

One More Chance

Nasty commercialism from the athletic department appears evident not only in married students tickets to the Homecoming game, but in relation to the selling of football programs.

Art Litchman, athletic publicity director, was quoted (by the fellow in charge of the program concession) as saying a couple of years ago he didn't care how the programs were sold, just so there weren't many left over. The program selling by honoraries hit a new low that year.

That's not good publicity.

We do care how they are sold. When honoraries sell programs the proceeds go to worthy things—scholarships, usually. When individuals sell the programs the profit is for individual gain. There's nothing the matter with earning an honest dollar, but if the honoraries are willing and able, let them earn the dollar, and turn it to the benefit of the University.

The honoraries now know where they stand. In the past years they apparently did not do the job well; and the job was turned over to others.

But give them another chance. Now they know—they produce, or they get cut out.

There is only one more game this year. But next year, the program concession can be awarded to an individual or group that will distribute the programs fairly among the honoraries to sell; and let the honoraries prove they can handle the job.

Ritin at Random...

'The Thread That Runs So True'

...by Jo Gilbert

Things is looking up—I found another good book. At least it is to me, mayhaps because I've been brought up on tales of rural schools in mountain districts. The book is Jesse Stuart's "The Thread That Runs So True" (Scribner's \$3).

Technically, it is an autobiography, but actually it is more than that. Packed with humor, pathos, tenderness, and excitement, it tells the story of a mountain school-teacher in Kentucky. (The state which is second from the bottom on illiteracy tables and where the educators "thank God for Arkansas").

Jesse Stuart, at seventeen and with three years of high school behind him, went to teach in Lonesome Valley School rural school where his sister had been run out by the school bully. After Jesse walloped him, he was set, and stayed there a year. From there he went back to high school and on to college. That was the beginning of a career that led him to be principle of a small high school,

then of a larger one, then county superintendent and later a remedial English teacher in an Ohio school.

In the nine years Stuart taught, he made a total of \$10,832 from his profession. On a twelve month basis that is \$100.30 a month. Extra money came from writing and Stuart also had a Guggenheim Fellowship. He finally quit the game and went into sheep ranching.

Besides being good writing that almost at times hits poetry, it is also an expose of how the members of lowest paid profession struggle along. For the wages they get, they must love the work.

The book is fine reading for any student and especially for those planning to enter the educational profession. Teachers, or sons and daughters of same, will really enjoy the book—though it is not aimed at a specialized audience.

On Things in General...

Nobody Wants the Fifty Million

...by Steve Loy

Imagine what the University of Oregon could do with 50 million bucks. Plenty, huh? Science buildings, administration buildings, student unions, with gold plated plumbing. There's a nice old southern "philanthropist" of 84 who wanted to give fifty-thousand thousand dollar bills to a school if it would comply with some simple conditions.

What are the conditions? Not a heck of a lot. Only that the school "teach the 'superiority' of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin-American races."

The twist of the idea is that the two schools he allegedly offered the cash to didn't want it. SMU wasn't even very polite when they turned him down. One little jerk-water prep school, aged 147, with an enrollment of less than 100 almost accepted but changed its mind when George reneged.

I think a man as rich and generous (?) as George W. Armstrong is entitled to a lot of

gall and self-confidence, but isn't this carrying a good thing too far? I'd like to know how many gallons of sweat have rolled off the backs of Negroes and Jews and other non-Anglo-Saxons to prime his golden oil wells. Probably enough to drown him and several more like him.

Armstrong also wants the tenets of Thomas Jefferson taught in his school. It's ironically nice to think what the courts will do with Jefferson's loose interpretation of the constitution if they get a chance to apply the fourteenth amendment to Armstrong's idea.

Winchell tagged G. W. right on the button Sunday night when he hailed him as, "George Armstrong, all-American heel."

Now George, they say you can't take it with you. Hadn't you better find a way, or not go? And after you figure that one out, find a way to take a fire-proof vault to keep it in. I wouldn't put it off too long George.



"If you have to drive this thing to school, do you have to park it in front of our house?"

Our Readers Speak

Dear Sir:

There have been several editorials published in the Emerald denouncing the deplorable cost of living in Carson Hall. I doubt if there would be any occasion for a Carsonite to be unhappy about paying the price asked, if the girls received any more benefits than they do at present.

Granted—the rooms are compact and new. The study lamps and waste paper baskets are furnished. However, relaxation is impossible in the hall. The only place to sit down is on a hard metal chair or sprawl uncomfortably on the bed. At present there are no rooms on the main floor in which to spend a comfortable hour after dinner.

The University officials must be trying to defray the cost of building Carson in one year or less. Everywhere one turns in the hall there is a yawning cavity waiting to devour her money. Not only is the present phone situation absurdly inadequate, but the dorm officials plan to make it worse. The free phones now in use by 160 girls to one phone, will be used only for calls with University extension numbers. Pay phones are to be installed for long distance calls (which is understandable) PLUS calls to sorority, fraternity, any Eugene telephone numbers which are off-campus (which is not understandable). (Name withheld upon request.)

(The telephone situation in Carson Hall will be the same as it is in any other University dormitory, the Emerald was assured yesterday by Mrs. Genevieve Turnipseed, director of dormitories.)

There will be better than one phone for each floor of 80 girls, when the telephone company gets its permanent lines in. Eugene numbers outside the University may be called from the Carson Hall phones.

It is hoped that the new dorm will be completed by the first part of December, with plenty of lounging space.—Editor.)

Free Lancin...

English Humor and Baby Sitting

...by Bill Lance

A giant orchid is certainly due the Sophomores for a terrific Whiskerino. Understand a neat \$350 profit was realized on the "band of renown." This ought to permanently junk that "name bands are too expensive" cry.

Besides the fine music, credit goes to the hard-working committees for a well-organized dance. One example is the fact that decorations had to be put up between 5:30 p.m. and dance time because of basketball practice. Incidentally those fine decorations cost less than \$10, according to the budget sheet. Congratulations to Shirley Dalton and her committee!

Pity the poor vote counters for Betty co-ed and Joe College. At 10 p.m. when they opened the ballot boxes they discovered those little ballots mixed in with thousands of stubs for the Colorado game. A double sorting as well as counting had to be accomplished.

To illustrate the British sense of humor Donald DuShane in his British Government class told of an incident that occurred while he was teaching at Columbia.

Students had elected Madeline Carroll as "the woman they would most like to be ma-

rooned on a desert isle with." When interviewed about the honor, the English actress was queried about whom she would most like to be marooned with. "A first class obstetrician," replied Miss Carroll.

A terrible catastrophe occurred at the McChesney Hall "Harvest Moon" formal. Ten gallons of punch spilled all over the front porch! Oh well, they make more money on cokes anyway.

In reference to past yarns about persons being locked in strange places we have the experience of Phyllis Kohlmeier. She was baby sitting for Dr. and Mrs. Laurence Campbell a recent Sunday evening:

The bathroom door lock jammed and poor Phyl became locked inside. To complicate matters the window screen was nailed shut so she was completely cooped. Even after the Campbells returned home the door couldn't be opened. Phyllis had to wait still another hour till a locksmith could come over and take the lock off the door.

Theta seniors have also decided to go into the baby sitting business. Male babies at least 21 years of age are preferred.