

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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You Can't Ignore These Figures

From a statistical viewpoint the living-in plan for freshmen as it has evolved during the past two years is beginning to pay dividends.

Only 9 freshmen got the boot at the end of fall term. One year ago there were 21 who couldn't make satisfactory grades. Of those 9 only 3 lived in the freshmen dorms.

That's a casualty list of less than three-tenths of one per cent of those living in the frosh dorms. That is an excellent record.

A freshman has to make a 0.5 his first term or he is likely to be disqualified from further studies. If he can't make a .5 the University feels that he might as well go home and make better use of his own time and his Dad's money.

Only during the past two years have freshmen been dropped from school after only one term of 0.49 or less. Exceptions are made to this emerging policy but they are definitely rare cases.

We'd say another term's grace for 0.5 work is charity, but it's still a step in the right direction.

The people in the Office of Student Affairs are more than satisfied. Si Ellingson, Walt Freauff, and their group of assorted counselors are downright smug about the whole thing. It looks as if they have a right to be.

Of course, we're looking at this from a cold, statistical angle. Maybe there's another interpretation of the figures. But we can't see it.—B. C.

Who's Got a Tame Rainbird?

We see that Oregonian and the Journal are vying in whooping it up for a rain festival "in honor of one of western Oregon's greatest assets."

This idea has been kicking around in our thoughts for several days. We must admit it has possibilities. How about setting aside a special day in honor of rain at the University?

Says an Oregonian editorial: "A rain festival would be the peg upon which to publicize the value of our abundant precipitation and our love for it."

Ah, yes, our love for it. What pageantry there could be in the presentation of the joys of practicing broadjumping over the chocolate lagoons in front of Condon hall and the Student Union. Ah, sweet memories of the picturesque steam arising from hundreds of waterlogged overcoats in English 101. And among our treasure-trove of memories of Oregon, who can forget the chivalrous professor who doffed his rain hat to a feminine student, thus drenching her with the downpour from the rim?

Yes, a rain festival commemorating all these fine Oregon traditions would be an excellent idea. The festivities could include monument-making out of the great natural stores of mud surrounding all campus construction.

We even have a suggestion for a good date for this festival of rain. After last year's performance, how about incorporating it with Junior Weekend?—G. G.

The War on Cancer Continues

It takes the local angle to bring home to us the importance of most happenings.

Last week the Oregon Medical school was given a \$6,000 cancer research grant by the Damon Runyon Memorial fund, so we begin to take note of just what the Runyon fund has done in the five-plus years of its existence.

The Runyon fund was founded by two great journalists and humanitarians, Walter Winchell and Dan Parker, to commemorate another great journalist, Damon Runyon. The purpose of the fund is the discovery of a cancer cure. It has not yet been found. But if money and research can find the cure, we may be sure it will be found.

In its latest group of research grants, \$152,123 was distributed to ten research institutions. That brings to 4 3/4 million dollars the amount allocated for cancer research.

Damon Runyon will be remembered even after his memorable Broadway characters are forgotten.—D. D.

-- Letters to the Editor --

The Other Side

Emerald Editor:

I write in reference to your editorial appearing in the Emerald of Jan. 14. Since sarcasm seems to be the order of the day, I hope the use of this vehicle will be excused in my personal communications. Your editorial seems to be directed primarily in my direction as a criticism of my failure to act in some way. I do not feel that my actions or lack of action needs an excuse. However, I should like to remind you of certain very pertinent facts.

As you know, my appointment as chairman of Oregon's special telephone committee was effected late in last fall term by the ASUO senate. My job since that time has been one of investigation, not action. The interested parties on this campus were magnificently uninformed on the facts of the situation and the methods open to effect a remedy for our problem.

After spending a great deal of my personal time (and money) we were able to garner most of the relevant facts and establish liaison with other schools facing the same problem. This resulted in two meetings held in Salem. At

one of these meetings the telephone officials offered a proposal, which we may either accept or reject. The criticism seems to revolve around an immediate failure to have this done.

As an individual, it is impossible for me to determine what should be done with this proposal. I can act only after I have learned the wishes of the student body. The plan was presented quite late in fall term. Most student groups had no meetings scheduled until winter term. The Emerald itself had only one issue coming out before the close of school. Unified action was impossible at that time.

I must admit to a certain amount of lethargy over the holidays. I did not even attempt to gain the approval of student groups.

Upon my return on Jan. 3, I did not disturb the issue. I was aware that rush week would start on Jan. 7, four days later. The Inter-fraternity council, would not be able to listen to the proposal until the week became history. I am a fraternity president. My first obligation was made to the fraternity and it was essential that I carry out my duties during this vital time.

Rushing ended on Saturday morning. Today, Monday morning, I find myself, in bold type, an individual "who has been too busy, what with finals and Christmas and rushing and all."

Certainly, the editors of the Emerald are aware that primarily we are students. The Emerald ceases publication during final week itself. Christmas would, indeed, be a strange time to seek the necessary support of campus groups. Rush week was an item that I could not prevent. That the occurrence of these events has stockpiled into a long interval of time is unfortunate. However, I believe that I did inform the Emerald early in January that I would do nothing until the end of Rush week.

Rush week is come and gone. The special telephone committee will proceed with its duties. We will endeavor to release all worthwhile information to the Emerald that the public may become educated in the progress of this committee.

Those who expect an immediate change in their telephone system, expect too much. The Pacific Tel. and Tel. co. proposed the plan and it must be acceptable to them. I believe that the students and the individual living organizations will accept the plan.

Business office of the University must accept the plan also. This may be our major problem. It will involve a financial outlay of funds that was not expected by our administration. The budget may have to be supplemented and this will involve time and the assent of the Oregon state board of higher education.

It is our job to bring all of these parties together for a mutual agreement and it promises to be more than a small task.

R. B. (Dick) Kading
Chairman, Telephone Comm.

From the Morgue...

15 YEARS AGO

Jan. 14, 1937—The Emerald expresses amazement at the "two-women" rule at Harvard University. Harvard men now have the privilege of entertaining women in their rooms, unchaperoned. Formerly, the "two-women" rule specified that two out of three persons of any private party must be women.

Nearby Wellesly girls expressed satisfaction with the new arrangement. Said one, "It's common knowledge that it takes two Harvard men to equal one Wellesly woman."

So THIS is Oregon

The Future Can Be Predicted But Offers No Peace of Mind

By Jim Haycox

The conversation went something like this.

"Remember so-and-so? Well he sure has changed. Not like he used to be in high school any more. He was over there with us. He and about twenty other guys were holding the top of a hill. The rest of them were wiped out and so-and-so laid in the bottom of his fox hole and played dead for 18 hours. Didn't move a muscle. Finally the Chinese cleared out and so-and-so did likewise. The only one left."



JIM HAYCOX

The narrator was sitting right across the table from me. Some of his friends had asked him in for dinner. Others of his friends were wounded or dead.

So-and-so was going to high school a couple of years ago. So was I and so were you. We went on to college. So-and-so went to war. Without stretching the imagination too much you can see how things could have been reversed.

This friend of so-and-so's really brought it home. No place on earth is any farther away from men than the swift wings of a plane or the chatter of a teletype machine. An airline used to advertise that no place on earth was more than 60 hours from your doorstep. Haven't seen that ad for quite a while. Maybe they decided it wasn't such a hot idea anymore themselves.

It is awfully easy and awfully pleasant to be able to walk down 13th between Chapman and Fenton halls and forget all about the closeness of the world that is only 60 hours away. It is presently popular, of course, to be a cynic about isolationism. But we don't hear the rumble and rattle of the world around us.

Remember last spring when Portland underwent a mock bombing? Several of these huge bombers passed over Eugene on their way north, leaving vapor trails miles high and miles wide. Those trails stayed up there for hours, swept into ragged patterns by stratospheric winds. Everybody looked up and for a while you could feel things close about.

It is akin to the feeling you get when a fire engine passes you going full tilt, screaming down

the street. You know somebody is in trouble.

Yesterday, they say, you could not predict today, and today tomorrow is still a mystery. They say it but is it true?

Most of us know where we're going when we get out of here. Most of us know that we will join hands in an uneasy world, will pay high prices, will carry rifles. When a fellow says he doesn't know where he's going these days, he means he doesn't know to which camp.

But this is not meant to say wake up, we are in grievous peril. You know that, don't you?

We are in a very pleasant interlude between two worlds. We have come from ignorance and will soon enough be in reality. But right here, between the two worlds, it is very quiet and very nice. And we should make the most of it not knowing what tomorrow brings. Perhaps we should not even care about tomorrow.

Only Nine So Far



"Professor Snarf, would you mind if we staple one of our little folders to all the 'F-papers' before you hand them back?"