

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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## Eureka--A Hotwater Bottle!

Science has done a lot (or claims to have done a lot) in the field of weather. Airplane drivers are now "making" rain all over the place.

But Science has not completely conquered the weather. In Florida, Governor Fuller Warren has asked Science to do something to make the hurricanes go away. We'd like to ask Science to do something to warm the college sleeping porch.

When it gets so cold in the morning that you have to scrape the frost off the covers before you can get up—we understand that has happened on occasions—it's too cold. The situation might be improved a little by closing the windows on the porch, but that's too simple. Anyhow it cuts off the supply of fresh air.

So we are dumping the whole problem in Science's lap. Maybe it can work out a way to dam the flow of cold air from the Arctic—just like people dam rivers. Or maybe little airplanes can fly overhead and drop something (besides bombs) to warm the countryside.

However, now that we have called the attention of Men of Science to the problem, we'll leave it in their hands, and hope we don't freeze to death in the meantime.—K.M.

## She Wants a Doll, Not a Crutch

If a plucky little girl with rosy cheeks and a sober twinkle in her eyes came to your doorstep one day and asked you for a dime, we doubt if you would give her less than a dollar.

You would see that she wasn't out romping around on the playground lot with the rest of the gang—although you can bet she'd like to. Because this little girl has a brace on her leg—and under one arm she holds a crutch, not a doll.

She's asking you to help her—and many more like her. She wants a donation from you for the 1951 March of Dimes. She doesn't really ask for much—she knows you have other troubles, too. But she is thinking that maybe it will be your dime that removes that brace from her leg and puts a doll under her arm.

Now—this little girl actually will never come to your doorstep.

But you—and I—we can still do our share, if we act by Wednesday.

The campus drive ends then—although if this county fails to hit its quota the March of Dimes may be extended a few days.

Let us all make one day "Student Dime Day"—every student making a donation so we can help the plucky little girl with the sober twinkle in her eyes—who couldn't quite really make it up to our doorstep.—T. K.

## The Second Cup...

Never ask of money spent  
 Where the spender thinks it went  
 Nobody was ever meant  
 To remember or invent  
 What he did with every cent.

Frost.

To physically withdraw from the mass of society for a time is to erase the jumble from the mental blackboard and gain a fresher, clearer aspect on the matter of life—S. F.

## THE DAILY 'E'...

To the Oregon basketball squad and Coach John Warren for drubbing Oregon State twice and blazing into a first place tie in the Northern Division's fiery race for the laurels. Silenced are the continual grumpers who rode both the team and the coach unmercifully; a winning team gathers no moss.

## Letters

### The Campus Answers

#### Dean Pound's Shrewd Jabs

Emerald Editor:

Property is an important part of life, and in America the concept of property and private ownership is a vital element in all our thinking. There is, I submit, not the remotest chance that modern Americans would tolerate any type of state which would deprive us of private ownership, or fail to protect our possessions.

Yet Adeline Garbarino's review of Dean Pound's talk did not recognize that Pound seemed concerned almost exclusively with protection of property. Nor did the reviewer inform Emerald readers that the venerable expert used a deceptive device often employed by writers and speakers.

The real target of most of Dean Pound's shrewd jabs was the concept that government can properly be an instrument to achieve what our Constitution says is one of its purposes—to promote the general welfare. How far a government should pursue this end is controversial; it's a matter of degree, and Pound did not attempt to state the proper degree—he merely labeled the government involved a "service state."

Dean Pound concluded in effect, the "service state" is ridicu-

lous; it is trying to achieve the impossible and it will flounder.

He gave not even one sentence to the fact that power centers have shifted as growth and centralization progressed, so that the individual's rights now require protection from other dangers with which no individual, however moral, thrifty and industrious, can cope alone. Nor did he grant that since we boast of our "progress" and high standard of living, and urge or demand that the rest of the world emulate us, we needn't feel too guilty about enjoying its advantages.

Dean Pound played on some of our conditioned, emotional responses by stressing the danger of a "Superman Government"—without explaining how that could come about here, so long as Americans retain and expand, as they will, political democracy.

An finally, I don't recall Pound's saying—as quoted by your reviewer—that "the function of a service state is to relieve people of the burden of their promises." I believe the speaker said that would be a function of law if the view of one unidentified writer were adopted, or if precedent set by some court decision (he wasn't specific) were allowed to set a pattern.

John Valleau



### The Word

By Stan Turnbull

"Fssfu, wjust's a jprise fsmvr?" asked my little six-year-old son.

I looked up sharply. Had he been drinking again? And then of course I remembered—his jaw had been dislocated after an unfortunate affair involving another man's wife. So it was impossible to understand a word he said.

But I interpreted his gurgling as the usual request for a story... and my mind traveled back through the years to the never-to-be-forgotten days of college... days of pink tea and pretzels, picnics, classes, house dances... and House dances.

"Son," I said with more confidence than sometimes I thought might be warranted, "let me tell you about house dances..."

"I belonged to the Sigma Tau Epsilon Epsilon Rho house, and once a year we had a never-to-be-forgotten Western dance called The Green Steer Stampede, with decorations... yes with decorations.

"Ejar yjr jr; foggtrmvr fprpd yjod, slr yp r?" snarled my little cherub. Couldn't catch a word of it, but clobbered him with the poker just to be safe.

I went on, "There must have been some point to all that decorating, but it seems to have slipped my mind; but anyway, everyone worked like mad either on the decorations or on getting out of working on the decorations. This went on for at least a week, through classes and evenings and usually right up until about 15 minutes before pre-dance dinner and tea-party.

"Then you'd grab a quick shower, and dash madly off to make sure that you had enough time to eat dinner and drink tea afterwards... and then if you were lucky you somehow found your way back to the house and hopped around like crazy in a room overflowing with other people hopping around like crazy (and

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### Sky's The Limit



## A Chubby Finger Points At the Local Leviathan

By Sam Fidman

In no way has this column ever been intended as an axe-grinding device, with nothing better to chop at than the University administration. Nor, has this column's main intent and purpose been to point fingers of accusation in every direction, seeking out the bad and ignoring the good.

Columns devoted to the present educational system have been of the academic and suggestive vein, whereas writings that poked a chubby finger at the University administration were done without any preconceived malice.

However, the chubby finger has been levelled at the administration recently, and perhaps once in the past, for what we conceive as bad tendencies. None of the restrictive legislation can cause this writer, or the senior class, personal harm. They can cause ills to the lower classes, and to students not yet at the college level.

Consequently, we merely envisioned the restrictive thumb being pressed down on these innocents, and attempted to writhe for them.

Even if one or two of the restrictions can be so adequately explained so as to prove advantageous, the manner in which they were brought into existence is disturbing.

The tracks were laid down over the good black soil that is student opinion, and the train roared past leaving the opinion hapless and helpless beneath its ominous bulk.

The size of the campus, both in area and in population is ideal for pure democracy to be practiced. Yet, the tendency is to exercise pure totalitarian methods. It is exercised from the cockpit of sort of a benevolent despot, but it is difficult to ascertain just where that benevolence is effective, or who sits in the cockpit.

I say slay the local leviathan; make the heirarchy responsible to the student mass; there is a deep ditch between the heirarchy and the students.

Student government has not filled the ditch with dirt; that it is potentially able to is another question, but until now, it has not served its purpose. We the students are still free to speak; perchance we will be heard, but we will not be listened to—and there is a difference.

### This Is Oregon



FLOREN

"Looks like that new librarian really means business."