

OREGON EMERALD

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Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

On Cutting Corners . . .

IF ANY one dogma has been driven home to the American public, it is the theory that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. If any one national trait has grown from this theory it is the practical art of corner-cutting.

An American, be he student, shipyard worker or executive, will never make a right angle turn at a corner if he can cut a diagonal. We will jay-walk in mid-block, and cut catty-corner at intersections if it will only save two steps.

After a football game it is always quicker to cut across the turf, even if it means we get lost and have to climb over a fence. A vacant lot is the favorite spot for corner-cutting. We can find a path through any corner lot (and most lots in mid-block). Hand bill carriers cut from lawn-to-lawn, with use of the sidewalk sandwiched in only when there is no other way. Corner-house lawns are often the innocent victim of general public corner-cutting. Practically the only rule of conscience in the game is not to walk on a freshly-sown lawn, though dogs and young children in a hurry to get home seldom take notice.

WE WILL dodge through a parking lot of close-jammed cars just to avoid the right angle of the corner, though we may lose both time and energy by the "short way." It never seems quite as bad to lose steps by trying to save them. Mathematically speaking, the theory boils down to the idea, always travel the hypotenuse of a right triangle instead of the other two sides. In mathematical theory it works out quite well because it never takes heed of boulders, fences and other obstacles, nor of personal property.

About the only thing that stops us is a vertical jaunt from the third story, in which case we always use the stairway or elevator, for fear the straight jump would kill us.

For an immediate, and practical, application of the straight-line-is-shorter theory take a look at almost any corner of the campus lawn. The simplest way would have been for campus architects to draw no plans for walks until campus grass had been cut into the minutest diagonals. For even the students who are poorest in math class can find the shortest practical distance via lawn between two given buildings. For some reason campus architects did not follow this plan, and the University spends \$18,000 yearly (about seven dollars per student) to keep the grass looking green. The \$18,000 is not too exorbitant to invest, if each student doesn't waste his seven dollars' worth by corner-cutting.

Down this Rumor . . .

RUMOR No. 9,999 at the campus of the Lemon-O has it that Odeon, the student movement to encourage creative effort, and arouse interest in creative arts, is meant merely for the "arty elite," the "studes" who hover in corners and cranies talking in ten letter words of the beauties of a fingernail in porcelain, or-along similar lines.

To spike that, here are the facts:

Odeon's program includes works in drama, literature, journalism, painting, sculpture, dance, design, music, in short, everything a university stands for in the way of creative work. It is planned, not for any one small group, but as a popular program, a strictly "of the students, by the students, and for the students" affair. It has been enthusiastically supported by students from all departments and schools who enjoy creating and want others to enjoy their creations.

TAKE a look at the list of works to be included: an outstanding play written by a student and produced by members of the drama department, with stage settings designed by student artists; in the field of writing, prose and poetry read aloud, representing both literary and journalistic efforts; modern dance numbers by the Master Dance group; a fashion show featuring student designed garments; and student musical compositions, sung and played by students.

The interpretation Barbara Hampson, student chairman, gives is: "Odeon deals with ideas, and ideas are certainly not limited to any small group of so-called 'elite'."

When Odeon sponsors announce that Odeon is a program for everyone, the facts bear them out. When Odeon tickets are made available to everyone on the campus, at no charge, the sincerity of purpose is still further established. Get yours at the Co-op Monday.

Between The Lines

By ROY PAUL NELSON
Everybody went home this weekend.

Some of the best people go home weekends. I know a kid who went home one weekend.

"How come you're going home this weekend?" I asked him.

"I got a test coming up Monday," he told me.

And I Asked . . .

"Then, why don't you stay on the campus and study?"

"To be frank with you," he said, "It never occurred to me."

I asked him what his test was in.

He told me it was a math quiz.

"Well, I hope you enjoy your trip," and I bade him farewell.

"Heads!"

It's spring term at the U—almost. The Fijis were out sunning on the roof the other day. Most of the fellows have dusted off their mitts, the Chi Os are back in the SAE tennis court, and most of the Pi Phis have been roller skating.

It was just a few weeks back that our coeds were ducking snowballs. Now it's baseball. A couple of gals enroute to S row were saved yesterday from severe bruises on the hip pockets when a leaping lad made a one-handed stab of a wild pitch, and almost knocked them down in the attempt.

"Pardon me," he said. I admire his tact.

Static

Baseball's a wonderful game. If you've got nothing better to do, let's tune in on a slightly hashed-up broadcast of a slightly hypothetical contest between two slightly fictitious nines.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen—this is Jack Potts, your Cornies sportcaster, bringing you a play-by-play account of today's game between the Lavendar Sox and the Polkadot Polecats. Walter Waffletooth throws his last warm-up; the catcher heaves it down to second, and the game is underway.

"First man up for the Polecats is Brown, shortstop. Brown is a lefthanded batter who bats from the right side of the plate. Waffletooth winds up, and—oh, oh, he forgot to let go of the ball and Brown knocks him over second base for a single.

"Fore!"

"Next man up is White. White is carrying a golf club. White is a newcomer to the game. Waffletooth goes into his windup, and here's the pitch. White connects. He seems a little confused. He is going like a streak for third base. He rounds third and heads for second. In the meantime, Brown has left first and is

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Mildred Wilson Spies . . .

Lucile McDonald, '19

Sentences from the life of Lucile Saunders MacDonald, '19—
"We went to the Island of Rhodes for a month, thence to Alexandria, Egypt, intending to stay through the winter . . . In June, just before the Kurdish revolt broke out, I was over toward that region myself . . . I'm busy with the complex chores of running a house and being correspondent for the New York Times . . ."

In other words, Lucile Saunders, journalist and author, had seen quite a bit of territory—and

IF A BUDDY MEET A BUDDY

By BETTY LU SIEGMAN

In the future all letters to service men overseas should be written on the official "V" mail stationery, according to a general plea made recently by Postmaster Frank L. Armitage.

"With more and more service men from the United States being sent across the oceans, space for the shipment of mail is limited; and as this type of mail can be so easily condensed through photography, it should be used," he explained.

This is the same as a reminder that if every college and university in the United States had as many or more alumni as Oregon has serving with the armed forces overseas or who are training in this country, but will soon be on foreign soil, it would take up an unusual amount of space if each were to receive a letter from home on same day.

Somewhere in Australia

Sergeant John K. Pratt, '43, who has been advanced to the rank of second lieutenant in the army, is on duty with the armed forces somewhere in Australia.

Blaine McCord, Jr., '38, has been cited for bravery in action in the New Guinea area, according to word received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Blaine McCord Sr., of Woodburn. He has also been promoted from a second to a first lieutenant in the air corps.

Flavelle Transferred

Robert L. W. Flavelle, '42, has been transferred to the U.S. naval air station in Corpus Christi, Texas, after successful completion of the primary flight training course at the naval air station in Minneapolis. After three months of advanced flight training he will be commissioned an ensign in the naval reserve or a second lieutenant in the marine corps reserve.

Cadet Flavelle, who is a former Emerald sports editor, won the 160-pound crown in boxing at the New Jersey Golden Belt tournament last year. While at Oregon he was the 160-pound boxing champion and was also active in music.

Prospective Graduates

Prospect Russel James Rohrer and Axel P. Slustrop, ex-University students, are members of a

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By BERNIECE DAVIDSON

A Car Is—?

When it was announced at the University of Oklahoma that students were no longer permitted to have automobiles on the campus, they asked that the word automobile be defined.

One boy said, "Anything that's worth less than \$25, in other words a jalopy, should not be classed as an automobile."

However, university officials after some thought decided, "A car is anything that uses gasoline and backfires."

* * *

Double Duty

Not only will we depend on lettuce for salads and sandwiches but for automobile tires as well. This is what L. G. Goar, of the University of California college of agriculture disclosed after testing three different varieties of lettuce. He found that they contained large quantities of latex the main substance of rubber.

* * *

Miniature West Point

Forty basic ROTC students at the University of Michigan are finding out what real army discipline is like while under the strict supervision of three cadet officers, who even issue the students special date passes.

In order to get a pass the student soldier must be caught up on his studies and have no demerits.

University officials are supporting this plan which aims to give training far stiffer than that ordinarily received in ROTC.

* * *

Skip Classes? Huh-uh

The president of Creighton university, determined that students shall get the most out of their college curricula, has enforced disciplinary measures to discourage class skipping.

Each student with an unexcused absence must do two hours of work on the campus. Undergraduate coeds are fined \$1 which may be worked out in library or office work.

Free For All . . .

To the Editor:

When a guy is wrong he's gotta apologize. So I was wrong. So I apologize to the much-maligned four of Wednesday's Emerald. My remarks, I admit, were beyond the pale, and if the aforementioned four have been caused any discomfiture, I am, believe it or not, honestly sorry for it.

The remarks were not directed in the spirit of maliciousness. When they appeared, on the surface they were malicious. Carlton Reiter of the law school, Leone LaDuke, and various sundry complainers were absolutely right. I was off the deep end and WRONG.

The campus, to quote the Farewell Address of Fred Beckwith, said they wanted a good fearless gossip column. In the desire to give them one we overstepped, not because we wanted to create enemies or stab people in the back, but actually to create good honest controversy . . .

Again, and very much on my accord, I apologize for the "choke."

Joe Miller

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