

Sometimes History Stutters *It's Tradition*

History has a way of repeating itself. Sometimes it goes one step further.

Take the case of Joseph Szigeti. The famous violinist played tag, on and off, with the Eugene Civic Music Association for several weeks on end—which is to say his engagement at McArthur Court Sunday was scheduled and canceled, on and off, with the same affinity for changing as stock quotations at Wall Street.

First, he was coming here—last winter. But down came a heap of snow, and the concert was rescheduled for Apr. 23. The gremlins went to work again though and that showing was mysteriously canceled. Then, glory be, things righted themselves once more: Szigeti did perform in McArthur Court Apr. 23.

With a little mathematical dexterity, one can add up the total and calculate that Mr. Szigeti said "yes" three times and "no" twice. The surplus item accounts for his appearance here.

Thus was laid the groundwork for case history number two—Hazel Scott.

The widely known pianist played her game of tag, on and off, with the Student Union Board—and the question was who was going to get in the last swipe.

First, Miss Scott contracted for an appearance here on Apr. 28 (Friday) and all was serene. Then the fun began. Miss Scott let it be known she would prefer performing on Apr. 24. The road block was a television show.

However, the SU Board was quick to shift into position. It said ixnay, nix. So—just when proceedings were all but ended—Miss Scott did an about face and her canceled appearance was uncanceled.

And the whole "yes" and "no" business seemed to have worn itself out when a wire was received stating that the artist would arrive Thursday afternoon—a full day before her performance! Even historically this was unprecedented. But history, like we said, has a way of repeating itself—sometimes it even stutters.

So, naturally enough, with a lusty swipe Miss Scott canceled her appearance at the last minute. Reason: ill health.

The totals: "yes" twice; "no" three times. Thus, no show.—T.K.

In The Bag Who Cares?

A Letter

Dear Editor:

I think it is about time for some really disinterested party to voice an opinion in this great controversy re the constitutionality of the constitution.

First let me prove my disinterest. I am not an automobile owner and consequently my chances of appearing before the student court are nearly impossible. I am not a member of the Law School student body and never expect to be. Nor am I a member of the editorial staff of the *Emerald*. Neither am I a member of the student court.

Now that you can see I have no axe to grind permit me to launch my diatribe. ASUO President A. Johnson says, "... it is good for students to have this experience ..." in the court, that is. I say that it is also good for students to criticize constructively the tools with which they have to work. If the critics happen to be members of the Law School and they turn up something that causes somewhat of a stench, is that not good?

What is wrong with finding holes in the machinery of government and then offering concrete suggestions for the plugging of the holes? Is our constitution so sacred that it is closed to criticism? Well I for one sincerely hope not. To quote the president of the Law School student body, T. Brownhill, "It is a pretty sad commentary on our form of government if allegedly enlightened University students insolently disregard the provisions of our basic law."

Oh, well, who cares, it gives the students good experience. Who cares, the election is over by now anyway. Who cares, the Young Mossbacks have to get into shape for being Old Mossbacks. Who cares?

Sincerely,
Tom Boothby.

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When Seniors Wore Sombreros

By Stan Turnbull

(Writer's Note: This is the first and probably the last in a series of articles which may or may not be published, explaining some of the history of Oregon traditions, a subject which will be receiving renewed attention come the Week of Junior Weekend. The weekend itself is May 12 to 14.)

"Each year, as every new junior class makes plans for their Junior Weekend, the original motives are forgotten more and more, and newer traditions ... come to take their place."

If that was true in 1939, when the words were uttered by Professor A. B. Stillman, who had been a freshman here 30 years before that, how much truer now! For example, let's amble backwards and sideways through the past half-hundred years and see how things were in "the good old days."

In 1908 what had been a

rather academic, semi-official weekend was officially tabbed "Junior Weekend," and just to prove it, the students built the big concrete "O" on Skinner's Butte. Because it was still sort of an official "work party," a tradition was born: men wearing ties at the luncheon (tabbing themselves as non-workers) were subject to "discipline," which was a lot of the same as it is now.

The lemon and green rooter's lid has almost disappeared from the campus scene, but there was a day (a long succession of them) when freshmen wore them—proudly—all year, and fought a good many bloody battles with the sophomores to maintain this privilege. May I quote from an Old Oregon account?—

"Forty-one years ago (1903), a freshman class sent in an or-

der for a number of little green caps to designate themselves from the juniors who wore cords, the sophomores who trod the campus in soft, felt hats, and the seniors who sported sombreros and mustaches." (Those must have been the good old days.)

"The sophomores immediately issued a manifesto defining the subordinate position of the freshmen and resolving that they should have no class symbol. The battles between the two classes in the ensuing years were violent and frequently bloody, but the freshmen always came out on the winning side."

On one particularly memorable occasion when an assembly was being held in Villard Hall (one-third of the total campus buildings then), the infuriated freshmen hurl-

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Raising Kane

Book Tells When Hiss Was BMOC

By Hank Kane

SEEDS OF TREASON, The True Story of the Hiss-Chambers Tragedy, by Ralph De Toledano and Victor Lasky. Funk and Wagnalls, New York, \$3.50.

Thoughtful persons disturbed by the Alger Hiss conviction can read the fairly complete story in this first of many books on America's most controversial trial in recent years.

Major value of the book lies in the background material uncovered by the two authors and in the presentation of important evidence not known to the average newspaper reader.

Both Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss emerge as protagonists of rare abilities, honors, and achievements.

The early chapters are devoted to Chamber's early career; undergraduate editor of the Columbia University literary magazine, noted translator of foreign books, and editorship of *New Masses* in its heyday. Accolades of Russian publications and Lincoln Steffens indicate his former status in left-wing literature.

Chambers also wrote many of the most provocative stories which appeared in *Time* and *Life* magazines—the *Life* essays on the Renaissance and the Reformation and the *Time* "cover" stories on Marian Anderson, Niebuhr,

and Toynbee.

Hiss's conviction becomes incredible when compared with the less widely known part of his life: Phi Beta Kappa, ROTC colonel, editor of the Johns Hopkins campus daily, and secretary to the late Chief Justice Holmes. BMOC Hiss won campus elections, his friends recall, by "getting out the bookworm vote."

The damning, but conflicting testimony given at the trial is most valuable to the reader who is thus able to trace himself the chain of circumstantial evidence which led to the conviction.

The second trial jury listened in vain to hear evidence that would explain the verbatim copies of secret documents in Hiss's handwriting, the 200 pages of documents typed on the Hiss machine, and the testimony of eye-witnesses.

Murderers have been hanged because of the presence of a fraction of the uncontradicted circumstantial evidence presented at the trial.

Seeds of Treason gives the first halfway complete account of the rumors, conjectures, and evidence, although the complete story of the tragedy may not be known for another generation, if ever.

On The Air

Watch That Sewing Circle!

By Marty Weitzner

The other day, we were thinking about going to a meeting of one of the campus political groups. Not USA or AGS, but a student affiliate of a national political group. We wanted to hear them since our views and the views of some of their spokesmen are quite similar. We didn't go because attendance at such an affair might cost us a job someday.

There is nothing really wrong with that political party. They are slightly left of center. They believe their policy is best for the United States. They are finding it tough going now because a Communist-scared nation is striking out blindly in its efforts to halt the Reds.

We have heard how the government is trying to keep the loyalty of its personnel under

surveillance. They are looking in their closets, searching thoroughly. They are even going further, and are peering in the closets of prospective employees. They have been doing too thorough a job of sweeping.

It is all right to bar a man from a government job because he is a member of the Communist party or one of that group's satellite organizations. But when they bar a man because he damns Truman and Dewey in the same breath, that is carrying the witch hunt too far.

We hear that among certain circles, an organization like the International Relations Club is considered tabu. Why? Because Al-

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