

# + EMERALD EDITORIALS +

## Ambitious Ski Plans

If Oregon's ski club, the Ski Quacks, carries out half of its ambitious plans, it's going to be a real booming organization and a credit to the University.

Providing plans materialize, the club will hold an all campus promotion outing with free ski lessons for all who attend. Then future club outings will offer lessons just to members. Instruction will come from club members who are experienced instructors.

Other items on the activity schedule include an overnight trip, probably to Hoodoo Bowl, and the sponsorship of a ski team.

Now get this, men. Presently the club is somewhat handicapped for lack of transportation. The reason: There is a three-to-one ratio of girls to men. "And most of them good looking," says Jim Laughton, president.

The Ski Quacks-sponsored ski team will race in college competition as the ASUO ski team. Originally an attempt was made to gain athletic department sponsorship and funds.

But the athletic department didn't want to be bothered with the proposal, and especially didn't want to be hit for funds. So an appeal was made to the ASUO senate and at the last Senate meeting it was decided that the team would be allowed to represent the University and would be under direct sponsorship of the Ski Quacks.

Possibly the athletic department's reluctance to wax enthusiastic about a ski team can be traced to the last University of Oregon ski team. This was about five years ago. It seems that said ski team traveled to Sun Valley for a meet. When the meet was over the team stayed for two more days on University funds. When this money was gone, the team stayed for another two days on its own funds.

This incident, the fact that the team members rarely made a class or missed a day skiing, and the unglorious fact that they didn't do much winning, may possibly have left unkind memories in the athletic department.

Anyway the team is back in operation and has a chance to redeem itself. Team members, of course, hope to make a successful record with an eventual aim of getting athletic department recognition—and funds. In the meantime, at least this year, the team will pretty much have to limit competition to Oregon where the cost of transportation is smaller.

We would suggest that the best way to make the ski team succeed is to make the sponsoring organization, Ski Quacks, a success. This means vigorously following through on all the plans for outings and free lessons and overnight trips.

And we would suggest to all the men on campus, who can tell a ski from a snow shoe, that they get over to one of these Thursday night Ski Quacks meetings in the SU, and check on this three-to-one ratio. — (D.L.)

## Logical Reasoning?

Proponents of the literary magazine carefully avoid in their letter to the editor today the three points which were put forth in the previous editorials which questioned the interest, appeal and finances of the publication.

They feel it is sufficient to say that the opinion in the editorial was that of the writer alone (which is not true) and then attack the writer because he did not attend their meeting, is an accounting major and has "probably prejudiced opinions."

Opinions expressed on the Emerald editorial page are those of the writer but in this case most of the other members of the editorial board agreed, including the editor.

We do not feel that attendance at the group's first meeting is a condition precedent to commenting on the idea of a literary magazine nor do we feel that a person's being an accounting major restricts his field of thoughts to statistics.

The writers of today's letter to the editor seem to feel that they can justify a literary magazine on the Oregon campus because a person who questioned its interest, appeal and finances is, in their eyes, an incapable judge.

Is such reasoning logical? — (P.K.)

## A DAY AT THE ZOO

# Conversation Limited At Exchange Dinner

By Bob Funk  
Emerald Columnist

A date for dinner. And what did you think of? Music, and a little candle in the middle of the table, casting soft shadows; ice-cubes tinkling in glasses; a great big bruiser of a steak and someone holding your hand (the hand you weren't eating with), and saying "you're so wonderful; we must do this more often." At least that's what she thought of when she thought of a date for dinner.

But this was different. It was just a whole lot different. This was sitting next to someone in a cashmere sweater who was left-handed and kept jabbing you in the ribs. This was a compulsory social event; you were signed up for, like a dental appointment. And then you tried to think of something to say. She took a rather large mouthful of carrots so that she wouldn't have to say anything. When his left elbow hit her right elbow it only knocked half the carrots off onto her lap.

"Mmmph," he said through some mashed potatoes.

She thought that probably meant pardon me for hitting you for the tenth time with my elbow. "Oh, that's quite all right," she said. "Did you go to the game?" she asked. There was a sure-fire question.

"Shlugsh," he said enthusiastically, and a couple of pieces of carrot fell out of his mouth. She decided she'd watch his adam's apple before she asked any more questions. There was always the one on her left, the green cashmere one that was with Bobvia.

"I didn't quite catch your name," she said to the green cashmere one, "I'm terrible about names."

"Grmphsmllr," he said, and when he said it she could see that he too was somewhat phonetically clogged with mashed pota-

toes. Grmphsmllr. He looked like he might be somebody named Grmphsmllr, and someone like that wasn't someone you could start a conversation with. Not unless you were an old hand at interpreting words sheved through mashed potatoes. She turned back to her own escort, the one with the elbow.

"Do you ski?" she asked. "Yeah," she had caught him with his potatoes down.

"Ever break anything?" This was, she felt, a somewhat morbid line of questioning, but it was at least showing signs of turning into a conversation.

"No." She sighed with disappointment.

"I was rather hoping you had," she said. "Your elbow, maybe." But he was chewing too loudly to hear her.

The green cashmere one turned and said, "Mishpshtshit," and pointed at the bowl of seconds on mashed potatoes. She passed them.

"I think you're so clever," she said, "being able to talk with your mouth absolutely chock full of potatoes," she said. "And how do you keep them all in when you open your mouth so wide?"

He opened his mouth and said something without any consonants in it. The expanse of mashed potatoes was marvelous to behold.

She turned back to her escort just in time to see him finish the dish of seconds on mashed potatoes. Slowly, very carefully, she slipped down in her chair. Only her chin was showing at tablecloth line; then only the top of her head.

Underneath the table everything was dim and cool. There were only people's feet around the perimeter, and she was kicked only four or five times. Several carrots were dropped on her, but no mashed potatoes. Escape, she supposed, was cowardly; but she had sat through most of it.

They did not notice when she crawled out of the dining room on her belly and slipped upstairs.

peal," he was merely speaking his individual opinion and not necessarily the opinion of the Emerald editor or editorial staff as he insinuated.

We feel P.K. is an incapable judge of our project for three reasons: first, he did not attend our previous meeting. This means he is unfamiliar with the material we've so far prepared and couldn't possibly give it an honest evaluation. He merely extracted phrases from a private conversation and used them with an acute lack of forethought. Second, P.K. is an accounting major and apparently thinks only in terms of statistics. We wonder what course P.K. took which enables him to know a magazine will or won't sell before it's even been published. Third, we feel P.K. was exercising his position on the Emerald to convey probable prejudiced opinions. We sympathize with his feeling of self-preservation and loyalty to the paper. However, his feelings are unjustified as we have no ambition to become the Emerald's rival any more than the debating team, who are also allocated money. The proposed literary magazine is not designed to compete with any present publication on campus, but only to fill a gap in the University's intellectual life.

Of the many possible methods of selling the magazine, P.K. called attention only to sales to alumni. This appears

to be a deliberate distortion of our proposal to offer the magazine for sale on some weekend when the alumni are on campus. As a matter of good business the magazine should be presented to the widest possible market. But it will be, as it should, primarily intended for a student audience.

P.K. invited us to show him some feasible plans concerning our status on the magazine's appeal and financial support. Since the Emerald represents exactly two votes on the pub board we see no advantage in presenting our plan at this time and under these arbitrary conditions, especially considering the Emerald representatives will see the same plan when we submit it to the board. Since, P.K. represents neither vote, and speaks only for himself, we find his request unwarranted.

If P.K. is so absorbed in our project, making reference to his two negative editorials, we invite him to attend our next meeting on Thursday night in the SU at 6:45. We will welcome any criticism P.K. can offer, verbally or in editorials. However, we have one stipulation, that in the future P.K. be informed on what he writes.

Elliot Carlson  
Ardon Milkes

Ed Note: See comment in editorial titled "Logical Reasoning."

# Letters to the Editor

## Special Attractions

Emerald Editor:

In the past few years the Student Union board has had the privilege of bringing to the campus special attractions which the student body might not otherwise have the opportunity to see. The Dave Brubeck Quartet, the George Shearing Quintet and the Don Cossack Choir and Dancers are just a few of the groups which have been sponsored by the Student Union board. Therefore, I feel that I should inform the student body of the board's progress this year concerning special attractions.

We have made a tentative scheduling of dates with the

Fred Waring Orchestra and the Turn-About Theater, and we will know within the next week if these dates can be confirmed. However, if arrangements for one or both of these attractions cannot be concluded, we feel that no further attempts should be made to bring some lesser attraction to the campus during an already full winter term.

The Board realizes that there is a loaded social calendar this winter term, and rather than loading the calendar further by bringing in a second rate attraction we will delay action on any other special attraction until spring term. Members of the Board would be interested in sug-

gestion from students as to possible special attractions for the spring term period.

Bob Pollock  
Chairman,  
Student Union Board

## Strange Crash

Emerald Editor:

Being an accomplished aviator, I read with surprise that the airplane in which four University students were passengers crashed at 1500 feet. No doubt the passengers were also surprised to crash at this altitude, but I am disinclined to believe that the airplane actually crashed at 1500 feet.

Leo V. Nuttman

## Position Clear

Emerald Editor:

Because of the determination of the Emerald's editorial writers to discourage the possibilities of a literary magazine, we the advocates of this publication, consider it necessary to make our position clear. It's not our intention to antagonize or create strained relations between ourselves and the writer of that editorial—or the Emerald. However, there are certain elements in this situation which we feel were neglected. But before we go any further one point must be clarified. When P.K. (Paul Keefe) contends, "WE are unconvinced of the magazine's ap-



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