

Oregon Daily EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD, published daily during the college year except all Saturdays but Junior Weekend, Sundays, holidays, final examination periods, and the Monday preceding Junior Weekend in May by the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$4 for two terms; \$3 per term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial page are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or of the University. Initialed editorials are written by the associate editors. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor.

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Six Steps to Spirit

Like the weather, everybody yells about spirit—but does anybody do anything about it? No—not at Oregon.

It's about time someone stepped in and told us exactly what things are expected of loyal Webfoots in line of duty to the alma mater.

The ASUO Executive council should start making known to the students what is to be done at games. Here are a few recommendations, which might be followed:

- (1) Reserve seats between the 35-yard-lines for students wearing white shirts. No white shirt—no seat between the 35-yard-lines.
 - (2) Save the first few rows of this white shirt section for women—who are wearing, among other things, white blouses.
 - (3) Have the band play the pledge song somewhat faster than a funeral dirge. And those students who don't want to sing the pledge song should at least have the courtesy to stand quiet for a few moments.
 - (4) Have the yells explained some time before the game, at a pre-game rally, so we don't have another "deathly silence" fiasco.
 - (5) Have pre-game rallies planned so students will attend—try the snowball technique, and on a night when there are not other conflicts.
 - (6) Have the song girls ready for the next game.
- None of these suggestions is putting an undue hardship on any student. No one is forcing anyone to do anything—if you don't want to wear a white shirt or white blouse, you don't have to. You can sit outside the 35-yard-lines and leave the better white-shirt section seats for those students who are willing to put forth a little lung power for the school.—D.S.

1,200,000 in Dollars and Sense

What would you do if someone handed you \$1,200,000 on the spot? Whatever you'd do—don't. Not until you've voted "yes" on the constitutional amendment "lending state tax credit for higher education building."

That sounds like a mouthful of gibberish—but it makes sense when boiled down to common, dollar and cents terms, to wit:

Educational buildings are financed by revenue bonds. These bonds generally are subject to a higher rate of interest than general obligation bonds.

Thus—the amendment would enable the State Board to redeem and refund outstanding revenue bonds and issue general obligation bonds for self-liquidating buildings.

The lower rate of interest would make a minimum saving of \$1,200,000.

Does that mean more taxes? No. Over a quarter of a century the State Board has never failed to meet its principal and interest payments.

The money to pay off the bonds comes from building fees, charges at dormitories (such as at Carson Hall right now), proceeds from athletic events, income from concessions, special privilege charges, and contributions and funds from other sources.

The Oregonian, which is backing the amendment, states that there should be "compensatory reductions in student fees or additional benefits in new self-financing plants."

That's amendment 302 in a nutshell.

There's a long list of influential parties backing this plan. Read it: Governor Douglas McKay, gubernatorial candidate Austin Flegel, Ex-Governor Charles A. Sprague, the American Legion, State Grange, CIO, and the Congress of Parents and Teachers.

Your chance to back the plan comes on November 7. Vote "yes" and give \$1,200,000 to the state system of higher education of which your University is an integral part.—T.K.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

to a football team who won, we'll give the E, in spite of those never-happy Ducks who think the margin between the two teams should have been wider.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to the keeper of the electric scoreboard at Saturday's game. It never quite kept up with the action.



The Word

Out of a Clear Sky, or Franky Freshman Gets Taken for a Ride in One Act.

Franky Freshman and his girl were out joyriding one Sunday. Being lovers of nature they had bypassed the more heavily-traveled byways, and were jolting along one of the delightful trails known by courtesy as "country roads."

You may think they're going to run out of gas, but as a matter of fact, they're going to get lost, instead. The scene changes and they are now lost. (Because we must have a lot of action and not too much description in a short column.)

Finally Franky spies a rustic rural resident. He and his girl alight and inquire directions.

"Say, is this the right road to Eugene?" Franky inquires.

"The right road to where?"

"The right road to Eugene," Franky repeats.

"Where's that?" the farmer, who has a suspiciously slanting forehead, inquires.

"Gee, I don't know," Franky replies.

"Well, thanks anyway," replies the farmer, and he climbs into the car and drives off.

And they had the darndest time convincing the house mother when they arrived home a trifle after closing hours.

The Second Cup

Philosophical babblings, original, borrowed, and assimilated—that fit into life.

How many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made—O.W. Holmes.

The greatest crime an honest man can commit is to permit himself to be born poor. Fidman.

Perhaps it is wiser to leave the poor in ignorance, for when they are not educated to know of the things they cannot possess, their poverty is made less painful.—Fidman.

Only those Americans who are willing to die for their country are fit to live—MacArthur.

A refusal of praise is a desire to be praised twice—La Rochefoucauld.

In the United States there is more space where nobody is than where anybody is. This is what makes America what it is—G. Stein.

In dedication to National Cat Week, which is practically upon us—

It has been the providence of nature to give this creature nine lives instead of one—Pilpay.

A cat may look at a king.—J. Heywood.

Letters

The Campus Answers

Emerald Editor:

Don't you think it's rather presumptuous to assume that freshmen girls living in the dormitories are either third graders or inmates of an institution? Most of us were allowed a reasonable amount of privileges while in high school, and after all, college girls are considered to be mature.

Bars on the windows, we're sure, are the only exterior decorations missing from Carson, Hendricks, and Susan Campbell. In keeping with this theme, we could also purchase little white coats for our hall proctors. They could be labelled "keeper" over the left pocket. The girls could then wear black and white striped leotards, and everyone would be happy.

It's time for the house and rules committee to get together with the girls to make rules that will satisfy not only the Deans, but also the residents of the dormitories. We're not asking for anything unreasonable; we just want to be treated as young adults rather than juvenile delinquents.

Very truly yours,

A group of very dissatisfied freshmen.

Colleges From Coast To Coast

Kappas, Communism, and FBI

With another bustling football weekend now history, other student problems were arresting the attention of colleges the nation over—new buildings, the FBI, and even that ol' Oregon bugaboo, spirit.

Here's the rundown on what's going on—from Corvallis to Chapel Hill.

Up north in the valley at Oregon State, students were still waging an enthusiastic campaign to construct a \$709,000 stadium seating 35,000 . . . In halftime ceremonies at Saturday's game they did a dramatic "Hail and Farewell" honoring the "death" of Bell Field . . . Hopes are that the structure will be ready for the 1952 season.

Concerning spirit: they even worry about it at the Oregon Technical Institute. The attitude seemed to be that "your team can be no better than the backing you give it . . . if you (the students) slack off, then the team will lose spirit, too." Evidently the spirit—on both parts—is lacking, because OTI lost its last game, 19-12. But they're working on it—until some day they hope to become known as "the little school with the big spirit."

At the University of Colorado,

interest was centered around a law enforcement school conducted by FBI agents. The subject of the course undoubtedly, added to the opening night's attendance at the Saturday night dramatic attraction, "Death of a Salesman."

At Seattle's University of Washington, heavy penalties were dealt out to the organization which vandalized the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority house.

Meanwhile, the University of North Carolina was all aflutter over the question of how deeply Communism had imbedded itself in the campus . . . The Chapel Hill mayor finally stepped up and lashed out at those "who yammer, howl, spit, and snarl about . . . the University being a 'hotbed of Communism.'"

At Syracuse University, the girls got a thrill when a burglar looted one of the dormitories. The prowler sent an apology note the next day—said he was trying to prove to his pals he was a commando during the war. One of the girls went into hysterics, laughing "There's a man in our room, hee-hee-hee," when the burglary was staged. Asked another girl, incredulously, "A WHOLE man?"

It Could Be Oregon



"If you think that was a good running block, you should be around when I take off his chains!"