

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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ANITA HOLMES, Editor DON THOMPSON, Business Manager
Lorna Larson, Managing Editor
Ken Metzler, Tom King, Don Smith, Associate Editors

Time Marches On: ROTC for Women

History bears it out—the gals are forever lifting things from the men. They don't seem very particular about what they take, either, because history relates that their ransacking maneuvers have netted them pants, shirts, jobs, voting rights, cigarettes—and we've even heard of girls turning out for football.

The topper came the other day, however—and even the most hardened of historians (those historians who keep up with such things) must have been shocked into emitting a grunt.

Seems like an 18-year-old Miss applied for enrollment in the air force ROTC unit at St. Louis University—said she was "just as capable and just as patriotic as any boy." She also said there was nothing in the air force regulations to prevent it.

Which means that the gals are now trying to take our rifles away from us—but before we say "welcome to it, sister" we must raise a question:

What could happen if some sweet young thing applied for enrollment in the ROTC at Oregon?

Well, we asked Major E. L. Hibner, who is in charge of the University's air force ROTC unit.

And the major hinted that while feminine pants, shirts, jobs, voting rights and cigarettes may be okay—a feminine ROTC isn't.

"Sorry," he said, "we'd just have to turn 'em down."

He declared that the question had previously been brought up before the combined chiefs of staffs and that the gals received sort of a "please get lost quick" reply.

But he pointed out that at Utah State Agricultural College they had a women's sponsor group in which the ladies were instructed in the finer points of the assembly and disassembly of the BAR by ROTC instructors working on their own time. Nothing like that is contemplated at Oregon.

In fact, said the major, the closest the army gets to the opposite sex or vice-versa on this campus is the Military Ball.

Well, girls—what next?—T.K.

They Could Wear Beanies, Too

Much embarrassment could have been saved if someone had appeared sooner with the suggestion that University professors wear identifying lapel buttons.

That was the suggestion, according to the Emerald's inquiring reporter, of Mr. Cyril Bibby, English lecturer who spoke here Tuesday night.

If all professors wore large yellow buttons with green letters saying "I am a Professor," we could spot them coming a mile away.

Obviously, that would have distinct advantages in the event we were forced to take a week-long vacation from any particular class.

Although inclined to favor the suggestion, we guess we won't press the issue.

We're too near graduation.K.M.

The Second Cup . . .

With today's big rally in mind, this bit of wisdom, borrowed for the situation from Henry Ward Beecher, seems appropo: "In things pertaining to enthusiasm no man is sane who does not know how to be insane on proper occasions."

The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

He who hesitates is lost—if that hesitation does not lead to action.

To see is not necessarily to know, but to emotionally grasp that which lies beneath the surface is knowledge greater than any combination of words.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .
goes to the Assembly Committee for the fine fall term program it has lined up for the new daytime gatherings—a program that includes such notables as Sumner Welles, former under secretary of state, and Phil LaFollette, ex-governor of Wisconsin and a member of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's staff.
THE OREGON LEMON . . .
to the freshmen women who failed to attend the WAA orientation meeting. Only 50 showed up; last year the number was 350.

Statement of Policy

Edits Will be as Subtle as a Punch in the N

We're going to take sides. Not in the news columns. Only on this editorial page.

That's our policy, and this is the Emerald's annual statement concerning what we're going to do in '50-51.

Some critics of last year's daily say that the editorial page favored one side of an issue while it should have been an impartial presenter of campus opinion.

That's incorrect. The Emerald's editorial page doesn't merit its ink if it doesn't stand for or against something. True, all sides should be looked at, facts should be absolutely accurate, and then the editor and the associates must draw their conclusions.

They may be wrong. But their sincere and honest opinions will be presented.

A kick by itself will be insufficient. We're determined to offer a positive solution for every issue we oppose.

The editorial "we" in this case stands for the associate editors, Tom King, Ken Metzler, and Don Smith, and the editor. Opinions expressed by this foursome will be our own—not necessarily those of the ASUO or the University.

Unsigned editorials are written by the editor. Authors of initialed ones shouldn't be too difficult to figure out.

Columnists will present varied sides of campus questions . . . and will sometimes disagree with edi-

torial opinion. They are not bound to reflect our editorial policy.

Letters to the editor will always be welcome. Signatures are required, but the letters will be initialed or with initials, if requested.

National and international news will be covered both editorially and in the news columns. Campus political groups AGS, USA, Young Democrats, etc., will be covered.

Women's page readers will be thwarted this year. No such page in the '50 Emerald. Also absent is the gossip.

Its replacement—Campus Merry-Go-Round—being organized this week. You might expect a feature by calling it "country correspondence campus style." Names and news from every organization will make it up.

In the straight news line—a campaign for excellence in the Emerald is underway this fall. Editors will be assigned to every phase of the task. Their stories should not be slanted or inaccurate. If they are, it's your job to call the editor or Editor Norm Anderson.

No pressure will put any story on the fire if the managing editor questions its newsworthiness. Lorna Larson, as the m.e., is chief of the news side.

There, we've set down a fragment of Emerald policy. If you have a question, heed the editorial invitation to "come around to the door . . . the door is always open."



The Word

Only Contest of Its Kind in the World

A Quiz on Textbooks and Lost Females

From Stan Turnbull

Today is mystery day. Everybody grab your "gat" and let's all play Nick Carter. Anyone who can solve both today's mysteries will be our personal candidate for the Daily "E". Please enclose \$5 with each entry to cover the cost of mailing, handling, and registration (ours).

All entries are the property of the judges. Submit as many \$5 bills as you like.

(This reminds us of the fellow who ran a small ad in a national magazine saying a certain day was the last day to mail a dollar to a certain address—his; that's all the ad said, and he was rapidly getting rich when the postal authorities clamped down.)

Okay now, one-two-three, let's go: Why do textbooks cost so much? Why don't they print them on cheaper paper so they'll be cheaper? Why don't students revolt? What is Stalin up to? (We seem to be asking a lot of questions here.) But actually, what is going on here? A student enrolled for an average number of courses will spend around \$20 or more for his first term's books and a little less winter and spring terms, unless he changes his major or takes a whole new batch of courses, which is his own doing and he needn't come crying to us.

We are roughly familiar with how the Co-op operates, and don't believe it's their doing. Obviously the book manufacturers are behind it, and can anyone suggest anything?

Answers suggesting buying used books will be disqualified; used texts are as hard to find as courses that use the same text more than one year in a row. And why do the little tiny texts cost more than the big ones? And why do all of them cost more than fiction or non-fiction of twice the size? Maybe they don't, but it seems like it. And why are we assigned only three or four chapters from the most expensive ones? Gad!

Now here's one for the real

super-sleuths. Where have all the swarms of attractive young ladies that but a few days ago abounded in great plenty disappeared to? They were here—we saw them with our own eyes—and they are gone.

And from past experience, they will reappear in the spring. Where do they go in the meantime? Frankly, we haven't any suggestions for you in hunting the answer (or anything else). For a few days it seemed it might be those toe-length raincoats, under which few can look glamorous, but the rain has stopped for a while and they're still gone. No, not the raincoats.

We have just one interesting theory to toss in that we picked

up in a local pub (we were quiring directions to the pub). Theory: These young things arrive from school (this is hard enough to believe—we went to high school and are for the most part attached).

This being a condition inherent to nature as well as to young things, they attempt something about it. They maybe it's deep breathing exercises, but several million reports to the contrary are reported to have been sold.

At any rate, soon the men are newly attached, arguments are now left behind, too much trouble, and are back to normal.

And what happens in the spring. You don't know?



"By the way, Willie, that's acid in that water glass."