

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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Rooting Section Rummies

The bleary-eyed characters who tossed pop bottles at Coach Tex Oliver, the referees, and at rooters in the east grandstand probably thought they were adding to the fun and spirit of Homecoming.

It was a case of too much "spirit" of one kind or another, anyway. And we don't mean the spirit of Homecoming. It wasn't fun for the man who sustained a gash on his forehead when a coke bottle ricocheted off his head, Coach Oliver didn't consider it amusing when he ducked a whizzing missile. The attempt to drop one of the referees didn't prevent him from slapping a penalty on Oregon.

Observers in the Oregon rooting section, where most of the amateur passers were located, report that few students were among the offenders. It seems that gay dogs from the ranks of the alumni, who somehow managed to get into the student seats, were the bottle pitchers.

There is not much anyone can do about this sort of person. Except to reflect that, ironically, some of the same individuals who come back to the campus to make fools of themselves and leave with a hangover, are persons who raise the loudest objections when they hear about their sons or daughters enjoying an evening of quiet drinking at one of the local spots.

... One happy note: Despite the depressing drizzle, despite the 0-0 on the scoreboard, student cooperation with the rally squad was as tremendous as the squad's efforts to brighten the morale of everyone concerned. Tom "where's my raincoat" Hazard, Hal "soggy shoes" Schick, and the four rally girls who wore bright smiles with their dripping hair, should be warmly congratulated for their real Homecoming spirit—the kind the rooting section rummies could use more of.

Queue Query

The Homecoming dance Saturday night was a great success. The music was good, for dancing and for listening. Despite the huge crowd everybody seemed to be having fun.

The Homecoming committees responsible for this dance deserve a lot of credit.

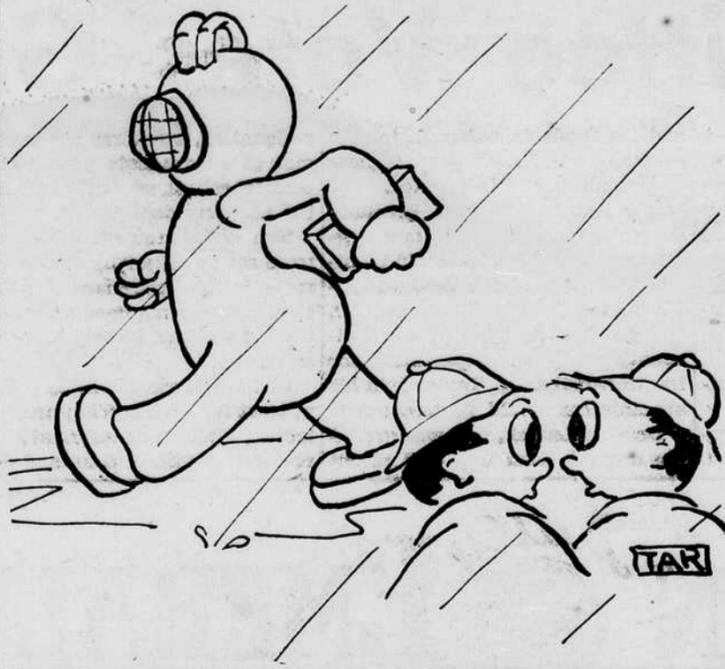
But there is one point that needs some real attention. Revelers Saturday night fell into two groups: Those with tickets and those without. Those with tickets walked in and got into the check line. Those without lined up in front of the one ticket window, where they stood in the rain, waiting. Their clothes got baggy and the girls' hair came down and they all got a little mad.

Most of the persons with tickets were from living organizations. Most of them without were from boarding houses or their own homes in Eugene. This was a result of the fine old tradition of selling tickets through "house representatives" and letting other students either make a special trip to the Igloo for theirs, or go without.

Wouldn't it be fairer if tickets were put on sale at the Co-op or some other central place, thereby giving all students a chance at buying them conveniently. If the dance committees still wish to perpetuate the "house representative" system, thereby giving a lot of people "activities" we have no objection, so long as an adequate provision is made for students who like to dance and live in Eugene too.

Incidentally, another regrettable queue was the line-up to the coat-check stand after the dance. The push and rush nearly turned into a riot and one of the checkers was hurt when a table turned over on him.

More efficient organization when thousands of persons are expected most certainly is called for. Would it be too much to



ask dance committees to provide another check stand?

Apologies to the 1941 Webfoot gridders. An editorial Saturday cited the score of the Homecoming game with OSC in '41 as 20-0 with the Ducks on the short end. Such was not the case; the score was OSC 12, Oregon 7. And the Ducks weren't weak... they gave the Beavers a terrific fight all the way. Sorry, Newquist.—The Editor.

Telling the Editor

To the Editor:

In "What Price Advertising" we are appreciative of the crusade started by TH and sympathetic to the reader who desires camp news and of the struggling reporter who wants to see his writing set in print. Being cognizant of the state of news versus advertising, probably a little more so than some, I feel it might be well to clarify the position of the business staff of the Emerald.

True, a budget is set up to cover the printing costs of the paper for a year (usually there is a deficit), not including salaries. We have not at any time had contact with or pressure from the mythical "everyone except staff members" to fill the paper with advertising and make more money.

Several factors enter into the success of the business staff which include merchants with more money, increased circulation, and by far not the least, a fine staff of unpaid workers who are headed by an efficient advertising manager.

In all crusades it is well to ferret out all of the facts. The Emerald problem is such primarily because of labor shortage at the press—not pressure groups. Only twenty-two issues have been printed to date. We have known from the first that we had a good year and the problem has been worked on with results which we hope to be able to show starting next week.

The amount of money (\$36,000) in the school kitty is representative only of this year—not yearly. Your funds are not in the same category with the Emerald problem—ours is being worked out. The other is up to the students.

George Pegg, Business Manager.

To the Editor:

First, bravo to R. Ted Anderson for his excellent letter and especially for the thought that was behind it.

I share with both Dr. Adler and Mr. Anderson the belief that we can't rely on any one political party that exists today—in fact there seems to be a depressing shortage of any political leaders in which one can place any confidence.

What I would like to see is more serious thought on the part of university students as a whole similar to that of Mr. Anderson. We, who are a part of the lucky five per cent who get a higher education, have it in our power to remedy this situation if we will but we'll not get anywhere if we limit our action to narrow-minded controversial argu-

ments—subject, "Republicans versus Democrats."

We must come to the realization that if the desired reorganization of our political system is to take place, if there is to be the change in the international policy of our nation that we deem necessary for our part in the settlement of the prevailing world strife, it's the students of today that will have to do it—not at the termination of our formal education but beginning now. It must begin with critical analysis of the material presented by our professors and the writers and statesmen of our day, with conscientious voting and with sincere devotion to the cause of a better world. We can't sit and complain while the dirty politicians are being reelected and the U. S. public is being misrepresented to the rest of the world.

I least of all want college to cease to be "fun" but God help us if we continue to let it be a happy playground.

Lou Weston

To the Editor:

The habit of booing is becoming more evident at each Oregon game. Saturday's Homecoming game with Washington State showed a very poor exhibition on the part of the Oregon rooters. Let us have a little more cheering and less of the poor sportsmanship yells and actions. People will appreciate our spirit more, and we will profit by it more in the long run.

Cathy Beed

The Oregon football team represented the Pacific coast at Pasadena in 1916 and won over the University of Penn. 14-0.



By BOB MILLER
Pearl One

It seems that some of the lads giving the Chi-O house the big rush have cold feet. However, the eager Chi-O beavers soon found a solution for this little obstacle. They are now knitting socks for the frigid lads. This footwear of distinction comes in all sizes and all colors but in just one pattern. So if any gal wants to check on her man's activities is late, all she has to do nowadays is crawl under the table and look at his socks.

Combo
Audrey (I've Got 5 Men) Kullberg, Tri-Delt, and Bob (All We Got Is "Four Crown") Caviness, Fiji, play a mean game of bridge together. Lil Audrey maneuvers the pasteboards while Bob supplies refreshments.

The orchid that Dawn Carson, Tri-Delt, (the gal that we would like to come home to) was sporting at the Homecoming dance didn't just happen to grow there nor was it a gift of the student body. It came via the pocketbook of Don (Bedroom Eyes) Sipes, Chi-Sy. Incidentally Dawn's eyes are not the sitting room variety either and what we would like to know is how they can stand the tension of looking at each other.

No Drouth Here
Big Bill Craig has come up with a new angle on beating the Govt. check delay. When thirsty and broke (a horrible combination) this lad sells a couple of his many still-in-demand old textbooks and buys a case.

The other p.m. at a Kappa Sig party Bill (Shoulders) Behrens smoothed a gal out that she would have thrown away her Beta pin and accepted his had he given her the right cue.

"Fair and Warmer"
Some of the boys really made good connections while overseas. A certain "Marlene," a really iced piece of French pastry, smoked into town via Paris and L.A. last week end hunting for Phil Towhy, Fiji Hearing that he was in Portland she followed him there.

It all started off when Merve (I Caught It With My Own Hands) Hanscam, Theta-Chi, presented the D-Zees with a very dead carp. In return they gave him a box of waltzing mice. When the mice multiplied, ran all over his room, and ate up his girl friend's picture Merve, by now a slightly bit miffed, crated the mice up and at an early date plans on letting them loose on the D-Zees sleeping porch. Question of course is—How is he going to get on the sleeping porch.

Little Women Dept.
Little man throw away those Adler Elevated shoes for your big moment has arrived. You can have a guaranteed date and good time by joining the midget club sponsored by two Sig-Ki's known as Bob Dagget and Joe Bennett. However, to be initiated you must have stopped growing, started shrinking, be under 5 feet 5 inches, and never had

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