

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Transfusion Needed By Salem Jaunt

Trips to Salem and the chambers of the state legislature are rapidly becoming the thing to do, if only someone will. A YWCA planned junket to the Oregon state capital Thursday is going ahead under a full head of steam, although to date response has been negligible.

At \$1.75 a head, there isn't a better show to be seen anywhere in Oregon than at the legislative sessions and/or committee hearings.

This show, it might be remembered has direct bearing on each and every student enrolled at the University of Oregon. The Salem show has a direct relationship with the operation of the University. This point, not apparent enough to all students, may be some of the reason why there has been so much difficulty in stirring up a busload of interest.

Although a visit to the legislative chambers is right down the alley of those students who are interested in political science, or related academic subjects, the relationship of the state government to the individual student cannot be emphasized too much.

The dignity and businesslike fanfare of government, plus a relaxing trip and getting away from the campus for a day, all add to the drawing power of the proposed journey.

It would be sheer tragedy indeed if such a worthwhile venture were to flounder and die because a student body of several thousand could not produce a busload of "mental plasma." S.F.

Poor Precedent-- A Shoddy Garment

How much is each Oregon student worth to the state?

That's a question which is now before the legislature's ways and means sub-committee on higher education. And, according to the latest issue of the Oregon Voter, committee members don't think the student is worth as much as the State Board of Higher Education would budget for him.

The state board is asking the legislature for an average of \$12,650,000 per year for all campus instructional units in the state. Divide this by enrollment of 13,942 (4,624 of which would be the University) and average per student cost per year is \$900 of state funds.

Incidentally, that enrollment figure is the state total, based on estimates submitted by each school. It represents a 10.8 percent drop for next fall compared to fall of 1950, at the University.

Take that \$900 per student again. That's more than double what the per-student cost of instruction was in 1947-48, the year of the big swell in college enrollment.

Remember, that year five of us were living in dormitory units for four. Classes were jam-packed. Professors were far too over-worked. Lines were long, and everything overcrowded was temporary, we were told.

Well, that year there was an average of 22 to 30 students per instructor. The ideal is 13 1/2 students for every teacher. And if the state board's enrollment-budget figures are accepted this year, Oregon will count 15 students per instructor.

There's no reason why higher education in this state should continue to have a lop-sided student-instructor ratio just because that ratio existed before. No reason except that the legislature is short of funds because of the basic school levy increase and the soldiers' bonus which the people approved in November. But should other departments be robbed because of these two revenue-eaters?

It's easier for a politician to starve higher education than to cut the budget of some project which shows more immediate returns and wins more votes. But Oregon has a reputation and tradition for outstanding state government.

We hope this legislature will continue the tradition. We hope the statesmen in Salem outnumber the politicians.

THE DAILY 'E'...

to Art Larson, president of the Eugene Duck Club, who again has consented to come to the campus and speak for college spirit at the rally Thursday morning.

THE OREGON LEMON...

to those Oregon students who are limited by neither time nor money, but are simply not interested in state government and a visit to the legislature.



"Who, If Not Truman, for 1952?" asks U. S. NEWS in an article this week... reports that Truman is dropping hints that he won't choose to run in '52... Democrats are wondering if HT is showing preference for General Ike by moving him out of his secluded Columbia University spot and back into the limelight other observers are waiting for him to show preference by moving Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson into the Secretary of State post... but Eisenhower, though "politically independent" (meaning he could be a candidate for either party) remains the favorite prospect... other Democratic leaders as Barkley and Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn are considered too old... while former big names as James Brynes, John Nance Garner, and Cordell Hull have quit the national scene... FDR, Jr., of New York, is regarded as too young and lacking in experience... Republicans considering Ike for the nomination are warned that he's an "out-

Magazine Rack

Presidential Ponies Circling Ring; Cowboys Riding on College Campuses

By Marge Scandling

sider" on whom the party would have to take a chance, which would be too bad since the party thinks its chances are good for '52... Taft forces would of course fight Ike's nomination and observers feel the General wouldn't take a divided party nomination... though as an old soldier, he might regard a call from Truman as a call to the service of his country... Truman's decision, however, will probably not come until after the Republicans name their candidate at the 1952 convention.

Cowboys have invaded the college campus, reports the POST this week... rodeo teams are the newest intercollegiate sport, with 35 teams established in 11 Western states now... including one at Washington State... sports writers predict that at the rate its growing, someday the same inducements offered to football players will be offered to prospective cowpokes.

U. of Chicago's "boy wonder"

of education, President Robert Maynard Hutchins, has left... and the campus is trying to get used to it, according to a LIFE article... during his 21 years in office, Hutchins startled many by his attempt to show "what an education for Americans should be"... enraged Chicago alumni by banning bigtime football, told the students they didn't have to attend class if they did their work, and could graduate in two years if they qualified for a degree... behind him he leaves an assortment of wisecracks on education... on U. S. learning: "The regular cycle from the bottom to the top is to take a course, memorize it, take a test on it, pass it, forget it"... on alumni: "All alumni are dangerous. No useful change could ever be made with their approval"... on football: "There are two ways to have a great university. It must either have a great football team or a great president"... and on making changes: "All universities should be burned down every 25 years lest they get in a rut."

Sky's The Limit



Gurgling Hilda Takes Wrong Road And Makes Your Troubles Minute

By Sam Fidman

Sit back on your big, fat easy chair and listen to the soft, melodious strains of a violin-led waltz. Chomp on your bon-bons and take a swig from your bottle of near-beer. Pat the furry creature lying at your feet on its head, then sit back and light up a cork-tipped regal-size cigaret.

And then start griping. And keep right on griping. You, more than most anyone else ever born, have more troubles, more worries, shortcomings, and internal or external maladies.

Your in-grown toe-nail is a damned sight more irritating than anything anyone else has. Irritating to you, that is.

There are certain times of the year when you are "good" and that is sufficient. Around Christmas time you feel the warmth of the brotherhood of mankind. Around New Years Eve, with the fattened cover charges, you feel the pinch of that warmth as it cools off and contracts.

A fine way to ease your torment is to don your water-soaked shoes, leave the warmth of your room and furry pet, and go for another walk in the great out of doors. It is drizzling just a bit, but actually you find yourself enjoying the mild spray of moisture.

The Second Cup

To tie in with the dormitory men's opinions of their meals, a word or two on eating:

Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are. Brillat-Savaring.

Better halfe a loafe than no bread. Camden.

Thou shouldst eat to live; not live to eat. Cicero.

A cheerful look makes a dish a feast. Herbert.

Just outside the front entrance to Heapotrash Hall for women you spy young Emil Blowgas in an impassioned clinch with shy, retiring Hilda Bumbergarde.

"Emil, Emil, oh Emil."
"Hilda, Hilda, Hilda."
"Emil, Emil, my Emil."

The two lovers melt together in a well-lubricated osculation, well intended, but unnecessarily sloppy.

"Blub-blub—Emil," gurgled the lovely Hilda, all three eyes watery with emotion.
"Oh my little, bitty, witty, Hil-

da, what house are you pledging?"

"Oh me big hantsome Emil—I ain't pledging no house. It's the independent trail for me."

"Did you say independent?" asked Emil, his eyes wide with horror.

"Yes," bleated the luscious Hilda, "I said independent."

"Then goodbye, Hilda," whispered the smooth Greek, "I guess that is that between us."

So, when you get back to your room you feel lucky—and you thought you had troubles.

It Could Be Oregon



"See—I told you we could get dates if we just had a car."