

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Just a Suggestion . . .

THE ol' political boat hit an uncharted rock last Saturday during a meeting of the class presidents and representatives of the executive council in the educational activities office.

Present at the confab were Jim Bennison and the editor of the Emerald, representing the executive council; Hank Doencka, freshman class president; Bob Henderson, sophomore class president; and Dick Williams, educational activities manager. Conspicuously absent was Carolyn Holmes, first vice-president of the ASUO, who is constitutionally in charge of elections. Measles kept her in the infirmary. Roger Dick, junior class president was also absent, but Jim Bennison, as junior member of the executive council, unofficially represented the class.

After straightening out the times and places for nominations and discussing the fresh decree of the executive council that, irregardless of conflicts in constitutions, all class nominations will be held one week before election time and that the polls for all elections will be open from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., it was pointed out that it was going to be hard to decide who is a member of which class in the coming elections.

* * *

ALWAYS before, the classes could rely on their class cards as definite proof that Joe Blow was a freshman or John Doe was a junior. On top of this the junior class constitution clearly states that anyone voting for officers of the class must be an academic junior; while the sophomore class constitution just as clearly states that in order to vote for their class officers one must be a "member of the class of '45."

This situation apparently left the classes two alternatives: they could either have poll books made up from records in the registrar's office (which would determine the students' academic standing), or go to all the trouble of holding a registration some time before elections in order to ascertain who is in which class.

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THE registration idea is unwise for several reasons—for one, it would take up a lot of time that could be better spent; for another, it would tend to cut down the total number of voters, since it is hard enough to get students to vote without making them go through the red tape of registration first.

The system of making up poll books from the registrar's office certainly seems the lesser of these two evils though it also brings up complications. The main drawback, of course, is that it will require many students who are "campus juniors" or even "campus seniors" to vote in the sophomore class for next year's junior officers. It will therefore swell tremendously the number of "political sophomores" and make it difficult to attain a quorum (one-fifth of the class) in the nominating assembly; it will throw much of the ballot-counting worries on to the shoulders of the officers of the sophomore class.

* * *

THERE still is, however, one more loophole left to the classes and to the executive council, which must meet this afternoon to decide the issue. As was suggested at the meeting Saturday, but never followed through, it might be possible to use the white cards filled out at registration time in order to ascertain to which class a student belongs in terms of years on the campus.

It not only "might" be possible; it is possible. These white cards, according to Clifford Constance, assistant registrar, are distributed to the registrar's office, the dean of men and the dean of women's office, and the University news bureau. Permission to use the news bureau's files of these cards as a "poll book" was obtained through the Emerald last night. The entire file could be moved to the polling place, probably the YMCA house, and would be used to check the class of each voter.

* * *

IN this way the ratio of students in each class would be the same as was usually followed in previous years. This arrangement would undoubtedly make Sophomore Class President Henderson a much happier man around nomination and election time, and would also keep politicians away from a situation in which sophomores, juniors, seniors, and possibly even freshman (if they have an aggregate of over 36 hours) would be voting for next year's junior class officers.

If the executive council decides to use the academic method probably preferred by the junior class, however, it will cost the classes a noticeable amount of money and the registrar's office an unhandy amount of time to compile poll books for election days.

—J. L. B.



'IT'S A NEW TYPE BUS—DOESN'T TAKE GASOLINE, CRITICAL MATERIALS OR PASSENGERS.'

Strictly Reet

By FRED BECKWITH

Mutual's best bet on the Pacific Coast chain of late has been the Freddy Slack band. Leader Slack used to thump the ivories for the Jimmy Dorsey and Will McKinley musical aggregations. He hasn't been in the baton waving business a year yet, but the men under his guidance are displaying a style of rhythm very creditable to F. S.



After 3200 A. D.

The world no longer will need the aid of the scientist a dozen centuries hence, Dr. Ralph Linton, a visiting professor of anthropology at the university of Chicago, says, for by that time there will be no more scientific worlds to conquer and science will "know all the answers."

"Already there are indications the number of basic inventions is decreasing," Dr. Linton said. "Once we have tapped, for example, all the sources of energy, including atomic energy, there simply won't be any left to tap."

—The Daily Nebraskan

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War Emergency

An appeal to salvage used biological or zoological instruments to help outfit our armed forces and civilian defense and welfare units here in America and throughout the world is sent out by the Medical and Surgical Relief committee of America.

A scalpel that once probed a frog's intestines or investigated a rat's belly in a class room may be destined to play a patriotic role at some battle station or field hospital emergency operating table.

—Silver and Gold

* * *

Chemical Compound

Discovery of a chemical compound that will destroy any offensive odor known to man or beast is claimed by three industrial chemists.

Designated as OD-30, the compound was discovered by Dr. Walter H. Eddy, Columbia university; Dr. James H. Dalbey of Chicago; and Dr. Lloyd Arnold, university of Illinois.

Dr. Eddy explained the compound literally kills the smells by burning them with oxygen as they float in the air.

—Daily Nebraskan

Aiding and abetting the situation no end is the choice clarinet work of Barney Bigard who for years played with Duke Ellington's crew. The hot tenor sax work is being handled by King Guion, a graduate of old Ken Baker band who stomped around Jantzen Beach territory.

Twirl My Turban

Ella Mae Morse, the "Five-By-Five" personality, has quit the Slack band, however. Dig Slack on his Friday night Mutual shots.

This recording business must be a pain-in-the-neck to singer Dick Haymes of the Tommy Dorsey band. Haynes joined TD right after James Petrillo instigated the record ban, and therefore Haymes was not able to cut any sides with Dorsey. All the Dorsey releases in past months have featured Frank Sinatra. These sides were cut long in advance of schedule, so that the band could jump the gun on the ban. Other bands throughout the country were subjugated to the same process, too. Haymes, who really wows 'em on all personal appearance tours, cannot sell himself to the juke box trade. That is, unless record purchasers are able to grab "oldies" Dick waxed for Harry James and Benny Goodman. . . .

Locals Now

THE LOCAL PICTURE: Bob Sell returned from Portland, sans string bass. The fave instrument of Brother Sell is undergoing an \$8 repair job in the City of Roses. "Ouch!" moans Sell.

That singing quintet, the Four Nights & A Dream, haven't gotten too sharp a deal from a local hotel that was supposedly booking them and guaranteeing air time over KORE Saturday nights.

We wonder if Cliff Giffin is waking up the Theta lovelies this semester with his early morning trumpeting.

Drape Shapeless

Big wig governmental rationing chiefs in Washington, D. C., have lifted their ban on the song, "Got No Stuff For My Cuff." Originally, the capital boys charged the song was demoralizing a ration-conscious cuff. Actually, the ditty is a take-off on the zoot suit situation. This week station KORE signs

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

Portrait of a Graduate Assistant—English.

Horace P. Mulberry is a composite of Graduate Assistant—English," worthy of recognition in the Montgomery Ward catalogue as "our all-exclusive model at \$2.78." There is at least one, (heaven forbid more) on every college campus from the sunny mists of "Cal" to the sloppy tweeds of "Hahvahd yahd."

Fate might even have it that Oregon is possessed with one.

(All characters referred to in this opus are purely fictitious, of course—of course.)

Now to Horace.

Horace being born was something of a surprise. They had expected it to be a human. His mother was reading Stupendo Comics at the time so she was expecting anything. His father, something of an intellectual (he wore clean shirts to his job at Kaiser), was reading "True Confessions" in the next room.

They carried the doctor out.

Horace had been born.

Horace came into the world reciting Aristotle's theory of tragedy at the top of his already-culture lungs. His parents were amazed. Horace switched to Edgar Allen Poe. "That is more like it," they thought. "That is more down to our level." They went on reading their magazines.

Horace's early life was not much different from the life of any future Graduate Assistant—English.

He skipped grade school and studied under the Quiz Kids for several years.

He knew how many times the Wife of Bath bathed at the age of two, and at three he could mumble Spenser's Faerie Queene to himself while at the same time holding and reading Plutarch's Lives between his toes and cutting out paper dolls from Esquire.

At four he had read Tolstoy's War and Peace in the Russian and Les Miserables in the French.

After running through high school in a month or two, he came to college.

He came down during rush week to be sure of getting a good boarding house. He came out of the boarding house for classes and exams. He "though Senior Proms were allusions to something in Goethe's "Faust."

Girls were something Machiavelli did without.

Then he read Candide. Boccaccio and Emile Zola followed. He knew all about life.

He graduated.

Enter present tense.

Horace now "is," not "was."

Thursday: Horace and Today, or Biography Ad Neuseum.

Medical School

At Indiana university nine hundred pre-med applicants for entrance into the school of medicine were thinned to class of 128 students which will be the second admitted this year in accordance with the demand for an increased number of young doctors. Students were selected on the basis of character, scholarship, physical ability, aptitude for the study of medicine, and personality.

—Indiana Daily Student

off the air an hour earlier, therefore dropping their 11- to -12 peyem record program, known as the "Night Ride," a 60-minute spot that afforded a chance for le jazz hot.

Villanova college was the first Catholic college founded in Pennsylvania.