

From Kathy's Pathetic Death -- A Lesson In Human Cooperation

By Bud Hurst

WHEN LITTLE Kathy fell down that pipe last Friday afternoon the people of San Marino, California started rescue operations with a unity of purpose which gained for them the admiration of the whole world.

The well-drillers did not ask who they should send their bill to; the sandhogs did not inquire after Kathy's religious beliefs before they went down to try and save her life; the people who brought food for the workers did

not even ask their party affiliations.

They all knew that a little three and one-half year old girl was in serious trouble and they had to get her out. Without any words, haggling, bargaining or speech making, they set about it.

LITTLE KATHY was just one human being among billions. Her troubles are over, death has put an end to them. The other people in the world still have plenty of trouble. They are on the brink of a war that will spare but few of

them. Many men and women are working hard trying to prevent that war but never, never once, have they displayed anything approaching the speed, fervor or sense of urgency in their negotiations that were so in evidence this past weekend in a Pasadena suburb.

The plight of one little girl captured the sympathies of the entire world, yet that world remains apathetic about its chances for a lasting peace.

THE PLIGHT of one little girl created in a large group of men a desire to come to her aid even when they knew their own lives would be in great danger, yet the plight of the world in general has failed so far to bring forth one single act of self-sacrifice on the part of any nation.

The plight of one little girl has therefore proved a lesson worth learning to the rest of the world. How well we have learned our lesson will be shown in whether on

not we are able to set aside self-righteousness, greed, avarice and all the prejudices of many years and start to work making a lasting peace as fast and as ardently as those people in San Marino started their job.

THE DEATH of one little girl has brought sorrow to the hearts of millions—the death of the world may also bring sorrow to someone. That depends on how many are left to cry.

Shake Well Before . . .

Frankly, we're confused—and expect to be more confused next year.

It's that new academic calendar that's causing the brow furrows and migraines.

As we see it, the calendar lists these changes:

- 1) The 1950 commencement is set eight days earlier than this year's graduation.
- 2) The week vacation between winter and spring terms will be eliminated.
- 3) Winter term, a short quarter, will be made longer "in an effort to equalize the terms."
- 4) Finals will begin on peculiar days such as Thursday and Friday.
- 5) Winter and spring terms, registration and the first day of classes will be on the same day.

From what we could gather, the spring vacation was eliminated mainly to provide a longer vacation for faculty members between commencement and the beginning of summer session.

The faculty is deserving of a vacation before greeting ambitious summer school students; the students are deserving of a holiday before picking up the books springs term. It's more or less a toss-up as to who should be happy. Oregon State comprised and shortened their school year by a week, keeping the spring vacation.

The early dismissal may bring advantages to a number of students, however. Undergraduates should find it easier to pick up odd jobs when they are not out a week later than other colleges.

For graduates, it won't make much differences. Their contacts are made long in advance of commencement.

The confusion comes in the equalizing of terms.

Winter term is shorter than the other terms, under the existing calendar. With the new plan, winter term is lengthened about a week to almost equal the number of days in the present spring term.

But—next year's spring term is shortened to equal the much complained about winter term of former years.

And to accomplish this astounding equalization, first day of classes and registration day will coincide, and, as we said before, finals will begin in the middle of the week.

It almost would be simpler to go by the moon.—B.H.

It's Spring In New York, Too

By Hal Boyle

NEW YORK—(AP)Ya-a-ww-w- - n-n-nnn!

I guest spring is really here Spring fever is anyway. And the season of gentle melancholy and pleasant foolishness is upon us.



It is a time of dreamy, peace for the common man, as his mind and body prepare for the chemistry of summer. But it is also a time of great wars. Ambitious leaders through all history have picked this season to unleash the armies they have built up through the winter. The ground has firmed for the martial foot.

But this year looks like another of the years the world treasures—a year of peace. The bugle hangs on the wall, brightly polished but unblown. No mighty armies are massed for attack . . . that we know of.

Spring comes to the city in small surprises. Down where I live you can tell it best by the

sudden increase of perambulators. The poor man on the lower East Side may never hope to own a motor car. But he will go without a suit to see that his new baby rides in the finest buggy in the neighborhood.

A day arrives when the air wears a chill in the shade and a sudden softness in the sun. And the sidewalks bloom with thousands of baby buggies, alive with posterity and the voices of tomorrow.

Across the East river a few buds burst open on the tree that grows in Brooklyn. And here in Manhattan you'd think the cold skyscrapers themselves would erupt in greenery—thrust out limbs and leaves to catch the warmth. And perhaps some day they will, and turn this stony wilderness into a green garden of the spirit.

You can live here all your life and never see a robin or a bluebird, the heralds of spring elsewhere. But the pigeons aren't a bad substitute. The pavement is alive with their courtships—love underfoot—and their cooing can be heard half a block.

Up in Central park they begin to put out the boats for the sail-

ors. People often have wondered why sailors fresh from the sea go there to row boats around the lake. There is no mystery about it. They go there because, as one sailor told me, "it's a wonderful place to meet a girl."

There isn't much the average man does here to show how spring affects him. He dares a brighter necktie. He dawdles and day dreams more. And I think the doodling on his desk pad changes in a subtle way. But that would take a cryptographic Dr. Kinsey to interpret.

The girls, as always, are more demonstrative. Oh, the girls, the beautiful girls of New York. They break out in more colorful dresses. They plump in unexpected places. And is it only imagination that there is more of a waggle in their walk?

The icy receptionist shows a thawing heart and she turneth away the salesman at the door without wrath. A gleam comes into the housewife's eye. She wraps an old cloth about her head. Dust rises. The furniture makes its semi-annual trek around the living room to the tune of her husband's creaking joints.

Oh, the streetcleaner whistles behind his broom. The stenographer carries a bouquet to work, and everyone gets a flower. Every woman is fair to the eye—and every bachelor is a possibility. Even the subway sings adventure.

By these signs you know it. Spring is here—the best show in town.

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Same Old Stand

By Tom Marquis

I am unhappy, disgruntled, and in general perturbed. I have been reading Al Laney's PARIS HERALD and the things I learned about pleasant, carefree newspapering have got me pretty upset.



Reporters on the Emerald who think they have good beats should read the fabulous Sparrow Robertson

whose beat included every hot spot in Paris. The Sparrow it appears was not averse to taking a nip or two on occasion nor it seems was any other Herald man. Maybe this is what gave the paper the flavor of carefree abandon that made it world famous.

In any event the entire routine was quite different from that required to assemble the HAL-

LOWED pages of the Emerald. I might try to do something about it, but I have to go to work every few hours and the housemother is rather narrow-minded on the subject of inebriated houseboys. Also my mother reads this stuff. Enough said.

It is getting so a guy can't go through the cemetery any more between the hours of 10 p.m. and 1 p.m. without getting involved in a traffic jam. More people are spending time there of late than they are in Taylor's or The Side. Somebody ought to wise up and start charging toll. If this weather holds there'd be a fortune in it.

Spring is the time for housecleaning and maybe a good time for a project or two. One that seems especially interesting is the battle of the sexes.

If any of your guys have pet peeves about certain activities of the little woman—or women—
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These College Kids!



ROME STUDENTS RESUME HAZING—Hazing by students of the University of Rome, interrupted during the Fascist regime, is resumed again as a new class is enrolled. Here upper classmen as soldiers of old Rome, cavort near the Coliseum during the celebration.