

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

A Quiet Term?

Winter term, they say, is the quiet term. It's the term when there's nothing to do, and we can all settle down and study and bring up those poor, sagging GPA's. Besides, it's winter and too cold and wet outside to party.

At least that's what we've been told. But, we're afraid, this is just another of those Oregon myths that sounds good but isn't really true. Winter term is one of the very busiest.

During the ten weeks of the term are squeezed ten home basketball games, six fishbowl mixers, Dads Weekend, the senior ball, the frosh snowball, the Lemon-Orange Squeeze, plus concerts, assemblies, wrestling matches, swimming meets.

And if this doesn't give you enough to do, there are the regular Student Union Sunday movies, educational movies on Wednesdays, Friday evening coffee hours, browsing room lectures and billiard tournaments.

All these things we see on the Calendar of Events distributed by the SU. At the end of the calendar is the cheerful news that we should watch for additional events to be scheduled during the year.

Then there's the part of the myth that says the weather is always bad during winter term. We seem to remember at least two or three weeks right in the middle of every winter term since we've been here that feel just like spring. Just as mid-terms arrive so does the sunshine and we're faced with picnic weather for a couple of weeks.

So, if this is the quiet term with nothing to do but study—then what are we going to do spring term? That's the busy term. We wonder how anything could be more busy than this winter term.—(J.W.)

Faithful Public Servant

News of the resignation December 13 of Charles D. Byrne as chancellor of the State System of Higher Education must have been received with a great deal of regret by many in Oregon education circles.

Chancellor Byrne, whose resignation is effective June 30, has served the state long and faithfully. During his 26 years of association with the system, Byrne has built up a national reputation as an expert on coordinated state college systems.

Much of the success of the current setup for state institutions of higher education must be credited to Byrne, who has served in capacities ranging from director of the news bureau at Oregon State college to chancellor, a position which he has held since 1950. Byrne became director of information for the state system in 1932, and in 1933 he was made secretary to the state board and assistant to the chancellor.

Although Byrne's offices were located here on campus, very few Oregon students had the opportunity to meet him. His duties were not of a type that would enable him to have day to day contact with the young people who were receiving so many benefits from his services. Yet, students could always be assured that the chancellor, even from his position of comparative anonymity, was working hard to insure them of a good education. It was indeed reassuring to know that such a man could represent the institutions of higher education to the state.

A big job faces John R. Richards, vice-chancellor for the past year and a half, who will succeed Byrne in July. Richards is assuming directorship of the state system at a crucial time of expanded enrollments, with a pressing need for new classroom space and additional facilities at all of Oregon's higher institutions.

Fortunately, Richards is well qualified to take on such a responsibility. He has a wide background in the educational field and has already gained valuable experience

in the state system. The state board displayed admirable foresight in choosing Richards originally for the number two position in the state system, so that his choice as Byrne's successor will mean an easy and natural transition from one administration to the next.

The state system of higher education will miss Charles D. Byrne. It can only be hoped that his passing from the education scene will mark the beginning of an equally long and successful administration by his successor.

Number Fourteen

With the football season over and the post season game ended for one of Oregon's greats in football, we can think of no greater tribute that the University could pay to George Shaw than retire his number.

Very seldom does Oregon have such a versatile and talented athlete. With the completion of his days in college football in which he acquired national acclaim, not only for himself, but for the University, this honor would be fitting.

There is one problem, however.

Oregon's athletic department has a precedent or policy that only the numbers of athletes who have participated in the winning of a national title or have been voted All-American will have their numbers retired. (Oregon's 1939 basketball team was not only the national champion but the members of the team were voted All-American; their numbers are the only ones ever retired at the University.)

The Emerald called for the retiring of football number 14 as early as last Nov. 24. At a meeting Dec. 3, the ASUO cabinet endorsed the recommendation of Emerald Editor Joe Gardner that the number be retired. The cabinet passed the recommendation on to the ASUO senate for further action. The senate then appointed a committee to study the recommendation at its final meeting of fall term.

ASUO President Bob Summers wrote a letter recently to the athletic department requesting information on retiring Shaw's number. The feeling of the athletic department staff was that the precedent should not be broken since "it might get out of hand." Summers was so informed.

Should the precedent be broken or should one of Oregon's greatest athletes be slighted because he didn't get enough votes to be called an All-American? The answer is obvious. (P. K.)

Footnotes . . .

Maybe we're just getting older, but those registration lines Monday seemed longer than usual for midyear registration. Keep thinking of how easy it was to sign up for courses under the pre-registration setup junked last year.

The squirrels on campus seem more active and brazen than ever before. They must be getting fat and saucy now that Waldo is but a dim memory.

Well, freshmen, your first final week is a thing of history. Was it as bad as you expected? Or worse? The most fearful thing about finals, you'll find, is worrying about them in advance. Those who went into their exams "calm, cool and collected" shouldn't have found them as terrifying as we older (and wiser?) upperclassmen had predicted.

The Co-op really scored with those new book lists to speed up the lines at the book counter. Students can now make out a list of the books they wish to purchase in advance, thus saving wear and tear on the harried employees.

A DAY AT THE ZOO

The Ride to Eugene: Pity the Poor Driver

By Bob Funk
Emerald Columnist

When she emerged, radiantly from the front door of 114839 SE Chattahoochee Gulch Place, she was smiling; but when she noticed his car, her mouth snapped back into its customary position.

"That's an awfully small car," she said.

"But you said you'd only have one suitcase. We'll have plenty

of room." It was a good thing she only had one suitcase, he thought; he hadn't realized she was quite so large.

"Well, I like to ride in big cars, on account of you don't get so sick going around curves and you feel so much safer."

He pawed at the turf with his foot. "Well, let's get loaded up," he said, with what he hoped had passed for heartiness. She went back into the house; for a minute he heard some vague rumblings; the house buckled slightly, and then the door crashed open.

She was carrying the one suitcase; in her other hand she had a package of assorted breakfast foods, a cage with a small skunk in it; a combined television and phonograph console; seventeen garment bags, three slightly soiled formals, a pair of beige pumps, three sorority sisters in a duffel bag, and a party hat.

"There's some other little things inside," she smiled nervously. "I'll just hold these things on my lap." He knew she had a large lap, but it wasn't that large. The "other little things" proved to be an army cot, a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and a pile of assorted clothes which reached to a point in the front hall just below the chandelier.

First, he tried loosening body bolts, but there still wasn't enough room. Then he discarded the spare tire, his tools, and finally took his luggage back home to be sent to Eugene by railway express. The seating order resulted in the following:

Front seat, from left to right: door; driver (somewhat squunched); large trunk; cage full of skunk; sorority sister; two-suitcase; party hat; second sorority sister (sort of sideways); assorted loose clothing; door.

Back seat: door; she who had procured the ride in the first place and had come radiantly smiling from the door of 114839 Chattahoochee, etc.; soiled formals; sorority sister (mixed with garment bags, but still breathing); breakfast food; and then a large uncharted wasteland holding everything else, horribly mangled; door.

They started off, overloaded but running; there was a horrible scraping sound where the car bounced on the highway.

"I wish you wouldn't go around corners so fast," a voice cried

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Careful Course Selection



"Flossy said she got so much out of your course, professor, I want to enroll."



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