Page Two

A group of old duffers were

sitting around the pot-bellied

stove. A couple of them tilted

back their chairs and propped

their boondockens on the side of

the pregnant fuel burner. An-

other sat facing the back of his

chair, his head resting thought-

fully on his folded arms, while

still another sprawled on the

floor, propped comfortably

the snow whirled through the

darkness. It was pretty-almost

and hissed pleasantly in contrast

with the whipping, howling wind,

and the warmth from the fire was

soothing and sensuously stimu-

A box of crackers, empty ex-

cept for a few crumbs, blended

into the scene along with the fortunate segment of a loaf of

cheese which had somehow elud-

ed complete annihilation. A kit-

chen knife, coated with cheese

and crumbs, was propped against

the cracker box, and a few beer

bottles, definitely empty, stood

beautiful-, magical, and cold.

Outside the wind whistled and

The wood in the stove crackled

against a sack of feed.

Tuesday, February 13, 1951

Letters.

The

Campus

Answers



The OREGON DALLY EMERALD published Monday through Friday during the college year teept Oct. 30; Dec. 5 through Jan. 3; Mar 6 through 28; May 7; Nov. 22 through 27; and ter May 24, with issues on Nov. 4 and May 12, by the Associated Students of the University Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription after May 24 ates: \$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.

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When the KWAXial Cable Comes...

You think you've got troubles.

KWAX has had nothing but woe since it started out as a proposed radio station called KDUK back in May, 1949.

Then Oregon students were going to hear their own station through a carrier current method. Now KWAX will be FM when it goes on the air. And in between, hardy have been the hearts who stuck with the station.

The money was lacking last spring, so a pledge drive was -conducted with the necessary dollars coming out of student breakage fees. Then the change from carrier current was necessary, and a letter or six had to be written to everybody from the State Board of Higher Education on down.

Korea came next. War shipments delayed delivery of essential equipment.

As if that weren't enough, one piece of equipment which fimally did arrive, was a misfit and had to be sent back.

The railroad switchmen's strike, though now over, delayed one vital piece of KWAX-20 feet of coaxial cable.

The staff of KWAX is no happier than the rest of the campus that their voice is still unheard. It has planned shows, catalogued records, and worked many an hour, receiving no reward and much complaint. We'll wait with them for that day when the cable comes and the campus hears KWAX.

We Haven't Forgotten, Mr. Lincoln

Lincoln wouldn't mind. He was a slow-moving man, gentle of manner and easy-going. He wouldn't mind our forgetting his birthday by one day.

In fact, he probably wouldn't mind if we forgot it completely. A birthday was a small day to him who lived through so many eventful hours.

But of all America's statesmen, he is the one we would most remember. His are the words we would most repeat:

"If there is anything which it is the duty of the whole people to never intrust to any hands but their own, that thing is the preservation and perpetuity of their own liberties and institutions." (Oct. 16, 1854).

Sky's The Limit-The 'Good Old Days'--Gone but not Forgotten

solemnly on the floor.

The old duffer on the floor let out a contented belch which was quite conspicious in the silence. And well he might be contented, for he had taken an active part in solving the problems of the world. His statement of contentment was answered by another volley from the old gentleman who was wrapped around the back of his chair.

"Yup," the duffer on the floor contended, "those were the good old days."

"Yup," the duffer wrapped around the back of his chair counter-contended, "they sure were."

"Seems we used to git such a kick out o' livin' then," one of the propped up duffers chimed in. "Say, he said, "wonder where they went."

"Where what went," the other propped up duffer queried.

"Where the good old days went," the first propped up duffer answered.

"Don't suppose they went anywhere," presumed the gent on the floor. "They probably stayed right where they were."

Effect of Spirit Emerald Editor:

Perhaps pre-game mass dope injections is the answer to firing up the basketball rooters. Our first string hoopsters unanimously said that student spirit is a very real booster.

With this kind of evidence, every Oregon webfoot has an obligation at the game. We can't say its our team that's winning if we don't participate.

Beyond a doubt, Oregon has one of the best teams in its history. According to our players, spirit this year is much better than last.

Student support is improving, but I feel it is yet unworthy of its , team.

Washington State and Idaho spirit really impressed our squad. Let's give it everything we've got when Washington State and the Huskies come down, and watch the results.

Ron Symons

On the Shelf

lating.

Come to College With Professor Fodorski

By David Earle "PROFESSOR FODORSKI" by **Robert Lewis Taylor.** Doubleday & Co., 1950. \$2.75.

Professor Fodorski is one of the most engaging characters to step into the football picture in years. The professor has been head of Engineering and Architectural Theory at Wittemberg University, someplace in Europe obviously Germany. But because of interrogation by Axis officials, and then cross-interrogation by Allied officials, he applies for emmigration to the United States, and is accepted.

His only friend in this country is an instructor in the Department of Civil Engineering at Southern Baptist Institute of Technology. The friend invites Fodorski down for a long weekend, and proceeds to have Fodorski placed on the faculty at SBIT, and get him interested in football.

Because of Fodorski's mathematical background he shows a great amount of interest for the game, and his memory of plays and football tactics is a source of inspiration to the head coach, the players, and to the students. Fodorski, in fact, becomes the man responsible for the "two platoon" system in football, and the author presents this so convincingly that one is almost led to believe that a Professor Fodorski is more than a fictional character. Through a series of amusing complications, Fodorski becomes head football coach at SBIT. From that position he tosses the chairman of the Board of Trustees around unmercifully, becomes attached to a spinster that works in the registrar's office, and goes on with his team to beat Notre Dame in the Finger Bowl game. Besides the story itself, which is cleverly conceived, the author throws a terrific left at several newspapers of national prominence, at college news releases, at the sportin' game o' football, at Southern tradition, and at college rah-rah stuff.

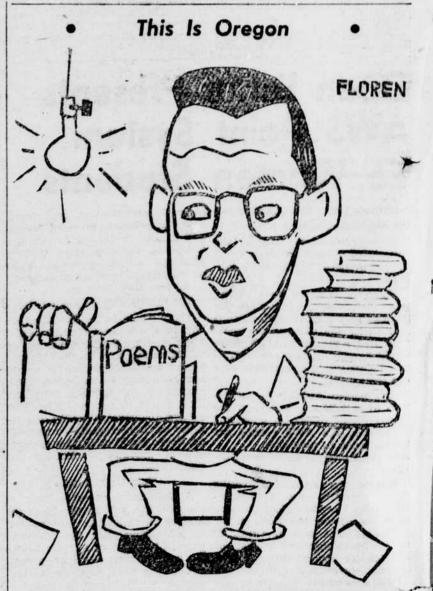
the book that he treats kindly are the college professors, and for once, they emerge as human beings. At least, there are no Hollywood prototypes of the forgetful. somewhat stupid college professors, and it is good to see a fresh approach to the instructors in the field of higher education.

The book is a much better picture of current college life than Max Schulman attempted to portray in "Barefoot Boy With Cheek." Taylor has not resorted

to the ridiculous, or completely ludicrous, situations that Schulman wrote about.

There are a series of good scenes in the book, but the one that outshines all others is where Fodorski takes over the SBIT band and teaches them some new drills. His "Peabody No. 77" formation should not be missed, and will not be forgotten by any reader of this book.

The book incidentally, is available at the University Co-op lending Library.



By Sam Fidman

"As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy." (Aug. 1, 1858).

"That men who are industrious and sober and honest in the pursuit of their own interest should after a while accumulate property and after that should be allowed to enjoy it in peace is right." (Speech in Cincinnati, 1859).

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"Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that, among free men, there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost." (Aug. 26, 1863).

THE DAILY 'E' ...

to Bonnie Birkemeier, general chairman of the Heart Hop, and Pat Johnson, king selection co-chairman. Their names were inadvertently left out of the list of hard workers who received yesterday's "E" for the fine job they all did on the Hop.

About the only characters in

It is now the seventh week of school. We find student racking their brains, hitting the books, burning the midnight oil. Midterms? Nocigarette jingles.