

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

Forced Donations

The United Appeal drive opened in the campus living organizations Monday. Or at least it was supposed to have.

Unfortunately, like most campus drives, it was a haphazard business despite the worthings of the cause, or rather, the causes, it represents.

With each of the campus drives, an emphasis is made upon the living organizations. Each is encouraged to give to win some minor trophy and get its name in the Emerald. Seldom is any mention made of where the money collected is to go.

To us, this is rather a backward way of forcing "donations." The number of drives on campus has already been limited, presumably to those of the most merit.

However, it seems to us that the student himself should decide whether the drive is meaningful to him, and make his contributions accordingly. He should not be expected to give 55 cents or whatever the current goal happens to be. How much he gives should be a matter of his own feeling, not how much his house pressures him into giving so that old Phi Brack can place first in the contest.

Let's put this campaign on a more sensible level. Let's say where the money is going. And let's forget the "coveted awards."

—(S.R.)

For Safety's Sake

Checked that overloaded socket in the study hall lately? Or that attic? And how about that paint and the leftover house dance decorations in the basement? We'd hate to see Phi Brack or Sigma Phi Nothing go down in ashes.

They may, too, if proper fire precautions are not taken. Each year each house is inspected by a representative of the Eugene firemen, in an attempt to insure the safety of the house residents.

Somewhat, however, we are inclined to forget between visits. That is why this week is Fire Prevention week, not only on campus, but elsewhere, too.

It's a reminder: a reminder to check up on ourselves, for safety's sake, and the sake of old Phi Brack and Sigma Phi Nothing. (S.R.)

Bygone Day's Bard

The "good ole days," of 1952, so loudly and sadly recalled by the returning University graduates of the last three years, will be recaptured tonight via the medium of motion pictures. Stupendous, colossal, gigantic 8 mm. motion picture yet.

For Hamlet has returned to campus for the first time since those dim days that only seniors and law students can remember.

Mr. Shakespeare's great tragedy, slightly mixed up after its conflict with the 20th century and five even more mixed up University students, will be shown tonight in the Student Union.

For the three classes who have entered since this great achievement of the motion

picture industry slunk away before the malevolent stares of the English department, here is your chance. Use it well; it may be your last.

For who would willingly miss the antics of Al Barzman, the intellectuals' Jerry Lewis? And who could live with his conscience after failing to see Bob Chambers in his immortal portrayal of 10 characters, 4 of whom die more or less simultaneously in the last act?

And for you old-timers, here is your chance to lean back and recall fondly the bygone days when the Senate talked about the honor code and the "O", instead of the Millrace and seating at football games.

Loyalty Plus

Rooters at the Oregon-Colorado game Saturday afternoon no doubt noticed the big empty chair in the middle of the track, just in back of the Webfoot players' bench. It was neatly covered with an emerald green and yellow Oregon blanket.

Those students who arrived at the game a little early heard the announcement explaining what the chair represented, but we are sure that nobody truly understood its meaning. Maybe an explanation here will help.

Last week the University alumni office received a letter from an alumnus who is now residing in New London, Conn., and prefers to be called "Uncle Jim." His official cognomen is James G. Hammond.

In his letter "Uncle Jim" enclosed a check for four dollars which he said he wanted used to "buy a grandstand seat—plus for your Uncle Jim and just picture me up there shouting and cheering and singing and yelling at the very next football game out at the field."

The complete text of his letter is printed at the bottom of this page.

What "Uncle Jim" really wanted, we believe, was for Oregon to know that he hadn't forgotten his old alma mater despite his many years away. We don't know of any way he could have made a more lasting impression of his faith.

For those who are interested in knowing a little more about the man than the fact that he is an Oregon graduate, here are a few of the highlights of his life:

Hammond entered the University in 1892 and graduated with a degree in music in 1898. He is now 80 years old and has some relatives who are still living in Eugene.

He has been active in many official positions. He served a three-year term in the Connecticut state legislature, was assistant national secretary of the Rotary International club, has worked in the national field for the Isaac Walton league and was for a time commissioner of the Connecticut State Board of Fisheries and Game. Yes, our "Uncle Jim" has indeed been around.

His four dollar check has not been cashed. According to Bass Dyer, alumni secretary, it will be framed and probably placed somewhere in the athletic department along with a copy of his letter, a fine tribute to an exceedingly loyal alumnus. (B.R.)

Faculty Office Hours



AROUND THE QUAD

Forlorn Pigeon Hurt By Lack of Attention

By Ken Kesey
Emerald Columnist

As I roamed vaguely across the campus last Saturday night I was startled by the sight of a large bird perched forlornly atop the Pioneer Mother.

"Hello," I ventured. "Why are you sitting on the statue of our Pioneer Mother?"

He looked broodingly down and a tear splattered over the Mother's bodice. "Because," he stated, "by way of the egg I am a pigeon, and pigeons traditionally sit on statues. Please," sniffed the pigeon, "have you no pity for a heartbroken failure? Don't you realize I'll probably lose my grant-in-aid?"

"No such thing. I saw you at the game this afternoon. You're just new, that's all, we'll accept you eventually. Keep a stiff upper beak." I reached in my pocket and found a candy apple left over from the 1953 Mystie sale, also a cornnut. "Come down from the Pioneer Mother and we will share my feeble fare. And while we eat you can relate your woes."

The pigeon slid down the wet metal and sat beside me. We huddled close to the statue, seeking protection from the rain and the occasional bottle that was flung from the girl's dorm. The pigeon took the apple and as he pecked at it he told me his story.

"It's tough on me 'cause I'm a transfer. I have already spent quite a few years up at State—studied poultry breeding. It was there I met Benny. He's sort of a large, flat-tailed student-rodent up there getting his degree in pre-dentistry—always carrying a plumber's helper around with him—part of his equipment."

Anyway, he's the one that told me I should come down here to

study, said there were a lot of coeds in the same school as me. He told me I could get a job. Big demand, he said. Easy work, he said. Paint the beak yellow, learn a few basic moves and you got it knocked, he said. It looked easy, too. Everything was going right along until today, my studies, my project—everything. Until today..." his craw began to quiver, "today I made my debut in my job—and I was a failure!"

"There there, you really were not so bad. It was just that the other team had proselytized some rather vicious fellows from Pom Pom Gali. But, I'm sure, when the chips are down..."

"That's just it," he shouted, throwing the apple core at me, "The chips were down, down and out; our boys had them licked, beaten, and I couldn't muster enough spirit for the last push. Every time they got within the twenty you'da thought our team was playing with a bar of soap!"

And the stands, ungrateful ingrates, they wouldn't even yell when I led them; the boys were actually more interested in inoculated oranges than in me! I've a good mind to go back to State—if they'd have me." He nervously popped eight no-dose pills into his mouth. "Nobody seemed to care about me, notice me."

Thus shouting he flew back to the top of the Pioneer Mother. "I don't know what to do," he muttered moodily, "Thanks anyway for the shoulder—and the walnut."

"It was an apple," I said, rising to leave. "Well, goodnight, Pigeon."

"Sh! Don't call me 'Pigeon,' I'm supposed to be a duck. What would the folks around here think if they knew they had a pigeon for a mascot?"

Letters to the Editor

Emerald Editor:

Yes, this is your Uncle Jim speaking to you this morning... speaking to you from out of a heart too full for a dull old head to teach it reason and restraint, mayhap.

The writer—an octogenarian—wants you to have an object lesson in patience this morning as I all too briefly review the past and live over again those treasured days of a glorious and grand yesteryear of more than a half century ago.

My hair is now a snowy white.

Anyway, the mind is—I hope—still young and alert. Seems but only so short a time ago your Uncle Jim was proudly walking up to the varsity campus from our modest little home on Olive St. ... Oh, thank God for memories, most precious and treasured memories.

Well, my gang, here's what I want you to do for me. Take the accompanying check and buy a grandstand seat plus for your

Uncle Jim and just picture me up there shouting and cheering and singing and yelling at the very next football game out at the field. Will you?

In renewed assurance of my warm esteem... I am yours now and on down to the end of time until I become a "Century Plant."

Appreciatively,

Uncle Jim
James G. Hammond
New London, Conn.



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