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Living Memorial . . .

When the Soldier's Scholarship fund was created in 1942-43, the government had not guaranteed benefits for servicemen whose education had been interrupted by the war. Now the various government programs for veterans' education make any special University scholarship program superfluous, and the ASUO is asking all contributors to the fund to transfer their contributions to the War Memorial fund.

As soon as this formality is taken care of, the ASUO may decide what would be an appropriate memorial fund to the University students who gave their lives in the war. The approximately \$1700 in the scholarship fund, added to the Memorial fund, may be a starter or the total to be used, depending on the form of the memorial.

The most obvious suggestion, and probably the best, is that the money be used for some part of the Student Union building. It could finance a plaque listing the names of all students killed in the war, and the rest could be spent on furnishings for one of the special rooms or for the decoration of some part of the building.

In this way, the fund could create a living memorial. The dream of the Student Union building has been familiar to all the students, and all students will be able to enjoy it. As the center of the campus in future years, it could most suitably commemorate the memory of those students who died, in a way they would choose.

Roll Call . . .

Guest speakers at recent Oregon assemblies could find an easy explanation for calling McArthur court an Igloo. No matter how warm the reception of students present, the atmosphere has been very cold because of the obvious scarcity of an audience.

McArthur court was not built for small gatherings, and it is disconcerting for any speaker to face row on row of empty seats. At yesterday's assembly, for example, the audience numbered only about 200 out of a student body of more than 3700.

Since the turnout for assemblies has been comparatively small all year, most of the students have not had a chance to judge the value of the meetings. Disappointment in some of the fall term assemblies did discourage some students from attending more of them, and those students may have discouraged others from going.

Whatever the reason for the small attendance, the students have the ability to correct it. A committee is working on a better representation of student talent. A more general committee could work on a better representation of students in the audience.

Oregon's assemblies provide an opportunity for the whole campus to hear interesting speakers, to know student talent, and to stay in the swing in campus affairs. It will be a loss to the University if they are allowed to die out or to deteriorate because of a temporary slump in attendance.

The Kwamas are planning a campaign now to interest the student body in the weekly all-campus meetings. They are basing their drive on competition between houses and on cooperation with them in an activity project.

Once the upward trend has started, Oregon's assemblies can provide their own drawing cards.

Are you driving a war-weary car? Inspection today means protection tomorrow. Don't keep your car in first crash condition. Tell a mechanic, not a jury.—National Safety Council.

Fred Beckwith and Tommy Hazzard's

Ducktation

The front office has ordered condensation, so we'll slash the introduction to the sentence you're now reading.

Covering the campus: Sigma Chi Duke Elder is finding the going pretty tough in the Patty Webber (Alpha Chi) league as Kappa Sig Ed Walters goes to bat . . . Half of the Alpha Gam house is headin' for Portland and a gay weekend. The gals are

so intent on absorbing sun-tans that they sign out for lunch and hit that old roof haven. . . The Diane Barnhardt (Delta Zeta) and Dick Byland affair has finally passed the casual Friday evening stage and is now on the Saturday night routine. . . Theta Becky Fish has found a new interest in Chi Psi Jim Ellison. We wonder where this leaves the White-Shirt King Henry Kavanaugh? . . . "Ox" Wilson, eldest of the clan, and a big knob in the Oregon radio department, is really kind to pedestrians, especially to drama play-girl Roberta Quigley. It's no coincidence that he shows up at the right time to open his car door for her. . . It's a big battle for the attention of Tri-Delt Pat Jolliff. Contestants include Frank Rei and Theta Chi Marv Hascomb. . . Sigma Kappa Betty Greene and Theta Chi Wally Johnson made it official with a diamond this week.

Battin' the breeze: Chi O Marge Skordahl's fiance, Jim Gerkin, arrives today from Sioux City, Iowa. . . Alpha Phi Nancy Peterson had a happy birthday last Tuesday, mainly because of a box of candy and a pair of nylons from Oliver Larson. . . Theta Mary Rafferty occupies one spot with Kappa Sig Bill Barrish. . . Going strong is the Terry Metcalf-Patty Berg combo. Terry spent last

weekend with the cute little Dee-Gee's parents in Coquille. . . SAE Jerry Miller and Alpha Chi Jeanne Carpenter went on an interesting fishing trip Monday. . . Chi O Carolyn McKinley and Sig Ep Maurie Childs took off for Victoria, B. C., following their Tuesday wedding.

Stuff and stuff: Joyce Utz, Delta Zeta prexy, is looking for a secretary to keep track of her innumerable dates. . . men, that is! . . . ATO Bill Burnett's heart is following the course of an arrow that is located in the central region of the Pi Phi house. . . Add combos: Alpha Phi Joan Smith and Chi Psi Ellery Riem. . . Alpha Chi B. J. Ronning is back in circulation after returning Johnny Miller's Beta pin. . . Kappa Sig Howard Coffey is down with the measles and so will be unable to attend Nancy Wortman's Theta house dance. . . Sig Ep Dunc Wimpress got off the rabbit routine for Easter and gave Pi Phi Peg Skerry, who carries his pin, a black sheep! . . . Add engagements: Harriet Landbury, AOPi and Woody Holliland, Alpha Gamma Rho from Oregon State.

Bulletins from the boys: Smilin' Len Turnbull has accepted an invite to the Alpha Phi house dance from Phyll Annola. . . Kappa Sigs Jack Meek and Reedy Berg are concentrating on the Jean Merrifield league. . . Janet Fitzmaurice and Norma Greene are poison oak victims. . . Ginnie Skow, Alpha Gam, is dividing her time between Jim Kroder, Chi Psi, and a certain DU. . . There's a big B.A. school attraction for Doris Loenig, AOPi, and Jim Callahan. . . Since Fiji Paul Kunkel's military departure, there's a line three deep for the attentions of Theta Patti Beaton. . . Returned to the campus is Sig Ep Don Dill. His wife with the unpronounceable Polish name is planing out from N'Yawk to join him. . .

Rumor round-up: Add Don Carney's name to the Delta Gamma contingent. . . Former AOPi Jean Hayes was a visitor on campus recently. . . Things are definitely progressing for Alpha Chi Marge Slater and Ralph Johnson from Washington. Prediction for a certain Alpha Phi: the Chi Psis will play while Pete Miller's away—this weekend. . .

Kappa Sue Sullivan seems to be dividing her time between the Eugene and Corvallis campuses. . . Plenty of SAE's haunting the KKG house these days. . . Add one more to the list. Another Beta, George Alexander, bestowed his pin on a Pi Phi, Selby Frame. . . Ted Hallock's band is playing at the Sigma Kappa house dance tonight. Paper Moon is the theme, and the coeds are inviting the campus to drop in.

Adios, mis amigos, until the top of next week, when we'll drop in on you again for a chit-chat of chatter and patter.

Veterans View Religion Topic of Sunday Talk

"Veterans View Religion," a panel discussion, will be held during the Congregational college fireside at 7 p.m. Sunday. Veterans who will participate are Warren Smith, Herbert Armstrong, Lee Tellotson, John Staley and Mrs. Gwen Hale. After the opening panel discussion other students and veterans are invited to take part.

HITS and MISSES In Current Movies

By Mimi Moores

"The Bandit of Sherwood Forest," in the Mayflower, is enough to make even hardy old Robin Hood blush and trade his crossbow for the uniform of the sheriff of Nottingham's police force.

The whole gloomy affair began when the real Robin Hood, who looks a lot like a middle-aged Douglas Fairbanks, had to take to the woods. Unfortunately, he brought his son along with him. I thought that I detected disappointment on the faces of Friar Tuck and Little John when they met Robin Hood, Jr., but it may only have been boredom; Cornel Wilde, shooting goose-gray shafts in all directions, is a rather improbable sight.

Bird Calls

The pay-off is when Robin Hood's prodigal son chances upon a blonde and produces a series of plain and fancy whistles that no self-respecting bird would answer. It's too bad that the comedy of this scene wasn't intentional—I kept wishing that Mr. Wilde's bird calls would draw a Bronx cheer from a low-flying vulture.

Although he fails miserably as a bird caller, Cornel manages to pick up the blonde. Then we get the impression that they live happily ever after, if she can stand him. I would have chosen Friar Tuck any day.

Trials of a Father

The original Robin Hood, who is gray at the temples but still very handsome, should have been the hero. Instead, he steps into the background and keeps a poker face during his son's absurd antics. This example illustrates the fact that famous people often have to put up with atrocious children.

My last observation is that a thing like this shouldn't happen to Chopin.

Powder Burns

Once there was a man who decided to cure the world's ills. He was a little man with big glasses and very believing eyes. In fact, he believed everything because, according to him, the only reason anything fails to do what it starts out to is because people do not believe in it.

He started out by packing a small bag and walking down a highway. A farmer in a 1932 Chevrolet picked him up, and the little man found with great excitement that the farmer knew how to cure the world's ills.

Applied Farming

"Running the world," said the farmer, "is just like running a farm. You got to dig out the weeds; plant good, healthy seeds, and spread plenty of bull manure to make 'em grow."

Delighted, the little man wrote down the formula in his notebook, but then a frown settled on his face and he asked: "What if you have earthquakes, early frost, hookworm, locusts, or beetles?"

"Why," snorted the farmer, "anybody knows that—you got to have insurance on a farm."

"But how can we insure the world?"

"You talk too gol-danged much," said the farmer, and the little man once more walked along the road.

Applied Fighting

A burly figure in sweat clothes came trotting over a hill, wheezing and snorting and chewing gum.

"Wait," called the little man. "Can't," grunted the sweat clothes, "got to finish my road-work."

After trotting two miles the little man learned that life is a prize-fight, and the world should be run by the best fighters.

"But how could prizefighters settle labor disputes, wars, or women's tolerance movements?" asked the little man.

"We'd murder 'em—you talk too much," said the sweaty one, pushing the little man through an open door on which was a sign reading "public accountant."

There the little man learned that the world should be run like a filing cabinet. Down the street a block later, a soldier said the world should be run by discipline, but he didn't have time to explain what he meant, for a girl came by, and he excused himself, saying he was following the law of nature.

Panacea

This sort of thing went on for years, and the little man learned that the world should be run in 3,694,037 different ways.

Quite gray and tired, one day he stretched out prone in lush grass in a meadow where the sun was very warm and good.

A booted foot crunching through three of his ribs informed the little man he was not alone.

"Do you own this field?" growled a big, unshaved man with the booted foot.

"No, but I'd like to enjoy it for a while."

A bolt of lightning liquidated the unshaved one, and a voice came out of the sun:

"Then, don't ask so many impertinent questions."

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