

Taste of Victory

UCLA coach Red Sanders said, "We could have played a better defense in a swimming pool." The Los Angeles Times, if we judge by past performances, blamed it on Orlando Hollis or the Pacific Coast Conference and groused at the paltry turnout of 16,000 fans.

What happened was, we won.

The University of Oregon beat the University of California at Los Angeles in a game of football. What's more, the said U. of C. at L. A. did not, for the first time in the memory of mortal man, even cross the Oregon goal line.

This is something to shout about.

This, in fact, is historic. If they don't win another game all season, the 1957 football team will always be remembered as "the team that whitewashed UCLA." And that should be honors enough to last any team member a lifetime.

A Channel Exists

The Emerald remembers somewhat painfully the mass confusion of a year ago, when the entire question of rules and regulations for women students was re-examined by the administration and women's leaders alike.

At the risk of being labeled premature (something for which The Emerald is not famous), we would like to chart a steerable course for the brand new freshmen women—for which last year's red tape barrage should have benefits.

We like to think that out of last year's activity came a workable and acceptable solution to the whole puzzling matter of the formation, revision and enforcement of

women's rules. Such a solution, it appeared then, was badly needed.

Essentially, last year's situation resolved itself through an extensive inquiry by the Associated Women Students into the rule structure itself. Channels were then officially established for the correction of women's grievances.

We don't mean to suggest that previous classes of freshmen were harshly oppressed. But we can recall numerous instances of women uncertain as to the ways of making self-improvement in existing standards.

Without rambling at length about democracy or representative government, it is sufficient to point out that freshmen women are provided for in the system today. The means are outlined for any changes, if the need for a change truly exists.

Certainly it is true that rules governing frosh women must necessarily take more into consideration than the individual woman's reaction—but also it is a fact that those directly affected by the rules should have some voice in their administration and maintenance.

We would be far from fulfilling our responsibility as a newspaper if we urged change for the sake of change, or for the sake of utilizing the system we have long advocated. Let us say that we hope frosh women will take advantage of whatever benefits are in it for them, and for the University at large.

Footnotes

As the new "Russian moon" rises, we can imagine the subversive implications of the innocent renditions of such old favorites as "By the Light of the Silvery Satellite," "Blue Satellite," and Elvis' own "When My Red Sattelite Turns to Gold Again."

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Formula for a Successful Retirement: 'After 3 Months, Go Back to Work'

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—This is the story of a man who retired at 37—and now, at 44, is supremely happy.

And here is Peter's DeMet's formula for successful retirement:

"After three months, go back to work—any kind of work!"

Peter, who is blue-eyed and stocky, has the easy-going air of a born salesman. He quit high school after his sophomore year to sell cosmetic supplies on the road. Shortly after he was old enough to vote he had his own chain of beauty parlors.

Then he piled up more money as a car dealer and in 1950, having piled up enough, he quit work forever—or so he thought. No ulcers for him, no living out of pill bottles. Just long pleasant years of fishing in the Florida sun.

"I thought I was young enough to retire and enjoy myself," he

recalled. "But I had been working seven days a week, and couldn't stand the letdown. It made me jumpy.

"At the end of three weeks I was picking things off the floor that weren't there. At the end of four weeks I was counting dust specks on the furniture. At the end of three months I knew I had to find something to keep me busier or I'd go crazy."

Just to keep his mind occupied, DeMet bought a small Pontiac agency in Chicago—"All I really wanted was an office and a phone"—and built it into the world's largest.

From there one thing led to another. He became interested in bowling, and sank \$300,000 into making "Championship Bowling," a series of 26 TV film shorts on the sport that mushroomed into a multi-million-dollar venture and led the industry to vote him bowling's "Man of the Year." He also has bought a \$1,200,000 bowling

alley in Coral Gables, Fla.

A friend came to ask his advice about some mining properties in Colorado. Now, somewhat to his own surprise, DeMet finds himself one of the country's major thorium producers.

"Here and there you get involved," he remarked. "You have to do something with your time."

Pete, against the advice of experts in the field, recently sank \$400,000 into producing "All-Star Golf," a series of 13 film shorts in which such greats as Sam Snead, Lloyd Mangrum and Jimmy Demaret will compete for prize money totaling \$80,000. It will be shown on the ABC network.

DeMet, who, in addition to all these enterprises, also is investing in Florida real estate, has an interesting business philosophy.

Here are the highlight: "Put your money where your mouth is—and presumably your heart.

"If you believe in a thing, do it, no matter what other people tell you. If you're really honest, what else can you do anyway?"

"Sweat makes luck. The harder you work, the luckier you are."

Since retiring from retirement Pete has worked so hard he recently came down with nervous hives. But he feels he is fortunate in being so busy he doesn't have time to sit down and scratch.

"Maybe I'll retire again when I'm older—say 48 or 49," he added.

Dilemma



"THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT CLASS YOU'LL BE TAKING—SO I'LL EXPECT A LITTLE EXTRA WORK FROM YOU THIS TERM."

Dave Cass

Spirit at a University Isn't Like High School

I wasn't at all surprised last week by the letter appearing in Friday's Emerald berating the student body in general and the upperclass in particular for the poor display of spirit at the Pittsburgh game. Criticism on this matter by new students is a yearly phenomenon.

Undoubtedly, the young lady who authored the letter would have been further dismayed by the sparse turnout at the rally Wednesday night. She and our other youngsters deserve an explanation of such conduct.

Although realizing the limitations of this text as a definitive survey on the subject, I might add that some of these observations will apply equally well on other occasions later in the year.

It's a truism to say that a University is not a high school. But, when applied to this situation, this statement assumes particular relevance. There can be no question that high school spirit is demonstrably greater than that displayed by college students.

Whether you want to admit it or not, American high schools are little more than social hives used to provide a smooth transition from junior high schools to college. What little most teen-agers learn in high school could be taught in the accelerated college system much more accurately and efficiently.

This being so, in the high school (a real misnomer) great emphasis is placed on social activities and athletics. The main claim to fame that any high school can offer is a strong team. Thus, students devote that great abundance of spirit and enthusiasm, so common to teen-agers, to their supervised activities and in support of the varsity heroes, as well as to hot-rodding, delinquency, and other such amusing pastimes.

In contrast, fortunately, or to some, unfortunately, a university consists, or at least should consist, of a hard core of academic study in which social life and athletics are only 'fringe benefits' (pardon me, Mr. Ruetter). Interest and spirit suffer

as the consequence.

Perhaps more important at our school is the biting fact that in the past Oregon has had little to cheer about in the way of football teams, at least in comparison to our opponents.

Honesty, indigent alums, and lack of national prestige account for this in part, although the reasons for this situation are not really germane to this discussion. The student like myself, having been here several years, adopts a wait-and-let's-see attitude.

This includes the feeling that "I'm not going to yell and carry on like last year when, with the game sewed up, we fumbled on the one-yard and all I had to show for 'our' efforts was a severe case of laryngitis."

By this I don't mean to speak disparagingly of our coach and players; this is merely a fact about how University students feel. The buildup and subsequent let down of so many seasons past has created a very cynical disposition among would-be rooters. Perhaps the performance of last Saturday night will provide a little of the confidence previously lacking.

Looking at this problem from another direction, various writers have described Americans as a nation of spectators, seeing everything, aroused by nothing. Apparently this has some validity on this campus.

Football, for instance, has become a somewhat entertaining miracle play, interesting but not consuming. The large aggregation at a football game attends more for the socializing and drinking (always of greater attraction at home games) than because of any real interest in the game.

The social life after the game in Portland always attracts many who would not otherwise attend. A goodly number go to see and be seen, not knowing much about the game and caring even less. In the final analysis, being positively aroused requires more than a passing interest, negative responses don't.

Our young journalism major is correct also in thinking of the pseudo-sophistication so rampant on this campus as a partial explanation of our 'poor' spirit. One certainly can't imagine one of our young sorority sweets

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OREGON DAILY EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald is published four times in September and five days a week during the school year, except during examination and vacation periods, by the Student Publications Board of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per year, \$2 per term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial page are those of The Emerald and do not pretend to represent the opinion of the ASUO or the University.

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