

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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A New Seating Plan

Pity the poor cheer leaders as they search our football grandstands for some rooters and instead find complete confusion—groups of suspiciously happy fraternity men, clusters of squeaky voiced freshmen women, a scattering of piggers and married couples, a colorful section of sweated honorary belongers, some aloof sorority women and a few general admission ticket holders who should be in the end bleachers.

To say the least, it's a challenge to get yells out of such as these.

The ASUO senate scratched the surface of this problem the other week when it requested that the rally board committee check into the matter of allowing married women to sit at the games with their student husbands.

The rally board committee passed the assignment to the rally board and this group came up with the answer to the whole problem of spirit and seating. The seating plan calls for considerable shuffling and regimenting of spectator groups. However, if effective and organized rooting is our goal, this seems to be the answer.

Spectators in the student section would be seated from the 50 yard line south in the following order: Men 50 to 30 yard line, women 30 to 15 and piggers and married students, 15 to 0.

The group that this seating arrangement really hurts is that composed of piggers and married couples. But as one rally board member explains it, "The married students contribute practically nothing to the cheering." So keeping in mind that effective rooting is our goal, there is reason to relegate the "couples" to the end of the grandstand.

The rally board is going to attempt to put this plan into effect at Saturday's game. They hope to enforce it primarily by appealing to student cooperation and will post signs to explain the new seating arrangement.

It will take a lot of student help to make this plan work. One of the best ways of making it work is to reactivate the Oregon tradition of pigging.

Before this plan can be put into effect it must be okeyed by the senate. Then to make it work it will take, first strict enforcement by some organized group, probably the Order of the O and, second, full backing by the student body and this includes pigging.

Pigging at Oregon is in a sorry state of disuse. In the good old days a prospective pigger would be razed out of the stands in a minute. Now the cuddling couples can coo at will. If they want to play it romantic, let 'em sit on the 10 yard line.

Actually there's not too much to get excited about, what with but one more home game to come. The plan has merit and we think it would spark up the spirit a lot. But somebody—senate, rally board committee or rally board—should have gotten this plan working weeks ago.

—(D.L.)

Homecoming Hero



"Naw, he wasn't the hero of the game—he got his pants ripped off on the last play."

Letters to the Editor

Neglected Veterans

Emerald Editor:

While sitting in a booth at Maxie's the other night, I was accosted by a young man with forlorn eyes and woe-begone expression on his face. On the pretense of feeling lonesome he asked if he might join me, and upon sitting down he unfolded his heart breaking story of trials and tribulations.

It seems that this particular fellow was a veteran who was withdrawing from school. He had attempted several times to adjust to a civilian life of academic pursuits, only to become a miserable failure. For him nothing had worked. He had missed the boat intellectually, socially, economically.

The vet in question was plagued by the inability to make proper decisions. Long years of forced behavior in the service had made him a slave of fixated habits. At crucial moments calling for rational thought, he would succumb to emotional disturbances. As a result, there followed frustration, dejection, a feeling of complete defeat.

"Man!" I exclaimed, "all you need to do is play it cool! Relax! Look at things objectively! Don't be over zealous! Take it easy! Don't jump to hasty conclusions! Laugh occasionally and let nature take its course!"

"Yes," he replied abjectly, "I know, yet somehow I just can't learn that line of approach. However, thanks for the suggestions and good-bye." Two dolorous tears welled up to his clouded eyes and rolled pathetically down his face. He struggled to his feet, handed me a scrap of paper, and ambled listlessly towards the door, a hopelessly lost soul. Glancing at the paper in my hand, I read these words:

This college and "Vets Bill" I'm leaving

My second choice used—basket weaving.

I've failed the arts,

So am forsaking these parts.

My home, my world, and all grieving.

The moral of this story is that the average veteran has need of more patience, helpful guidance, sympathy, love, and understanding from other people.

Vernon D. Travis

Wonderful Support

Emerald Editor:

I wanted to take this opportunity of writing you a letter for publication in the Emerald which would indicate to you the importance of the band, the rally squad and the student rooters to our athletic program, particularly in football and basketball.

In these days when professional sports are receiving the emphasis they are in the newspapers and magazines, it is evident that one of the distinguishing features of intercollegiate athletics is the spirit and enthusiasm of their teams, rooters and supporting musical organizations.

The University of Oregon is particularly fortunate under the leadership of Bob Vagner to have developed one of the outstanding collegiate bands, both from the standpoint of musicianship and showmanship. All of us can be justly proud of the fine things they

Campus Briefs

● Canterbury club will meet Sunday evening for a discussion period with Father Ellis at St. Mary's Episcopal church, 13th and Pearl. Services will be held at 6 p.m., followed by an informal supper and the discussion.

● Sally MacIntyre, Maurine Naylor, Sylvia Birch, Doris Allen, Gerald Trask, Adelbert McInteer and Ronald Dodge were confined to the infirmary Thursday for medical attention, according to hospital records.

have done during the halftime programs in the several years. It is also evident that the rally squad with the present rally committee, and the sponsorship being furnished by Mr. Si Ellingson, will rapidly develop an easily outstanding program by our student rooters.

In behalf of the entire athletic staff I want to take this opportunity of sincerely congratulating the band and the rooters for their wonderful support this year. Let us make it a tradition.

Very sincerely yours,
Leo A. Harris
Director of Athletics

TODAY'S STAFF

Makeup Editor—Sally Ryan.

Copy Desk — Marna Gehrman,
Marcia Mauney.

News Office—Jerry Harrell, Mary
Alice Allen.

Listening In ... On KWAX

6:00 Dinner hour serenade
7:00 News till now.
7:15 Guest star
7:30 Radio workshop players
8:00 Off record
9:00 Kwaxworks
11:00 Sign off

Sunday
2:00 Comedie francaise
3:30 BBC theatre
5:00 Sign off

Campus Calendar

3:00 Pigger's Sale Checkrm SU
Homecoming Registration
Lobby 2nd Fl SU
Lobby 2nd Fl SU

Ore Moms Sale
Mum Sale
Lobby 2nd Fl SU

4:00 Fri at 4 Fishbowl SU
9:00 Variety Show Mac Ct

—Paid Advertisement—



On Campus with Max Shulman

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

HOME, SWEET HOMECOMING

A great number of people have been asking me lately, "What is Homecoming?" Yesterday, for example, as I walked from my house to the establishment of Mr. Sigafoos, the local lepidopterist where I had left a half dozen luna moths to be mounted—a distance of no more than three blocks—I'll wager that well over a thousand people stopped me and said, "What is Homecoming?"

Well, what with company coming for dinner and the cook down with a recurrence of breakbone fever, I could not tarry to answer their questions. "Read my column next week," I cried to them. "I'll tell all about Homecoming." With that I brushed past and raced home to baste the mallard and apply poultices to the cook, who, despite my unending ministrations, expired quietly during the night, a woman in her prime, scarcely 108 years old. Though her passing grieved me, it was some satisfaction to be able to grant her last wish—to be buried at sea—which is no small task when you live in Pierre, South Dakota.

With the dinner guests fed and the cook laid to her watery rest, I put out the cat and turned to the problem of Homecoming.

First of all, let us define Homecoming. Homecoming is a weekend when old graduates return to their alma maters to see a football game, ingest great quantities of food and drink, and inspect each other's bald spots.

This occasion is marked by the singing of old songs, the slapping of old backs, and the frequent utterance of such outcries as "Harry, you old polecat!" or "Harry, you old rooster!" or "Harry, you old wombat!" or "Harry, you old mandrill!" All old grads are named Harry.

During Homecoming the members of the faculty behave with unaccustomed animation. They laugh and smile and pound backs and keep shouting, "Harry, you old retriever!" These unscholarly actions are performed in the hope that the old grads, in a transport of *bonhomie*, will endow a new geology building.

The old grads, however, are seldom seduced. By game time on Saturday, their backs are so sore, their eyes so bleary, and their livers so sluggish that it is impossible to get a kind word out of them, much less a new geology building. "Hmphh!" they snort as the home team completes a 101 yard march to a touchdown. "Call that football? Why, back in my day they'd have been over on the first down. By George, football was football back in those days—not this namby pamby girls game that passes for football today. Why, look at that bench. Fifty substitutes sitting there! Why, in my day, there were eleven men on a team and that was it. When you broke a leg, you got taped up and went right back in. Why, I remember the big game against State. Harry Wallaby, our star quarterback, was killed in the third quarter. I mean he was pronounced dead. But did that stop old Harry? Not on your tintype! Back in he went and kicked the winning drop-kick in the last four seconds of play, dead as he was. Back in my day, they played football, by George!"

Everything, say the old grads, was better back in their day—everything except one. Even the most unreconstructed of the old grads has to admit that back in his day they never had a smoke like today's vintage Philip Morris—never anything so mild and pleasing, day in day out, at study or at play, in sunshine or in shower, on grassy bank or musty taproom, afoot or ahorse, at home or abroad, any time, any weather, anywhere.

I take up next another important aspect of Homecoming—the decorations in front of the fraternity house. Well do I remember one Homecoming of my undergraduate days. The game was against Princeton. The Homecoming slogan was "Hold That Tiger!" Each fraternity house built a decoration to reflect that slogan, and on the morning of the game a group of dignitaries toured Fraternity Row to inspect the decorations and award a prize for the best.

The decoration chairman at our house was an enterprising young man named Rex Sigafoos, nephew of the famous lepidopterist. Rex surveyed Fraternity Row, came back to our house and said, "All the other houses are building cardboard cages with cardboard tigers inside of them. We need to do something different—and I've got it. We're going to have a real cage with a real tiger inside of it—a snarling, clawing, slashing, real live tiger!"

"Crikey!" we breathed. "But where will you get him?" "I'll borrow him from the zoo," said Rex, and sure enough, he did. Well sir, you can imagine what a sensation it was on Homecoming morning. The judges drove along nodding politely at cardboard tigers in cardboard cages and suddenly they came to our house. No sham beast in a sham cage here! No sir! A real tiger in a real cage—a great striped jungle killer who slashed and roared and snarled and dashed himself against the bars of his cage with manic fury.

There can be no doubt that we would have easily taken first prize had not the tiger knocked out the bars of the cage and leaped into the official car and devoured Mr. August Schlemmer, the governor of the state, Mr. Wilson Ardsley Devereaux, president of the university, Dr. O. P. Gransmire, author of *A Treasury of the World's Great Southpaws: An Anthology of Left Hand Literature*, Mr. Harrison J. Teed, commissioner of weights and measures, Mrs. Amy Dorr Nesbitt, inventor of the clarinet, Mr. Jarrett Thrum, world's 135 pound lacrosse champion, Mr. Peter Bennett Hough, editor of the literary quarterly *Spasm*, and Mrs. Ora Wells Anthony, first woman to tunnel under the North Platte River.

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