

OREGON EMERALD

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Nothing Fishy

It's always a jolt to discover that something isn't what it claims to be. An illusion crumbles, leaving the believer a little sadder but strong in the view that he will not be taken in so quickly next time. Such was our case when we read the September editorial in the Austin American Capitol, Texas, insinuating that Governor Beauford H. Jester was duped on his bet with Oregon's Kappa Sig chapter.

For years we've pictured Texas as the land of the Stetson, honest blue eyes, handclasps of real friendship, and defenders to the death of truth and right. It's no wonder we were a little surprised and hurt to find that Texans are as suspicious and small-minded as those at whom they scoff. The evil germs of this attitude seem to have been planted in 1938 when the Texas governor won the top of Pike's Peak from the then governor of Colorado over the outcome of the Texas-Colorado game. Obviously the bet was never paid off as Pike's still retains its peak in Colorado.

We sympathize with Texas on this score.

However, the bet between Governor Jester and Bill Bishop, Kappa Sig president at Oregon, was paid off by the Kappa Sigs. A 25-pound Chinook salmon (Austin American please note), fresh from the mouth of the Columbia river and packed in ice arrived at the Austin airport at 8 p.m. Sunday, September 28. Governor Jester met the plane and posed for pictures holding the fish. The bet was paid off in good faith. Everyone was happy.

Everyone except the Austin American's suspicious Clint Pace whose faith in his fellow man is evidently so shattered since the Pike's Peak episode that he immediately suspected something fishy. Colorado didn't pay off, so if Oregon paid off there must be something wrong with the fish.

Arming himself with a Webster's dictionary for information (Oregon fish experts will shake their heads at that) Pace inquired into the life of a salmon. He discovered what all Oregonians learned with their ABC's: that salmon migrate upstream to lay their eggs in the fall and thereupon die without returning to sea. Using this pithy statement, Pace leaped to the conclusion that 1) the fish was taken illegally because of its prospective mother status, and 2) the fish was about dead when caught therefore no great loss to Oregon.

For shame. Mr. Pace. Webster's is an excellent source for word definitions but we wouldn't think of using it to gain information on your famous Texas long horns. If we did, we would find that a long horn is not only "One of a breed of domestic cattle with long horns," but also "An insect with long antennas." We would be as likely to confuse that issue as you did the salmon.

To quiet any Texan doubts as to the legality and edibility of the governor's Chinook salmon, we submit the following:

After the eggs hatch, the salmon, still fingerlings, find their way down the Columbia river to the ocean where they remain on an average of four years, growing into sleek, beautiful fish that would be an asset to anyone's mantle. At the end of four years, the salmon yearns to return to the old birth-place so with an inherent intelligence not common to many human beings, the fish stores up food and begins the long journey, from the ocean into the Columbia river and up to the place where it was deposited as an egg four years before. Following in the family tradition, the salmon deposits its eggs, which are fertilized by the male, and soon after dies.

So much for the fascinating life of a salmon. The obvious point is that the salmon is in top condition when it starts migrating from the ocean up the river and that's where the salmon is caught. We are happy to inform the worried Texans that the state sets a limit on the annual catch so there will always be enough salmon.

To back up our knowledge, Professor Ralph Huestis of the zoology department vouched that salmon are in "great shape" when caught at the mouth of the Columbia. In fact, he told us of a salmon that got clear up into a stream in eastern Oregon so shallow that the back of the big fellow was out of water. A member of professor Huestis' party shot it with a .22 and the fish was not only edible but deliciously so.

We're still hurt that all this explanation was necessary, but our hearts are still in the right place. In fact, Bill Bishop has extended an invitation to the dubious Clint Pace to come up for a fishing trip any time. Maybe then he'll be satisfied that there's nothing fishy about our salmon.

M.E.T.

The New Leaf

By LARRY LAU

Summer's impetuous trillings now sadly murmuring . . . the sun, but yesterday unconquerable, nervously wriggling 'cross the skies, a dread of winter's unsmiling hand . . . Hybrid October, born slave of two inexorables, neither gay nor awesome, but dispassionately neutral, stolidly birthing yet another master . . . Lawns still foolishly green, wearing the first frost's ghoulish mantle as pridefully as they'd borne the summer's dew—dumb, deadly affection!

Nuded trees with wraith-like arms humbly asking "Why?" of skies suddenly aloof and grim, standing dogged watch over the soft under-belly of the forest . . . Rain funneling endlessly down, making of each field a Fool's Gold lode for the hopeful, a sodden morass for the weary . . . Rivers, taunting plodding, unmoving Earth with pretexed tales of more exciting things, themselves racing headlong through the night into nothingness, with only protesting whispers from the ageless rocks to warn of lies.

Browned leaves, with their skeletons showing, unloved and neglected, lying about like tears hung out to dry . . . The amiable creakings of summer dried roofs, now beaten to sullen silence by the damp . . . Black, wet highways, glistening ominously, hissing horror tales at fleeing tires . . . Arrogant, blustering Thunder, roaring "Passado!—Touche!" at every thoughtless slash of his lightning sword . . .

Night noises dankly thudding 'gainst the drunken, swelling earth . . . raindrops, in frenzied piourettes, dancing and dying on pooling walks . . . full grown Wind, with face turned steel, on lordly junket through the trees . . . haggardly Dawn, a faded woman shuffling mechanically through her chores. . . 'Tis not so strange that man may also wear October's dappled streamers . . . inexplicably finding within himself an empty greyness . . . stretching out with grievous stroke to make of hours, eternity . . . a nadir of emotion . . . this, the furthest ebb of humantide.

Powder Burns

By REX GUNN

I saw a future die once. I'll never forget it.

It was the kind of a day when you want to live, when death seems foreign. It was a good day for tennis or golf or surf-swimming; the sun was bright and there was a deep blue haze in the volcanic hills.

Your thoughts leaped that morning across the mundane and the routine, up to the hills and down to the sea and back to the golden beaches. Oh, it was a good day to live. And that was when men began to die.

Up at Wheeler field, the P-40's were lined up in neat rows. Their bright, silver wings flashed in the sun and the curved plexiglass on their cockpits seemed to hold the reflections like silver streaks in water. When their gas tanks exploded from the bombs and bullets, they shot up streaks of orange flame.

In the barracks at Hickam field on the south bank of Pearl Harbor, the 51-caliber bullets rode the sunbeams down through the plate glass windows until they burrowed deep through the bed covers into the sleeping men. It was Sunday, you see, and they could sleep late.

At the harbor itself where the Oklahoma and the West Virginia swayed in line in battleship row, the steel plates buckled and the smoke was dense. The clean white uniforms of the ensigns left on duty became black and seared. Two of the ensigns on the Oklahoma were Verdi Sederstrom and Paul Wyman, less than a year away from the Oregon campus.

The future died swiftly. It took less than an hour. Saturday morning a converted transport called the "Honda Knot" ties up in San Francisco. Stevedores will unload the bodies of 585 men who died that morning instead of playing tennis or golf, or going surf-swimming.

It was their future that died, the one in which we are living today.

The Rules of the Road

Editor's Note: The Emerald believes that persons cannot be held responsible for observing rules they have never seen. Earlier this term we published the disciplinary code, and the report of the scholarship committee. Publication of the rules, regulations, and procedures of the student affairs committee begins today.

It is the wish of the Student Affairs Committee that University of Oregon organizations shall entertain with dignity and simplicity and conform to the accepted tenets of good taste prevailing in the community.

The following rules, regulations, and procedures governing social life at the University of Oregon, formulated by the Student Affairs Committee during the fall term, 1946-47, supersedes all earlier rules, regulations, and procedures.

They are listed here as briefly and concisely as possible. All students attending the University are urged to acquaint themselves with the following:

- I. General Policies of the Student Affairs Committee:
 - A. The Student Affairs Committee authorizes its chairman, the Dean of Men and/or the Dean of Women to implement and administer the general policies and business of this committee, with power to make minor adjustments of policy and decisions concerning matters which do not seem important enough to bring before the full committee.
 - B. The Dean of Men, the Dean of Women, and the Educational Activities Manager may revise specific dates appearing on the yearly social calendar approved by this committee, provided that such changes are made within the policies established by this committee.
 - C. Every social event must be registered in the office of Dean of Women not later than 5:00 p.m. of the Monday preceding the event except that stag affairs are registered in the office of Dean of Men.
 - D. The closed period for all events is from 5:00 p.m. of the Friday preceding examination week through examination week.
- II. Hours:
 - A. Closing hours are: 10:30 p.m. Sunday through Thursday, 12:15 a.m. Friday, and 1:00 a.m. Saturday.
 - B. Social events after 7:30 p.m. may be held on Friday and Saturday only.
 - C. Exchange desserts may be held in the living organizations Wednesday from 6:30 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.; but no time may be spent in preparation for such events. Open houses may be held on Wednesday from 6:30 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. or on Friday or Saturday nights.
 - D. All functions held on Friday or Saturday nights must terminate at midnight.
 - E. Hours during which men are allowed in women's houses are as follows:
 - Monday through Thursday: Noon—1:00 p.m.; 4:00-7:30 p.m.; 10:00-10:30 p.m.
 - Friday: Noon-1:00 p.m.; 4:00p.m.-12:15 a.m.
 - Saturday: Noon-1:00 a.m.
 - Sunday: Noon-7:30 p.m.; 10:00-10:30 p.m.
- III. Social Life of Living Organizations:
 - A. Living organizations may have two major house dances a year. These dances must be held in the living quarters of the organization or in a University-controlled building. They may be held on Saturday nights only.
 - B. Informal house functions, such as firesides, radio or dinner danc-

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Warehouse Being Built Near Millrace

A new warehouse of wood and sheet metal is being raised across the millrace to replace the one lost in the \$135,000 fire of February 12. The new building will be 100 ft. x 240 ft. as compared with the original one of 75 ft. x 100 ft.

The original warehouse was built in 1917 as an outdoor drill shed for the ROTC. In 1936 it was moved to make room for the infirmary.

The millrace, object of much discussion last fall term and later purchased by the City of Eugene, has been bridged.

The level of the land is to be filled to the height of the present highway. To do this will call for over 30,000 cubic yards of dirt. 20,000 yards of the dirt will be used inside of the building proper to raise the floor level approximately five feet. The remaining will make the approach to the bridge and an access road.

The building will house the stores, electrical, mechanical, paint and carpenter shops.

'Student Wives' To Meet Tuesday

The "Dames," student wives association, will meet at 8 p.m. Tuesday at the campus YMCA.

The business meeting will be followed by a short program, Shirley Mack, president, announced. All student wives are expected to attend.

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