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Bitter Pill

To Dr. Fred Miller the criticism of the student health service by students is a bitter pill to swallow. He feels that he and his wife, Dr. Hayes Miller, have devoted the best years of their lives to the University students and the infirmary.

He may be right. Student criticism of the infirmary may not be fully justified—one example may be that letter to the editor published last Saturday.

But the fact remains that many students do not have complete confidence in the health service—and that fact points to the necessity for betterment of that service. Too many times we have heard of students being told to "come back tomorrow." How does the nurse on the telephone giving that sage bit of advice know whether or not the inquiring student may infect his whole living organization with measles by "tomorrow?"

If Dr. Miller and his staff are doing the best work possible under the circumstances, then the circumstances must be changed so that they cannot qualify the quality of service provided by the infirmary.

Dr. Miller and Dr. Hayes Miller work an eight-hour day. Of course, they should not be expected to get out of bed to poke a thermometer into some student's mouth at 2:45 a.m. Doctors are human beings, too.

But someone should be on call. Someone should be ready to relieve an athlete's pain when he is brought in with a broken shoulder—no matter what time of day. Someone should be ready to diagnose any case at any time.

Obviously, this means that the present coverage of the health service must be broadened. And that, in turn, means sufficient funds must be provided to hire one or two additional doctors, if necessary. It may mean that the University health service may have to contract with downtown hospitals to handle major operations like appendectomies.

We can see no reason why a ballplayer should pay a doctor's fee downtown—or why the athletic board should fork out \$2000 a year to downtown physicians other than the official team doctor. We can see no reason why members of a fraternity should have to pass the hat to pay the doctor's fee of some brother who was injured and could not be taken care of by the infirmary.

* * *

Probably the most pressing problem is financial. Who is going to pay the \$145,000 (Emerald estimate) needed to provide complete service to students?

We agree with the University authorities who object to raising fees. Dr. Miller estimates that complete service would cost each student an additional \$18 per year. For many of us that would be tough to hack. On the basis of 5500 students at \$30 each, \$165,000 would be raised. If students paid only the present \$12 per year, \$99,000 would need to come from some other source. Undoubtedly, that figure would cause the state board to blanche . . . what with dorms to build and laboratories to equip and the student union looming on the horizon.

With these facts in mind, it is probably too much to expect complete service from the infirmary at the present time. However, at a figure far less than that frightening \$99,000, the state could provide University students with 24-hour emergency service.

We suggest that students who gripe about the health service, gripe to the people who hold the pursestrings. And we suggest that Dr. Miller, who says he is perfectly willing to give the students what they want, study the entire situation and report to Dr. Newburn and the state board. If he can show that an appropriation of funds is actually needed in addition to the student fees, we have no doubt that the board of higher education will turn some of the taxpayers' money over to help keep the taxpayers' children healthy.

Colonel Bill

Forty-four years as Oregon's track boss has left its mark on Colonel Bill Hayward. Yet beneath that bronzed and weathered face and aging body lies a heart that loves to win—and most of all "to beat the Aggies." On Saturday fans and trackmen alike combined to give Colonel Bill his fitting reward—a win over OSC—as he fielded his last team on the track that bears his name.

Colonel Bill is not through. Though he will step aside at season's end, he will remain as an advisory coach . . . his love of the game, his genius for developing talent still available to Oregon trackmen.

Nor will Colonel Bill be through when he no longer is available even in an advisory capacity. To college athletics, to the University, and to the men with whom he has worked, his has been a contribution that never can be measured, that never can be lost. Colonel Bill will always be a part of Oregon.

Saturday's performance by the Oregon team in getting Colonel Bill the victory he so much enjoyed was one worthy of pride. The boys wanted to "win for Bill"—and they did. It was not just another track meet, complete though it was with cheering fans, starter's gun, straining athletes, and white-clad officials. It was the epitome of Colonel Bill's 44 years of work at Oregon. It was an inspired team that Colonel Bill fielded last Saturday.

One meet remains for Hayward as head coach—the northern division finals on May 31. Track teams are not entirely flexible; their capacities can be reached. Wistfully, however, we still must speculate on one more victory for Colonel Bill. Oregon's chances are fair. It could be done.

For as irony would have it, Colonel Bill has yet to win his first northern division title in modern competition. His has been a long and brilliant career of coaching individual champions—the Hill brothers, Ed Moeller, Paul Starr, Carson Shoemaker, George Scharpf, Bob Wegner, Mack Robinson, George Varoff, Les Steers; the list strings on indefinitely. Colonel Bill's greenclad trackmen have gained national and international fame for themselves, their coach, and the University. Yet never were Hayward's Webfoots strong enough as a team to win the Northern Division title.

In 1934 they were 1 5-6 points shy; the following year they trailed the leaders by one point. Last year they missed by nine-tenths of a point.

The Webfoots may not win the championship in 1947. Fate may choose it otherwise. But one factor will be for certain—Saturday afternoon, May 31, at Seattle Colonel Bill will field his last team, and it will be a team determined to win, determined "to win the last one for "Colonel Bill."

Telling the Editor

ABOUT RADIO

Saturday's edit concerning the cut of the radio play "Happy Ending" stated that "Whether the script was pro-labor or anti-labor is not the fundamental question." That statement is correct. However, the edit contained ten paragraphs (nine and one-half inches) to a consideration of this non-fundamental point and only three paragraphs (two inches) to a consideration of the basic point, that "Merrell interfered with freedom of speech." In fact, therefore, the assertion of the basic point is denied in the execution of the edit. The reader impression is the reverse of what the above quotations would indicate and the Emerald is cast in the unpleasant role of a "double-talker." The net effect is to justify Merrell's action.

Because of this spineless stand the edit is able to say that "It is not difficult to understand why he cut the show off the air," but then to remark that "Merrell . . . was not entitled to interfere." The last statement being true, the first one is obviously asinine. Because of this muddled thinking the Emerald was unable to reach the obvious conclusion, that not only should Merrell be fired from his job (and for his own good be advised to get out of the information business) but that future technicians should be made responsible to the producer—a situation that is not true at KOAC although it is SOP throughout radio. It is this unprofessional attitude of KOAC which gives rise to the pres-

ent incident—a fact that was not mentioned by the Emerald.

—Herb Penny

Editor's note: We absolutely agree with H.P.! Absolutely. Everyone who ever makes a mistake should be shot in the head immediately. That includes Bob Merrell. Soon all human beings would be shot (the last one would have to commit suicide, no doubt.) Then the world would go to the dogs (which is where it's going anyway, according to the perennial malcontents, eh Herb?)

ABOUT CO-OP REBATE

It is rumored that the board members of the University of Oregon cooperative store contemplate cutting the 30 per cent rebate to students. The only reason that has been given is that this high rebate will set a precedent for the coming years. In arguing that a large rebate this year would set a precedent for next year seems as ridiculous (Please turn to page seven)



Side Patter by BOB WHITELY

Lot of red faces hit the campus Monday . . . and they all weren't from staying out in the sun either. Best picnic of the weekend was the Sigma Delta Chi bull fight held out at the meadows. Harry Glickman's gal received more than her share of attention. The Beta house dance really was something . . . in pre-war years someone was always falling off the bridge into the millrace about 11:30 at night, but their hoe-down this season was a beautiful affair, and the oven-door men should rate a special "splendid performance." The only person missed at yesterday's oration contest on Howe field was Buck Bailey. Can you imagine what he would have done on the field . . . he would have picked up both umpires by their bow ties to try and start a fire by rubbing them briskly together. Oregon has had a bad year as far as sports is concerned, but some consolation is garnered by the fact that the wearers of the lemon and green swamped the Corn Valley Chess team in a thrilling duel of errant queens, 18 to 2. The titanic ADS-SDX softball fracas that came off Saturday morning was copped by the hucksters behind the 24-hit pitching of Woody Carson. The outstanding fielding play of the game was George Holcomb's leaping high in the air after a line drive, and gracefully falling on his head. "Mushball" Wright showed rare form on the mound for the pen pushers. Kiss and Hug Dept.: The girl with the peek-a-boo hair do, Lil Ish Kabbie Coleman of the Gammaphi Colemans is now toting Pete Tugman's SAE joolry . . . Tau Sandy Pierce hung his cross on ADPie Delores Ray . . . and was promptly heaved in the tub. The Alpha Chi's are keeping that lyre red hot this warm days as Jane Grace took Psi Sig Bob Glasgow's pin, and Bobbie Lewis took Jack McCracken's DU brass, and got a dozen red roses on the deal also. There are more ribbons riding the waves on sweet young sweaters this week . . . there's been a lot of tapping . . . and it hasn't entirely confined itself to honoraries either. Congrats to the new members of Phi Alpha Delta legal honorary . . . and I'm pleased to report that "Groucho" Hoffman did not catch any carp this weekend . . . nothing but luscious trout. "Fan and Fall Down" Chief Dunderstruck out again . . . he hasn't hit one out of the infield for seven years. Don't forget to run down to the Booby trap in between classes for a cold one . . . coke that is. pd. adv.

Americans, on the average, eat more than 18 pounds of candy each year.

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