth street traffic problem. For years student leaders and Emerald editors have asked that something be done—that some action be taken to clear the "Campus Speedway." Nothing ever came of the various campaigns.

The traffic on Thirteenth has always been bad. Of late it has become worse with trucks, busses, and cars rolling through the campus as if Thirteenth was a boulevard. When University street was cut off from eleventh, a short time ago, the traffic on Thirteenth became worse. At present almost all traffic from east Eugene is routed directly through the campus.

Something must be done and it cannot be done too soon.

The second warning, and perhaps even more important than the first, is for more careful driving. A little more care might have prevented this accident, just as it might have prevented the majority of traffic fatalities throughout the United States.

Speed limits are not set without a purpose. Most accidents can be avoided, says Secretary of State Earl Snell, and the idea that anyone is naturally a good driver because he is "quick thinking" is certainly a stepping stone to another fatality. No person is any better than the mechanics of his car and all cars have a limit. That limit, beyond which accidents can be expected, has been scientifically set in speed laws.

Hail The Tabloid

When the great tulip tree on "hello walk" becomes a bevy of blossoms, we know that spring has come to Oregon. When journalistic minds of the Emerald's editorial staff get new ideas of unusual headlines and the smaller tabloid size page, one knows that a particular form of spring fever has hit the "shack."

Beginning with next week's papers, the Emerald will be published on the smaller tabloid format for the duration of spring term, it was decided by the editorial board of the daily. The tabloid size means simply a different fold in the regular sheet. The same amount of space available in a regular size four page paper is found in the half-size eight page publication.

The coming out of the first small edition will undoubtedly bring forth a great deal of criticism. Many just don't like the tabloid appearance, think it gives a student daily an appearance of radicalism that should not be the production of a conservative University. Copy desk workers among the gang at the "shack" will grumble at the extra work of eight pages to make up instead of four.

But those comments will be in the minority. Most students recognize that it has almost become traditional, after three years of the practice, to go tabloid for the last term. Forward-looking critics, with an eye to modernity, will commend the Emerald for the new smaller size that is being used by such Pacemaker papers as the Minnesota Daily and the Northwestern Daily to advantage. Tired readers will approve of the freshness that comes with something "new" after two terms of regular editions. Veterans around the journalism school will recall with admiration the first tabloid editions used three years ago by Editor LeRoy Mattingly and the successful ones in succeeding springs. Undergraduates who like to "have their Emerald" with their eight o'clock class will appreciate the smaller, more inconspicuous size.

Informal surveys of campus opinion generally present an idea of complete endorsement of the tabloid size for the final term of the school year. It is different and sparkling and gives that added zest that is in tune with the more frivolous nature of the spring term whirl of activities.

Hail the tabloid.—H.A.

Stairway Headaches

ONE of the most disagreeable experiences connected with attending the University is the little matter of registration. Enrollment day blues are a common ailment on the Oregon campus.

Last fall and winter terms it seemed that the registration system had been finally worked out so that students could manage to get through the patience-taxing event with a minimum of scratches, bruises, and worn-out tempers. Undergraduates walked into McArthur court and were quickly caught in the swiftly moving procession. The wheels turned smoothly and almost before he realized it a student was registered. It was practically painless—almost.

BUT with the coming of spring term everything must change, even as does the weather. And Monday students were forced to stand in line on a stairway and edge inch by inch forward until, finally, they could get their registration material. By that time tempers are worn to the ragged edge of nothing, innumerable shoes shines are ruined, and the stairways of McArthur court have undergone much wear and tear.

The new system lacks the smooth precision of former registration days. Students thrashed precariously through the hopeless maze. The confusion caused some of the students who have spent a number of years on the campus to reminisce about registration days of years gone by.

When you get a good thing you should stick with it.—H.O.

Parade of Opinion

By Associated Collegiate Press

FRATERNITIES

Greek or "Barb?" What's the difference, or is there any? America's college editors, a survey this week indicates, would like to see some changes in fraternity setups, but on the whole they recognize fundamental benefits offered the student by the Greek-letter organizations.

The University of Pittsburgh's Cliff Dweller opens the discussions with a definition of fraternity: "In American colleges, a student organization formed chiefly to promote friendship and welfare among the members." Proceeding, the Pittsburgh publication expresses belief that "if the fraternity is formed to comply with the above definition, there is no question as to its value. If, on the other hand, the fraternity is formed, as one advocate phrases it, to form cliques and to promote rivalry, such a fraternity is defeating its own purpose."

Commenting on "Rush" week at the University of Tennessee, the Orange and White hopes "that nobody's going to be sorry or disappointed with his fraternity brothers, but we're here to say that the cards are stacked against them." The Orange and White's plea is to "take the 'rush' out of rushing," and it makes the point that the period called "rushing" is "far too short for the average mind-making-up capacity." Agreement with this viewpoint is expressed by the Dartmouth, which declares, "fraternity rushing combines the worst features of an Atlantic City convention and a small-town church bazaar. Anyone who joins a fraternity after he has been rushed, hot-boxed, fed beer and cider and doughnuts and warmed-over guff and exhausted from answering the same silly questions, must know something. He must know that this week of authorized nonsense is not the end of fraternity life. He may not know that six of the last seven graduating classes have voted overwhelmingly that if they had it to do over again they would not join fraternities. But even if he did know it it wouldn't matter. He will have a good time with a group he initiates himself into, regardless of Greek letters. This means nothing more than what it says: name your own poison and don't expect the joining or not-joining to make or break your college career."

At Worcester Polytechnic institute, the Tech News feels that the college fraternity is indispensable "as an aid in helping the novice develop, while in college, along the lines of social intercourse."

Further comment comes from the Daily Iowan: "There are those who minimize the value of fraternity life. There are others who regard fraternities as hot beds of iniquity. If fraternities cannot disprove the beliefs of the aforementioned 'anti' groups, they're lying down on the job and bringing about their own eventual destruction. The ideals of fraternities are the highest ideals one may find. BUT THOSE HIGH PRINCIPLES MUST EXTEND BEYOND RUSH WEEK. Those ideals are year-round responsibilities. They should be year-round assets."

Undergraduate writers are not identifying the Greek societies. They are friendly to them. And they feel that the role of the fraternity can be strengthened by elimination of the few "sore spots"—shortcomings that in past years the fraternities themselves, after serious contemplation, have been the first to recognize.

From All Sides

Exchange by Mildred Wilson

The "snooper" man at Harvard university, the student who has a mania for turning library books about so their backs face the wall—is now disturbed only French books.

At a loss to explain his recurring visits to Harvard libraries, authorities were inclined to believe that "snooper" man has enlisted the aid of about fifteen assistants.

—The Harvard Crimson.

Anxious to have an F, which he had received on a ten-minute quiz, erased from the mark book, an anonymous freshman recently complained to his instructor that he had prepared the wrong assignment. When asked if he would "fix it up," the favor-granting master replied that he would do his best. Next morning the paper was returned to its expectant owner.

—Yale Daily News.

Mother uses cold cream; Father uses lather; My girl uses powder—At least that's what I gather.

Next time your professor asks you a question in class that you can't answer, say, "Hm! I was just going to ask that question myself."

—The Silver and Gold.

The world's largest college annual recently went to press. It is the "Illio" of the University of Illinois. If the pages of the book were laid side by side they would make a strip nine inches wide reaching 420 miles—the distance from Chicago to Kansas City, Missouri. The book weighs seven pounds.

—The Utah Chronicle.

This guy's been around—or else he's just naturally bright. An Iowa State student was saying farewell to his girl friend the other night—at the door of her sorority house.

In other words he was kissing her. Suddenly he heard a cough and looking up the steps, he saw the housemother, in the process of clearing her throat—and glaring.

Quick as a flash the fellow said: "Would you like to be the next?" The housemother fled.

—Oregon State Barometer.

The BAND BOX

By TED HALLOCK

Well, Oregon can at last rest easy with the knowledge that a Student Union building is assured. Kay Kyser is going to build it with SDX acting as contractors. Translated, this little item refers to the Friday night hop which is:

(1) Sponsored by the Journalism fraternity, Sigma Delta Chi, (2) featuring Prof. Kyser and his college of musical knowledge, (3) designed to raise Student Union funds. The prophecy about having said Union Bldg. in the bag is based on the results of Kay's Portland appearance last Friday night. The Civic auditorium there was sold out solid two days before Kyser's scheduled concert (seating capacity 4,500). The dance at Jantzen Beach broke all existing records with a crowd of some 1,600 couples.

Using very simple mathematics, multiplying these 8,000 people by a dollar a head, which was a very happy average admittance fee, one arrives at a sum which ain't hay. With these figures, which no one is sure to believe, well in mind it is a safe bet that Mr. K. should draw a few odd cats down here.

Best to Hit Oregon

The Kyser crew is, without debate, the finest show band ever to hit this campus. Well known to all collegians are Ginny Simms and Harry Babbitt, who warble but sweet. Novelty singers include Ish Kabibble and Sully Mason. For the real cats there are Nomi Bernardi, ex-Goodman alto saxist, and Roc Hillman, Jimmy Dorsey's former guitar ace. Real showman is Kay Kyser. He is fronting the band every second with as screwy a collection of gyrations as the paper hanger with hives idea.

This Kay will really be a relief after all the staid and bored leaders who delight in conveying the "God, I am bored" feeling to their audience. Born in Carolina, schooled with such musical notables as the late Hal Kemp, Kyser is truly a gentleman of the "old school." He is always receptive to the words of his many fans, and gracious and hospitable to the crowds which invariably surround him.

Features Eddie Shea

The band presents, in concert, a repertoire of tunes that run the gamut from "Three Little Fishes" to "Perfidia." Each instrumentalist in Kyser's orchestra is featured at some time during the show. Eddie Shea, drummer, takes the spotlight in an arrangement of "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Kyser's personality is dominant throughout the entire performance. He carries on a conversation with anyone in the audience arriving late. He can produce a gag at any moment for any situation. As a result, there is never a planned program at Kay's concerts; too many nutty items keep popping up.

Ginny Is Lovely

Kyser's Kollege Kids: Ginny Simms is really that lovely. . . . Ish had to be jerked from a Turkish bath to make a broadcast on time. . . . Kyser's initial quip on entering KGW-KEX studios (to musicians) "Are you boys all paid up at the local?" . . . Ginny and Harry Babbitt sang many the duet at Washington High for a relatively small audience (2,700 screaming kids). . . . Kyser had practically nothing to do. Sigma Nu stag dinner (KAY is a U. of N. C. brother), RKO cocktail party, broadcast, concert, dance. He must have changed clothes some time in between. . . . Kyser's men changed clothes twice during the concert. . . . Ginny was wearing at least seventeen orchids. Occasionally one could see her face just as plain as. . . . If you knew a press agent or the president or someone you could have gotten a seat on the chandelier Friday night. . . . I didn't.

Water color paintings by two Iowa State college women were recently accepted by the Joslyn Memorial in Omaha, Nebraska.

Rockefeller foundation has given \$25,000 for maintenance in the coming year of the teaching and research program of the University of Helsinki, Finland.

International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

It was down in old Joe's bar-room, but not on the corner by the square, that some of us were sitting the other night, drinking a horrible green beverage called creme de menthe.

Present was an art student, female, whose name I have promised not to mention in connection with creme de menthe; a drama student named Jean Harper, who wishes to be known as Jean Andre because he has play-writing ambitions and that is the nom de plume he is going to use; a military student named Bruce Hammond whose vague ambitions include liquidating Adolf Hitler; and the modest conductor of this column.

We started out by discussing Russia's newly benevolent attitude to Turkey and there was speculation on whether this would stop the German drang nach osten toward the oil fields of Asia Minor and force the Nazis to turn the full force of their drive against the British Isles.

So We Wrote Poems

But none of us knew the answer and after several other conversational topics had emerged still-born someone suggested that we each write a poem.

The results, while mostly doggerel, prove one point. That is that the war is uppermost in the minds of—well, I was going to say the typical student but since the quartet may not be typical perhaps it ought to be—many students. Jean's was the shortest of the lot, and the best. Here it is:

WAR

We saw the things about us and we knew
The world was beautiful,
valiant, true.

We heard the shouting and
we wondered why
That in this beauty men go
forth to die.

Bruce wrote one beginning "A million million years ago, there was a fascist worm, who

turned upon his trusting friends, the peaceful little germs." It went on in this vermicular vein about how there came to be organized a fascist state—"It was a dreadful fate," wrote Mr. Hammond—but hit a snag when it came to the line "There were no cliffs of Dover then," and after some severe struggling for rhymes it was abandoned.

She Is a Cynic

The art student, female, gave birth to a stanza about how "Some guys think life is just a bowl of cherries, but it's really not the salutary berries"—I'm quoting from memory because when I announced that I planned to print it, the stanza disappeared.

The creme de menthe got more and more oily and pernicious as the evening waned, which is my excuse for turning out the following:

FORGET ME NOT

Some seniors were sitting around last night
Talking of grades and courses
And what they were going to do in June
When they faced the world and its forces.

Life seemed simple and plans grew high
And the faces were bright as they laughed,
Until one chap sat back with a sigh,
Saying, "Boys, remember the draft."

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LOOK AT THAT GAL BREAK UP THAT STAG LINE
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