

A Glorious Homecoming

That columnist and confused veteran's wife, Jo Gilbert, told us today that she can't understand "which member of the clan" has to buy a reserved seat at the Oregon-Oregon State game. Do both spouses pay to sit together, or does one use the student body ticket and one buy a seat or what? she asks.

Well, we'll tell you, Jo, what the athletic business office told us.

At this game there will be, of course, a big attendance from Oregon State. Therefore the Aggies will sit in the uncovered bleachers which usually are set aside for general admission fans—students' wives, in other words.

That means that the wives will have to pay five dollars to sit in the reserved section if they want to see the game. And if the husbands want to sit with their wives, they too will have to hand over an engraving of Abe Lincoln. If they don't feel up to this, they can sit, separated from their wives for three hours, in the student section.

All this is designed to accomodate our bucolic cousins whom it is best to treat with kid gloves.

But we'll bet there will be a lot of wives baby-sitting that glorious Saturday afternoon.—B.H.

A Leftist Revolt

We think we've found the underdogs on this campus. They're all too aware of their status. They're not too small a minority. Yet they're not doing much about it—no protest, no mass movements, no banners borne high.

The underdog is the left-handed writer. In crowded classrooms they pathetically squirm around trying to write with facility in right-handed chairs. It obviously isn't easy.

A diligent and assiduous reporter told us that there are left-handed chairs, but we haven't seen any, and think there oughta be more.

Sometimes things aren't so bad. A left-handed writer can grab an extra chair to write on. But secretly he fears that people either think he is anti-social . . . or a pig.

The prejudice doesn't end with chairs. It is a fixed factor in language. The human bias in favor of the right hand arises from its greater dexterity. Dexterity, indeed, means right-handedness.

Gawky, according to Isaac Goldberg in "The Wonder of Words," is akin to French gauche, which means "left" and, consequently, awkward. And everybody knows what is meant by a left-handed compliment.

It even invades the physical category. A direct road is a straight road. Direct comes from the Latin rectus, akin to Sanskrit rju, "straight," right, and to German recht, as well as to our own right and correct.

Thus, the right hand, by various radiations of meaning, gives its name to skill, proper thinking, justice; the left symbolizes clumsiness, improper thought or deed, injustice. The political party which departs from conventional principles moves to "the left." Originally, it actually moved and sat to the left of the presiding officer.

Only at a baseball game can they hold their heads up proudly. There the "southpaw" pitcher is held in high esteem.

Why should the muscle-bound heroes be the only respected members of the group? We want justice . . . and new chairs.—H.S.

'Squeeze One Lemon'

(The following letter was sent to the athletic business manager. A carbon copy of it was delivered to the Emerald. We found it of particular interest, and are anxious to see how Howard Lemons handles the problem.)

Dear Mr. Lemon:

I am a foreign student attending the University under the State Department program recently started here.

Since I am of the Moslem faith, I have 11 wives in my family. I should like to have for each a ticket to the Oregon State football game which you advertise as being available to wives and husbands of students. May I please? This will be considered as my application for these tickets.

Thank you kindly, sir, for your most earnest assistance.

Sincerely,

Alla K. Kavanaghji
Foreign Student

Our Readers Speak (And How!) Robots, Dull of Eye

Dear Sir:

I had a nightmare last night. It seemed I was walking across the campus, and as I passed Commerce at ten minutes to the hour, the doors swung open and out marched young men and young women each loaded down with textbooks, each marching in mechanical cadence, each dressed alike, each living in assigned barracks. They were young in years, but there was a sag in their shoulders and a dull look in their eyes. It seemed like a column of robots.

I asked one of these students why he was marching like a robot to which he replied "We are marching to classes to memorize facts so that we may pass exams so that we may get grades, grades, grades, so that after four years we will get a union card that will allow us to be employed in better paid positions."

THAT WORD—'THINK'!

That answer stopped me. I asked this student how he had come to think of such a theory. For the first time the dull look in his eyes changed. There was one of alarm and fear when he heard that word think. He then told me that that was rule number 63 of "Rules Governing Student Conduct," and mechanically recited the memorized rule, "Each student will attend classes at which he will receive from the professor facts, facts, facts, to be memorized only so that he may pass examinations so that he may get grades, grades, grades, so that at the end of the four years he will get a union card to the better paid occupations. The student will do no thinking on his own, will never question in his mind anything that is told him either inside or outside the classroom."

STUDENT AFFAIRS DICTATOR

I became panicky. I remembered the student activities and student governmental bodies. Surely, there I would find the freedom necessary for true learning. I hurried to Emerald Hall, dashed down the hall but alas, a sign above the door caught my attention, "Dictator of Student Affairs." I was completely frustrated.

I attended a meeting of the elected leaders of the barracks. I noticed that speaking at that time was a member of an inspecting party. I asked how often the "brass" inspected these meetings. He couldn't understand what I meant. He replied, "If you mean the inspector who is speaking now he comes to every meeting and gives the orders of the day! !!" I was shocked. I asked him if they were allowed to make an honest mistake. He didn't seem to understand. To the idea of making an honest mistake, he rebelled. "There are no mistakes allowed here. We are efficient." What a hypocritical statement. I attended other meetings of student governing bodies. The same "advisers" were there advising, dictating in the name of efficiency, absolutely preventing honest student thinking.

What a nightmare. What a terrible dream.

THE REAL THING

But, I awoke. I could throw off this spell. I am a student at the University of Oregon where I am not required to memorize facts only but may learn how to use these facts; where I may think freely and get a true education which will not only give me a union card but will also help me to be a thinking union member and citizen when I leave here; where I may participate in student activities and student government freely without being forced to blindly obey rules set down—or rather made up—by university officials; where student government is by the initiative of students and not entirely by initiative of the university administration and merely made to appear to come from student initiative; where student leaders are allowed freedom of initiative to formulate plans and carry them out instead of just doing the leg-work required for

Joe and Betty

To the Editor:

We've just re-read Steve Loy's article in last Saturday's Emerald, and we think it deserves answer for two reasons. First, because no one should call names in print until they have at least a few facts to go on, and secondly, because such ill-advised and untrue material can do nothing but create friction within the student body. What we refer to specifically is that part of the column where Mr. Loy launches his attack at the Joe College selections (It's Joe College—Betty Coed, and has been for quite some time, but perhaps Mr. Loy isn't concerned with the girls). Let's see just what the article said:

"The list of semi-finalists of the Joe College contest showed one independent in the semis' and none in the finals." He further feels that "the above sound(s) a trifle inequitable." What Mr. Loy is trying to say in other words is this—that in order to be equitable, the contestants should have been picked according to affiliation. We don't believe this is true, we think they should be picked on their individual merits, whether or not they are members of fraternity (or a sorority).

NO REMEMBRANCE

Next is the story allegedly told by an independent candidate of a judge asking "point-blank" if he was a member of a fraternity. From calls made to judges we can't find a one who remembers such an incident. If this did occur, we would like to have the contestant call and tell us about it. If deep cleavage does exist between Greeks and Independents, and Mr. Loy seems to feel it does, such a question would have been to the advantage of an independent because **there were more independent judges than Greeks**. The judges were Art Johnson, president of the Student Body, one of the last students to be selected on a strictly independent ticket to any school office and certainly as good an independent as Mr. Loy; Beverly Krueger, Miss Oregon, and a resident of the same independent hall Mr. Loy was writing about in the first of his column. Joanne Frydenlund, a judge in last year's contest and a Greek, who was called in to help less than fifteen minutes before the judging started, took the place of one of the "outside" judges Mr. Loy wanted. We would like to add about this that Joanne was asked only after all efforts to find a faculty judge were stopped by the short period of notice. (If Mr. Loy will come by we'll be glad to give him the list of names we did call before we were able to get a judge). We think Joanne should be commended for her helpful spirit in filling in at the last moment and at almost no notice.

WHO'S A CHI CHI CHI?

There were two judges of whose fraternal affiliation we are not sure: Coach Bill Bowerman, whose teams at least, have not been noted for discrimination upon any basis. We think Mr. Bowerman was probably a Greek when he was in school, but we didn't ask. The remaining judge was not connected with the school in any way, other than by her interest in it, and she was Jacqueline Henderson of Jacqueline's School of Dance. She was chosen for her professional abilities and gave freely of her valuable time. That is the sum-total of the judges, and if anyone could complain on the basis, it ought to be the Greeks. We think it's to the credit of all these judges that they didn't choose a single contestant on the basis of the place where he lived.

Next Mr. Loy says: "Seems it might be a fine idea to go back to the previous plan of judging . . . in which the candidates were told to dress alike and not wear any pins." If he'd taken the trouble to check with us, he would have discovered that such were the rules in this contest.

Mr. Loy feels there is a danger that some of the candidates will be personally acquainted with one or more of the judges—who ever

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