

## Petty Party Politics

There was an unfortunate display of party-line voting—by members of both USA and AGS—at Thursday's executive council meeting. The selection of Homecoming chairman was lowered from the consideration of an individual and the job he could do, to the consideration of his group backing and the benefits this group could derive from his appointment.

No doubt the representatives will deny this charge, and call it "coincidence" that the council was split on party lines. Some members may also deny meeting in separate political groups before Thursday night; each group deciding which petitioner to support. Two or three of these denials may be just.

Homecoming is the big event of fall term. It rates with Junior Weekend as a top celebration of the year. It is too important to allow petty party politics to interfere in the selection of a good chairman. Homecoming chairman should not be considered a stepping stone to "higher" student offices.

Fortunately most of the petitioners, whether they had petitioned of their own volition or had been persuaded to petition after a meeting in a smoke-filled room, were qualified to handle Homecoming. It would have been difficult for the council to make a bad selection, no matter how they voted.

But such is not always the case. This time the council was in luck. Next time, if there is another display of this type, they may not have such luck.

We don't think the council was particularly happy with the way they acted Thursday night. We feel the students who elected the council must also be disappointed in their representatives' behaviour.

If any member of the council once again considers subordinating the main issue in question in favor of potential party benefits, we hope he thinks twice before taking action—once recalling the past spring and his promises to the students, and once in relation to the coming spring.

## Well Worn By December

This edit is for wheels and would-be wheels of the female gender. As these persons know, most petitions for campus posts and offices must be accompanied by an eligibility slip.

This certificate of diligence comes from the office of the director of women's affairs, and states that the applicant has her two-point.

In times past every petition was accompanied by this slip. This meant that some steady petitioners would have to get 10 or 12 slips a term from Mrs. Wickham's office.

To cut down on the ink bill and shorten processes for the students, women students this year will be issued only one eligibility slip a term. They are to carry it in their billfolds and produce it when any committee head doubts their academic standing. Girls whose names turn up on committee lists are checked for eligibility at the dean's office, as well as by committee heads, so there's little chance of a student sneaking onto a decorating committee with a 0.00—if the matter is worrying anyone.

Men are still allowed to get as many eligibility slips as they wish.—B.H.

Bob Morris of the Lincoln High School Cardinal, Portland, has let his readers in on a little secret—the new football uniforms to be worn by Cards this year cost nine cents more than those bought for the University of Oregon. He neglected to mention what this signified, if anything.

## Thanks--For a While

The Sophomores got a break this year, thanks to Les Brown, Dick Williams, and the Student Affairs Committee.

The plaudits to Les Brown, of course, are for his music and orchestra's availability. To Dick Williams because he's the man who handles the financial arrangements, and gets ticket prices down to where students can afford to attend the dance.

The Student Affairs Committee gets their bouquet for allowing the Whiskerino to be changed to a Friday night, after it had been planned, as usual, for a Saturday.

In addition they changed closing hours on that Friday night so the dancers could enjoy the all to infrequent bigname band-music until one o'clock.

It makes us feel almost kindly toward these people (at least until we get Joe Paduk for Homecoming.)

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## Wild Wild Notes...

# Follow the Leader for 'Shear' Delight

...by Fred Young

Spring blossomed with its peculiar freshness and the newborn turned their tousled heads as a strange, tall being moved toward the flock. It was nothing new for the sheep of Ranch Row to see the tall one lead a stranger into their midst. In fact, last winter a handsome thing was joined who quieted a restlessness in the flock. But this time more attention was paid the newcomer, old eyes watched his movements closely. His attitude was paramount. For not long before the cold winter had disappeared with their balding member, and since that time there was no range-wise mind to listen to for guidance and security.

As the year watched their feed grow and green, then fade and nearly pass away, their thoughts were growing tense—a sense of sight and fear was known. The climate which had made this range dry and desperate before "the new" irrigation and feed control also plucks at unprotected sheep.

The rancher must exist, but is it wise to risk the barren sheep to early winter? The stranger

was anticipated. Maybe he could lead them out of the shear's reach. Maybe this year they could flourish as nature had decreed, as a strong band of sheep, not this cottony crew which at any time might be blotted by the common cold. Stronger sheep which would be more productive for the rancher in the future, although they might not have been thinking of that. Live as nature wished!

The time appeared when man and his dogs would come. The herd thoughtfully turned to their new gray comrade. He had been left with them for their security. He seemed wizened—he respected the flock's responsibility. They followed almost blindly, obediently. Some of the older, woollier ones turned to one another and vaguely questioned his advice. He's new, maybe that's why he seems to direct towards the rancher's shears. New ideas for evasion! And it would seem that his ideas were the others' ideas since he would only grin at them, then drop his suggestions carefully. The bigger, woollier ones didn't think, just followed. And, they were sheared.

## Crotchety Old Vet...

# Doesn't Like Commons, Smells

...by Steve Loy

Bought myself a fine new pipe for ninety eight cents the other day. The Co-op has a new shipment of seconds from a manufacturer of high grade hods. They have slight imperfections which prevent their sale as first quality merchandise but they are unimpaired in their smoking qualities. If any of you are just beginning to smoke a briar, you'll enjoy breaking in your pipe more if you sandpaper the varnish out of the bowl. (unpaid adv.)

Speaking of lines, which we weren't, registration is repeated three times a day at the "Veterans Commons." The place is feeding close to 800 men and they just naturally back up a ways when it comes chow time. I have often wondered why they call the chow hall a commons. If you eat there you won't have any trouble kicking that one around.

## The Fourth Estate and the Three Cats

The Emerald has become a skidrow for stray cats. We'll confide this to you at the risk of having more cats, kittens, bob cats and miscellaneous felines dumped on our one cement doorstep.

Our first visitor was a bushy, amiable white beast with a bad case of ear mites. She (naturally it was a she) was announced during a Freshman class in the ground-level journalism lab Monday night when Bob Tweedell looked up at the window and exclaimed, "Ooops! A polar bear!" Through the window she came and made a bee-line for the Christian Science Monitor bin. Bob Frazier, ex-Emerald editor who was functioning in the capacity of amicus journalae that night was impressed by the cat's good taste in papers and immediately named her Mary—after the founding spirit of the Monitor, Mary Baker Eddy—and took her home. At last report she is getting along very badly with the adolescent Frazier cat, Wayne (named after an Oregon statesman,) and is under a veterinary's care for mites.

The second cat was a pepper colored kitten still at the toddling age, who was rescued from under a beer truck by Barbara Heywood. She was dumped off at a near-by cafe.

The morning after Mary, the journalism school was in possession of another cat much younger and much mangier than Mary. She (there is no such creature as a male cat) was picked out of a gutter by Gloria Billings, the school's secretary.

After a day of riding the shoulders of visiting booksalesmen and professors, (rubbing against

Inhale. Smell anything? If you haven't got a sinus infection from the millrace you will probably sniff something halfway between fertilizer and the Oakland tide flats at low tide. Source of this terrific essence is the Weyerhaeuser mill east of Springfield. Rumor has it that the people out there anticipated angry petitions and are building a filter for the harmless smog. Hope they finish soon, I can't hold my breath much longer.

Overheard one of this years' beginning law students expounding his theory for success in the Dean Hollis' salt mines. Seems you can relax after the first term if you get things down pat during this all crucial period. I haven't heard all the figures, but last years class started with 126. Fifty five began spring term and 30 came back this fall.

the bristles on the backs of their necks and purring loudly,) she was presented unceremoniously to the Emerald. She was christened Shackrat, after her abode, The Emerald Shack.

Editor Don Smith, who says he detests cats, bought her a can of very odoriferous cat food and a half-pint of milk. Seemingly a bottomless pit, she downed the milk at one sitting.

It was obvious that such a small animal couldn't hold a half pint; everyone was worried. Shackrat wasn't worried. She used the first available typewriter cover.

It was made clear to her that this practice was frowned on. From then on she used the wastebasket for a powder-room.

Shackrat had other habits. She paraded back and forth across the paper on which Managing Editor Glenn Gillespie was trying to take a telephone message, and she would creep up a person's back while he was slumped in thought over a typewriter.

As a matter of fact, Shackrat was becoming a part of the scenery: As one freshman reporter said when being read off for not getting a story, "Well, I came over to ask you about it this morning but nobody was in but a kitten."

Now, however, Shackrat has disappeared. Co-newseditor Anne Goodman passed her heading for McClure hall yesterday afternoon—and that's the last that's been seen of her.

Anyone who finds a mangy black and white kitten can use his own judgment about returning her to the offices of the local fourth estate.

—B.H.