

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$1.25 per term and \$3.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

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Freshmen Go Berserk After Only One Year

(Editor's note: the following columns were written by two of the most interesting freshmen on the campus, in the opinion of the editor and nearly everyone else who has met them. Their impressions of the University of Oregon after one year on the campus as freshmen are probably the closest a word painter can come to surrealism. Girls with weak hearts would be better off to read this in a sitting position.)

By CHAS POLITZ

By ROY PAUL NELSON

Breathes there the man
 With soul so dead
 Who never to himself hath
 said . . .

Wait'll I get that MILLER
 Up a dark alley!&@?!X**!

A year of college life has almost oozed its ways along the beer bottle and Beta laden millrace. It was September when I hopped off a south-bound cattle car to settle on the UO campus.

I had read something about the Oregon setup in the special collegiate edition of the *Police Gazette*, so as soon as I had evaded the outer cordon of rushing chairmen I asked the first intelligent looking fellow (a 4-day search ensued here) where Johnson hall was, and he said, "The Stone Hut is two miles to the sow'west . . . and have you got a car?" The rest is frothy memory.

Fall term registration, Oregon's replica of a Democratic national convention trying to nominate anyone except Roosevelt, was tremendous and arch breaking.

After being herded from stall to stall like a Lucky Strike looking for a tobacco auction, I came upon a mildewed looking individual with ears, who asked me for my high school record slip, and when I sed I had had lunch with Tiger Payne he sed, "In that case you don't need one and here's a scholarship."

Remember the Hello dance which was stag with dates.

And the near catastrophe at the Beecham concert when someone dropped a coke bottle and Sir Tommy almost exhaled acetylene.

The dorm food expose left the unforgettable look on a dorm man's face after a double dish of prune whip.

The football season left several long to be remembered items—the spunky, "never die till you stop breathing" spirit of ruby-faced Thomas Roblin, and the famous arithmetical "1-2-3-4-5—oh you little fairy" yell.

Remember the Military
 (Please turn to page three)

I pay my tuition each term and then skip my classes. I study until the tiny hours of the morn and then sleep through my mid-term. I shuffle out my board and room and then trot to Portland for the weekend.

Girl's don't like me. I can't understand it. I have my house brothers read me all the ads. I have a heque of a time sticking those little sen-sen partieles under my arm-pits and gargling that mum. But still no girl.

I remember my first coke date. We drank coke. We drank coke at the Side.

"You want a coke?" I asked.

"Yes, I'll take a coke," she said.

"You got a nickle?"

We went into the Side. That's where we had our coke.

"Good coke," I ventured.

"Yes—good coke."

We thought it was good coke. That was my first coke date.

I was surprised to see the strife on the campus between the Greeks and the Americans. Once as I was leaving the YWCA bungalow I saw two (2) Choseph Colleges hissing at each other. Between hisses they fought. My heart bled. And so did my nose, before I had left.

"Hey, cut it out!" I whispered. Then I got up.

"Hey—." I got up again. The men stopped and turned to me. One stuck out his tongue. It was coated.

I loaded my pipe with soap and blew a brotherly bubble. "What seems to be the trouble?" I asked.

"He's a Greek!" one pointed out.

"He's an Independent!" the other sneered.

"Let's get this straight. One of you is a Greek and one is an independent," I summarized. I was quite pleased with my ability to reason this out.

"Check."
 (Please turn to page three)



Duck Dream Fugue . . .

Close your inflamed blue eyes and drop another aspirin in that cherry coke. Wiffle waffle . . . zazma zoo (big explosion)! It is fifty years from now and Hitler is knitting sox for the British Red Cross.

We are passing a quiet day in the Brimstone Tap and Grill sipping a beaker of vanilla flame after a hard game of acetylene hotfoot at the Sulfuric Acid Baths, when an idea strikes us . . . let's go back to our old alma-mommy and see if "Of Thee I Sing" is over yet. We jump into our new asbestos coveralls with the insulated tail and chromium horns, warm up the Chevrazoot with the white-side-wall rockets, leave a can of liquid fire for the wife's dinner, bid the devil a red hot Sabbath and we're off!

Roaring through space we pass many peaceful farms where gum-chewing milkmaids are milking little dragons, and many little clumps of three trees.

At last we enter a strata of vitality and hot air. We know instinctively that we are nearing the ol' campus. We coax the flivver into second and set her down for a perfect landing on the sun-baked millrace where a few old arms and legs still linger from that historic tug-o-war of '42.

We zip open our eyes and blink about. It isn't true . . . it can't be true! The old campus has changed—and how! Deady and Villard have been encased in glass to prevent further evaporation, and the O-So-Risky Life Insurance company has set up branch offices right outside with special rates for heavy students.

The airplane on the second floor at last made the grade and has been named MacArthur. Little rubber boats with caterpillar treads whisk you from one mud puddle to another. Anti-splash masks are provided on the deluxe models so that the coeds can preserve that game room tan.

We paddle over to the library and wander about the flood-lit hall. Evolution has "evo-loosed" here too. The ASUO has set up a cocktail bar in the browsing room with free beer on election daze. The yell leader, whose left thumb on the students spiritual pulse has at last been recognized, holds down the full-time job of bartender.

All fines have been cancelled, and the library now pays the students to take books out. A certain sorority group has provided the lookout tower (now used for research only) with a set of high-powered binoculars to prevent eyestrain among the researchers.

Professor-student relations have been improved to such an extent that now the profs pass out cigarettes before each lecture and king-size before examinations. A professorial good-will kit, devised by Dr. Lesch, is now presented to every student at registration, we learn. It contains a bottle of 400 aspirin tablets, two eider down pillows (large for head and small for feet), a doodling pad, half a carton of gum (assorted flavors), and a silent-snooze eye shade. Room is also provided for dice and jackstraws.

This is TOO MUCH for our weak pericardial adjustments and we receive an urgent message from the Devil to return home before we are a complete loss to the Hades Volunteer Bucket Brigade.