

Flunk a Course, Get a Dollar

With mid-terms crashing all around, we are inclined to look with favor upon a plan instituted at San Francisco State College. It is a flunk insurance system, sponsored by a journalistic fraternity. All students are eligible for the insurance—the higher the scholarship record, the lower the risk and premium.

The average student pays 50 cents for coverage on a particular course. If he flunks, he gets a dollar, with which he may buy beer to cry in.

Of course, that brings up the question:

How many courses are worth a dollar?

Or perhaps, the more diplomatic way to word the query:

Is one dollar the correct amount to estimate the value of the many worthy courses being taught?

Or better still:

Can the value of courses be measured in monetary terms?

And then naturally, many students after flunking a course could pass the buck and say, "I just flunked it for the dollar."

Raising Kane

Our Nice, Clean State

by Henry Kane

Oregon politicians should be ashamed of themselves for not keeping up with their brethern in other states. For example:

No Oregon educational institution has lost its accreditation because of political scandal, nor would a distinguished visitor to our law school say its students are taught to take a bribe and call it a fee.

Our politicians are so benighted that they did not give an insurance company millions in municipal property on which to erect a housing project while denying a minority of the city's taxpayers the right to live in it.

And no Oregonian would have reason to say that a lobbyist has more power than the governor. We also doubt that there would be consternation in the legislature if an executive order decreed that appointees to state positions would not be confirmed if they had criminal records.

Oregon's condition of comparative political virtue is all the more remarkable when one examines a report on other states of similar size and position; "Our Sovereign State," edited by Robert S. Allen, (syndicated columnist, 413 pp., \$5. Vanguard Press, 1949).

For the most part the charges of incompetence, venality and worse are true. But the exclusion of Oregon from the compilation indicates that a state may be run honestly and efficiently even by the ipso facto bad rural Republican legislator who still considers it wrong to live beyond one's means.

"Our Sovereign State" makes juicy reading for those who like their scandal well-served, unauthenticated and just this side of libel.

Seriously, its implications are that the states are in a decline and the federal collectivist state in the ascendent because the voters, you and I, are not fulfilling our duty.

It is less true in Oregon than some other states, but we have considered politics either a dirty business or one to be left to the "leading elements" if we are of the aristocratic persuasion.

The voters could more or less get away with that attitude when politics didn't seem to affect our lives. This doesn't hold true today.

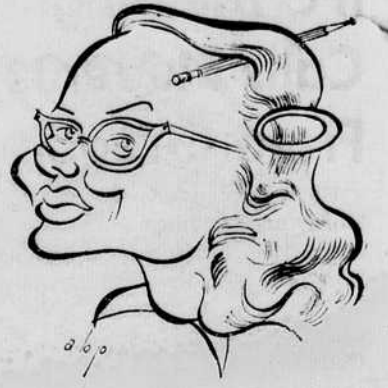
Politics permeates everything we do from the right to make a living, the fifty per cent tax making up the price of the pack of cigarettes we buy, and how little of our income we are permitted to keep for ourselves.

To be crass about the lesson of Mr. Allen's anthology, if the average voter doesn't take a more active interest in politics, politicians will no longer be the instrument to effect our desires. They will be the manipulators who pull the strings of we, the puppets.

Ritin' At Random

Listen to the Ball Game On the Radio--Six Reasons

by Jo Gilbert



Here before you is an entirely unique personality. There is no other creature like it—an Oregon student who wasn't in Portland this past week-end. From the rumors and bloodshot floating about the cloister, though, I can well imagine it was well spent. I even heard that a few people found themselves at the football game—whether or not they saw it is a moot point.

However, I didn't do too badly—I did listen to the broadcast. From the announcer's standpoint, the highlight of the entire game was the drum majorette, Gloria.

On sober reflection though, I can see much merit in listening to a game over the radio as opposed to the scramble of charging through a mad pack of Ducks to get some semblance of seating arrangement. My gripes? Okay, here they are:

1. To begin, I usually go with a husband. Hence, in an unearthly chant I hear the word "Pigger" floating around.

2. The married students have the lousiest place of all for actual visibility. I think most of the posts are at that end of the field. This leads to gripe number 3.

3. I can't see the game unless it is held frankly on the goal line.

4. Someone taller than I is usually standing in front of me, while some over enthusiastic joker behind me is beating his fists upon my poor battered brow.

Sophomore Wisdom

Column Right--ROTC Drill

You're in the Army Now

by Bob Funk

ROTC drill is a splendid exercise for those secretly enamoured of martial music and khaki uniforms.

The uniforms, unhappily, are usually two or three sizes too small—or maybe "drillees" just eat too much lunch on drill days. Anyway, by the end of drill there is an uncomfortable clutched feeling around everyone's midriff. Most arresting are the figures cut on rainy days, when raincoats are worn. These give everyone the look of being about to produce many and various children in the dangerously near future.

There is one rather perplexing feature about drill—roll call. It seems that no matter how many persons are absent, the spokes report to the hub that all are "present and accounted for." This is an out and out lie. There are lots of people who are by no means present, and not, insofar as we can determine, accounted for.

Right now drill periods are spent in learning facings, columns movements, and horrible frustrations.

Facings are the most fun. One is maneuvered directly over a dandelion or a gopher hole, and then asked to pivot in some direction or other. This cannot be accomplished with the greatest of natural grace on top of the aforementioned obstacles. As a result, there are usually several persons who fall approximately flat on their faces in the midst of

5. Fans are being squeezed together like no self respecting sardine would stand for.

6. If you think it's hell getting into a game, just try to get out.

Conclusion: Much, much better sitting before a radio, having the announcer tell you what the score is, and quietly sipping cider. Nevertheless, I'll probably gather my courage in my grimy little paws and start planning plays to effect an entrance to the Oregon-Oregon State fray. Again, I will undoubtedly leave swearing "nevermore!"

What fools these mortals be!

Yes, Oregon has had it tough. The breaks just aren't going the way of the Ducks. Lose the last few games, and then Coach Aiken gets his car stolen. But then too, the student body has its problems. Some unsympathetic profs, who believe that one is here for an education more than rally-rally, opened classes Monday morning with tests. And if one thinks that's bad, we have the problem of the unclean Millrace; the political pot is beginning to boil; house dance problems and the need for a good Homecoming showing—all these weighty things take possession of our minds. What has the U.N. got that we haven't—besides Vishinsky?

However, I do know a individual without problems of any sort. Our cat, Kelly. She gets her two squares a day and a place to sleep. She doesn't have to worry about income tax. Who said animals were dumb?

much good-natured laughter.

Column movements are much more complicated than facings. They entail everyone doing things at the same time, which is being definitely proven to be impossible.

Orders for column movements are all given in colloquial Greek. There is one which sounds like "have a plate of artichokes!" which is a delightful but perplexing invitation. Another goes "column right, lurch!" It isn't anything like that at all, of course, but it usually turns out that way in the end.

A comparatively unimportant point is changing step, which is accomplished by kicking yourself in the shin of one foot with the toe of the other. This is something like the polka, only without music.

There is music however, even if it isn't too sharp for polka-ing. One of the more common marches is the one commonly known as "I Love a Billboard (or Theta, depending on your tastes), I Always Will." Another is going to sound very much like the "Stars and Stripes Forever" when it gets worked out a little more. In fact, everything is going to be much better at the end of the term, we're told.

They will be. There will come a day when everyone pivots in all the gopher holes with perfect precision, when the entire outfit gets the hang of ancient Greek. And how will you have your plate of artichokes—fried?