

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## The Whisker Revolution

It must be wonderful to be a sophomore. That probably is what the rest of the campus men have been thinking the past two weeks as they stood before their bathroom mirror, razor in hand, preparing to erase a few bristles from their face.

It must be wonderful because no man likes to shave. It was quite a surprise, therefore, when campus readers saw the story about a threatened revolution among the sophomores who, after reading of the famous French revolution, decided that now was the time to overthrow the Bluebeards of the campus.

Such a move was truly revolutionary. The news was rumored around the campus and quickly, via the backyard fence method, it circulated around the world. Here in Eugene, Oregon in the year 1941 A.D. a revolution that might change the established social order of sophomores all over the world was brewing.

THE status quo saw the movement as a threat to their position and quickly took steps to quell any attempt at uprising. The philosophers—there are many around the University—forecast a change as far reaching as the time that women decided to bob their hair. The general public, thoroughly aroused, agreed that "Something must be done."

Fortunately something was done. The offenders were captured after a long and bitter fight. They were put before a public jury, sentenced and dragged away to pay the extreme penalty—a dunking in a modified horse trough.

Once again peace reigned on the University campus and the loyal sophomores brought in Russ Morgan—he of the music fame—to help them celebrate their victory.

## Laugh Not at Your Eyes

EVERYBODY expects to get them. Everybody's roommates laugh uproariously when the first spots break out. The infirmary makes up another bed. The drug store sells another pair of dark glasses. And the hospital staff adds another name to the toll of the 1941 measles epidemic.

Already more than 250 measles cases have been treated during 1941, according to Dr. Fred Miller who directs the University health service. That's a record of a sort for the University of Oregon.

The Eugene epidemic is moving along with the nation-wide spread of the disease, which at the present time is a little less than the all-time high reached in 1938. Time magazine last week prophesied that it might become the worst in American history.

SO far the campus has heard of no serious repercussions or after-effects of the disease which so often occur in measles cases. Undoubtedly, however, there have been many pairs of undergraduate eyes weakened when they neglected to go to the infirmary soon enough or began studying too soon after release.

The battle is not yet won, this fight to keep the measles epidemic from causing devastating effects to those who get the usual "bumps" behind the ears, sore throat, and pained eyes.

Success lies with students, and with their realization of how serious the after-effects can be if care is not taken. Precautions against eye strain, catching cold, and other suggestions of the infirmary staff should not be taken lightly.

Laugh at the little red spots, but don't laugh about your eyes. They are your most priceless possession.—H.A.

Sophomores Ralph Fuhrman and Don Kirsch can thank their enviable trip to Hawaii for more than leis and silly hats. They didn't have to grow beards.

## Little Didlington Is Mad

A sketch called "War Comes to Little Didlington" came out recently in The National Review, a London-published magazine.

The pattern of life at the village of Little Didlington is basically the same as it was before the war. But superimposed on it is the burden of air raid attacks and the constant threat of complete annihilation. The good people of Little Didlington retire into their shelters when the air raid alarm barks, and come out, when the all-clear is sounded, to view the fresh destruction. They shake their fists and look, not to heaven or inspirational literature, but for shovels and picks to clear away debris. They are mad, not patriotic, not consciously sacrificing themselves for an abstraction known as democracy. They are hopping, fighting mad.

THE reactions of the people of Little Didlington seem applicable in contrast to our own state of worry and confusion.

One has heard so much talk of democracy this year, and of patriotism. There have been some who bemoan our lack of "faith." Yesterday an Emerald columnist inferred that the whole fight is only about "words, words, words."

Patriotism and nationalism (democracy in our case) are moods. They have not always prevailed; in point of history they are, particularly in combination, recent. Now a mood, especially when it grips a large number of the earth's people simultaneously, can scarcely be shrugged off and vaguely classified as "words, words, words." Whether these moods, in conflict with other moods of our day, should be allowed to waste human life and destroy human happiness is another question.

ENTER the people of Little Didlington. The struggle to them is a bomb tearing down a building they loved, a tangible thing requiring energy to restore. They can get mad about it and go out and do something.

The people of Little Didlington are working with shovels and guns. We are working with a mood. We don't know what to do when it is threatened. You can't use a shovel on a thing like a smashed ideal.—P.E.

## This Collegiate World

Coco-Colas waged an all-out campaign for some of America's collegians the other night. It was in the SAE house at Emory university. A new dispensing machine (an automatic vendor that mixes cokes while you watch) paid off exactly 167 drinks for a mere dime.

E. B. Estes '41 inserted a nickel in the slot. Silence followed. Disturbed, he rammed another into the machine. A grinding noise was heard, then came the "coke."

As he picked up the cup, Estes was startled by the ejection of another Coca-Cola. Then came another and still another. Estes shouted for help.

SAE's swarmed in and gulped the "cokes" while the machine ground relentlessly. An SOS was sent to Phi Delta Thetas and KAs. At the end of a half hour, the crowd, now numbering 45, was rapidly becoming Coca-Cola logged but the machine evidenced no signs of weakening.

When the 167th coke was delivered, everybody quit and the electricity supply of the unit was cut off.

## From All Sides

Exchange by Mildred Wilson

Shakespeare in modern dress was recently presented by the University theater of Northwestern university. The characters of "The Taming of the Shrew" were introduced as twentieth century young men and women with advanced ideas.

Sixteenth century tailors, grooms, and roisterers were all transformed into modern equivalents. The campus and points of interest in and about Evanston provided the background.

All that was retained of the original work of the bard were the lines and situations.

—Daily Northwestern.

Prof: Will you gentlemen in the back of the room stop exchanging notes?

Student: They aren't notes, sir, they're cards. We're playing bridge.

Prof: Oh, I beg your pardon.

—Oak Leaves, Manchester College.

year of his life trying to graduate from Central college before his 25th birthday in order to inherit \$35,000 from an uncle. Bothwell was astonished to discover in January 1940, that he had to complete 45 hours of college work in order to obtain the money.

And there was no loafing on the job with each three-hour course being worth more than \$2300.

—Daily Trojan

You could probably say this was also applicable to the Oregon campus—although it was written by Gemell Kahn, poet laureate of Linfield college, for their May queen:

Four lines we must write for the queen,

And her recent ascent to the throne—

Four lines that must never be seen—

She has excellent lines of her own.

—Linfield Review.

## In Time With the Tunes

By RUBY JACKSON

"To make people like music, give it to them. Records are the best way. Make the mtry everything from Bach to boogie-woogie. That's the only way they'll get to like it." Such is the sound advice of Alec Templeton, who has spent a good many years giving his audiences everything "from Bach to boogie woogie," and making them like it.

"Yes," Mr. Templeton continued, "records are the best things I know of to foster an interest in music." And that there should be a convenient place for students to go and listen to these records he was also agreed upon. "A record collection in your new student union building? That would be just the thing," he said enthusiastically. "But be broad minded when you're making the collection—be sure to include something of everything."

### Frustration

Sometimes called the "suicide symphony" because of its desperate melancholy, Tschaikovsky's "Pathetique" symphony is symbolic of all the unhappiness, frustration, and broken dreams that man has known since time began. That the pain of the music does not exclude the beauty is an admirable thing. Melodies that are tragic, pathetic—sometimes consoling—are woven into one of the world's loveliest, most popular symphonies.

As a feature of his last concert, Toscanini will conduct a performance of the "Pathetique" on the NBC program Saturday evening. (6:35-8 p.m.) For the second major work on this all-Tschaikovsky program, Vladimir Horowitz will be soloist for the D sharp minor concerto for piano and orchestra.

NELSON EDDY will be guest artist on the Ford Sunday evening hour. (6 p.m., CBS.)

REMEMBER: Brahms' 4th symphony will be presented on the New York Philharmonic broadcast Sunday. (CBS, 12-1:30 p.m.) On the same program: Symphony Espagnole by Lalo, with Nathan Milstein as violin soloist, and the initial performance of A. Benjamin's "Overture to an Italian Comedy."

## OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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United States naval academy's regiment of midshipmen, numbering 2,601, is the largest since World war days.