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Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and holidays and final exam periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

## Lights for Protection...

The University is not responsible for the protection of the business establishments near the campus, but its interests are affected when those establishments are robbed. Since the beginning of the term the Mayflower theatre and Claypool's drug store have been robbed, and the Lemon-O has reported an attempted robbery.

More directly affecting University students and faculty members is the assault and robbery on the campus. At least two students and one faculty member have been slugged and robbed since the beginning of the term.

These acts have been spread over several months, and there is no reason for a wave of hysteria or fear among the students.

The University has not had a campus cop for several years, but one is being employed immediately. He will be on duty within the next few days, physical plant authorities report, and the night watchman will continue to patrol the campus.

Some other preventative measures need to be taken. Last year the Emerald advocated the installation of more lights on the campus during the prowler scare. A few additional high-powered lights were placed near Gerlinger and the girls' dormitories, but the campus still is not well-lighted.

Our stately trees and ornamental shrubs add to the appearance and romantic beauty of the campus, but they lose much of their appeal when one is walking across a darkened campus alone.

More lights would take away much of the mystery, intriguing though it may be, and would make the campus much safer from any prowlers.

Almost every year there is at least one flurry of excitement over reports of prowlers of one sort or another. An adequate lighting system can prevent some of this "scare" psychology from cropping up this year and in the future.

We do not need to feel very alarmed, but we can be cautious about our comings and goings on the campus at night. In the meantime, the University should make any improvements which can help stop such activities before they grow into really serious problems.

## You at the Wheel...

There have been 1,188 traffic accidents within the city of Eugene between January 1 and November 9, 1945, according to reports of the Eugene traffic department.

The city has been conducting a campaign to cut down the traffic accident rate. In the Oregon cities traffic safety contest, Eugene is in first place in its group, but an increase of traffic accidents has been recorded since the end of gas rationing.

University students have been involved in a number of these accidents. Their record reflects on both the University and the community.

The traffic problem hits home with us when it takes the form of death or injury to one of our own group. In the few months we have been here, several students have been injured more or less seriously in automobile smash-ups.

It's much easier to drive safely and avoid accidents than to talk your conscience out of that regretful feeling once the car has cracked up and human injury has resulted.

The activity-kid who thought up the colors for the Whiskerino signs near Chapman may be accused of treason. Orange and black signify more than Halloween to the Webfoots.

Spectatorship in national affairs is an invitation to dictatorship.

Too bad the team wasn't present for the rally the other night. But, after all, they should be able to make a fast get-away.

## Telling the Editor

### About Letters...

To the Editor,

I think the policy of writing letters to the editor signed "a Vet" is a policy of "hiding under a coat tail" or should we say "writing under a coat tail." If the subject is regarded as important enough to write to the editor, then surely it is important enough to sign a name to it.

Letters signed in this way are accepted by some as representing to one degree or another views that are typical of the group as a whole. In actuality of course, such is oftentimes far from the case.

I do not wish to infer that I totally disfavor anonymity. However, if for example, the disgruntled vet who recently wrote regarding the traditional dunking practice had signed his literary masterpiece "A Very Mature Male" or any of a number of other possibilities, he might have still retained

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## Notes On Record

### On the Jazz Side

By Jim "Pop" Windus

Last week I happened to catch Frank Sinatra's fine attempt at correcting the prevailing attitudes toward racial intolerance by means of a motion picture short. It is one picture to be seen, to be talked about, to be understood. It is a musical short in which Frank Sinatra enacts the real-life role he has been doing before audiences of high school kids and youth organizations, that of torch-bearer in the cause of common sense and decency in race relations and religious relations.

As a production the short is not an inspired work of motion picture art. Its value lies in just one element—the unquestionable sincerity of this chap Sinatra. A sincerity that shines through his performance like a clear ray of light in the darkness of racial bigotry.

#### No Problem

There is not a single allusion to

the Negro "problem" in the picture, which is a result of Sinatra's insistence that if the Negro factor could not be dealt with frankly, it should be eliminated entirely. This complete and conspicuous omission is a much more honest way of dealing with the matter than giving it the usual run-around tactics, or the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" treatment. Incidentally, I feel that this latter treatment is one of the worst atrocities that our picture industry has committed in its long and "glorious" service to the American way of life.

Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and others plan to do shorts in line with Sinatra's trail-blazer if the reaction is satisfactory. It is in this leadership that the pic will do the most good. It also proves something that has been becoming evident recently: Frank Sinatra is doing more, much more than just knocking out the bobby-sox crowd.

#### Record Season

The second situation still looks bad with all the big companies vying with each other to see who can put out the largest amounts of commercial and pure hokum. It really is disgusting, too, because there are many fine bands that are under contract to the major recording companies but are being held as surplus capital and not given a chance to produce. It is a dry season, at least musically.

The L. A. area is really jumping, what with Lionel Hampton breaking things up at the Trianon, Eddie Heywood still at Billy Berge's in Hollywood, Oscar Pettiford (Esquire Jazz poll-bass) and his new trio at the Swanee Inn, Hollywood spot from whence the King Cole Trio started their climb to fame.

This month starts the annual Down Beat and Metronome band poll. It will be interesting to see how different the two will be, according to their policies and practices. Especially in the choice of fav sidemen.

Well, kids, let's fly like a big, fat butterfly. Mop.

Take five, boys... mop... mop...

## Smooth Talk

By Karen Martin

Lo! In the light of the time today looms none other than that immeasurably modest and seldom heard from speech department, with Professor K. L. Montgomery luring the loquacious Ducks into the big speech tournament, the Willamette Valley Forensic Institute. Speech students have been making

themselves heard in various and sundry ways around the campus, and this speech tourney brings out the gleam in their eyes. With Portland university, Marylhurst college, Willamette university, Linfield college, Pacific college, Pacific university, and Oregon State college included, who can resist the challenge?

#### Campaign?

Those inhabitants of the second floor, east wing of Friendly hall (it used to be a men's dorm, they state, and a campaign for better quarters is rumored) have been very busy—with outside activities they sponsor so numerous that we know not another department on the campus that can beat them—challenge!

One of those activities that has been heard of a lot lately is the symposium, public discussion to you. Of course, the question at hand is, how many of the willing symposiumites came out, hoping for a repeat of the cider and doughnuts of one of the open meetings, or to get their names in the

paper? They succeeded Sunday.

#### You'll Be Sorry

A doleful discrepancy is noticed of late between the number who signed up and those turning out for the Monday afternoon and Tuesday night reunions, now that the going is tough, and there is the matter of reading a couple of books or so a week. Ah, well, see you in that state-wide tour next spring, and you'll be sorry when the superintendent's son starts asking you questions such as "Who is going to be president of Argentina at this time next year?"

While the unfortunate speech students are arising at the unheard of hour of 7:45 a.m. to prepare their 8 o'clock speeches, and the classes listen in to the expoundings of Clark and Dahlberg, or view the presentations of Wood with mild gales of laughter (we hear he's gone dramatic and is pantomiming the classroom techniques of other profs—all in a friendly spirit, of course!), we leave you for the present.

### This Collegiate World

## Professor Analyzes Apple-Polishing

By Associate Collegiate Press

"Never park on a professor's desk!" warns a Teachers college professor at Cedar Falls, Iowa. "It will be just the time the wife comes in for those car keys she forgot! And what's more, it's a pretty dumb form of apple-polishing!"

The professor, who wishes to remain anonymous, defined polishing the apple as "working a teacher for a grade you really don't deserve," and added that students who do earn a good grade don't apple-polish. "It's mostly the border-line cases who do," he said.

Asked how professors distinguish between genuine interest and apple-polishing, he said, "Well, I think one reacts to it instinctively. It's something in the tone of voice, the facial expression, that helps to let us know whether it's sincere interest or just a game."

One of the worst types, he says, are "students who phone the instructor at his home in the evening to 'check on an assignment'. How do you imagine it sounds to the wife when she hears a sweet, delicate voice ask, 'Is Professor Smith there?' And his wife turns

and says, 'O-o-h, Professor—there's a la-a-a-dy calling...'"

Another type comes up after class and says, "I was so interested in what you said about so-and-so!"

And the girl who confesses, "I spend more time on this course than any other! You just don't know how much I enjoy it!"

The intimidating type dashes up and says, "What are you going to give me this term?"

"Well, I don't know—what do you think you're going to get?"

"I gotta get a B."

"Well, then, I hope you earn it!"

"But you gotta give me a B!"

"I don't give grades—you earn them."

"It's too bad," said the instructor, "that the idea of apple-polishing was developed, because I think students miss wonderful opportunities to get acquainted personally with the profs. Profs really can be of great help to students."

He added, "And apple-polishing really doesn't work like the students believe it does. It may appear that it's working, but all too often it really isn't." The instructor believes that polishing the apple isn't so prevalent now as it

used to be. "Maybe they've given up!"

Then he sighed and said, "You know, I have never received an apple, polished or otherwise, in my entire teaching career!"

In the archives of the University of Wisconsin by-laws, heresay has it, is a rule that could cause 1945 coeds much trouble. Written during the Victorian era of the last century, it forbids girls who wear night gowns to room with girls who wear pajamas. A poll taken among Cardinal female staff workers showed that 100 per cent of them sleep in men's pajamas. Apparently grandmother's night gown is on its way out as a part of the wardrobe of the 1945 coed.

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