

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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## Somebody Goofed

Monday's bandwagon rally—notwithstanding, that vague thing called "spirit" at Oregon has been even more conspicuous by its absence this year—but there's a lot of disagreement as to why and as to so what.

Here are some of the trickles we've been hearing in the current discussion about the apparent inertness of students, especially at certain sports events on Saturday afternoons:

- College students are too sophisticated to get in there and yell for their team.
- Oregon students are free thinkers, and, as such, refuse to join the crowd and cheer.
- Fraternity men think that they're above yelling.
- The rally squad is composed of an inept yell king, uncooperative yell dukes, and willing but unsensational song queens.
- The rally board is sitting on its heels, showing no initiative for rallies, noise parades, and game stunts.
- Oregon, until the last two games, hasn't been a winning football team.
- No one has any time to turn out for rallies.
- Oregon students choose to expend their energy in demonstrations for their favorite candidates rather than cheering at football games.

These are not just possible explanations for the lack of spirit shown; we have heard every one of them expressed at one time or another these past few weeks. And there is quite a bit of truth in some of them.

### It Can Be Overcome

We agree that there is a tendency for college students, especially at Oregon, to refuse to cut loose and yell at games—but for the most part this can be overcome by imaginative and inspiring means. There will still be quite a few of us who won't chant "silly-sounding" phrases, but most of us will respond to top-notch yell leading and aggressive grid play with spirit of our own. That's all anyone should want.

The rally squad certainly is trying to whip up spirit, but it is in a position where it is fighting the students to yell, not leading them. A combination of four straight losses by the team (until its current winning streak), relative inactivity by the rally board, uninspiring, unimaginative and hackneyed yells and methods at games, artificial rallies (but Thursday night's was an improvement), the yell king doing the wrong thing at the right time as far as appealing to the rooters, and a detached feeling in the stands have served to hold back possible displays of oomph.

But, as we say, it wouldn't take a miracle to convert the stands into willing noisemakers. Even now, many of the townspeople of Eugene and Portland have boosted the Ducks at the games, as have the Hayward field Knothole club members. With the right conditions, we think students would, too.

### Voluntary Atmosphere Needed

Something got students going Monday, after the USC victory, even if a lot of them never saw the game or saw it in comparative silence (except for natural outbursts at the frequent Oregon high points in the game.) What is needed now is capitalization upon such moments, by inspiring rally efforts. Then, we think, a voluntary atmosphere of vocal spirit would do a lot to satisfy Cas' desire for consistent support—not just when Oregon wins.

The Oregon squad has been supplying Oregon students with a vital factor for spirit lately—inspiring play and a chance for the students to see the Webfoots win at home, which should do a lot to improve "spirit."

The problem, on the whole, is one of student attitude and loyalty to the University of Oregon in general. Within that context, the job is one for the rally board and rally squad to inspire students, especially at the games. They haven't done so the past few years, and particularly this year.

## Letters to the Editor

### Back to BA

Emerald Editor:

I do not ordinarily engage in this type of correspondence, but if I don't write this letter, I fear that I shall run mad. It is in regard to your (and I use the term in its most liberal meaning) "critic."

I did not say anything when he reviewed several New York stage plays, which, due to pressing engagements here on campus, I shall probably miss seeing this season, nor did I say anything when he ruthlessly shredded "See How They Run," which I thought was excellently produced and presented. But when I read his review of "Limelight"—that did it! As it seems that anyone with the literary or phonetic ability to utter "I am a critic" is given a column and a byline, I thought

that I would take advantage of these entrance requirements and join this hallowed group.

I am not going to mention the fact that "Limelight" is in itself a unique achievement in that it was produced, directed, musical score written and the leading role portrayed by one man. Further, I will not mention that most of our New York and London critics said that this was undoubtedly a screen classic, critics who, to say the least, are slightly more eminent than our own modern representative of the Edinburgh Review, and, to say the most, are probably a great deal more qualified.

But I will say this: if only taken for its warmth, its human kindness, its love, its humor, its pathos, "Limelight" is a memorable picture, a picture to be seen and to be enjoyed by anyone who has the feelings to

do so. (Of course, if one doesn't . . .)

In closing, may I suggest that your "critic," as hard as it may seem, give up the field of artistic criticism and go back to business administration. Less eminence, but more money.

Chris Chisholm

### On 'Irresponsible Drivel'

Dear Emerald Editor:

The demands of an Emerald reader are necessarily not many—but why, in Sam Hill, doesn't the Emerald get a critic? It needed one; it still needs one. The ineptness of the person now brazenly writing under that pseudonym has been demonstrated beyond question with the incredible imbecility of his recent review of Chaplin's *Limelight*.

The emptiness of such uncorrected criticism is self-apparent. Criticism should perform a constructive or informative function: it has no other end. The critic is above all a responsible person, expected to reveal some justness and thought in his pronouncements, or at least to try to, whether he be humorous or sad, entertaining or didactic. Most men can tear down, few can build. The bad, irresponsible drivel of the "Emerald critic" can set no precedent; it can only wound and disgust the thoughtful, amuse the groundlings, and lower the standards and morale of a paper already dangerously low.

Sincerely,  
Don H. Hensley  
Winston Cozine

### Why the Dads' Lounge?

Emerald Editor:

After reading in Wednesday's Emerald that the Young Democrats are sponsoring a program Sunday evening featuring Senator Wayne L. Morse as speaker, I couldn't help wondering why their meeting was being held in the Dad's Lounge of the Student Union where the audience would be limited to only 200 people.

A man who has aroused the controversy that Senator Morse has would surely attract a much larger audience and hence, even though it would distract from the informality of the talk, should warrant the stage of the Student Union Ballroom where all interested persons would have an opportunity to hear his views.

Larry Schwartz

## A Day at the Zoo

### Ugh

by Bob Funk

Emerald Columnist

He was drinking a cup of coffee. He hated coffee; hated it so much that as a general rule he passed it up for Coke. He also hated Coke, but not as much as coffee. They did not serve Coke for breakfast, and this was breakfast.



He knew it was breakfast because he could smell the everlasting smell of the everlasting eggs curdling or frying or whatever you care to call it, in about a ton of old grease. Old-grease-encrusted eggs; this is the way we start our day, he thought, with loud gurgling noise which meant "let's get the hell out of here and go back to bed." He would have gone back to bed, except that going back to bed meant missing classes; missing classes meant flunking courses; flunking courses meant not graduating—and he was going to graduate if it killed him and every member of the family.

Jones was sitting next to him, gnawing on a piece of toast. Nobody could gnaw louder than Jones.

"Jones," he said, "you're making me sick to my stomach."

"You'll feel better later," Jones said. Jones was such a charming optimist. The Optimist of the Breakfast Table, Mr. George Arnold Jones, Alpha of Oregon scroll number 259, GPA nil, IQ doubtful.

He doubted if he would feel better, Jones or no Jones. He would have to sit through his eight o'clock before the time of the morning would come around when he would feel better, and if he did sit through the eight o'clock he would have a fit or something from boredom. Maybe things would be better at nine, when they were drinking at coffee and playing the slot machine. The Invincible Slot Machine, in ten colors, special when lit.

He always liked the place that it said "SPECIAL WHEN LIT." It reminded him of his fraternity brothers. This morning it reminded him of Joan, too. She had been pretty special when lit, Saturday night. Saturday night seemed a long time ago in a lot of ways, but she was the kind of girl that left a bad taste in your mind for days.

It was time to go to class. Jones was making groaning noises as if he meant to get out of his chair. Jones didn't need to groan so much; he was going to a class you could "C" if you had blood and were breathing, a class full of beautiful girls (Jones said so; if Jones said so, it must be true) and pleasant dreams. Jones wouldn't have anything to do but sit there letting his coffee dissolve his egg, and look at the beautiful girls.

He got out of his chair; something must have happened to some of the muscles in his legs last night; they had come untied, or something. He picked up his notebook; it had peach jam on it. Maybe he would lick it off during his eight o'clock.

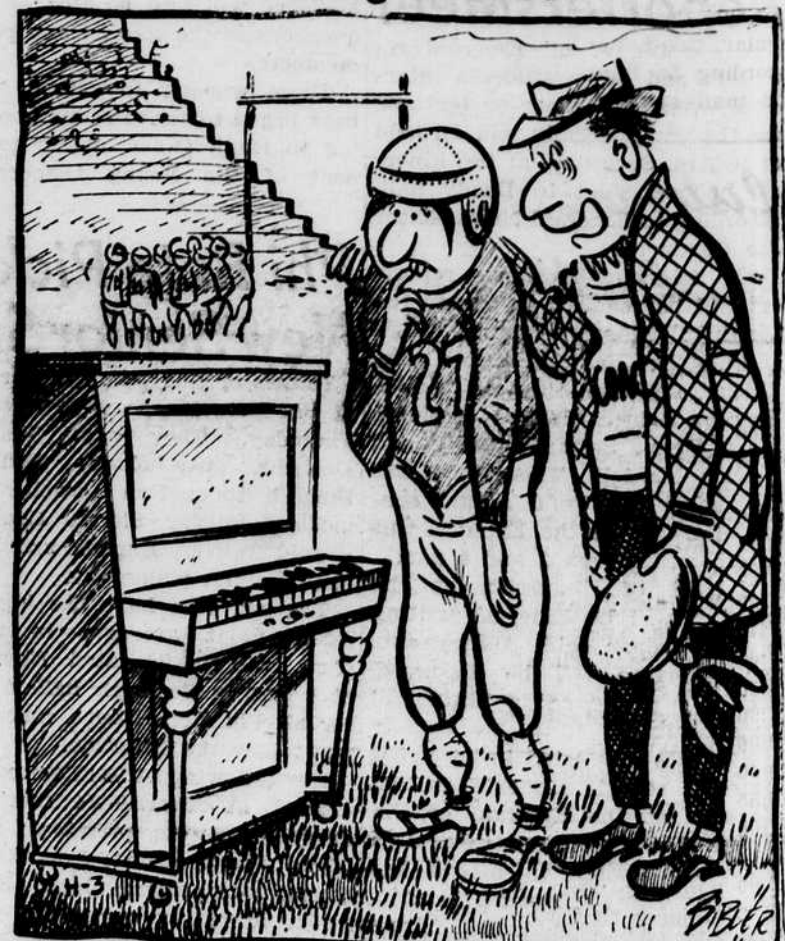
He put on his coat; the poor damned old coat that had to get up in the morning and go along to class; the coat that was made out of one part wool to one part old rain-sog to one part cigarette smoke. And he walked out of the front door of the fraternity house with Jones.

Somebody had written "Trick or Treat" on the sidewalk in lipstick.

"Trick," said Jones.

"Treat," he said, wondering a little what they were talking about. They walked off down the sidewalk together.

## The Big Chance



"I promised that you could play during the last, and I want you to know that I'm a man of my word."