

When Are Vets' Dorms

To the Editor:

Remember the service men's honor rolls that were so popular a few years ago? Few of them are left; those that do stand are for the most part neglected. Their paint peeling, their timbers rotting, and even their gold stars illegible, they stand in resigned recognition of man's short memory.

The Veterans' Memorial Dormitory, with each individual hall named for an Oregon alumnus killed in the war, was as the honor rolls a product of gratitude. Gratitude to the men who sweated and cursed a war that they did not start and did not understand. The Veteran's Memorial Dormitory is constructed of plywood and fiberboard so in time will pass as the honor rolls have. However, the University administration has decided that a peaceful death of old age shall be denied. They have decided that the Veterans' Memorial Dormitory shall cease to exist and they have called for suggestions as to the new name for the plywood palace on Alder Street.

The reason given for this action is that the name Veterans' Memorial Dormitory implies the residence of veterans. It has

been indicated to the administration that the parents of some incoming freshmen are in horror of the corrupting influence upon their progeny by these veterans. From gratitude to horror, from heroic victors to undesirable corruption in only four years.

If young men entering the University can be corrupted by the few remaining veterans in the few months they spend in the dormitory there has been a sad lack of moral training by parents.

We veterans would like to be a part of society. Most of us do not desire individual recognition for our part in the war. But by God we want people to remember the war! We want people to remember the stink of rotting human flesh, the agony of fear, and the bitter loss that goes with war. If every individual could taste its pain and terror, war would never be repeated. You will never hear combat veterans urging an invasion of Russia. We would like to have the Veterans' Memorial Dormitory to be a reminder. Too few people visit the crowded Veterans' hospitals to see the living reminders of war.

Thank you,
Paul Jaeger

Not Vets' Dorms?

In answer to the above letter, rumor, which the veterans and non-veterans alike heard so much about during the war, apparently raced like fire through the Vets' dormitories last night.

The administration has not decided that the Vets' dorms will cease to exist. But Mrs. Genevieve Turnipseed, director of dormitories, did ask for Vets' dorms house president's and house sponsor's opinions on the possibility of no longer referring to the dormitory group as the Vets' dorms. But the names of the separate dormitories would remain unchanged, even if the students did feel that reference to the group as Vets' dorms was no longer desirable.

It was not necessarily the shock of parents at having their children living with vets; it was merely that these dorms are no longer inhabited only by vets, and therefore they are not the Vets' dorms; but they are Vets' dorms and non-vets' dorms.

While the dormitory units are named in honor of University alumni who gave their lives for their country in the war, the term Vets' Dorms grew up from the fact that the buildings were open only to veterans at first. Therefore, being dormitories for veterans, it was only natural they should be termed Vets' Dorms.

But the dormitories have never been called, officially, Veterans' Memorial Dormitories.

If the students desire the name Veterans' Memorial Dormitories (or if the students desire some other collective name for the two major structures) the director of dormitories and other administrative officials will probably be only too happy to go along with the name.

What was wanted was merely a mulling over of the possibility of calling the dormitories something other than the misleading Vets' Dorms. This new title may be Veterans' Memorial Dorms, or it may be something else, or it may remain Vets' Dorms.

The administration is apparently willing to listen to the student's suggestions. It asked for suggestions, it did not hand down a death warrant.—Editor.

On the Air

Radio Comedians

By Marty Weitzner



Sunday night by some rare twist of fate, we found ourself with enough time to listen to the radio. It is fortunate that we found ourself in this position on Sunday night, because if ever a night was meant for radio listening, that is it. Comedians, comedians, and more comedians.

After a few hours, we came to the conclusion that radio's funny men base a whole career on one personality trait, marital status, or a created character. Where would Jack Benny be if he didn't hoard money? Where would Eddie Cantor be if he had three daughters and two sons? What would be the fate of Phil Harris if he joined Alcoholics Anonymous?

Our greatest comics would never go over on the radio. Bobby Clark, whose appearance in a Broadway show is enough to insure its success, wouldn't draw flies on the air. Danny Kaye, Hollywood's best laugh provoker, has left in his wake the mangled bodies of at least two radio shows. Milton Berle had to wait for television before he could become famous outside the big town night club circuits.

The one obstacle that radio presented to these stars was the lack of a large visible audience. You have to see Clark, Kaye, and Berle to appreciate them. Their humor is not based on personality failings, family position, or a pet character.

Look at the greatest funny men we have had, the Marx brothers, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, et al. They would have starved if they had to depend on radio.

How many great comedians has radio produced? None. The fifth estate's top baby, Bob Hope, showed to best advantage in the movies, not on the air. Jack Benny has said that he is only as good as his writers make him.

Radio has been commended as the cradle for a lot of our stage and screen talent, but they can't pass the networks any bouquets for development of funny men.

Speaking of being funny, a boy who looks like he is always getting a large charge out of being on the basketball floor will be "Web-foot Huddle Time" guest this Friday over KOAC at 5:45. Tune in for a basketball review by "Happy" Ernie Baldini.

Sophomore Wisdom

Before the Rains Came

Bob Funk

Convertible season is here again. Yesterday several groups of sixteen to eighteen persons cruising around campus in the same. You know what this means—spring is here, robins or no robins. (We are naming this term's series of columns "Evidences of Spring Which We Have Observed.")

Come to think of it, there is nothing quite like careening down Alder Street in a convertible, looking blasely (and so there is no such word—we aren't particularly particular) out at the masses. And, for that matter, there is nothing quite like being a mass, being looked at blasely by people in a convertible.

We approve of all the convertible-ish things—waterbags tossed from convertibles, and even up to and past love in convertibles. On occasion, we have even approved of convertibles which pass with a cool clinking sound NOT caused by coins in the driver's pocket).

And we like to ponder upon the possibilities of tossing somebody's dog or a mound of grass clippings into a convertible. This has to be a two-way proposition.

One gripe: we wish those people who stand up in the back seat like they were

Queen of the May testing the wind would sit down. At any moment one of their gayer and more humorous buddies

may take hold of their feet and toss them bodily out of the car. This would be regrettable, somehow.

BROTHERHOOD WEEK

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THIS COULD HAPPEN HERE



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