

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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A Farewell to Name Bands

Our "test case" didn't work too well. As long as we can remember Oregon students have been screaming "more name bands." It's even been stressed on political party platforms.

But the powers that be have discouraged organizations from spending much money on a big band, lest they go in the red. The students' side was that a dance with a name band wouldn't go in the red.

Saturday night we had a name band. And the Senior Ball failed to clear expenses. Tentative figures show that only 401 tickets were sold. About 577 would have been needed to break even.

From where we sit, it doesn't look like much of an advance for the name band situation.—G. G.

Chalk One Up for Labor

Eric Johnston had better be good . . . Because his "opponent," Walter Reuther, presents a most convincing argument. This was proved to an enthusiastic near-capacity crowd in the Student Union ballroom Tuesday afternoon.

Reuther's tremendous emotional appeal had the audience following his every word. Loud and long applause followed his final statement.

We'd be mighty astounded if Reuther didn't make friends for labor during that 40-minute address.

What he said made sense.

He's right about the starving, ill-housed and ill-clothed people of the world. Sure these are conditions under which Communism thrives. Ideology loses its significance when stomachs are crying for food. That's one of the main reasons we lost China.

We must prove to these people that our democratic freedom can exist . . . and still fill stomachs. Propaganda bulletins aren't exactly digestible.

Certainly a "positive" approach of building toward peace should be emphasized over the "negative" one of arming for war.

We may not be convinced that "labor" has the answer to all our problems, but we must admire Reuther's fluent presentation of the hard facts of the East-West conflict today. And we'll be more apt to tune up the radio now when Reuther's name is mentioned in connection with labor.

Now we'll have to wait a month to see how convincing the voice of management will be.

A Day at the Zoo Four Female Soda Bar-sitters Feel 'Wretched' Despite Achievement of 'Ultimate of Sophistication'

By Bob Funk

They were sitting, four of them, around a table in the soda bar. Each had her left elbow on the table. Each was dangling a cigarette between the first and second fingers of her left hand. It was, they all knew, the ultimate in sophistication.



BOB FUNK

"I'm so awfully tired," sighed one, delicately filtering some smoke through her nostrils. "So beastly tired." The other three mused looked at her sympathetically through half-closed eye-lids.

"Wretched," said one. "Wretched," the other two agreed.

They were, all drinking small Cokes. It was not sophisticated

to drink large Cokes. Someone might get the idea that you actually liked Cokes. You were not supposed to actually like anything.

"I was going to New Orleans to the Mardi Gras," said the tired one, "but I just couldn't drag myself away."

"I'm so disgustingly bored," said a second one, listlessly stirring her Coke with a straw, "why don't they serve cocktails in this place, anyway?"

"Ah, cocktails," sighed the tired one.

"Cocktails," the other two agreed, looking coldly down into their Cokes.

"Here comes someone we know," said the leader. "Look at her but don't speak." They all looked directly through the acquaintance. The acquaintance, being up on such etiquette, looked directly through them. It was all extremely sophisticated.

"She's such a grind," said one of the sophisticated ones.

"I heard she actually likes it here," said another. They all sneered slightly in the direction of the acquaintance.

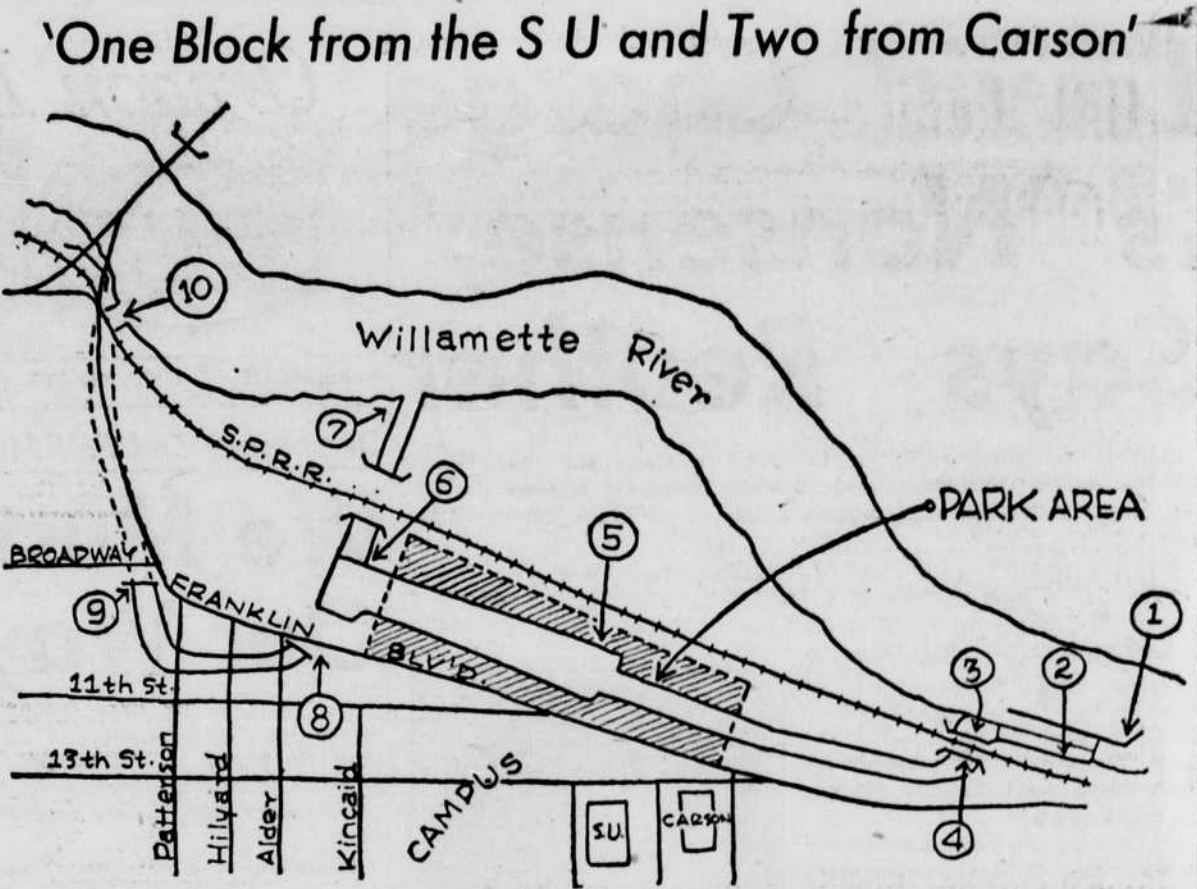
"Remind me to cut her dead, not that I won't," said the tired one. "Really, I would speak to more people, but it's so strenuous."

Noticing that their cigarettes were not too far along, they all puffed feverishly, put them out, and casually lit new ones. The tired one, having grown bored with her Coke, quietly sloshed it onto the floor. "I wish one of these peasants would come and mop this up," she said.

"Yes," said one of her compatriots, "It's such a beastly place."

"So boring," said another. "So unsophisticated," said the fourth.

They all inhaled a great deal of cigarette smoke and exhaled it through their noses, choking only slightly. They were all, so very tired.



Confused by the Millrace Discussion? Here's an Attempt to Clarify the Matter

The discussion on the millrace has become technical to the point where the student body in general doesn't know what's going on. In the hope of clarifying the situation and showing the work now under way, the Emerald presents the following explanation:

Water is taken from the Willamette river by a dam located at No. 1. It is directed into a channel, with some of the water entering a submerged pipe at No. 2 and the balance flowing back into the river. The water emerges from the pipe and enters a small reservoir at No. 3. It is then let into the race by four check gates at No. 4. It then flows its course past the widened portion and canoe anchorage of the proposed Millrace park site at No. 5. At No. 6 part of the water is allowed to flow back into the river at No. 7, the balance entering a large culvert under Franklin boulevard at No. 8. The race then flows past 11th street living organizations until it reaches another check gate at No. 9 and enters a single 30-inch culvert buried beneath Franklin boulevard. The water flows approximately 1,000 yards before emerging under the overpass and flowing back into the river.

The flow of water past the millrace houses is limited by the 1,000 yards of 30-inch culvert. This culvert is now running approximately three-quarters full, and the only ways to appreciably speed the flow in this area would be to tunnel under private property for about 1,300 yards along Franklin boulevard, or to tear up the street for about 1,000 yards.

Considering both of these alternatives too ex-

pensive to be practical at this time, the Senate, asked the City Manager if he would open both the gates at No. 4 and No. 6 to at least have a faster flow in the proposed park area.

Asked if he thought the further opening of the gate at No. 6 would cause the water to flow backward between No. 9 and No. 8, Mr. King said that it would not. He promised gradually to open the gates during a 30-day test period which has now begun. It is generally believed that by thus increasing the speed of the flow in this area and adding a copper sulfate solution at No. 4 the race will clean itself out in the area from No. 4 to No. 6 and will quite possibly be clean enough to swim in.

Meanwhile, plans for the Millrace park are progressing.

The millrace committee is asking Dr. Newburn's office to request the Eugene city council to consider taking action on the sale of the Millrace improvement bonds approved by the voters. The university planning commission is finishing plans which will be presented to the council with Dr. Newburn's request.

The park area has already been graded and planting and landscaping await only the funds from the City of Eugene and an anticipated grant from the state board of higher education. Bill Carey summarized the millrace committee's sentiments when he called the park a pride and joy to the city and the University, and painted a word picture of a spring term picnic spot one block from the S.U. and two blocks from Carson Hall.—R. N.

Too Bad the Season's Nearly Over



"Well, well, Lad, what's this about your wanting to play basketball? Where'd ya find him, Fred?"