

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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## A Great Day for Northwest Football

We found out Saturday why California schools don't want to play their "poor relations" of the Northwest. It's so embarrassing when they lose. Note the scores: Washington State 14, California 13; Washington 34, Stanford 13; and, of course, Oregon 7, Southern Cal 0.

All three were magnificent team victories for the underdogs, and they took plenty of wind out of California's publicity sails. All we're heard from the south of late are mutterings of "Let's get out of this lousy, no-competition conference." Well, how does this stack up for competition:

Oregon, beaten four times this year, played USC, beaten only once, right off the field. The Trojans had been leading the conference in rushing statistics, and their C. R. Roberts had been averaging nearly eight yards every time he carried the ball. The Webfoots held them to only 154 yards

on the ground and Roberts to a net of only 16.

Stanford had been considered the strongest team on the coast most of the season; Washington had been going down hill, with four losses in a row. So the Huskies completely overwhelmed the favored Indians, with even a tackle running for a touchdown (on a fumble.)

Cal was favored against Washington State, but anyone who watched the Cougars tie Oregon, 7-7, last week knew the oddsmakers were going to lose some money. The defeat left Cal with a practically "perfect" poor record against Northwest teams—the Bears dropped three out of the four they attempted.

Meanwhile, still another northwest school was clinching a Rose Bowl bid—Oregon State edged Idaho, 14-10. Truly a day to be remembered in northwest football history.

—(J. W.)

## Headaches: Proof of Our Noble Pursuits

All hail to science, which has just stepped forward with a great new truth: college students have more headaches than any other occupational group in America.

A Louisiana doctor has completed a survey of 5,000 persons and announced that college students have more headaches than even business executives. More than 80 percent of our fellow sufferers made the doctor's "honor roll," compared to 77 percent of the executives. Other groups bringing up the headache rear were professional people, 70 percent; housewives, 69 percent; clerks, 68 percent; salesmen, 58 percent; manual laborers, 55 percent, and farmers, 50 percent.

Before someone takes these figures and labels us a "psyched up" generation, let us point with pride to the great virtues evidenced by the successful attraction of headaches. How does one get a headache? Why, obviously, by striving night and day for learning, or by giving committee-hopping service to his fellow man. Headaches are the result of the great emotional pressure of our noble undertaking. Apparently guiding oneself through the hazards of collegiate life is somewhat more nerve-wracking than running General Motors.

The next scientific survey into this great new field of human learning should deal more specifically with individuals. Who would win a headache derby between an average committee-harrassed Annie Activities and Mr. John Foster Dulles, who has only Egyptians, Israelis, British, French, and Russians to contend with? And who would win a race between Joe College who eats, breathes and sleeps next year's honorary and Mr. Ezra Taft Benson, who has only about ten million unhappy farmers on his neck? We're giving 3-2 odds on our dedicated committee-hoppers, especially on the homestretch drive toward final week.

Let no man criticize the fellow who can boast two ulcers or a new headache every Monday. All should admit that the art of headache-having is attained only through nervewracking, successful living.

Incidentally, some of this scientific knowledge might well be incorporated into the next letter home, in the paragraph which immediately precedes the casual request for added funds. Parents have a right to know that we're down here in Eugene sweating blood and absorbing headaches for the sake of a better tomorrow.

## — Letters to the Editor —

**Emerald Editor:**

Apparently there were some of us who were under the mistaken impression that ASUO elections are run on a democratic basis. I refer to the farce that passed for an election of a graduate Senator last Wednesday. The Emerald stated in its Thursday edition that "Gordon McLeod . . . won in an extremely sparse graduate vote."

Being interested in the exact quantity implied by "extremely sparse," I was able to discover that Mr. McLeod received twelve votes. However, I knew that more than twelve votes had been cast, none of them being for Mr. McLeod. Upon further

checking the facts were finally obtained through the Office of Student Affairs: Total votes cast, 49; for Gordon McLeod, 12; for Giles Maloof, 17; for Charles Koburger, 20. So, the "winner" ran third, and in a three-horse race!

The answer to all this is fairly obvious to all who voted. The only name on the ballot was Gordon McLeod. The other votes were amassed through two rather successful write-in campaigns, which in almost any other election would have been counted, recorded and figured in determining the winning candidates. Not so here. I was informed that "there is no pro-

vision for counting write-in votes and ballots with such votes are not tallied."

The fact of the matter is that the ASUO constitution is entirely silent on the subject, leaving the situation wide-open for interpretation. The Office of Student Affairs and the Elections Committee choose to interpret it one way.

There are many of us who feel this is totally erroneous and against the principles of "the will of the people." If you like, the 37 votes not cast for McLeod could be called votes against him. Perhaps there were only twelve graduate students who knew McLeod sufficiently

## Thanksgiving Day Appraisal



"They play an 'unbalanced line'—I heard none of 'em have an I.Q. over 40."

## The Skeptic Tank

### Columnist Kicks off Week To 'Aggravate the Aggies'

By **BRIAN BOOTH**  
Emerald Columnist

"Hear that crowd out there yelling for you? It's nearly time to go out. So get ready. And remember we can't let everybody down today even if we have cinched the Rose Bowl trip. This is really the Big One. You'll have plenty of time to practice before New Years. So just concentrate on what you've learned today. But don't forget the TV cameras. They can hurt if they catch you at the wrong moment. So be on guard. And smile all the time. You never know when a photographer is around. Just stay on your toes gang. And if you look good I'll give you the rest of the week off. That's right. No practice. Now let's go. This is the Big One."

As the fiery word died in the thick throat of the OSC yell king, the six Beaver girls leaped to their feet together, grabbed their pom-poms, smoothed their hair and headed for gridiron glory in front of the grandstands . . .

The 60th Oregon-OSC game in sparkling Parker Stadium Thursday is going to be the Big One for two fine football teams as well as for the rah-rah ballerinas who have drawn applause from about everyone except the angels in heaven this year. The civil war game which for too many years has decided nothing but the championship of Lane and Benton counties has a lot more than usual to offer.

Oregon State has turned out a Rose Bowl eleven whose busi-

ness-like second-half comebacks have captured the imagination of coast football fans. Oregon with an outstanding defense has been a hot and cold team which reached its seasonal peak Saturday with a great win over USC. The Trojans handed OSC its only league loss and its last defeat seven weeks ago.

Last year's Oregon football team rose to great heights in tromping another fine Aggie eleven. And Duck Captain Phil McHugh thinks the 1956 Webfoots can do the same thing Thursday to a better OSC aggregation. An Oregon win will end a crazy cycle which in three months has seen an Oregon Bowl-bound team thrashed by the Ducks, an effigy of Len Casanova dangling in front of Commonwealth, a flock of talk about the lack of esprit de corps around this place and now the soothing ecstasy of the USC win. Beating the Beavers will make 1956 an unforgettable year for Len Casanova and the Oregon varsity. A month ago, it looked like an OSC runaway. But not any longer.

So here's wishing Oregon State a gloomy Thanksgiving and a Happy New Years. And to unofficially kick off a four-day "Aggravate the Aggies Week" we offer the following truism:

"Did a horse step on your face," the sweet, young coed sympathetically asked.

"No," came back the strained and stumbling answer, "I'm from Oregon State."

As I see it, the only way to alter the opinions of the OSA and the EC (which perhaps has some partial basis in the pre-

(Continued on page 3)