

## Be Ours

The heart of the valley (Cor-vallis) has gone soft and sentimental—just in time for Valentine's Day. The Beavers voted for dating, or fussing as they call it, at athletic events. This is a great boon to young love. St. Valentine would approve.

At Oregon—FLASH—nothing has happened. No appropriate sentimental measures have been passed. Valentine's Day is being ignored. Our student body president still has not come through with a poem, and this would be the seemly time for him to do so.

The Emerald, therefore, should fill the lack and say something in the Valentine's Day spirit. If we said, "I Love You. Be Mine," we would be branded as old fashioned, as well as pointless. So in the spirit of the most modern valentines, may we say, "You're nuts and you're all shmoes The Emerald wishes you'd all go blow(s). Be ours."

But it still would be better if a pro-pigging law were passed, or Art Johnson wrote a poem.—B.H.

## In the Bag

### Guessing Games, Order

Letters

Dear Editor:

On reading your guest editorial of Feb. 8, I wondered why the guest, or ghost, writer didn't hash his views down to a few words like:

"I don't think it is a good idea for OSC to have a major school in PE because it will take away many athletes Oregon would otherwise profit by."

I'm guessing that is what this student and the editorial staff were really thinking of, isn't it?

Edward L. Morris.

No, it isn't. You need not guess, you may just re-read the editorial to discover that we are interested in seeing that the "state's money is not dissipated by duplicating professional work in the areas already served adequately" by one institution or the other.—Editor.

Dear Editor:

Seems like it is none less than four or five times a day that either a friend of mine or some other party is known to ramble, rip, or curse through our Daily Emerald in search of an important announcement, that was sure to be there.

I've often seen the three line declaration wedged into the cor-

ner of that front page where most of the big scoop is found. Would be ok, but its like a comma in the middle of a sentence, you hardly notice it for the more important.

Then, most anywhere from pages 3 to 8 the "soughted" might be sticking close to the edge of a most distracting ad (you know, the kind that seldom fails to include the alluring).

So, I say its a problem that ought to be overcome by putting all such announcements in one place in the paper. Who'd ever think of running all over the paper to find the editorials?

Maybe, Oregon State's Barometer might accuse us of copying their "Bulletin Board" idea, but I don't suppose they have it copyrighted, anyway.

Sincerely,  
Bob Biggs.

The reason we haven't classified notices in one spot this year is because we so infrequently get enough of them to make it worthwhile. However, we will give it another try, soon, and throw the little stuff under a Campus Cal headline.

Thanks for the suggestion.—Editor.

## Ritin' at Random

### Idea for a New Campaign

by Jo Gilbert

Note on Confabs: This last week-end was loaded with 'em! Either we got nothin' or we got everythin'. Drama, Religious, Radio, dedications—even the Home Ec department gave a tea. Plus Monday night Kenton, and a Press confab this week-end plus an International Relations Club shindig in a few weeks. The hotel men are joyous, the Emerald staff tired (have to cover all this garbage), and classes ignored,



though that not entirely. Can't for some of the profs to insure attendance somewhat scheduled mid-terms for the next week or so. Why doesn't someone organize a confab to end all confabs? Bigger and better banquets, more people, greater speakers, longer period of time to be held, etc. That would do it, and the conference mania could then be ended.

## Offhand Observations

### Roses are Red, Violets are...

by Bill Rogers

Another Valentine's day is upon us. The young in heart are passing out the usual rash of cards, of both the comic and sentimental variety. Why the distinction between the two types is made is somewhat of a mystery, because the sentimental cards are often the most comic in their gushiness.

Of course cards aren't the only thing passed around on the fourteenth of every February. The resourceful merchants have also provided for those who are reckless with their geedus. If you are one of those people who throw away as much as two or three bucks at a crack, a cheap little old card isn't for you, no sir. You can buy chocolates done up in big red pasteboard hearts with cellophane all over. The fact that the hearts are anatomically incorrect doesn't seem to harm their saleability at all.



ALEX  
PIERCE

Not too many light-years ago, when the seniors were in their first years of grade school, the comic valentine had not yet appeared. Valentine's day was still a thing of sweet, sloppy sentiment, and the popularity

Everyone could permanently relax and forget there ever was such a word as "conferences" in the dictionary. It would be obsolete. The Emerald would not have to worry how to get "conference" and any extracts from it into a headline. New Campaign issue: "Finis to Conferences."

I Wish: That the city of Eugene would remedy the chuck-holes in their pride and joy—city streets. If the things (chuck-holes, that is) were only on one side of the street, there would be no problem. You could always get picked up for driving on the wrong side of the street. But when the gaps in the street extend the breadth of this city passage, what to do? Happily bump over them? The car is rebelling!

General Info: We received our dividend this week-end and for anyone's information the last two digits in the serial number were 279. Anyone in that vicinity can plan accordingly. (Bet the Liquor Store cash register is adding up the figures from Uncle Sam's generosity.)

of teacher and student alike was commonly gauged by the number of valentines received. Then some depression-ridden job printer with typical, fiendish American ingenuity came along and transferred coarse lampoons with equally coarse verse onto coarse paper and sold them faster than hotcakes for a penny apiece.

Overnight the complexion of Valentine's day changed. No longer was a person's popularity gauged by the number of cards received, but rather his unpopularity. You who have that most useless of all personality traits, a social conscience, should heed this. Perhaps you will find a cue to the rising rate of juvenile delinquency in the comic valentine. After all, what else can some kid do when deluged with a flock of valentines referring to his big, runny nose except imitate the old man and go out somewhere to bury it in a bucket of booze?

According to Americana, Valentine's day is celebrated to honor an early bishop of the Church. He was put to death at Rome during a religious persecution on February 14 in the year 270.

It is an old, old custom to choose valentines on this day. People used to do it by lot. All the gentlemen would drop their names in one hat, and the ladies likewise in another. Then everybody would stand around the hats and draw names, something in the manner of the so-called "dessert" here on the campus. If the results were as mutually unsatisfactory then as now, why it's a shame no one was around to run off a few comic valentines. It would have been a bonanza.

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## Crotchety Old Vet Ingrid Bergman, Rita Hayworth, Testimonials by Steve Loy

Wonder what is going to be the effect of the re-manning of the air-raid lookout stations on the coast. Never having done the job in a civilian status, I can testify that lookout duty even in a combat area is a mighty tedious job. If the system is set up on a voluntary basis, as I suppose it will be, it looks very much like it will be a tough job getting the manpower. I would think a blimp patrol would be a much more efficient manner of watching the coastline anyhow. The "poopy

bags" can fly in pretty rough weather and certainly would be a good supplement to the ground watchers.

Speaking of wind bags, Fulton Lewis, nicknamed "futile Lewis," by Bill Moyes, is due for a visit to Portland. Moyes also had a good gag about a press agent for Hayworth's company complaining to a cohort about the terrific licking they took from the Bergman backers. "Our girl got married first."

Chow hall conversation in the commons:

"Looks like we'll have to get up another petition in order to get our recreation room finished."

Say, didn't they trim the fir trees a little close? They look like coeds with their hair up in pin-curls. An' that ain't good.

I wish I could think of some significant connection between the 39-hour testimonial session back East with the Oregon campus. The big difficulty here I think, is that the office of student affairs is doing such a bang up job that we have no sins to confess.