

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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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 finally 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:

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"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).

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"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).

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"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.



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

By Sam Fidman

A group of old duffers were sitting around the pot-bellied stove. A couple of them tilted back their chairs and propped their boondockers on the side of the pregnant fuel burner. Another sat facing the back of his chair, his head resting thoughtfully on his folded arms, while still another sprawled on the floor, propped comfortably against a sack of feed. Outside the wind whistled and the snow whirled through the darkness. It was pretty—almost beautiful—magical, and cold. The wood in the stove crackled and hissed pleasantly in contrast with the whipping, howling wind, and the warmth from the fire was soothing and sensuously stimulating. A box of crackers, empty except for a few crumbs, blended into the scene along with the fortunate segment of a loaf of cheese which had somehow eluded complete annihilation. A kitchen knife, coated with cheese and crumbs, was propped against the cracker box, and a few beer bottles, definitely empty, stood

solemnly on the floor. The old duffer on the floor let out a contented belch which was quite conspicuous 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."

On the Shelf

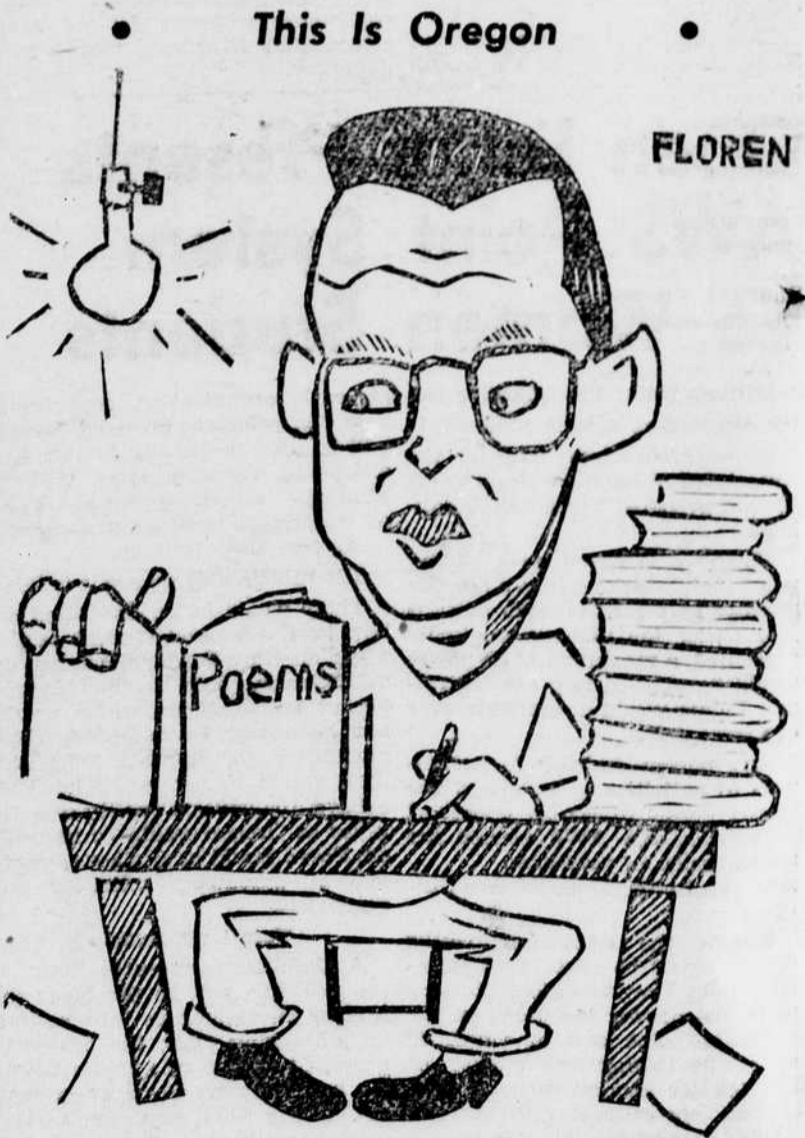
Come to College With Professor Fodorski

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 Wittenberg 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.

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.

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.

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



It is now the seventh week of school. We find student racking their brains, hitting the books, burning the midnight oil. Midterms? No—cigarette jingles.