

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Top o' the Week

Webfoots Take Over Seattle

When a football team flies to Seattle, some of the players study on the hour and a half long trip. A quarterback works on accounting; a senior studies a 100 course; a sophomore concentrates deeply on a thesaurus—"it's a good book."

Puddles sits in the front of the plane, and some wonder if his ears are popping. And someone wonders if he has ears.

University of Washington rally squad members and Washky, the husky, meet the Webfoots and Puddles at the airport. On the long drive back to town, one of the Washingtonians tells about the Fuddle-Duddle club, beer drinkers whose pledge pin is a bottle cap.

Ducks, other than the ball-players, are in Seattle to see the game and also to attend a student union meeting.

Oregon's Director Dick Williams is on the second floor of Washington's union building—the Hub—when a U. O. band member unknowingly asks Williams, "Would you please tell me where the 'john' is?" Coincidence.

Game time, and nobody's ashamed of the green machine from Eugene either before or after the 60 minutes of football. Everybody's especially proud of the Oregon band, and impressed with the U. of W. card section.

And hardly a listener believes the radio announcer who says 2000 Webfoots are attending the game. The count is closer to 200.

Rounding up a football team after the game is almost harder than playing the game. Easiest of all is the drive through Seattle's downtown section enroute to the airport.

A motorcycle escort blocks traffic while the two busses snake through busy streets. Truman had it no better.

Some ballplayers sing while they wing southward. One song, almost forgotten, goes something like "... victory's the cry of Washington."



The Word

The Life of a Collegian: It's 'Oh-So-Wonderful'

From Stan Turnbull

Lots of happenings happened during this past weekend, it seems . . . If Bob Funk will pardon us, the people-in-the-place-where-we-live went through four-letter-word . . . the furnace grating got up and walked off, hence no fires . . . silverware took a vacation too; people eating peas with paring knives, gravy ladles, spatulas, and frozen fingers.

Kappas reportedly liquidated their interest in the poultry business the very morning after they incorporated . . . but where's that second chicken? And how many people can run through the same door at the same time?

Ogegana editor Ruth Landry is really a very messy typist . . . at least she decided she was when a letter she was typing came out all over gooey . . . then she discovered a bee had taken up temporary lodgings back of the roller on her Royal.

Funny at the time at least was closing-hour comment of lock-up gal at local sorority, "Okay, youth of America, time to get the heck home . . ."

And there was the alum at Homecoming who heard the Oregon seal had been moved to the front of the Student Union, went to look, focussed patriotic eyes (blue with red whites) on the manhole cover by the side entrance and rambled off cursing the younger generation as incurable practical jokers.

With (choke) rush week beginning this week, there should be a whole new batch of funny stories soon . . . there was the

fellow who went through rush weeks for four years with the only intention of getting in on some free ginger-ale drinking . . . clever lad . . . we hope none of the freshmen get too seriously wounded in the hip by their pocketloads of pledge pins.

And at the Alpha Chi house Friday night, there's the slightly-early couple that almost got conked by a hot-water bottle thrown from the third floor . . . but these nights are awful cold.

Letters

The Campus Answers

Christmas Commercialized?
 Emerald Editor:

It is silly to complain that Christmas has become both expensive and empty, and still buy an armful of gifts big enough to sink the budget. And it is just as silly to rant that Christmas has become all tinsel and trees instead of stable and stars and then balk at sending cards bearing stable and stars.

In substituting materialistic cards void of Christmas scenery for messages of prayers and wishes for God's blessings that are the spirit of Christmas, commercialization of the holy day is complete.

We were planning to buy our Christmas cards at the Co-op, taking advantage of the sale as well as of the regular display. Amid the large array of cards we found only several reminding the buyer of what Christmas really means.

One of the Co-op personnel told us past sales indicate students do not buy this type of card.

Have our students indicted themselves for loss or absence of the true Christmas spirit?

Mrs. Julia I. Diener

Well, Well, Welles
 Emerald Editor:

Although I was pleased by Mr. Sumner Welles' espousal of eventual world government, I am afraid that his comments on world federalist groups might have given rise to misconceptions in some students' minds.

These groups, chief among them United World Federalists, do not want to tear down the United Nations; on the contrary, they want to strengthen it, either by amending the present charter or by writing a new, stronger, charter, giving the world organization the legislative, executive, and judicial powers of a sovereign state in those fields affecting the maintenance of peace.

It seems to me that the present state of world affairs makes such a change even more urgent than it was before.

I agree with Mr. Welles that the United Nations' military action in Korea is good.

But I believe that it would have been better still to have prevented the necessity for such action altogether.

Renate Kaufmann
 760 Mill Race Drive

Rush Week Gets the Bum's Rush

Rush week—that barbarian of the fraternity system—begins today.

It begins on paper today, that is. Since the announcement of this mid-term rush week, houses have been contacting prospects by telephone, entertaining like mad, and visiting the dormitories.

One dorm counselor called Thursday night, wondering if the Emerald could politely ask the rushers to stay away from the dormitories part of the time. Studying (some do it, you know) was being disrupted sadly by the nugget-seekers.

It's a kill-or-be-killed business, we know. And no man alone can correct it.

But isn't there a leader or a house or a group of houses sick enough of this cut-throat competition to do something about it . . . not especially for this damnable rush week, but for those in the future.

Where is this thing called honor?

Mass Student Body Trip Would Be Ducky

Here's a thought which, though a little tardy for the 1950 football campaign, might develop into something for the future if the right people start agitating in the right places at the right time—which means right soon.

Why doesn't Oregon take a student body trip—a pilgrimage en masse—to one of the out-of-town games every year, the particular event to be selected by the Executive Council or by a student body vote.

In other words, instead of the students going piecemeal to one out-of-town game one week and another the next, let them go as one great big happy family with pre-arranged details.

Need you be more convinced, consider these advantages:

The confusion over cutting classes would be eliminated; there would be only one "confused" weekend rather than the customary three or four. Quite possibly the administration would agree to suspend Friday afternoon and Saturday classes for the one event.

Too, a train caravan could be arranged at cheaper rates—a "Webfoot Special" carrying Duck supporters to and from the event—plus the usual quotas of rallies, dances, and what-have-you at the game-site.

Now, considering the 1951 season—the University of California game Nov. 17 at Berkeley is a "natural."

If the project were undertaken some time this year, chances are the necessary arrangements might be forthcoming before next fall.—T.K.

The Second Cup . . .

One of Oregon's professors remarked the other morning while returning test papers, "Some of you fell on your faces miserably. But then," he added, "some faces were meant to fall on."

Borrowed from Egyptian papyrus—the oldest known writing on paper: "Alas, things are not what they used to be. Everybody wants to write a book and children no longer obey their parents."

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

to the Oregon faculty for its generous contributions to the Community Chest drive—virtually absorbing the campus' \$4,000 quota by itself. Also to N. H. Comish, professor of business administration, for his excellent work as director of the faculty drive.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to the University of Washington coaches and supporters who broadcast that the Huskies' second string would do the job of demolishing the Oregon Webfoots Saturday last.

