

# Oregon Emerald

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## The Un-Necessity of De-Emphasizing Football

ON October 2, a Duquesne professor became overly-enthusiastic at a rally—it does happen—and made a statement, quoting roughly, to this effect: "Our boys will be out there fighting next Saturday, fighting for old Duquesne. Pitt's men will be fighting, too—fighting for their pay checks."

The professor did not meet his classes the next week. At the end of the period his resignation from the faculty was announced. Over-emphasized football had claimed another victim.

win but because its teams have been able to make such a unique game out of football.

Early this year it looked like de-emphasis was going to receive a severe setback. The material in the spring and fall turnouts was apparently the best in years. In the early practices, it looked as the collection of so many players was almost too noticeable to be coincidental. Reserves looked stronger. But results were soon reassuring as our boys began to supply Oregon's version of the second-best attended national sport.

News magazine Time explained at length that Duquesne's boys were actually out there fighting for more money per month than Pitt's, despite the professor's enthusiasm.

This sad but interesting case is not repeated to illustrate the perils and pitfalls of proselytizing. Everybody in the west but coast conference officials and their czar is familiar with its methods, its technique, and its results.

It is told to show the over-emphasis on football—and to illustrate the happy situation at Oregon whereby the battle against over-emphasis is nearly won.

FOLLOWING the course of de-emphasis to its logical conclusion, in 10 years the ideal situation should result.

Oregon's boys are, let us say, playing Stanford. A handful of graduate psychology majors turn out for the game. At the whistle they whip out notebooks, scribble frantically while Oregon has the ball, wait impatiently in the long periods during which Stanford is scoring and kicking off again.

THE University need take no steps in this direction. The course which football is steering is rapidly attaining its de-emphasis without outside assistance.

Except for the post-season games which count not a whoop, football is over. A final tally finds Oregon in fifth spot in the conference standings with five losses and two wins.

Strangely enough, and partly because the "tight" conference produces so many ties, USC and UCLA are the two teams below Oregon in football's social scale. USC walloped us, 30 to 14, and UCLA sent home a bloody Duck from the southland, always a bad spot for Oregon teams, to the tune of 26 to 13.

At the quarter one be-spectacled individual turns to another and declares, "My professor at Harvard insisted that I take my master's at Oregon. This team supplies such a wonderful opportunity to study psychology and mentally uncoordinated effort, you know."

His companion, starry-eyed at the spectacle he has just witnessed, exclaims, "Yes, I know. I'm certainly glad Oregon has de-emphasized. I came here from Stanford. As you can see Stanford's team plays such a common-place, logical game—almost deliberately planned, I'd say."

DURING the half-time period, Oregon's reserves are crushed by Woodrow Wilson junior high school, 47 to 6, Oregon scoring on a double-lateral-fumble-forward-lateral-fumble that has six spectators holding onto the chairs. (Hayward field stands burned down in 1942 and were never replaced, the team now playing in a circular, grassy meadow about 300 yards from the Springfield flax plant.) "Who ever thought of using that play," ejaculates a bald Tennessee graduate who is studying the mental reactions of Crogmagnon man.

But this is all rather far-fetched. 1947 and the ideal of de-emphasis is still in the future. Coaches still receive more than physical education instructors. Whether they accomplish their aim, men still come here to play football.

The important point is that de-emphasis at Oregon marches on.

THOSE are the figures on the wins and losses, complete except for the fact that only Washington State scored less points than Oregon and that Oregon was by far the most-scored on team in the conference.

Except for those two victories, de-emphasis this season has been going on just about as it did last, steadily and with public interest failing, not so much because Oregon doesn't

again. Important action is invariably postponed, and it is impossible for the council to get anything done.

A remedy has already been proposed, and will be brought up at the next council meeting. It is an ideal solution to a perplexing problem, and should be adopted.

Here it is: Instead of allowing council members to drop out of the council from time to time during the year, the membership of the council will remain intact through the entire three terms. Whenever a house elects a new president, he will be represented in the council by the former house president of his organization for the remainder of the year. All new presidents will assume their duties as council members at the beginning of each fall term, and will serve together as an unchanging body until the end of spring term. In other words, a newly elected house president will not become a member of the council until the fall following his election, and then will have membership for a full year.

**SIDE SHOW**

Edited by . . . . .  
**Bill Cummings, Campus**  
**Paul Deutschmann, National**

**Campus**  
 More reform occupies the attention of campus leaders this week. This time it's in the organization and operation of the interfraternity council—a potentially strong body whose chief weakness is, at last, about to be overcome.

Although theoretically one of the most important governing bodies on the campus, the interfraternity council has been for years weakened by the fact that its membership is continually changing. Fraternities elect their presidents at various times throughout the year; some elect in the fall, others not until spring. Consequently, new members are continually taking their seats in the council, replacing the retiring house presidents.

This results in a lodge-podge as far as the business functions of the council are concerned. Just when an important business step is about to be taken, new members come into the council and the processes leading up to the measure have to be reviewed over, and over

**National**  
 Kings, we are told, are out of fashion. But children of democracy were mildly startled day before yesterday with the announcement that a pretender to the French throne had issued a 5,000-word manifesto in which he stated his determination to "reconquer the throne of my fathers."

The pretender is kindly-faced Duc de Guise, head of the Orleansist King Louis Philippe, who ruled spasmodically from 1830 to 1848. The Duc is plentifully supplied with royal blood. He inherited the headship of the famous French "mansion" in 1926 when his brother, a direct descendant of the king of 1830, died.

Furthermore he has kingly whiskers, a son and a grandson. Outside of these things the Duc is rather an uneventful character. Born in 1874 in Paris, he eventually acquired the position of an officer in the Danish Guard, where he served from 1895-99. This service prompted him to literary efforts and in 1902 he wrote a book, "Under the Danish Flag." His other

## Reform—Will It Again Be the Tombstone of Good Intentions?

THE golden age of reform. That phrase, often used in the writings of historians, seems to fit fairly well the present state of affairs in Oregon's little world, with heads of houses surveying rules with an eye towards simplification and the student affairs committee considering a plan to increase membership and to become an actively functioning body.

the position of the educational activities board and executive council just about untenable. Heads of houses' decision to condense and clarify rules is a well-intentioned step which can be expected to produce nothing which is democratic, little that is liberal, and a few changes, mainly in decentralization of power, which are practical.

History's story, too often, has been of reaction following reform, of intellectual darkness following enlightenment. In many cases, reform has been a big talking point, a smoke-screen to hide the lack of real action in a situation that demands effective change.

The student affairs committee's desire to extend its domain is justifiable. There is a place for it in the present campus scheme of things. Its desire to extend its membership to include more students is also praiseworthy. It should become a student committee advised by faculty members, not a faculty committee advised by students. The present committee would have a hard time getting anywhere near a student consensus because only two students meet with it.

THE very nature of a board composed of house heads is such that democratic action, or action representative of opinion, is impossible. Sorority and fraternity presidents are on the whole cautious and conservative, jealous of the position of their houses and extremely cagey when any suggestion is broached which might mean a weakening of their own personal dictatorships. Sorority presidents have so long been under the paralyzing effect of the official thumb (and this new action will not enable them to escape it) that they are almost incapable of independent action or even uncensored thought.

Placing more control in the hands of individual houses with fewer general rules should be a sound practical measure. It should bring better observance and enforcement of the rules retained and less emphasis on the idea of a great mass of petty all-campus regulations which are difficult to enforce.

Bringing government and discipline closer to the long-suffering coed should help. For one thing, decisions can be more humane, more merciful, and far more just because of the closer personal contact with the culprit. Discipline should be more effective, with less of this indefinite "you'll get kicked out of school if you do or don't" control.

THERE have been indications, however, that members of the committee would like to see it elevated to a position of virtual dictatorship over student affairs. That, very definitely, would be an extreme step—a step that would extend its jurisdiction far beyond the limits within which it should keep if it is to perform its duties as an affairs committee without causing a great deal of friction. Such a step would mean automatic curtailment of the powers relegated to other bodies which also serve a definite purpose and would make

the public mind make some attempt at self-education.

—B. R.

Editor's note: An Emerald news editor produces 130 tip sheets in the course of a school year. The standards by which his prolific production is measured are not those which are used to judge art. On grounds of efficiency, Pengra's tip sheets have been at least fairly successful. B. R. lacks understanding of the psychology of a news editor. A person in that capacity casts about continually for news and features. Usually he believes if he doesn't know a thing there's a story in it. Considering these things and the fact that his tip sheets are produced for understanding staff members, not for the public at large, one should not be too harsh in judging a news editor. Especially not for such a common abbreviation—B. R. should see some of the other things Pengra writes.

## Pollock's FOLLY

By BOB POLLOCK

LAST EVENING as I strolled into Oregon's famed shack to pound out my daily tripe, I ran into a yarn about Phi Beta Kappa's Senior Six . . . I read it avidly, not because I expected to find thereon the Pollock name for I am indeed a fortunate character if I can graduate out of probation, but to observe the citizens who would be required to pungle up 25 seeds for a wee bit of gold key . . .

And as I gazed I meditated, which is a custom of mine. And I meditated thusly: "Pollock, young feller me lad, it is nice that you are only an average student without many brains . . . for if you were not, look how many times per year you would be writing to your aged father and saying, 'Pop, I've made another honorary. Please send the customary thirty bucks.'"

AND AS I MEDITATED some more it occurred to me that maybe I was missing something by not having my carcass weighted down with gold keys, fancy Greek dewdads and trinkets which big shot honorary men have attached to their persons at all times . . . But what could it be, I asked myself, for I have great confidence in myself when it comes to answering non-academic questions.

After much cogitation and scratching of my dandruff I was forced to say sadly, for it is a sorrowful thing to destroy a reputation such as I had for question answering—I repeat, I answered sadly and simply: "I don't know." I was eating regularly of the very filling food provided by my tong; I had all the dates I might wish with the

female of the species—and what was more, I was solvent financially.

True, admiring throngs, fascinated by the clink of my brass, were not dogging my heels hoping I would drop some pearl before price, nor could my relatives point with pride while my two young nephews pulled pins by the peck off my gray-be-spattered vest. But I am ever a man of peace so this was nothing to me.

And then I came to a conclusion: Honorarys—almost without exception (thus do I protect myself from frenzied key-wearers)—are racketeers . . . While Phi Beta is old, honored, revered and justly so, this campus is lousy—literally—with honorarys for everything but ditch-diggers . . . all that is required for entrance is fifteen to forty dollars and grades that are above the University's very low probation level.

The new member is presented with a hunk of gold for his bosom, it is told that this is great stuff . . . But, he discovers sadly, his honorary never does anything worth mentioning . . . it has meetings that cost him 25c if he does not attend at which there is much shadow boxing but no blows struck . . . it sets standards but never keeps them . . . the only time it emerges from its deep meditation—or sleep—is when it picks new suckers . . . Friends, I believe it is time we went as one man and chucked our honorary Greek jewelry in the race—even if it does flood Eugene.

To my brethren in my honorary: I was only foolin', kids . . .

## In the Mail

**A DEEPER STUDY**  
 To the Editor:  
 Mr. R. L. Collins has ably defended himself and his department in reply to your statistics used in an editorial under date of Nov. 13, entitled "By What Right, etc." State higher education has been staunchly championed by one of its budget officials.

Has the pot called the kettle black? We have yet to get at the true solution to the problem, which is not a statistical-economical one, but rather social-academic.

Merely suggestive to a more comprehensive survey, would it not be enlightening to reveal in greater detail, what part of that mysterious item "instruction (including libraries)" has reference to libraries pure and simple, what part to instruction free of libraries? Also, what is the turnover in those items referred to as instruction including libraries and museums, in comparison with that of instruction including only instruction? What is the comparative relationship in the needs and demands of the students?

In conclusion, I hazard the opinion that no name-calling, no budget, no set of figures will reveal the inadequacies of what we please to call education in these United States.

F. L. Anderson.

Editor's note: The library disbursement Mr. Anderson refers to amounts to about \$70,000. In the state board's audit and in the reports of other schools it is not usually included as instructional but is listed separately. Subtracting it would reduce Mr. Collins' percentage for instruction to about 63 per cent or 7 per cent off, again by rough calculation.

**TERSE TALES for Tiny Tots**  
 Or stories for the young college students—literary efforts from nowhere about any where.  
 By MORITZ THOMSEN

Why Sammy Slobber went in the Warner museum that day was more than anyone could ever figure out. He was just a normal student and naturally he didn't want to appear eccentric by ever being seen in the place and he realized as well as the other students the stain that would blot his standing as one "swell egg" if he pretended to take any interest in anything that wasn't forced on him by professors.

But one day having nothing to do, he went in to have a look at the prints and waste a few minutes before his next class. He was lucky that day because the museum was really open and he was quite content until he saw one of his English professors bending over a Chinese coat examining the embroidery. Slobber saw red for a few minutes and he lost every bit of control over himself.

I can't say that I blame him because the professor was famous for grading his courses on the neatness of the papers instead of what the student said. Anyway, Slobber went nuts for a minute, and taking up a big Japanese hari-kari sword he proceeded to do a little carving on the old professor.

He was sorry afterwards and a little scared, but he kept his head and was quite calm about everything. He took the Chinese coat, wrapped it around the corpse, and set the body on the big gold throne. Then he walked out very quickly, washed the blood off his pants, and went to class.

Not a word did he ever hear about the affair. He used to sit up in his room every afternoon in the Phi Delta house and watch the museum to see if anyone ever went in.

Once or twice a student did hesitate a moment or two before the massive portals, but he never actually went in, and in three or four months there was nothing in Slobber's mind but a faint curiosity as to what was happening to his teacher friend.

Slobber, of course, was developing complexes. You would, too, if you were to go around sticking hari-kari swords in every professor you didn't like, but he concealed his emotions fairly well.

In June he couldn't stand it any longer though, and an overwhelming desire to visit the scene of his crime overtook him. He sneaked in the museum one afternoon and tiptoed up the stairs. The place was deserted—all but the old professor. He was still sitting on the throne, and he hadn't changed very much. His skin was a little yellow and a little more shriveled, but he looked quite fresh considering.

This all goes to prove that if you go up to the museum you might get a chance to bump off a few pests, and, too, you might see a few things that they don't have in that one-horse town of yours.

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