

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 ASUO 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

The Igloo Replaces the Cold Shoulder

The Pi Kappa Alphas will probably be overwhelmed by the largeness of McArthur Court this Saturday when they hold their dream girl house dance there; in fact the Pi K A's are probably overwhelmed that they got to hold their house dance in a University building.

The Student Affairs Committee met in special meeting yesterday afternoon to hear the house's plea. And the committee, recognizing that the circumstances were extenuating, made an exception to its temporary policy, and approved use of the Igloo for a house dance. The Pi K A's, the SAC realized, were caught in a bind; and since no other University facilities were available, the house got Mac Court.

On Dec. 12 the committee will meet and further discuss the house dance situation; and out of that meeting a policy should develop.

The happy bringing about of the dream girl dance was the result of efforts channeled through the office of ASUO President Barry Mountain. Which seems like a very logical place for students to go when they need help and advice in solving a problem.—D.S.

'Just Wait Until Next Year'

Football closed out with a dull thud last Saturday for the University of Oregon.

It's been a rugged season—supposedly the worst in this school's history.

It's what popularly is termed an "in between" or "building" year.

Essentially, this 1950 Webfoot outfit was inexperienced and green. It won't always be so. Some of the sophomores and juniors are going to develop—and when they do then Oregon will reclaim her rightful position as one of the kingpins in the conference, a status it held but failed to maintain two years ago.

The Ducks weren't so "nifty in '50."
Maybe they'll "see in the sun in '51."—T.K.

A Southern Gentleman is Always Right

People in South Carolina are inclined to believe what the weatherman says.

The weatherman, as many will point out very quickly, isn't always right.

But take the situation a few days ago in Charleston, S. C. The temperature stood at 70 degrees. A weather forecaster drove up to a service station and bought a large supply of antifreeze.

The service station operator posted a big sign saying, "The weatherman just purchased antifreeze—how about you?"

As the Associated Press puts it: "His supply went like hot (oops) cakes."

What happened shortly afterward in 15 eastern states including South Carolina is, of course, making history.—K.M.

And in the Right Corner—Herblock

A new cartoonist is gracing the Emerald editorial page today. He's Herbert L. Block—better known as HERBLOCK of Washington Post and Pulitzer Prize fame.

HERBLOCK is not replacing Bibler, whose "It Could Be Oregon" cartoons daily claim the lower right of the page. He's a guest cartoonist and is of such national fame that an introduction is needed.

Winner of the Sigma Delta Chi award for "distinguished service in editorial cartooning," HERBLOCK has been called America's ace editorial cartoonist.

We're pleased to present him to the University of Oregon.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

to Penney's in Eugene for turning it's store into a training ground for business administration students today, which has been designated University of Oregon Day.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to the English department and its restrictions on registration for students who wish to change sections in lit and comp courses.



Sky's The Limit Troubles? Try Dying, Then Come Back Again

By Sam Fidman

This idea of coming back to earth in some other form has got its good points. It seems a little silly, but that is because the average run of people don't know anyone who is on a return trip. If I were to say I do know of such things, of course, you would not believe me. And, I don't blame you, it does seem absurd. Yet, right here in Eugene, I know a chap who is on his third time around.

From what I could gather, the first time you knock off, you are presented with a sheet, which lists the various shapes and forms in which you may return,

and you get to mark down your preferences, until you have made six selections.

One significant thing is that they do not cross the sex line. If you go out a male, you do not get the opportunity to try your luck as a wench. If you are a male dog when you pass on, you cannot come back a female cat. The rules are very simple—and there are certain understandings which, if you pick up during your time on earth, will make the whole situation easier for you when you plop into the great beyond.

For example, it is very handy to carry a little change with you to help the picker "decide" on the preferred preference. They have got those pickers down to a science. It is very much like the set up at most medium or large city post offices. There are rows of what some idiot once decided to call pigeon-holes, and the pickers—who originally got there with plenty of cash on hand—sit on lean-to stools.

You may wonder just how you get to be a picker. The idea is, when you hand in your preference sheet to your group picker, you, if you are in the know, slip him a handful of moolah. If you give him a large enough wad, he gives you his job, and makes out a preference sheet of his own. You, of course, grant his top preference which is usually—return to earth as a handsome, wealthy, rich, and fairly well-to-do man of about 22 years of age.

Never cross your group picker, because he still has lots of influence with the other pickers, and they can make things rough up there, so they tell me.

The Second Cup

A liberal is a man who is willing to spend somebody else's money—Glass.

One who has both feet firmly planted in the air—Anonymous.

Respectability is the cloak under which fools cover their stupidity.—W. Somerset Maugham.



Re: Rash

By Bob Funk

Here at the University where everyone seems to think a great deal about gregarious tendencies of man we have several thoughts about gregarious tendencies, most of them backward looking.

Our first encounter with the Group Idea was during our sixth year, when we were elected vice-treasurer of the Short and Squatty Club. There were three officers: president, secretary, and treasurer; and three vice-officers. There were no other members.

The officers, as we remember, all had separate chairs. The vice-officers occupied what was termed the Vice Bench, an old garden seat. All of this was encompassed by four walls and a roof, located far out in the middle of a vacant lot.

We cannot recall just how successfully the Group Idea was carried out by the Short and Squatty, other than that we sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" at every meeting (this song was dedicated to the president, by request of the president. He wasn't such a bad fellow, at that).

Our next venture, in what was possibly the next year, was the Eating Club. This was a group dedicated to cooking grass and eggs the bantam chickens had laid a week or two previously, and devouring same. We were among the most enthusiastic members until the afternoon we were forced to eat one of those eggs. We lost our membership along with our lunch—not only did you have to cook, like, and eat the food—you had to retain it.

When we were in the fourth grade, a young lady named Geraldine started a rather Bohemian group which was called the Dancing Club. No one danced, this event being greatly dreaded by the male complement of the club.

Geraldine went on the stage or something, and dropped out of school. Our next meeting with the group idea was in cub scouts, and from then on the more formalized groups.

All this does not shed much light on anything, except that the Group Idea can be very interesting, if not too purposeful. We intend sometime to write an entire column on the president of the Short and Squatty, and how the clubhouse fell in on him once, but that will come much later.



Magazine Rack

By MARGE SCANDLING

With Christmas in the offing, December magazines are chock full of gift ideas . . . including, of course, those we could do just as well without . . . such as live lobsters to be shipped by mail in a Ready-To-Cook container . . . eight of the darn things and half a pack of clams for \$13.35 . . . and on up, depending on how many lobsters you want to surprise someone with on Christmas morning . . . a lovely thought . . . then there's a Christmas stocking for Fido . . . "line his up with the rest of the family's, and he'll be excited as a small boy with his first bicycle" . . . for the hunter, there's a set of buttons for his hunting coat made from none other than used shotgun shells (also available in cuff links) . . . a new book known as "Bottle Fatigue" is suggested for anyone who has ever "forayed into the shadowy land beyond the olive in the bottom of the fifth martini" . . . still another magazine offers a bagpipe . . . yep, the real thing . . . "a natural for serious musicians or someone who revels in being the noise of the party" . . . or you, too, can be a success for a mere \$150.

TIME reports the results of a survey taken of 457 freshmen women at Wellesley . . . 42 per cent of them pleased the administration by giving as their reason for choosing the school its high academic standards . . . others mentioned the school's prestige, family tradition, and the like . . . only two black sheep admitted they chose to go there because Harvard is just 12 miles away and M.I.T. 14.

New TV show is featuring the faculty of Johns Hopkins University in a science program which tries to get across principles of latest scientific advances . . . the professors have to compete with the last half hour of Milton Berle, claim they are tailoring the show for those who don't mind missing him . . . so far they have used everything from jars of Puffed Wheat to show action of electrons to a row of cocked mousetraps to demonstrate chain reaction.

"I'm Doing My Best To Get You In, Pal"



HERBLOCK