

Fall Term Grades

The fall term grades issued yesterday weren't quite as bad as they seemed at first glance. For a year now, we've been accustomed to expecting the all-campus average to hover around the 2.4 mark, but such has not always been the case.

Just one year ago the Emerald was revealing an all-campus mark of 2.353, which is exactly 0.02 lower than last term's average.

Fall term seems to be a chronic sufferer of the lowest grades of the year. Could it be that the first to find that they can't quite hack the college grind pack up and leave?

One thing appears certain now, however. The busy football schedule didn't have quite the effect on studies that some feared it might. Fall term was one long succession of—the day of the game, the night to celebrate the game, the day to hash over the game and the celebration, and five other days in the week. Despite the best football average in the history of the school, scholastics took no nosedive.

Maybe what proved to be the salvation for the students was that the football schedule ran out before finals appeared on the scene. Of course there was the ensuing discussion over whether or not the football team would be going to a bowl—then to what bowl. But there was a long enough lull so that the books could be hit hard enough to give the grades a final assist.

Certainly one would expect spring term at the "U" to result in the lowest grades of the year, but the statistics don't back up this theory. Despite sunbathing and picnicking, the women managed to walk off with a 2.520 average last spring, and the men eked out a 2.431. Maybe relaxation is the secret to success. But before advocating such drastic measures, we'd like to discover the reasons why some people didn't fare too well. It just might have been an overdose of that type of medicine.

Activities apparently don't seriously hamper the student. Mortar Boards averaged 3.41; the publications all reported heavy shares of work with three points and better; the executive council found its busy members did far better than average.

Pending thorough investigation, however, we'll come forth with no weighty theories on the subject. Instead, we'll content ourselves with this observation: Even if you busy yourself with activities, you can't go wrong if you make full use of your time, have each day's lesson in hand before the prof starts to lecture, and allow time for relaxation.

There's your solution. Now just try to follow it. J. G.

Student Morals

Every so often the subject of college students' moral standards rears its gray-locked head.

Inquisitors usually conclude that the souls of the students are black indeed, and drop the matter after a few diatribes.

It was refreshing, then, to read in yesterday's Emerald that Chester C. Maxey of Whitman college and Dr. E. H. Moore of the sociology department answered in the negative when asked if student morals are degenerating.

Dr. Moore remarked that this charge has been leveled at students many times in the past. So it has.

The exploits of students, grouped together as they are in rather colorful surroundings, are apt to make news. Their routine activities are never heard of. This is one factor that will give an erroneous opinion of student life and morals.

And too, at college age, many men and women realize with a big or little jolt that things may not be quite as they were written in the catechism or elementary history book. And they become "radical," leveling off later to opinions as conservative or more conservative than those of their elders.

There are many incidents, from eating gold fish to preaching Marx from a soap box in the city park and experimenting with free love that may indicate that students are "going to the dogs."

But recently a pollster (and you can honor his findings or not, said that more college students believe in God and go to church regularly than do the old folks. Church-going is one factor in morality. Investigation into other matters would probably reveal that college students behave very much as their elders do—but are more noisy about their sins. B. H.

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Footnotes

Why Not Draft and Dance Pools, Too? Suggests Callahan

By Michael Callahan

Whoever first said that "in unity there is strength," didn't know the history of it. He should also have said that "in unity we all save money hand over fist."

A small item buried in yesterday's news wire carried the idea that started me off on this track. According to the story, a brave little band of Stanford students tried to make a deal with certain garages down near the Farm. If the students all patronized that one garage en masse, could the owner offer wholesale price reductions?

The results have been little short of fabulous. Price cuts, said the story, have ranged from 2 cents on a gallon of gas to 40 cents on lube jobs.

That brings to mind all sorts of interesting possibilities. Herewith I offer a few modest proposals:

(1) **The draft.** According to the latest word from the Washington brass, the armed forces have filled their quotas of men and are toying with the idea of cancelling all draft calls for the next 18 months. However, there's one "if" in this prospect. Voluntary enlistments must provide enough men to replace those who leave the service, or they start mailing "greetings" again.

Well, that's fair enough. It now behooves us on this campus to band together in a "keep the ranks filled club." We could offer this plan to all colleges (and a few of the high schools) and so form a nation-wide union. Under this plan, we will agree to provide enough

men (chosen by lottery) to replace all those who leave the forces. In return, the powers that be could permanently suspend the draft. Further, since all their worries will be over, they might reasonably be expected to cut back the time of service quite a few months.

However, lest it be said that this gives the purple shaft to those who hold the winning (losing?) tickets in the draft, all members of the union could kick in \$1 or so per month to help soothe their feelings.

Which should create some of the richest and happiest buck privates the army ever saw. And, without draft worries, those who stay home with the books should be happy. Even the armed forces, with all the healthy, intelligent men they want, would be happy.

Logical, isn't it?
(2) **Campus dances.** The big beef on campus dances these days seems to be the steady series of five-piece combos that are signed to provide the music. By uniting, all this could be changed.

If a certain en masse attendance at the dances could be guaranteed, big-named bands might be lured here more often. And, in exchange for the publicity tied in with playing on a Unified Campus, the bands might be persuaded to knock a little off their prices. The time may come when we will pay the same \$2.40 to hear Tommy Dorsey that a few of us will pay to hear something called Wally Heider.

And again, everybody will be happy.

Footnote: Membership blanks in the Unity Plan will be available soon. Form a double line to the right, please.

American



AIRLINES

By Tom Marquis

I agreed to go out to KASH for an interview with Mimi and Bob only on the condition that a rescue party stand by in case I couldn't negotiate the terrain. Usual par for the course, which is loosely titled a road, is two broken springs, a flat tire, and a set of quivering kidneys.

The KASH studios are set on stilts, which serve a double purpose. First they keep the people and equipment above the rampaging waters of the wandering Willamette, and secondly they raise the program level.

I stepped from the tranquility of the still night into an aura of confusion. It seemed impossible that a mere two individuals could be responsible for all the frantic activity that was taking place.

The fact that Bob is tied to the control board means that one person is really responsible, at least for the physical part. That person is she of the smooth voice—Mimi. Bob specializes in confusion of the mental type.

The surprising thing is that so little of all this is apparent from the easy-chair side of the mike, a tribute to a good timing, self-control, and a tremendous amount of coordination.

Mimi de Temple, 125 pounds of blonde vitality, is the old timer of the show now. She started in September of 48 after one of those unbelievable breaks reserved for the chosen few. One day the phone rang, not an isolated instance I'm

sure, and a voice inquired if she would like to become a disk jockey.

Mimi, whose main interests lie in the entertainment field, was quick to accept. It was the first step toward putting the old home towns of Portland and Oswego on the map.

Other principal in "top of the knob" doings is Bob Davy. New to the show, Bob is definitely not new to radio. A graduate of the University of California, he did graduate work in radio at Wisconsin, and worked at the state's large educational station WHA "oldest station in the nation." His main activity at present is that of instructor in radio at the U. of O.

Like normal people disk jockeys have their pet peeves. On a request show it's the people who ask for requests dedicated to 100 or more friends who come in for special mention. It is really tough trying to sustain interest with too many long list of names to read.

I wouldn't be surprised but what visitors who mess with the controls come in for their share of unkind thoughts. Being still under the influence of my recent visit with Hawthorne I thought it behooved me to demonstrate some of the invidious techniques I had picked up at the feet of the master.

Soooo—I proceeded to fade a record a la Hawthorne style much to the horror of Bob Davy. My efforts not being appreciated I retired in a huff to an adjoining room to prepare my copy for the presses. Isn't that always the way. Try

With the Legislators

Salem

The house killed, almost unanimously, a bill yesterday which would have prohibited persons under 21 years of age from going into any place where alcoholic beverages are sold.

In the voice vote, only one vote for the bill could be detected.

The measure, by Rep. Joseph E. Harvey, Portland, would have provided a maximum penalty of \$500 fine and six months in jail for any person who knowingly lets a minor enter a place where beer, wine or other alcoholic beverages are served.

The house action came on a recommendation by the house alcoholic control committee that the bill be defeated.

Rep. J. O. Johnson, Portland, committee chairman, said the bill is unnecessary because state liquor commissions prohibit minors from being in any place where alcoholic beverages are served.

Rep. Raymond Coulter, Grants Pass, said the bill would keep minors from entering many restaurants, hotels and depots, because many of those establishments serve beer and wine.

Harvey said he would make another attempt later in the session to pass such a bill. He would provide that all persons carry cards with their pictures to prove they are over 21.

But legislative rules forbid introduction of any bill which has been defeated earlier by the same legislature.

Washington

INAUGURATION SIDELIGHTS

A 53-year-old woman was the first person to arrive at the capitol stands to see the inauguration.

Capitol police said Miss Florence Simenhoff, a naval gun factory employe, arrived on the scene at 5:45 a.m. EST carrying an American flag.

The nation's only living ex-president, Herbert Hoover, did not see the 32nd president take office. He had been in the capitol but returned to his home in New York last week.

President Truman's reassurance of the United States' faith in the United Nations went straight to the U.N.'s topman. Trygve Lie, secretary general of the U. N., witnessed the inauguration as guest of the Norwegian embassy.

The ceremonies at the capitol were heard all along the parade route over loudspeakers. When Phil Regan sang the "Star Spangled Banner," the thousands of men along the route removed their hats and stood at attention.

As Mr. Truman talked, a small boy stood at the base of the platform—stolidly stuffing a banana into his mouth. It was cold enough to see the president's breath as he addressed the crowd.

It took the president 21 minutes to go through the speech. He finished at 12:51 p.m. He was interrupted by applause 12 times.

The moon was white
The road was dark,
I gave a sigh,
I gave a moan,
I cursed my fate,
I was alone.

to do something for people and all you get is a frosty reception.

I'll probably get over it though and when I do I'll start tuning in "the top of the knob for Mimi and Bob."