

Why the Millrace Won't Be Clean Tomorrow

In the cumbersome way that municipalities progress, cities along the Willamette in recent years have been pushing toward modern sewage disposal systems. City fathers realize that the Willamette is not the beautiful, limpid flow it was when Indians navigated there; in fact, the mayors and elders are aware that Indians—or anyone—who were to perform ablutions today in the Willamette would get typhoid.

Therefore cities have been considering some means of getting rid of sewage without dumping it in the river. Los Angeles and other places have worked this out very satisfactorily with big disposal plants that chew the sewage into a harmless nothing.

In addition, the state sanitary authority has promised to clean up the Willamette by 1954, and it has been nagging the river communities to get going on the problem.

Most cities—including Springfield—have done something on the project. Both Eugene and Springfield have been assessing citizens and saving money.

But not even Portland has a plant yet.

That's the way the matter stood until the University of Oregon, just a sidestroke and a backstroke down the river from Springfield, got back its historic Millrace this fall.

The University regained its traditions, too. A few students went canoeing, and being rusty at the sport, tipped over. A few of the brothers were dunked—and it was found that the Millrace, since its water comes from the Willamette is just as dirty old sewer.

Suddenly the leisure class at the University has become aware of the problem the cities have worried about for a long time—polluted water.

And so the students jump up and down and beat their little fists on the table: They want Springfield to get a sewage disposal system—and fast. Right now. So they can play in their Millrace.

That's fine. Springfield should have such a plant. So should Eugene, Portland, et al. But these things don't happen over night. Maybe Springfield has been dallying. But it has in bonds issued and in the city coffers, almost half the \$500,000 needed to build a disposal system. And the citizens are paying in regularly for the plant.

Perhaps, though, the University agitation has helped. The other night representatives from Springfield, Eugene and fringe areas met and passed a resolution that it be proposed to the respective city councils that engineers be hired to survey the possibility of a metropolitan sanitary district. A metropolitan sanitary district is a joint disposal system that will take care of the two cities and the fringe area water districts. This would avoid duplication of effort, so cutting down expenses, and would guarantee that one area would not suffer from the negligence of another.

This joint disposal plan probably would be the most efficient way of disposition, for only 35 per cent of the pollution comes from within the city limits of Eugene and Springfield. The rest runs from the pipes of surrounding areas. And these little districts united only by being in the same water district, cannot be expected to build plants of their own.

This resolution will go before city councils soon. Thus something, at least, is happening on the sewage front. And we must remember that cities, like armies, move just so fast.—B.H.

A Tack to Them

The saving of blocs of seats at football games was discussed at Executive Council meeting the other night; and the council decided it was a little late to do anything about it this year since there is only one game in Eugene. At this game, Homecoming with Oregon State, most students arrive at Hayward field especially early; and the saving of seats would be especially difficult. So the problem may not arise.

But the council decided that it would not be too late to attempt a solution to the seating problem for next year.

To those who were fortunate in having 50-yard-line seats at last week's game; and to those who came to the game later than most and sat in seats that had been saved by their freshmen may not feel that there is a seating problem. But those persons who came early, sat on the 25, and watched the others charge up to seats saved on the 35, will most likely admit the situation could be improved.

It will take some time to work out a just and practical seating plan for football games. That's why this year's council should take action—either through a special committee or through the rally board—to see that something is done.

The idea of having breakfast served at Hayward Field Saturday game mornings has little appeal, and does not sound feasible.

Neither is there particular relish for the prospect of opening stadium gates at a later hour; the ensuing rush for seats would be as delightful as a cattle stampede.

But there are ideas for student seating that are feasible; and these are the ideas which the rally board, or a special committee, could investigate this year in preparation for next year.

The Mailbag...

To the Editor:

I have a problem that has been bothering me ever since I transferred from Cornwallis.

You see, at the Oregon Agricultural College, anyone caught walking on the grass was branded as a farmer. The reason for this being purely philanthropic—they save the grass for the cows to eat.

As soon as I came to the University of Oregon, my first observation was that the student's philosophy here was "Don't let any grass grow under your feet," especially when cutting across lawns. Now you see the conflict that I'm going through: "To walk or not to walk on the grass, that is the question?"

Does anyone have a solution to the problem of "Keeping Oregon Green"?

—Dave Swanson, Jr.

'Ritin at Random

No Purple Cover

... by Jo Gilbert

It is a small book (195 pages) with a rather nondescript blue cover—but don't let that deceive you. A good book doesn't need a bosomy blonde with more than adequate cleavage against a purple background on the cover to entice readers. But enough of that. The book is RIVER LINE; the author, Charles Morgan; the publisher, Macmillan Company; the price, \$2.75. It is the first book I've seriously considered buying for over a year—outside of pocket editions, that is.

The plot of the book is relatively simple. An American, Sturgess, is in England visiting two friends, Julian and his wife, Marie—a Frenchwoman. In a masterly fashion, Morgan thru Sturgess, recounts the story of the three's meeting through the underground in France—or the River Line, as it was called. Marie was one of the members of the River Line and it was at her home that Sturgess, Julian, and two others stayed for the longest. Heron, one of the two others, is never met in the book, but it is his influence that is most felt by the reader, by Julian, by Marie, and by Sturgess. His unseen presence presents a barrier to Julian's marriage to Marie; it is the cause of Sturgess' unrest of mind; it is felt in every discussion in the book.

It is in the last thirty pages that ends begin to tie together and the reader is held by the suspense of an unusual, gripping, and beautifully handled climax. Probably the most "felt" personalities of the book is Heron, known only through Julian, Marie, and Sturgess.

The book is superbly done—we know only what Sturgess knows and no more, no less. The people are seen from his point of view and this method is used consistently throughout the book. The discussions are handled naturally—the end result is a work of art.

I can't do justice to the book; all I can do is recommend that you read it. It is one of the best works I've had the pleasure of reading for a long, long time.

Incidentally, for a good book with the philosophical angle, take a gander at Erwin Edman's PHILOSOPHER'S QUEST—the layman will find it extremely readable and interesting.

Our Readers Speak

To the Editor:

I have observed from two weeks of Emerald perusal what I believe to be the best and conversely, the poorest possible aspects of faculty-dominated college newspapers; not that I think the Emerald to be faculty-dominated.

I consider Mr. Robert B. Dean's letter on the advising system, to be the worthiest addition to the Edit page in many an Oregon flood; but if anyone has ideas about turning the Emerald over to the Profs let him read Mr. Parson's article-(10-20). Many readers will consider the source, and circumstances surrounding the charge, and give it the thought it deserves—which is none. But to those who perceived only a rambling confusion of intimations, let me attempt a little clarification.

The art of propagandizing (mentioned by Parsons in the letter), is ably applied by Mr. Parsons on this old but effective formula: (1) Take a personal opinion, conviction, issue, controversy, etc. (2) Find a medium, touching many people, not too far from some aspect of the original issue. (3) Combine the two in such manner that the resulting confusion will produce dissention and discord to the extent of getting the original issue before a lot of people.

The issue in this case is socialized medicine. The medium happened to be a Chamber of Commerce pamphlet in the Health Service. The resulting confusion was evident to anyone reading the letter.

Incidentally, for Mr. Parson's personal edification, the pamphlets were not purchased with student funds.

Sincerely,
W. D. Braucher.

Turnabout

May we make note of an interesting condition before professors beat us to it? (If they haven't already.)

Oregon students will not have an official rally to welcome the team back from the USC game because such a rally would conflict with Saturday night social events.

But how many times, in past years more than this, have there been rallies that have conflicted with Saturday morning classes?

No, we don't advocate a Saturday night rally; nor the abolishment of Saturday morning rallies. We merely comment.

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