

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Two-Time Loser

Oregon lost twice on the turf at Multnomah stadium at Portland Saturday night. The first loss, in which our football team was beaten by the hard-driving Stanford team, occurred in 60 minutes of regular play. It was a fair loss. The second was not.

The disgusting display of temper and poor sportsmanship which followed the game could only serve to lower the prestige of the University in the eyes of the tens of thousands of departing spectators, in the eyes of our California opponents and ultimately in the eyes of the entire Pacific Coast conference.

It's almost impossible to say who is to be blamed for the melee near the south goalpost which one Portland paper described as an unofficial "fifth quarter." There are almost as many accounts of the incident as there were participants. A Portland State college student was arrested and jailed for his part in the near-riot. Hundreds of spectators had to be forcibly removed from the playing field, in spite of repeated warnings over the loud-speaking system that no spectators were to be allowed on the field.

Coach Len Casanova and his assistants can be commended for their good judgment in getting Oregon players off the field as soon as possible after the argument started. The team can be praised for its admirable restraint in the face of what must have been a crushing personal disappointment and a definite challenge to fight.

The real blame perhaps can be placed on the Oregon students themselves. To anyone sitting in the rooting section, the poor spirit was perfectly obvious from the outset. Expecting a victory, the Oregon rooters refused to accept defeat with a sense of good sportsmanship. Many were all too eager to join the brawl no matter who started it.

The damage to the University may be permanent; we hope it is not. Oregon will indeed be fortunate, if Stanford will display the good sportsmanship Oregon lacked Saturday night and accept the apologies of the University for the unthinking actions of some of its students.

Nothing—not even a mediocre team—can more injure the name of a school than the reputation of being a poor loser. At the moment, Oregon must have that reputation in the mind of Stanford university and in the minds of the thousands of spectators who were at Multnomah stadium Saturday night.

Nothing Personal



"Class—the odds are 40 to 1 that someone in here will flunk, unless of course, he should decide to drop the course."

Presidency to Be Filled Via Petition

The senior class presidency, vacated by Bob Glass, will not be filled by Vice-President Len Calvert, but will be filled through petition, ASUO President Bob Summers said Thursday.

Summers explained that the ASUO constitution seems to be clear on the matter of all vacan-

cies. Should Calvert, UIS candidate for senior class president last spring, desire the office he can petition. If he were appointed by the Senate, his position of vice-president would be filled by petition, Summers said.

Petitions are due before the first Senate meeting, Tuesday, Oct. 5.

YMCA Forms Pool for Rides

A "riders' pool" is being formed by the University YMCA for the convenience of students wishing rides or riders, according to Dave Roberts, YMCA president.

It is hoped that the pool will be in operation sometime this week, Roberts said. Students with cars wishing riders may register in the YMCA offices in the Student Union. Students who wish rides may also register in that office, Roberts said.

The YMCA has also participated in several New Student Week activities. Monday night, about 500 freshman men attended a session on "Fraternalities and You," sponsored by the "Y." E. G. Ebbighausen, associate professor of physics; Ray Hawk, director of men's affairs, and Pete Williams, president of Inter-Fraternity Council, spoke.

Guard Exams To be Given

The annual examination for appointment to the U.S. Coast Guard Academy will be conducted Feb. 28 and March 1, 1955, in more than 100 cities, the Coast Guard announced today.

Appointments to the academy are made strictly on a basis of competitive examinations. There are no congressional appointments or geographical quotas.

Applicants must be high school seniors or graduates, 17 to 22 years old and in excellent physical condition.

Further information may be obtained by writing the Commandant, U.S. Coast Guard, Washington 25, D.C.

KOAC to Present Many Broadcasts

Broadcasts such as the Chicago roundtable, London forum, B.B.C. theater and the Cooper Union Forum will be featured this year on KOAC, Oregon's public-owned radio station, according to word received from the station.

The station, managed by the state board of higher education, is located at Corvallis. Oregon State college is the licensee and operator of the physical plant.

KOAC also broadcasts collegiate sports, lectures, convocations and other events of campus and state-wide interest.

The station is on the air at 550 kilocycles from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily except Sunday.

Brittsan Requests Dance Petitions

Sophomore students, interested in work on the annual Sophomore Whiskerino scheduled for Oct. 23, are urged to pick up petitions in the program director's office in the Student Union.

Chairmen are needed for the beard growing contest, Joe College and Betty Co-ed selections, entertainment, ticket and invitation committees. The decoration and publicity committees also need assistants, according to Darrel Brittsan, sophomore class president.

Petitions must be turned in by 5 p.m., Friday, Oct. 1.

Traditionally, sophomore men must grow beards for the event. Joe College and Betty Co-ed will be chosen from the sophomore class. Last year's titlists were Phil Lynch, Alpha Tau Omega, and Phyllis Pearson, Alpha Chi Omega.

Campus Calendar

Noon	
URC	110 SU
IFC Rush Sign-up	Ballrm SU
7:00	
Yeomen	110 SU
IFC Rush Sign-up	Ballrm SU
Orides	Gerl 3rd Fl.
Orides & Moms	Gerl 2nd Fl.
8:00	
YM Cabinet	319 SU

● Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalism fraternity, will meet at 12:30 p.m. Tuesday in 302 Allen, according to President Jerry Harrell.

Makeup Editor—Sam Vahey.
Copy Desk—Sally Ryan and Anne Ritchey.
Night Editor—Dorothy Iler.
Morning Editor—Mary Alice Allen.



On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

I WAS AWARDED A RIBBON AND PROMPTLY PUT IT IN MY TYPEWRITER

First of all—how come?

How do I come to be writing a column for Philip Morris in your campus newspaper?

I'll tell you how come:

It all began on a summer night. The air was warm, the sky was full of stars, and I sat in a cane-bottomed chair on my verandah, peaceful and serene, smoking a cigarette, humming the largo from *Death and Transfiguration*, and worming my dog.

Into this idyllic scene came a stranger—a tall, clean limbed stranger, crinkly-eyed and crooked-grinned, loose and lank. "How do you do," he said. "My name is Loose Lank and I am with the Philip Morris people."

"Enchanted," I said. "Take off your homburg and sit down." I clapped my hands. "Charles!" I called. "Another chair for Mr. Lank."

Obediently my dog trotted away and returned directly with a fan-back chair of Malayan rattan. He is the smartest dog in our block. "I'm sorry I don't have a Morris chair," I said to Mr. Lank. "That would be rather more appropriate—you being with Philip Morris and all."

Well, sir, we had many a laugh and cheer over my little witticism. When we had finished laughing and cheering, we wiped our eyes and Mr. Lank pulled out a fresh package of Philip Morris. He yanked the tape and the pack sprang open with a fetching little snap.

"Did you hear that fetching little snap?" asked Mr. Lank.

"Yes," I said, for I did.

"Cigarette?" he said.

"Thank you," I said.

We puffed contentedly for three or four hours. Then Mr. Lank said, "I suppose you're wondering why I'm here."

"Well," I replied, my old eyes twinkling, "I'll wager you didn't come to read my meter."

You can imagine how we howled at that one!

"That's a doozy!" cried Mr. Lank, giggling wildly. "I must remember to tell it to Alice when I get home."

"Your wife?" I said.

"My father," he said.

"Oh," I said.

"Well," he said, "let's get down to business... How would you like to write a campus column for Philip Morris?"

"For money?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

"My hand, sir," I said and clasped his. Warmly he returned the pressure, and soft smiles played on our lips, and our eyes were bright with the hint of tears, and we were silent, not trusting ourselves to speak.

"Cigarette?" he said at length.

I nodded.

We lit up and puffed contentedly for eight or ten hours. "I understand you've made quite a study of college students," said Mr. Lank.

"Yes," I said, blushing modestly. "I have been collecting them for years. I have over four thousand students in my basement right now."

"In mint condition?" he said incredulously.

"Students don't come in mint condition," I explained. "They go to great expense to acquire the 'beat-up look.'"

"How interesting," he said. "Tell me something more about their feeding habits, for example."

"They are omnivores of prodigious appetite," I said. "It is wise not to leave food about when they are present. Their favorite food is a dish called the Varsity Gasser—one scoop raspberry ice, one scoop raw hamburger, leeches nuts and maple syrup."

"Fascinating," said Mr. Lank. "And what are students interested in chiefly?"

"Each other," I replied. "Boy students are interested in girl students, and girl students are interested in boy students."

"This seems to me an admirable arrangement," said Mr. Lank. "But is it true even in these parlous days of worldwide tension and dreadful armaments?"

"It is always true," I said. "It isn't that college students don't know what's going on in the world. They know all too well. They're perfectly aware of the number of lumps waiting for them... But meanwhile the limbs are springy and the juices run strong and time is fleeting."

"What will you write about in your column?" asked Mr. Lank.

"About boys and girls," I said. "About fraternities and sororities and dormitories and boarding houses and dances and sleighrides and hayrides and cutting classes and going to classes and cramming for exams and campus politics and the profits of bookstores and convertibles and BMOCs and BWOCs and professors who write new texts every year and the world's slowest humans—the page boys at the library."

"And will you say a pleasant word about Philip Morris from time to time?" asked Mr. Lank.

"Sir," I replied, "I can think of no other kind of word to say about Philip Morris."

We shook hands again then, and smiled bravely. Then he was gone—a tall silhouette moving erectly into the setting sun. "Farewell, good tobaccoist!" I cried after him. "Aloha, aloha!"

And turned with a will to my typewriter.

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