

Keep Off Grass

'Tis said that the Oregon climate makes for leisurely people—folks who amble comfortably through the soft, misty air, to make a 10:30 meeting at 11.

We ask, then, why all these suddenly non-typical students who have taken to saving time by loping across the grass instead of using the sidewalks?

Probably we can lay this change in behavior up to the climate, too. It's reported that during the unusually snowy-icy season not too long ago, students avoided the treacherous walks and shortcut across the grass.

They beat paths in the mud, and now they still follow these paths. That's unfortunate, for the campus green is becoming as criss-crossed as an old man's palm.

The worst offenses do not come with detours around construction. Rather, paths are being beaten in such unnecessary places as the stretch from Deady to the corner of Eleventh and Kincaid.

In addition, the quad in front of the Library is turning into a baseball diamond.

The physical plant is now using money for improvements that could go for repairs. And that's futile.

Anyway, who wants muddy feet? Next time try the sidewalk.—B.H.

So You're Graduating, Eh--

Better Check With Registrar

By Vinita Howard

SO YOU THINK you're graduating this June! Well, before you get any rosy dreams about not coming back to school next fall, it might be a good idea to pay a visit to the registrar's office. And don't wait until the graduation list is posed.

There are at least 12, probably more, little details which can keep you from receiving your degree this June.

FOR EXAMPLE, the registrar's office thus far has checked the records of seniors with names beginning A through D and has found that 14 students lack ONE hour for graduation. Five seniors definitely cannot graduate because of a rule which states that if a person carries 18 hours he must make a 2.5 that term or be given credit for only 17 hours.

This rule is not generally known, even though it appears in the

time schedule given out each term. Many students feel that the rule is not being followed, but it is and it could mean the difference between you and graduation.

* * *

OF COURSE, if you find you need that one hour for graduation you can submit a petition to have that hour waived, but every petition thus far submitted has been turned down by the academic requirement committee.

Before you blame the registrar's office for such rules as this one let us point out that it is a faculty regulation and only the faculty can change it.

Actually, most of the requirements for graduation seem logical, but why does the faculty see fit to deprive a senior of graduation when that senior has 185 hours instead of 186 hours? That seems to place an undue amount of emphasis on one hour. Just off-hand I can't think of any one hour course that has added that much to a college education.

* * *

ONE INSTANCE on record is that of a student, who, thinking he had completed graduation requirements at the end of fall term, went back to South Dakota.

Now, the registrar's office has found that because of the 2.5—18 hour rule he cannot get his degree this June.

If there is a good reason for refusing to waive one hour needed for graduation, I wish some faculty member would take the time to explain what it is.

The list of rules that could keep you from graduation is too long to explain in full here but a few include: a shortage of upper division hours (you might have 44 hours instead of 45), failure of clearance with the major department and unpaid debts to the University.

Oh well, if you don't graduate because you need that one hour, you're sure to have a terrific fall term. Think of the time that could be spent in the Side if you carried only one hour . . . might even crack a four point.

Promotion Meeting

A meeting of the promotion committee for Junior weekend has been called for 7:30 tonight at the Side by Chairman Bill Lance.

Same Old Stand

By Tom Marquis

DID ANYBODY see this column on Tuesday? Small wonder. I didn't either until some kindly

soul pointed it out buried somewhere beneath a confusion of other things. If it had been buried any deeper it wouldn't have appeared until next Wednesday's issue.

Things like this are apt to make a person bitter if they occur too often. I have no axe to grind, but I'll find one if this sort of thing keeps up. It will concern an expose of the editor and his somewhat dubious tactics in editorial page makeup.

This isn't meant to be a threat, but a word to the wise is sufficient, they say. Comes maybe yet the revolution, so mend your ways.

TWENTY-THREE skidoo. That's all, brother. At least last Saturday night that was all. Twenty-three skidoo and all that went with it was SOP at the Alpha Gam house dance.

Those weird characters you may have seen wandering around the neighborhood weren't fresh out of the snake pit. They were just guests on their way to join in the festivities with all the others whose hearts were young and gay.

For a while the roaring twenties, complete with racoon coats and derbies, reigned supreme once more. As an object lesson in what the good old days were like

it was enlightening to say the least.

* * *

BEFORE LONG scurrying figures will be seen rushing about the campus and surrounding territory boarding up windows, doors, and other weak spots in various buildings. Mothers will pull protesting daughters into the dubious safety of fragile homes, police patrols will take up their vigil, and the governor will, no doubt, consider the advisability of declaring martial law.

Railroad and bus ticket agencies will be swamped with the evacuation of more timid persons and even some of the hardier ones will head for the hills. Letters of consolation will be received from outsiders who know of the devastation that will take place.

Yes, it's that time of year again and looming large on the horizon is Law School Weekend.

Out from the dusty stacks of the Law School library will rush an ever increasing horde of legal eagles bent on making the most of an all too short holiday.

First on the agenda will be the meeting of all good men and true at The Side for uh—uh—breakfast, then the parade of the campus headed by the Queen and her court, then the traditional baseball game, the party and dance.

Although all this takes place in just one day some of the older inhabitants who have been through it all before declare it seems like years before the last stubborn student succumbs to the necessity of calling it a day and retreats sullenly to the sanctity of the law library once more.



Training Still Tough

We disagree with the argument of Dean Leighton of the Health and Physical Education department that the physical training program in the wartime training program was tougher than it is today. If anything, the trainees get more physical fitness drill in peacetime than they did during the war.

Perhaps PE is commendable in maintaining health during the school year, but if a man spends a year or a year and a half in the Army, he isn't going to need any body building that he would get in PE 190.

As for military training, the first and second year courses in military science likely don't offer anything the soldier or sailor didn't have in his basic training period in the service. The student is certainly not going to benefit from a repetition of his hard learned lessons in military courtesy. Veterans and non-veterans work well together in an economics class, but we doubt very much if the same would hold true in lower division military science.—Steve Loy.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

THE OREGON DAILY EMERALD, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per term and \$4.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon.

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An Open Letter to Our Harry--

By Hal Boyle

NEW YORK—(AP)—To Harry S. Truman, Blair house, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

I have a small free idea to help you win world peace.

You aren't planning to have the annual Easter egg rolling party for children on the White House lawn this year.

But why not hold an international egg rolling contest there for world diplomats?

They'd love it. Great men love games as much as children, but their games often leave people crying at the end. Such as war, the ancient sport of kings. Why not give the great men a simple

game they can play in pure fun.

Alert the fly boys of your airforce. Send your new B-36 bombers east and west and north and south to all the lands of the earth. Have them bring back the leaders of those lands, large or little—the victors, the vanquished, the bystanders.

If you hurry, you can get some here by Friday. Then tell them:

"Boys, every nation that ever lived has a period it sets aside to celebrate peace. They do it in different ways, and many pray to different gods. But they all have the same idea in mind.

"This is the day our own prince of peace died for mankind. And Sunday is the anniversary of the day he rose again, and thereby gave us hope. I want you to celebrate it with us in the way of our people."

Well, Harry, boys are boys. You might have to warn them that anybody caught making

horse trades on the back steps would be ducked in the White House pool. But I think they'd go along with you. Everybody is looking for a vacation from worry these days.

Show 'em a good time. Stack the joint with caviar, ham, lamb, beef and hot dog sandwiches. Pass around the bourbon and vodka, the wine and pernod. Bring them all in the kitchen Saturday night. Make 'em stay up late dyeing Easter eggs. And dye the eggs with patterns of their own countries and their heroes.

After they fall asleep, let the secret service men hide the eggs around the White House lawn. Bright and early next morning rout them out of bed for the great egg hunt.

And let the people of America mass outside the gates and watch while the great men frolic like school boys about the lawn,

searching for eggs.

When the game is over, pick the ten that have found the most eggs. Put each of the ten behind a huge ostrich egg labeled "peace." At a signal the ten can start furiously rolling an egg toward the finish line fifty yards away. The first chieftain across the line with his ostrich egg intact—that's the winner.

Call all the hot, sweating, laughing leaders into the house. Crack open the hen's eggs dyed with the maps of all countries. Chop up the contents and serve every one a portion of international egg salad.

Then you make your announcement. Suppose the man who won the ostrich egg derby was Joe Stalin.

"Joe," you could say. "You're the winner, and every winner ought to have a prize. I suggest—and I think everyone else here will agree with me—that it be the South Pole. For one year it is

yours to do with as you will. You can propagandize the penguins, you can collect all the taxes there.

"But a winner usually throws a party, too, Joe. Suppose we all get together at your house next year, and play a game in the Kremlin? Any peaceful game your people like—except Russian roulette. And the winner will get the right to rule the South Pole for the following year, and teach the penguins anything he wants to.

"What do you say, Joe? Let's make it an annual event!"

And what could Joe, or any other leader, say—but "yes"? That is what the peoples of all lands want—peace at the top. Wars rarely start at the bottom.

It might be rough on the penguins, Harry, but the rest of the world would love it. Let's roll those peace eggs.

Sincerely,

Hal Boyle.

