



"Lock Up"

Lead Balloons Arise!

Who's going to win the game Saturday? Last year you'd have gotten a rousing "WE ARE!" to that question. This year the answer's more likely to be a glum shrug.

This lead-balloon attitude might indicate a certain amount of realism, but it'll sure never contribute toward winning a game. Did Churchill shrink into himself and say, "Blimy! We'll never win this war!" when the Germans were panting at the English coast? Heck no. He made like a V with his fingers and took an optimistic puff on his cigar.

Did Olof the Viking lie down and drown himself with strong mead when he saw the Danes were outnumbering his warriors? No! He stood on the poop of his ship and said, "Get in there and fight, men!" And when the game was up he died nobly, pulling himself under the waves with his shield.

Therefore, let us who are not on Mr. Aiken's team contribute our bit toward morale. This is our greatest foe—friendly or otherwise—that's invading Hayward field Saturday. We must clash and clang and convince everyone including the football team that Oregon's going to win.

The moral of this, then, is—Go to the rally this afternoon. Never say die before you're dead, lest you die of shock when you wake up to find yourself alive after all.—B.H.

The Band--Off Limits

After blowing their lungs and hearts out for two hours at a Homecoming game, a band is in no mood to fight through a mob of rioting students in an effort to save their uniforms, caps, and instruments.

What to an uninformed mob is a little black stick with holes in it and some metal on it; may be a \$250 clarinet to a musician. The musician is not anxious to send someone to the hospital with that clarinet impressed on their head. It is an expensive form of self-defense.

Last year after Homecoming, Oregon State College was presented with, and paid without argument, a bill for damages to University of Oregon band instruments. These damages occurred in a melee after the game, when a couple of OSC students took it upon themselves to bring unfavorable publicity to their school.

Now if fans want to call each other names, etc., after the game no one is going to be particularly unhappy—since this is all good, clean, college fun.

But manhandling the band is rather an expensive form of expression.

So keep your hands off band members, friends, because they are off-limits. Oregon State students will also abide by this gentleman's agreement; they've been hit by a bill and know how it hurts to pay. At the University we've been lucky; we haven't paid yet, and won't have to if fan's pent up feelings let loose in some form other than a raid on the band.

Free Lancin'

Flashcards at Homecoming This Year, Davidson at Willamette

by Bill Lance

Flashcards will be seen at our Homecoming this weekend! Jerry Kinersly, flashcard chairman, has really been knocking himself out making all the arrangements. He deserves all the credit for this setup in the direction that Oregon should have gone a long time ago. While we're giving credit, we want to again pat Jim Crisman and his squad on the back for a fine lot of spirit shown at the games. If spirit helps, we'll smother the Aggies come Saturday.

And then there's the one about the gullible little pledge who thought her roommate had been a good girl when she returned from the California game with a Gideon Bible in her handbag.

Larry Davidson did a large job of upholding Oregon's reputation during the OFCL (Oregon Federation of Collegiate Leaders) at Willamette University last weekend. At one of the banquet dinners a rather shy Methodist table waitress asked him what he would like to drink. She practically

dropped her tray when he casually replied, " Bourbon and water please."

Incidentally, attending one of these conferences really helps one to appreciate what we have here at Oregon. When you hear the Reed college cry of "no staff for our paper" or Linfield's bitter complaint of "only \$900 with which to carry out educational activities as compared to Oregon's \$76,000," it makes one thankful of the blessings we do have.

Round and Round Go the Opinions

One thing about deferred living—it will go into effect next year at Oregon. The administration likes the idea, feels that it is worthy, and will put it into operation.

Gripe as much as we want to, we will not alter the fact that living in, in some form or other, will be the thing next fall.

But we can help iron out some of the difficulties, and make deferred living work the way we, as students, feel it should work. That is one fact the administration cannot alter—the success or failure of the plan will depend upon the way the students react to it.

The problem is ours; we must once again prove that the student body is the mature group which has asked for and received increasing responsibility in student affairs.

The plan as it stands now has many disconcerting things about it. Dormitory students do not relish the prospect of having hundreds of freshmen pledges swarming around them. Fraternity men, especially sophomores, won't like doing freshmen duties again next year.

And not everyone is convinced the year in a dormitory is the best way to obtain a democratic basis for subsequent University life. And not everyone is convinced that increasing the membership of fraternity and sororities should be an important objective of the

Raising Kane

Defense With Military Methods

by Henry Kane

The recent partial demolition of the "O" on Skinner's Butte is an indication of the unprincipled tactics of the opposition.

It isn't feasible to perch a squad of freshmen on the "O" to prevent what legal circles call a conversion, or to be more explicit, a successful demolition with the pieces feloniously taken and carried away to you-know-where.

Besides, some of the protecting freshmen might be blown up, too.

Better defensive methods are needed as the climax of the big game draws near.

Surely among the veterans on the campus there are former demolition, bomb and mine disposal experts with sufficient school spirit to use their talents for the protection of their alma mater.

If none of these experts are available, the military science department might be willing to lend a few of its advanced cadets for the good cause and as an indication that military training has a legitimate peacetime value.

What is proposed is a collegiate version of mine-fields to protect the "O," women's houses, and lecture halls from possible enemy depredations.

The various war surplus stores should have the necessary equipment such as the pull-release fuse M3, the pressure fuse M1A1, and the mine probe M1. Unfortunately, the enemy might be able to find and make use of

plan.

But these opinions, and others, aired only amongst people who agree with them is not going to help Donald DuShane in working out a practicable and student-approved living in plan.

But when opinions are expressed so others, who may not be inclined to agree, may see them, it leads to a discussion which might, and we hope will, result in concrete suggestions.

As it stands now, dormitory students dislike the plan (one of the reasons being it favors fraternities and sororities) and fraternity and sorority students dislike the plan (one of the reasons being it favors dormitory students).

These students usually express their opinions amongst others who merely agree and then blast the administration.

In Friday's Emerald two students, one from a dormitory, and one from a fraternity, will write their objections to the plan from their particular point of view.

Then the dormitory students can sympathize with the fraternity and sorority students, and vice-versa; and blast or bless the plan together, but with a broader background of the problems which must be faced.

the SCR 625 electrical mine detector, but this counter-measure could be negated by using a minimum of non-metallic parts in the mines.

Thus an unpunished miscreant returning to the scene of the crime to finish his demolition of the "O" or deposit mice in Carson hall would step on "it," a protective mine, and be drenched with an extra sticky mixture of skunk essence, honey and hungry warrior ants.

When the wretch's fellow rakehells attempted to defuse the still-active mine, a booby trap in the form of an aerosol bomb would spray him with the University's colors, green and yellow.

Then when the remnants of the raiding party retreated at the sight and odor of their less fortunate malefactors they would release trip-wires which would set off a phonograph record of "The Stars and Stripes Forever," or some other suitable signal.

Then a combat patrol of freshmen would swoop down on the marauders and obtain experimental proof as to whether immersion in the millrace is an invitation to get drooping hangnails, halitosis, and BO.

In this way the glories of military science would be used to protect the hallowed sanctums of this, our campus.

The proposed counter-measures are stern, but he who first salts the coffee should not complain if the victim peppers the ice cream.