

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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## Pay Phones--Matter of Economy

Pay phones are costing everyone concerned a lot more money than the private lines. This seems to be a common misconception on campus right now.

Individual students are paying more, of course. But the University administration is saving money—\$4945, to be exact.

The 50-51 University budget included a \$17,117 expense for operation of the campus telephone exchange. Only \$12,172 appears in the 51-52 phone budget.

In past years dormitory phones (excepting the pay variety for long distance calls) have been handled through a campus exchange. The number of calls through the campus switchboard has been greatly reduced since extensions were removed from dorms. Consequently, less workers are needed at the campus exchange.

Fewer people working, less salary money. That's logical. And it's economically beneficial—to the administration.

Now comes the question: What if the phone company should change its mind and permit the removal of pay phones from dorms?

Would the administration be willing or able to find the additional money required if extensions were reinstalled in the dorms? From a budgetary standpoint, the institution is better off with pay phones. Dorm bills might have to be raised a few cents to cover the added cost.

We may well be digging up problems that will never arise—the phone company may hold to their present policy—but it's a question to think over.

## Calling Mr. Jordan

The critics of football had better clean up their own backyards before offering suggestions.

That's the wish of Harvard Coach Lloyd Jordan. But it's too late now, Mr. Jordan. Now the matter of deemphasis of evils in collegiate sports is a public affair.

Speaking from the lofty heights of his position as president of the National Football Coaches association, Jordan said this week that collegiate football should be emphasized more, and senators and judges should leave football alone until they've cleaned up politics and the courts.

That's not so smart, Mr. Jordan. So politicians are dirty. So you prevent them from making a political football of the sport. So next you want the newspapers to keep their noses out. After all, SOME newspapers are just as corrupt as SOME politicians.

So now you've got censorship, Mr. Jordan. Now the matter is left entirely up to you, the coach, and to the college president. The coach and the president were in charge before and what did they do? They let football become the great money making proposition it is today.

It was not until the newspapers brought corruption to the eyes of the public that reform was attempted. The editor, the judge, the senator—anyone with a worthwhile suggestion or comment should make it public.

But on your account, Mr. Jordan, we'll refrain this week from making suggestions. You say the reform is up to the coach and university president. O.K., what are your suggestions?

For that matter just what have the coaches done about deemphasizing the evils of collegiate sports during the many years that they've had the reins.—D.D.

## Pity Poor Franchot

Poor Franchot Tone.

The first intelligent thought he's had in the last three months and then his brain conked out again. He almost walked out. But he lost the second round too.

The only point we can get from the whole sordid mess is that such an affair just proves that a college education doesn't mean a thing.

It has been said that Tone is a well educated man. He also has money to burn. At least he's a man with money.

Probably 130 million people felt sorry for him when he "won" Miss Payton by virtue of Neal's TKO.

But we no longer feel any remorse for what may happen to him. He's asked for a second helping. Miss Payton will probably give him a full course dinner.

They'll be back in the news. And strangely enough, they'll probably make the first page and some more editorial columns. Funny how much interest we take in such worthless subjects.

—B. C.

## -- Letters to the Editor --

### Southern Comfort

Emerald Editor:

You say you want more for your money. We'll tell you what not to do. Never, never again spend it on an OSC-Oregon game at Eugene.

Boy, were we taken! After paying the outrageous price of half a fin for student tickets, we expected to be treated at least as well as we were at Berkeley, Seattle, or Palo Alto. In these other games away from home we paid \$1.50 or \$1.75 for seats between the forty and fifty; without exaggeration, the best seats in the stadium. Oregon, being unable to beat our football team, and being determined to take OSC to the cleaners one way or another, did the next best thing, giving the student spectators from Corvallis the seats no one else would buy behind the goal line. Needless to say, Oregon students had choice seats in the permanent grandstand.

As if to heap one abuse upon another, the combined bands of the two schools directed their activities exclusively to the Oregon rooters and alumni, completely ignoring the OSC contingent hidden behind the South goalposts. Even the amusing ROTC squad, with all its stupid bungling in playing soldier, never bungled in our direction.

Since the athletic management at Eugene had no interest in us except for our money, next time we shall decline their "southern hospitality" in favor of Southern Comfort, our radios, and home.

Murry Kolnick,  
Arlon Tussing,  
OSC Students

### Oriental Viewpoint

(Ed. Note: Toshio Horikawa, a Japanese student living in Gamma hall, was one of several foreign students invited to write their impressions of football for the Emerald.)

Emerald Editor:

Years ago I played rugby football at college and quit soon enough to save my neck. I had never to this moment been inclined even to see American football.

With this background, I went to Hayward field. Now I realize why people are crazy for football. I certainly like it now.

What induced me to go and see the games was a picture which appeared in the Oregonian the next morning after the Ducks' first defeat in Portland. Four girls jumping high in the air, heels upturned, yelling and swinging something like a wig or a lion-man which I sometimes see on stage in a classical Japanese theater! What were they doing?

So I went, and there I was, cheering the cheer leaders, and being fascinated more by the rally squad, band, majorettes, and atmosphere, than by the game itself. For, whereas sports are universal, these things were outlandish for me.

The lion-manes waved, charming rally girls rowed, danced, flapped and flickered. Male leaders sank deep, crawled, patiently rose, and then roared and soared. The squad was fighting as hard as the team. The battleground was being exploited even during the intermission. For there was the band. I hail that pageant from some royal court. (Don't tell me they came from McArthur Court!)

Finally we won. Good Heavens! I was ready to defend myself in an emergency, expecting a triumphant outburst. Nothing happened. I went back to the Dorm as puzzled as when I came.

Baseball eclipses all other student sports in Japan, at least in terms of the number of spectators.

In Japan thousands of students organize themselves into immense cheering bodies. Japanese students usually wear black or blue uniforms. So first of all, coats are doffed by some to spell out the name of the university with huge man-letters, that is, white on black. School banners are unfurled and a lot of school songs are sung accompanied by the university band. When singing, students link shoulders and move in waves, white and black going the opposite ways.

Cheering, clapping and singing are the main features. Rally squad members tie a long white handkerchief round their heads, and lead the clapping like acrobats. The captain wears a kimono with a long skirt and establishes himself on a pair of very high clogs. Usually he wears a beard.

Cheers for the opponents are exchanged between the contesting schools at the beginning. Win or lose, the students sing and cheer for a considerably long while after the game is over. Finally the winning school sings any of its representative school songs, followed by the loser doing the same. An exchange of cheers for the opponents winds it all up.

The students then swarm to the Ginza street and other metropolitan centers, triumphant or chagrined, but never crestfallen. The police must be reinforced in these places after a big game. Many people leave work for whatever pretenses they invent and rush to the games, often waiting at the ticket office from the night before.

Toshio Horikawa

## A Day at The Zoo

By Bob Funk

It was a dark night in the fraternity house, the only illumination being that provided by a large neon sign saying "Three Weeks Until Finals" written in Greek.

From somewhere (oh, use your imagination—it could be anywhere) came the soft sounds of sophomores (Shh!) conjugating Spanish verbs. The scholarship chairman was graciously poised above a door marked EXIT, a bucket of boiling pitch clutched in his claws.



BOB FUNK

Imon Idyut sat crouched at his desk leafing back through his notes on The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg Since. "November 7," the notes began (cleverly enough):

"The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg has been going on since undecipherable word colon, doodle, hey Jim, who is that Theta sitting in the second row; no, not that one, the one with the other-colored hair; (answer) That is no Theta, that is a Kappa; their houses are right across the street; (reply) I could have sworn went into the Theta house; (rebuttal) she was probably on a flying speech, you bum; (further question) Well anyway, who is she? (answer) I don't know.

"Undecipherable word was probably the greatest influence on Luxembourg in the word obliterated by a doodle period. Will you please ask Bill what time it is; (answer) He left his watch at home; (reply) I think that was the bell; (answer) It is just a ringing in your ears and please shut up I am taking notes.

"Word that looks like it might be zymurgy, doodle." Here the notes ended.

There was a piteous scream as the scholarship chairman scored a direct hit on someone who had attempted to sneak out. Imon crawled on all fours towards the kitchen, and lifted his panting tongue to the water faucet, where it swept over a sign saying "No Water Until After Finals. Keep in Shape. Cheers to Everyone."

He slunk wistfully back to The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg Since, wondering. He was not wondering about anything in particular, but it was a good time to be wondering. He could hear the hum of the neon sign that told how many weeks it was until final week.

"The neon sign is out of date," he said to himself. "It is now only eighteen days."

It was a dark night. Probably the darkest night in a long time. If you can think of a better way to end a column you are probably in the majority, but you couldn't possibly think of a darker night.

Happy scrambled eggs—or is this your morning for French toast?

## From the Morgue...

30 YEARS AGO

Nov. 29, 1921—John F. Bovard, dean of the school of physical education, announces to students that he would favor an elective director of athletics office for the University of Oregon. This system is being experimented with at the University of Illinois.

10 YEARS AGO

Nov. 29, 1941—Student Body President Lou Torgeson tells assembled students to rise up and crush the "Greek citadel" and to accept the Independent Students Association as their salvation. Torgeson, a member of the Greek bloc, was forced to make the speech when he lost a bet to the president of the ISA.

5 YEARS AGO

Nov. 29, 1946—Students are encouraged to contribute their breakage fees to the student union fund.

## A Happy Homecoming



"Hand me that rag, Ed, you musta spilt beer on these binoculars."