

Oregon Daily EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD, published Monday through Friday during the college year with the following exceptions; no paper Oct. 30; Dec. 5 thru Jan. 3; Mar. 6 thru 28; May 7; Nov. 22 thru 27, and after May 24; additional papers on Nov. 4 and May 12, by the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post-office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 per term.

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

ANITA HOLMES, Editor DON THOMPSON, Business Manager
LORNA LARSON, Managing Editor BARBARA WILLIAMS, Advertising Manager
TOM KING, KEN METZLER, DON SMITH, Associate Editors

Four Days in Which All Work Is Done

Who spends Thanksgiving at home? Sure, lots of folks do, even some college students do; but some don't.

Home is too far away for some to make and return with only four days. School is too close and too demanding for some to leave. Portland and football are too attractive for some to bypass.

Or maybe it's the theater and the opening of "Othello" that keeps a student in Eugene—for rehearsals and stage crew work.

Or term papers due the "Monday after Thanksgiving—that'll give you plenty of time" assigned by the professor six weeks ago, and still not yet begun.

Or the prospect of a nice, quiet, four days in which the house will be empty, and you can get all that studying done without the usual distractions.

There might even be a soul who wants to start preparing for finals.

But most students will leave the campus. Many will take along a book to get some chapters read during the long weekend; but the book won't be opened.

Others are visiting friends in or near Portland, so they'll be on hand for Saturday's game; and they'll miss turkey dinner with the folks.

So what have you got to be thankful for?

Well, be thankful for the four days which you've counted on since the first week to get caught up in.

And there must be some thankful student, who's just going to say to hell with it all, and leave books and all thought of them behind for the holidays.—D.S.

Spain Hides in Stacks

Some time ago we wrote an editorial about opening library stacks to students, pointing out that it will serve to acquaint students with books.

Well, a lot has happened since then. Take the other night, for instance.

We were looking for material on Spain. But on annex level two we got carried away. There are just too many books there.

We toured Japan, courtesy of the Japanese National Railway (C. 1933). We struggled part way up mighty Mt. Everest as the cold wind chilled our bones—and we nearly got killed when an avalanche prevented our reaching the summit.

We sat back and gloated as a writer told us about the wonders of the Great Pacific Northwest. We helped catch one of the fightingest fish in the world—a salmon on the Columbia River.

With parched throats we cried for "water!" as we trudged onward through the great deserts of central Australia.

"Caramba! El Toro!" we yelled as we watched the bull-fights in Mexico City.

In all, three hours were spent in this trans-world tour. We somehow never got around to Spain.

Now, we are not condemning the policy of opening the stacks to the students. We learned a lot in that three hours, perhaps more than we could learn in three hours of classes. And we got acquainted with a lot of books.

But the point is, we may be slightly late with our term report on Spain. We hope our professor will understand.—K.M.

The Second Cup...

While attending a collegiate leaders' conference at Oregon State last weekend, a she-Webfoot asked a she-Beaver: "how is your new major for p.e. women coming?" The answer, "I don't know, but some of the girls are getting mighty big muscles."

THE DAILY 'E'...

to Ray Hawk, associate director of student affairs, who listens to the student voice and is a big enough man to consider the future of five men ahead of criticism the small people will surely give him.

THE OREGON LEMON...

in advance—to any Oregon or Oregon State students who chance to forget that football is the reason they'll be in Multnomah Stadium Saturday afternoon.



Re: Hash

Serve Me Breakfast; Then Let's Reminisce

By Bob Funk

We wonder how long you have to attend the University of Oregon before you become an old-timer. We have somehow divined that we haven't been here that long. But someday, and it shouldn't be too long from now, we are going to be an old-timer and start a series of reminiscences.

A dubious ambition, perhaps. There are even persons who have intimated that nothing of consequence has happened since we came to Oregon. We, of course, disagree. It may well be that in the halcyon days of our freshman year nothing happened; since then, however, any number of things have happened—things which should appeal to an extremely diverse audience.

There was the announcement of the Plan; the Riot; the awesome unveiling of TNE (with cannon, snare drums, and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" in the background); and just lately there has been beer.

For us, and for most other persons, this list of Events of Importance does not recall any very deep wounds. For us the most important events were times like the morning our English comp teacher stopped us on the street (at the end of three weeks during which we had attended English comp fewer than one time) and graciously invited us to the final examination.

The time that we got lost trying to get out of the PE building by a short-cut, and were not found until the WAA carnival. The afternoons we thought were Thursday instead of Wednesday, and missed numerous classes. The nights we stayed up all night because we didn't have any studying to do (this was long ago) and were too elated about it to go to bed.

We had better desist now, because as of yet we haven't been here long enough to be carrying on in such a sentimental manner. Soon we would be openly tearful, recalling the days when dances were held in Mac Court (this wasn't awfully long ago, but it seems like it).

What we are getting at (actually, we are not getting at anything). To start with we just thought we would wander on, and now it seems as if we should be getting at something) is that most of our lives will go on reasonably unblemished by such problems as Will or Won't Beer be Sold Near the Campus. Let the Persons-In-Charge of such problems solve them, and let there be fighting in the streets and vast numbers of students jumping from rooftops. Let the underlying currents dampen everything.

We are not going to let it ruin our breakfast.

Sky's The Limit

A Search of Society Finds Lack of Truth

By Sam Fidman

Getting the wind knocked out of your sails is not so bad as it is portrayed. It simply involves a deflation of the inner man, or, better, the puncturing of a deeply desired ambition.

If all wants were to be satisfied, if all goals were crossed, the spice would be torn out of living. A Frenchman once exclaimed something in French, to the effect that if you have not suffered, you have not really lived.

He did not mean that if you did not suffer you were dead. But, life entails doing things, and having some emotion connected with what you do.

Then, we have Thanksgiving. This is a day which is set aside to give thanks for all the good things that have happened.

Naturally, since good things are usually thought of as those which are similar to accomplished goals, we will take a left turn here, and give thanks for the bad things that happened, since that just about covers everything.

Shall we give thanks for the world we live in? Shall we merely ignore the pile-up of rot and give thanks for the few little simplicities that have managed to survive?

We like to believe that people are basically good, whether they speak in the gingery slang of Memphis' Beale Street, or a garble of Chinese dialects.

It is then puzzling to behold the torturous events of our time. There is something wrong with the society of mankind, and more and more, that "something" appears to be lack of knowledge. By

knowledge, we imply the truth.

If our social environment calls upon us to give thanks at this time, and since we live within it and because of it, we cannot ignore its call, we give thanks for the opportunity to learn.

Letters The Campus Answers

Phi Theta Speaks

Dear Oregon Students:

We, as the little girls in blue, would like to enlighten every student on the campus concerning the significance of our organization, Phi Theta Upsilon. Sometimes we are affectionately known as "Ptoopies" or Phi Thetas, but actually there is a third greek letter attached, Upsilon. Since we have received many inquiries as to the purpose of Phi Theta, we want to let you know that we are a service honorary in more than name only.

Our twenty members are carefully chosen in the spring, on the basis of quality of service to the University during our sophomore year. When we return in the fall, our first function is to welcome the new freshman girls, lugging their luggage up the steep stairs of Suzy, and down the halls of Hendricks and Carson.

At home football games, Phi Thetas earnestly sell programs, to aid in building our scholarship fund.

The rest of the year, you'll see us at concerts and basketball games, ushering and punching tickets. The Phi Theta-sponsored annual spring term goodie sale—Twisties, Mysties, or what have you—is another means of furthering our worthy project. The money received from this work finances the four \$100 scholarships awarded each spring to deserving junior women.

Phi Theta's purpose is service to the University, our fellow students, and student government. We take our part in elections by conducting polling booths, plus many hours spent at a Co-op card table, and serving for Junior Weekend and Homecoming.

One of our by-laws is the promotion of friendliness and united spirit on the campus. Our service is not only to you, the students. To us the personal benefits derived from our association will always be a memorable part of our college life.

Sincerely,
Members of Phi Theta Upsilon

It Could Be Oregon



"Coach said this play would open up a clear field!"