

Oregon Daily
EMERALD

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Real School Spirit

It was a perfect day for a riot—Saturday at Parker stadium in Corvallis.

Rivalry between Oregon and Oregon State had reached a new peak over the past week. Oregon's Homecoming bonfire last week had been prematurely set off, with Aggie students the prime suspects. A group of vengeful Oregon students had made an attempt to light the OSC bonfire, only to be captured, have their heads shaved and formed to perform menial tasks in the Corvallis fraternities. An OSC student had been kidnapped, brought to Eugene and lead around campus on a halter.

And, of course, the Beaver Homecoming crowd was forced to watch their team go down to a humiliating defeat as the Ducks broke their five game string of victories in the annual Civil War clash. The sun was even shining; rain couldn't have kept rioters off the field.

Why? Bob Frazier of the Eugene Register-Guard (a UO graduate and ex-editor of the Emerald) wrote that school spirit just isn't what it used to be.

Perhaps Frazier is right. But if school spirit and post-game rioting go hand in hand, then we'd prefer not to have school spirit. We'd like to think that there was no riot precisely because Oregon students do have school spirit—the right kind of school spirit which lets the team do the battling on the field; the kind of school spirit which gives vocal, instead of physical, support to the team; the kind of school spirit in which students can stand up after the game and sing the Pledge Song instead of romping across the field to tear down the goal posts; the kind of school spirit in which the students can give a standing ovation to the seniors who have played their last game.

Maybe we are being a little too idealistic in attributing the failure of a riot Saturday to the proper school spirit. Certainly, the badly outnumbered Oregon students would have stood little chance in a riot against the huge Beaver crowd. Any attempt (and there was a half-hearted one) to tear down the steel goal posts at Parker stadium would have been pure folly.

The greatest share of the credit for preventing a riot, or course, must go to our Beaver hosts, who showed no real belligerency even in the face of a crushing defeat. Their treatment of us was much more creditable than was ours toward them last year, when Oregon rooters stole some of the OSC jerseys, and a genuine riot followed the game at Hayward field.

We hope the clean spirit of rivalry displayed Saturday between the two schools can become a tradition. It is this type of friendly good sportsmanship, rather than wild rioting, which makes up real school spirit.

—A DAY AT THE ZOO—
'Wheezers' Raise Taller Trees, But 'Gucks' Finally Win Game

By Bob Funk
 Emerald Columnist

Once upon a time along a river which the Republicans had claimed for their own after the Indians stopped digging roots and left to play for Stanford, there lived some animals called the Gucks, and some distance away to the north and west, some animals called the Wheezers. The Gucks and Wheezers were neighbors, not because they



felt like it, but because since the Indians had left for Stanford there was nobody much left to be neighbors with.

The Wheezers spent most of their time living a clean life and telling each other how good it was to be Wheezers instead of Gucks; and they raised trees, which was really not such a startling accomplishment since trees came rather naturally in that country. But to hear the Wheezers tell it—well, you would have thought that it was something that took Imagination, Discernment, and a couple of shots of Prayer. The problem was, as far as that went, that the Wheezers always were telling it.

"Us Wheezers just naturally have green thumbs," the Wheezers would tell the Gucks when somehow the Wheezers and Gucks came face to face down at the watering hole, "that's why our trees are so much, much taller and fatter and sappier than your trees."

Since this was perfectly true the Gucks had no comeback whatsoever, so they would just pretend that they were chewing something and couldn't speak out of politeness. It seemed to the Gucks that the reason the Wheezer trees were so blasted big was that there was more fertilizer up there. Just why there was so much more fertilizer was one of nature's little secrets.

The Gucks, when they were not at the watering hole pretending to chew, were sitting around reading Shakespeare and Beowulf and saying toujours gai and go to hell to each other, and being sophisticated and disreput-

able. Every evening they had Coca Cola on the rocks and argued about whether Malthus was the ingredient the hops were kissing in the beer, or a member or somebody in some book. The Gucks could not grow trees for sour apples, or trees for anything if you want to get embarrassingly technical.

But it wouldn't have been so bad, not being able to grow trees; you can always say toujours gai or go to hell and skoal another Coca Cola on the rocks. The thing that was really bad for the Gucks was that they could never seem to beat the Wheezers at football. Football was something that the Indians had introduced along the river just before they left for Stanford, and every year the Gucks and the Wheezers had an intensely competitive game and every year the Wheezers beat the Irish Blarney out of the Gucks, which was quite a beating since the Gucks weren't even Irish.

The Gucks would go dejectedly back home through the Wheezer trees, telling each other that it didn't really matter; but really, it did, and there was nothing that Coca Cola on the rocks could do for the post-game Guck. The Wheezers, of

course, would have a large self-congratulatory banquet where they would all sit around telling themselves how a clean life always pays, har har, and then it would be 7:30 and time for bed.

Right about here we should explain that the most outstanding thing about the Gucks was that they were small and tended to be all bill; whereas the Wheezers were rather plump and tended to be all tail. A bill may be aesthetically pleasing, but in an athletic contest a little weight in the tail is to much greater advantage. And every year, due to the immense quantities of good clean things eaten at the self-congratulatory banquets, the Wheezers got heavier and heavier tails. Finally, after about five years of straight wins at football, their tails were so much enlarged that no one was eligible to play anything but end, which was a rather horrible pun.

After the Gucks had lost for five straight times, and had begun to wish the Indians had taken football to Stanford with them, the Gucks came up with a player whom everyone thought was "real George" (from which it can be seen that the Wheezers

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