

OREGON Daily EMERALD

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Fighting Guests . . .

The "fighting spirit" of some of the visiting servicemen at Saturday's game was displayed in such a manner that we are sure a separate section should be reserved for them.

At the start of the game, servicemen who had no connection with Oregon were seated in a separate section. Later they were allowed to fill in the empty rows in the student section.

Servicemen have an admirable habit of cheering for the opposing team or the losing team. They cheered for Oregon at Seattle and last year at Oregon State. We expect and like them to form a rooting section for the opposing team because we like a little competition in the yelling.

However, one or two of the servicemen at Saturday's game went out of the way to be objectionable. We didn't think that throwing a bottle out on the turf was strictly humorous. And we didn't think the particular type of showmanship exhibited by one serviceman was strictly humorous.

Perhaps designating a separate section apart from the students seems unfair. Only a few of them act objectionably, and we shouldn't blame them as a group for the conduct of those few.

But we can almost count on having one or two guests who insist on giving impromptu entertainment if they are in a prominent position. Their actions embarrass and often provoke the students as well as other spectators.

Student conduct at games may sometimes cast a bad light on Oregon, but we can at least try to prevent others from antagonizing the students with childish actions.

All servicemen are welcome at Oregon games, but we expect them to observe the rules of good taste just as much as we expect the Ducks to treat them as guests. Our guests formerly had their own section at games. There should be no exception for servicemen who are not alums or former students.

Information, Thank You . . .

Officially it's the student directory, but to Webfoots who daily dog-ear its pages throughout the year the publication is known as the "Pigger's Guide." And it belongs to Oregon as much as does the Emerald, the Oregana, or the newly-rejuvenated Old Oregon.

Containing the location whys-and-wherefores of every student and faculty member on the campus and off, the Pigger's Guide is more important than its cardboard cover would suggest. This year's guide is edited by Jack Craig and will list traditions, officers of the various organizations, heads of departments, and the names, campus and home addresses, telephone numbers, majors and years of members of the student body. The all-important asterisk will indicate the marital status of individuals.

Information within the pages of the Pigger's Guide is secured from the records of the registrar's office. Students whose addresses have changed since registration should notify this office immediately as to their permanent location. The Guide will go to press within the next two weeks—ample time for transient Webfoots to insure an accurate footprint in the Oregon sands of time—the annual Pigger's Guide.

Cheers for the Squad . . .

Cheers to the rally squad for their enthusiasm and ability in leading the Oregon rooting section Saturday.

With only one week to practice and prepare their yells, the rally squad made a good appearance at the game. While those in the stands were merely warm in the shade, the squad member had to cut their capers in the glaring sunlight. Their white outfits came out slightly grayer after an afternoon in the track rim.

Frowns and raised eyebrows for a few members of the squad who took time out in front of the whole student body to arrange their hair.

The squad started their service with a bang last week—rallies Sunday and Friday and the game Saturday. Many of them have never led Oregon cheering sections before. They deserve the well-known Split Six for a good job.

The Plot Sickness

By REX GUNN

I was almost late for a nine o'clock.

"Now, look here, man," I said, "don't be giving me that two for one stuff; you shouldn't be here, I left you in Honolulu."

And he said: "Don't blow a fuse, friend, just come along with me."

He had a big, long Cadillac, a custom built job with upholstery blood red, a horn that played boogie, woogie, and a radio with teen push buttons.

Somehow, people ride with him when they get the chance.

"Let's work," he said. "I need your help for some copy with a certain slant."

I felt like saying something sardonic meaning no, but the upholstery was soft—like a woman's hair in moonlight.

"How many people on that campus?"

"Twenty-four—twenty-five hundred."

"How many freshmen?"

"I don't know, maybe half."

He got out a list and started making notes.

"We'll use sophistication, that always works in universities."

"Look," I said, "why don't you go back to Los Angeles, you always did good work there."

"Not needed any more," he grunted, "the place keeps going by itself—here's what I want you to do."

"Get the vets stirred up, tell them the pros are a bunch of dumb clucks—not in those words, but you know how."

"No—how?"

"Infer it," he said, "talk about the hot spots, ridicule conservatives, promote arguments between Greeks and Independents. Get some tricky phrases. Stuff like 'virtue is lack of opportunity'—something tricky, eye-catchers that will be repeated."

"That's sophistication?"

"Sure," he pulled out a marijuana cigarette, "you know how to write it. Mention how many experiences most people don't get in a lifetime. Always hold back a little so they get the idea they're missing something . . . I got to go now, the boss needs a new pair of horns."

"What happened to his old ones?"

"He gave them to Hitler. If anyone gives you trouble tell them to go to the devil."

After he let me out, the day hung dull. There was an aftermath (Please turn to page seven)

Telling the Editor About Sportsmanship

Dear Editor: I have seen many football games, but at none of them have I seen such unsportsmanlike attitudes as were displayed at the game Saturday.

It was disgraceful! I know that it was none of the University students who were booing and hooting throughout the game. I would be ashamed to admit I was a student of this school if it were.

But, nevertheless, there were some individuals who were very ignorant of the etiquette of sports. Such behavior is inexcusable. Cannot something be done about people who insist upon booing during the games?

Sincerely yours,

Vivian Wallad

(Editor's note: See editorial, "Fighting Guests.")



Ho Hum

By ORIN "HUSKY" WEIR

The other evening while sipping a coke in "Vince's Taylor's," a suggestion came our way via Soup Campbell and Franklin Deines. It was their belief Ho Hum, for a drastic change, should print a "nice things about nice people column" this edition, and thus here we go wasting all this energy just thinkin' up sweet tidbits about people n' stuff.

Gather round while we spread glad tidings. Starting with today's and each Tuesday hence an outstanding gal and fella will be chosen through the courtesy of the UNIVERSITY FLORISTS at 13th and Patterson and Ho Hum they will find a corsage and buttoniere with their Emeralds comes dawn, which we hope they will wear with pride throughout the day. Friday's Ho Hum will pick the couples of the week, and they too will find posies with their morning paper. Anybody is apt to be totin' flowers, so watch fer yer monicker and congrats to the lucky people!

First congratulations are in store for Mickey Metcalf, Theta, who is really a top-notch good woman of the campus. Throughout last year, Mick, as a frosh, did her best to make the campus a better place to be and certainly succeeded. Miss Metcalf, along with her sweet smile and terrific personality is back again this year keeping up her happy average in activities, house functions, 'n just plain being what the boys term "an all around swell gal and lady." Flowers for Mickey!

The boy of the week is none other than Jim Ellison of Sherry Ross. Recently tapped for Skull

and Dagger, Soph honorary, Jim has proven to fellas and gals alike a true pre-war college attitude. To go into all the things he has done for the betterment of this school would take too much time and space, so we sum up our thanks in saying congrats and a posie for Jimmy.

Let's talk about Ken "Judge" Hayes, famous basketball center, (we call him "judge" cause he was on the bench so long). Seems this short character values his time Babs Borrevick, DG, to such an extent he gave up a get rich quick house job so he'd have more time to mutter sweet nothings to the sorority girl. Nice, huh?

Another kid who is doing his best to keep all the girls in a good frame of mind is Stew Mercereau. The only catch is Stew has the idea it is the woman's place to foot the bill. My, my, what some lads get away with. Nice, huh?

Our hearts were filled with gladness Friday last when a group of handsome codgers presented us with an apologetic note. We say let's send 'em an orchid for admitting they got off to a poor start and a big petunia for the sterling attitude that now prevails up in ye olde Phi Delt house. Hence, here is a copy of the letter:

Dearie Ho Hum,
"We are not a group of playful boys bent on making a name for ourselves as the perfect specimens of college manhood. Many of us are veterans. Nearly all of us are freshmen.

The story of our founding bears telling. As a group of 22 we occupied a vacant house. Most of us, new to the campus, followed the (Please turn to page seven)

A Duck at the Dial

By Pat King

When you're growling about the 20 per cent tax you have to fork over to Uncle Sam, just stop and think about the Parisians who have a 45 per cent tax! Doug Edwards, CBS Paris correspondent, accompanied by an American woman reporter; attended a fashion show and reported his findings on the network's "Feature Story" program.

"The French," he said, "are using masses of sequins and beading, and the embroidery work on clothes is wonderful. Milady's dresses are longer in Paris this year—calf length."

"Afternoon dresses in some cases have double skirts which are tied around the waist and can be let down to the ground to form a dinner dress. Prices: astronomical! They start at \$360 and go to \$600."

"There's a new line of dresses which swathes around the hips and folds into a large bow at the back, forming a buckle-like effect."

According to Edwards, there is a trend toward hobble skirts in evening dresses.

Oops!

Another CBS correspondent, Les Mitchell, likes to talk about the time he and his party wandered into the Yokohama hotel and immediately began a search for a shower. Discovering an elaborate suite, complete with hot shower and plenty of fleecy towels, the radio-men relaxed in luxury and cleaned up like a bunch of dandies.

After Les returned to the States some weeks later, he read a story in a newspaper about a group of radio correspondents who had

taken over General McArthur's suite and used up all the hot water and towels. Guess who??

Hope Officially Recognized

Bob Hope, who can be heard tonight at 7 on KGW has officially been made a wolf. Major General Terry Allen, commander of the famed 10th (Timberwolf) Infantry Division, made Bob an honorary Timberwolf after the comedian did his broadcast from Camp San Luis Obispo last week.

The Timberwolves, as all Oregonians know, is the outfit which spearheaded the attack on Germany, and their insigna—and Hope's—is a howling wolf.

Out of the mass murder mystery programs that are flooding the airlines nowadays, occasionally, one or two raise themselves above the crowd. If you like the psychological drama, then tune in on "Suspense" Thursday at 9 on KOIN or KNX. George Murphy will star in "Death on Highway No. 99."

Pons Soloist

Lily Pons will appear as her husband's guest soloist on "The Music of Andre Kostelanetz" Thursday on KNX at 6.

On KGW at the same time Frank Morgan, who is no doubt the star member of the Liar's Club, is taking over the Kraft Music Hall to the music of Raymond Paige in Bing's absence.