

## Five Bucks Not Enough

Starvation pay makes our state legislators easy marks for chiselers.

At least, that's the contention of Richard L. Neuberger, a former Emerald editor and now a state senator from Multnomah county.

Writing in the Sunday Journal magazine section "This Week," Neuberger last Sunday lashed out at states (Oregon included) which allow the people who set policy for their schools, highways, courts, and welfare institutions to work for lower pay than a baby-sitter or a caddie on a golf course.

According to Neuberger, for every member of the Oregon state legislature there are a half-dozen lobbyists crowding the capital cloakrooms and hotel corridors. These persons, armed with liberal expense accounts, can often influence legislation in return for picking up a legislator's dinner check, providing him with a bottle of liquor, or furnishing him with a car and driver.

The senator or representative, struggling along on wages most unskilled laborers would spurn, is too often an easy mark for such forms of bribery, claims the writer.

Neuberger paints a black picture. Many state legislators, we suspect, are not susceptible to the blandishments of lobbyists, nor do they allow low pay to undermine their personal integrity or devotion to public service.

Nevertheless, we believe that every state legislator in Oregon deserves a salary high enough to at least furnish him with the necessities and essential comforts of life during his stay at Salem.

At present, our legislators are paid approximately five dollars a day.

This is not enough.

## Marching Ahead

Significant indeed was the news from the president's office that Dr. Harry K. Newburn will not recommend the adopting of the semester system.

But the lack of recommendation was not in itself the important thing; instead it was the accompanying announcement that the board of deans will make a careful analysis of the present term organization to improve its effectiveness.

Right now this looks like the best way to solve the expanding University's problems. The University has so grown during the past four years that it has left the category of small colleges to move up a notch.

Undoubtedly many of the practices that grew up while the school was in its growth will have to be revised or dropped in favor of more effective methods. Changes are in store, whether we like it or not.

It is only to be hoped that unnecessary changes will not be made. There is a certain homely friendliness in tradition that should be retained—as long as it doesn't make the school downright backwoods.

To prevent this backwardness is the intent of the probing into the term system. What could be more healthy than to clear out all the underbush that has grown up throughout the years, cut out the dead wood, and take a good look at the forest?

With all the interest the faculty and administration are showing in keeping the school up to date, the University is in for still better days. J.G.

The bigot is not he who knows he is right; every same man knows he is right. The bigot is he whose emotions and imagination are top cold and weak to feel how it is that other men go wrong.—G. K. Chesterton.

\* \* \*

No man shall drag me down by making me hate him. Booker T. Washington.

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## Raising Kane

# Coeds Banish John Straub Austerity

By Hank Kane

The best free show on the campus is seen daily in the John Straub cafeteria.

Members of a prominent men's hall are usually the first ones in line before the cafeteria opens so that they can enjoy the entertainment.

Some say these men are chow - hounds, others that they are in a hurry to return to their chess games.

But the real reason they eat early is that they can sit in the row of tables paralleling the line and study the coeds as they pass by.

This can be considered a lab course in how to judge beauty contests. The men are well-qualified on this subject because so

many of them are majoring in architecture and allied arts.

There are ample subjects for contemplation because the sweet young things prefer to use the line on the men's side although the women's line at the other end of the cafeteria is shorter.

An immediate impression formed by the novice beauty contest judges is that manufacturing women's sweaters is a good way to make a million, for a coed seems to feel undressed if she wears anything but a sweater.

As proof of their contention they say Sunday is the only day a coed wears anything but a woolly wonder.

For Sunday breakfast she appears at the last minute in big brother's discarded fatigue shirt and tight jeans. If her hair is a mass after Saturday nights triumph it is hidden in a gay bandana at variance with the wearer's morning after expression.

What a change at Sunday din-

ner when the coeds return from church in their Sunday finery.

Miss Miss Fancy Free Saturday night has metamorphosed into Lady Sedate. She has added three inches of height thanks to her rarely worn high-heeled shoes, a dignified black dress, and a facial expression which may indicate a resolve to do last week's studying instead, or going to a Sunday afternoon movie.

Coeds like to sit on the men's side of the cafeteria since they know from past experience it is impossible to find vacant tables in the women's half.

Judging from the amount of cigarette smoke produced between bites of food and snatches of gossip one has reason to believe they are signaling Indian fashion to their cohorts in the far distance.

The men sometimes forge there is a tableload of coeds behind them because they suddenly quiet down to better overhear the men's conversation.

The coeds then find it difficult to control their facial expressions of elaborate unconcern or to stop drinking coffee with their chins instead of their mouth while hearing topics usually confined to "bull" sessions.

This is especially true of the scurrying, eager beaver freshmen men coeds who do their best to act as if they know what it is all about and similar signs of sophistication.

When the men notice their tails is being overheard they do one of two things.

The first is to deliberately lower their voices at the most interesting point to leave the eavesdroppers in suspense.

The other method is to string them along with exaggerated accounts of exploits which are designed to make all but the most blasé coed's eyebrows rise heavenwards.

Among the outsiders eating at Straub are refugees from fraternity and sorority food who lack intestinal fortitude or simply didn't get enough to eat.

Another group consists of married couples because the husband is frank enough to prefer cafeteria.

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## Footnotes

# Some Lectures Too Boring Even For Our 'Special Students'

By Michael Callahan

It's about time someone realized that the life of a student on this drab old campus can be darn interesting at times. Take, for example, the matter of special students and their hatred of dull lectures.

Simply because these special students happen to come equipped with four legs, a tail, and other doggish accessories, their true wisdom is often unappreciated. There are a lot of stories to tell here, but a few of them are truly legendary. . . .

It must be said that this particular econ class had gotten off to a roaring start. A complicated series of hot water pipes, which usually are the picture of docility, had suddenly begun to rattle and gravel as the class opened. For

a few moments it was like something out of Abbott and Costello. Back and forth between his blackboard and the pipes the professor ran, twisting valves, juggling pieces of chalk and notes, sketching charts on the board, and trying to carry on a technical conversation with a student.

At the height of the bedlam, with the pipes pounding madly and professor and students alike weak from laughter, a newly-arrived special student took a hand in things.

From his spot beside a chair, a brownish little pup, "Tojo" by name, suddenly rose and began a methodical march down the aisle. At that moment, the pipes sputtered silent, as if sensing the drama of the situation.

Straight down the aisle the pup stalked, paying no attention to coaxing whispers from the sidelines. As he reached the lecture stand, "Tojo" hesitated a moment

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# From Our Mailbag

## Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

### A FEW COMMENTS

If you are not too heartily sick of the subject, I would like to add a few comments on Mr. Kane's recent columns. Some of his statements carry connotations which even "Cautious" Kane would be hard put to defend.

Item: "When a professor participates in minority organizations the community associates his views with the institution of which he is a member." Are we to infer that the ideal professor is one who "never thinks of thinking for himself at all, but always thinks according to the trustees' call?" Is an intellectual vacuum the prime requisite for a cultural leader? Does an uninquisitive, uncritical mind serve to aid a nation's progress?

Item: "The U. of O. doesn't receive unfavorable publicity of this nature (campus political disturbances) because campus leftist groups are so small that they don't dare to show their colors because of the conservative ma-

majority's probable retaliation." Come, come, Herr Kane! You are speaking of a university campus in a democratic nation. That statement is not only disturbing, but a wee bit inept. Retaliation upon a minority because of a vocal demonstration of political beliefs? Are minorities supposed to be silent in a democracy?

Isn't the great source of democratic strength the fact that democracy need not fear, but can often profit from, criticism? Is the admittedly conservative majority on this campus so fearful of the clash of ideas that retaliation would be in order?

Like all those who inhabit one of the extremes you tend to group all "Leftish" activity as "Communist or Communist-inspired." One must be entirely for you or entirely against you. Personally I find disagreeable aspects in both extremes; it is unfortunate that the middle position is subject to abuse from both ends. It is possible that there are some good features in each ex-

treme and that there must eventually be a reconciliation between them.

Dr. James B. Conant (just call him "Red") recently made a statement which is fitting. Indeed if you take your foot out of your mouth long enough to try it on you'll find it very fitting. "Red" said, "Those who worry about radicalism in our schools and colleges are often either reactionaries who themselves do not bear allegiance to the traditional American principles or defeatists who despair of the success of our own philosophy in an open competition."

The first group are consciously or unconsciously aiming at the transformation of this society, perhaps initially not as revolutionary or violent as that which the Soviet agents envisage, but one eventually equally divergent from our prehistoric goals. The others are unduly timid about the outcome of a battle of ideas. Does the brogan pinch?

Richard Smurthwaite