



"I forgot to tell you—tonight is hell night."

Who's in Charge Here?

Last Chance Today

by Rod Smith

The other day I read that the reason Oregon is not able to schedule name teams for home football games is that we lack facilities for seating crowds large enough to make northwest trips profitable for name teams.

This, on the surface, seems to be sufficient reason, but there are some more important reasons which no one likes to mention.

Oregon is a small school; next to Idaho, the smallest in the PCC. What right have we to expect games with prominent teams like SMU and Notre Dame? What about last year, may be your reply to this question. Last year was the climax of two years under a new coach with a team which was for the most part "bought and paid for" by the University. They were to form a team which would put Oregon in the Rose Bowl. They almost did. This year is different. Many of those money ballplayers have left and inexperienced kids are taking their places.

Today, it seems, money and not tradition make football players play good football. The days of the Stanford "vow" type football players, who vowed as freshmen never to lose to USC and never did, are gone. As a small Northwest school, Oregon can't expect to draw football talent. When the Northwest advances a candidate for All-American honors, he gets the horse laugh and the brush off from the sports world. How can Oregon escape the slow push into the background and eventual insignificance?

Today we play Oregon State. After following the example of the other Northwestern schools and helping to increase by three the total of 14 losses and no wins against California opposition, we are at last back in our own class and need not fear the power of the PCC's "big four." But, even in our own class, the probable outcome seems all too clear. We'll start with a bang and the students will cheer wildly. The game will be close at halftime and the cheering will die down. In the third quarter, as in other games this season, Oregon will present the "Beavers" with three TD's in two minutes and at the end the crowd won't even remain at Hayward Field long enough to sing the pledge song.

What you read in this column should make you angry! It should do so because it sums up what you've suspected about the Oregon team and its supporters for a long time, even though you didn't want to admit it. **Fortunately it's not all true!**

Today, Oregon football players can show OSC that we play ball for the game and not for salaries. Oregon rooters can show OSC that we back our team completely and loudly, win or lose, and will not see Oregon belittled by anyone!

How a Pigger Came to be--the Truth

By Stan Turnbull

After years in hiding, the truth has outed.

For many years the origin of the term "pigger" has been veiled in mystery. Sure, we've all heard the legend of the callow freshman who often visited, as he claimed, his pigs on the outskirts of town. But how many of us have believed this obvious bit of whimsy? Not more than a few, anyway. . . .

So it was that in 1936, when the truth was sprung via the Emerald, it found the world unready to receive it, and a la groundhog, it dived back into its hole. As recently as last year, the Piggers' Guide printed a versified version of the inane tale concerning the young freshman and his pigs, preferring this to the truth as revealed in 1936.

Here, for the first time in print since 13 years ago (as far as we know), is the truth, cribbed a little here and there from the original expose of Dan E. Clark II.

The scene shifts to Denmark, many years ago, where as avid a hater of the term "pigger" as ever lived was residing, for reasons now obscure. He was Eric Allen, late dean of the school of journalism, and he was reading a Danish newspaper. It was printed in Danish.

Dean Allen was making rather heavy going of it, when a word leaped out of the page at him. (This would make a story in itself.) There, in bold type, was the word "PIGER" (pronounced "pigger").

Clark's article relates that: "At first the dean thought he had an Emerald with just a few more typographical errors in it than usual, accounting for the strong Danish accent.

"But no. The dean, at last recovering, pulled out his dictionary and found truth. Piger (pigger) in Danish means girls.

"Back in Eugene, careful searching disclosed that many years ago there were several Danish students, from the old country, enrolled in the University. They spoke English with difficulty and at some time must have reverted to their native tongue when referring to those of the feminine variety."

Breathtaking, isn't it?

The Piggers' Guide, appropriately scarlet-clad, will again this year misrepresent the facts. It's too late to change now.

But, forewarned, an alert student body will know the truth, and, clear-eyed and unafraid, will face whatever the future may hold clad in the invulnerable armor of knowledge.

Why Does Football Beat Out Classes?

By Jim Knight

Why do football games and extra-curricular activities draw students from their books and labs, especially when they're in the throes of mid-terms—those "all-important" determiners of one's scholastic (and perhaps social) fate?

Opinions vary, but the basic reason seems to be a need felt for diversion.

Marv Hart, music senior, says, "I like to study as well as participate in other things, and I enjoy each more if I don't overdo the other one. Also, it is sort of the thing to do—a fad."

Art McNamara, architecture senior, thinks, "There's a time for everything; you get stale on one thing or another and reach a point where you don't learn anything. Studies are important, but you need a break. Going to games doesn't mean you don't want or like to study, but you've got to have recreation to keep from growing stale."

Joe Flynn, economics senior, states, "Grades are not necessarily the most important thing in school. Association with other people is also important. You can study only so long and still study effectively; if studying becomes a chore, games and other things are natural outlets."

Bill Halstead, political science senior, says, "Education consists of several things, only one of which is grades."

Jack Wright, junior in geography and geology, thinks, "Learning is more important than grades. You need the ability to apply yourself to life in general, and activities aid this ability. You can apply yourself better to studies if you relax once in a while."

Chuck Defoe, political science senior, says, "We need extracurricular activities and sports—including spectator sports—to relieve monotony. Personally, I find I do better if I stay a little behind most of the time; that way I have a sort of whip to keep me on the ball."

Harold Thompson, pre-med sophomore, has a different approach: "Ordinarily, I'd rather study than participate in many activities. If the activity applied to my work, I'd probably go to it."

Merle Mass, advertising junior, says, "I would rather study than participate in extra-curricular activities, but I would rather attend a ball game than study because of the need for recreation and diversion."

Ralph W. Leighton, dean of the school of health and physical education, thinks, "Everyone needs activity. Sometimes when I've been poring over papers, I find that just a walk around the gym is relaxing and refreshing. Of course there are students who spend all their time studying, but I feel that this is not normal or good for the individual."

Suzanne Cockeram, journalism junior, says, "A person needs activities to get the most from education. Students who keep their noses in books all the time get their degrees, but they wouldn't know how to act when they got out into society, so they couldn't be considered truly educated."

Herbert E. Charnstrom, business administration sophomore, feels, "Extra-curricular activities give one a chance to get away from the constant grind of studying. I believe one should have some outside source of activity to relax his mind and get away from daily drudgeries. I believe it will help me socially, financially, and politically to have outside interests. Why? Perhaps solely for the 'connections'."

Merle Nell, Pen Sarpenter Exchange Vows in Ceremony

By Sister Mary Gilbert

Two cub reporters decided to pool their talents.

He was struggling with a wedding story. She quaked at the prospect of covering the Oregon-Oregon State game.

Collaboration produced a new genre. Socialites call it the Game Wedding. Sport fans style it the Wedding Game. Persons with perfectly balanced minds say "Gwaemedding" (rhymes with "same heading").

Nomenclature to the winds! The story stands alone!

Clad in knee-length moleskins and a white fitted jersey featuring a large green numeral, Mr. Merle Nell Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Merle Nell Sr., of 1949

Opportunity Drive, was escorted down Hayward Field at 2 p. m. Saturday by a group of attendants garbed in matching attire.

The Rev. I. Will Collum officiated at the double-wing ceremony.

Mr. Nell chose a traditional hard leather helmet and black high-top shoes terminating in multiple cleats. He carried a cocoa-brown imported pigskin under one arm.

Mr. Goodley Dewis, as best man, wore a costume in replica of Mr. Nell's. Mr. Robin Sunn wore a similar garb with modern plastic headpiece. A distinctive numeral marked the front of his bodice.

Eleven cousins from Corvallis were among those roaming the bridle path. They elected contrasting

numerals of bright orange chenille on a black background. Their veils of illusion fell from rose-colored glasses.

Assorted American Beauties, with a scattering of pansies and wallflowers, banked the grandstand.

Music for the occasion was provided by the University of Oregon band, and a group of 48 co-eds, attired in lemon and green, sang the classic, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

At a reception after the gwaemedding, Coach Tim Bacon served the punch. Mr. William Orange cut the take, assisted by the athletic business manager from Oregon State College.

The huddle will be at home under the bright lights after a short trip to the shower room.