

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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Housing Available

Hampered by numerous difficulties, shortages, and red tape, University housing officials have nevertheless done an outstanding job. "We are trying to give students the best living quarters we can," Executive Secretary E. M. Pallett said, and this promise is being carried out.

The latest ray of hope for students living in unsatisfactory emergency quarters comes from Dr. Pallett's office. Some room in University dormitories for men and women is now available to students already registered. Those desiring room in the dormitories are asked to contact Mrs. Genevieve Turnipseed for further information.

This announcement does not apply to students living in comfortable rooms especially arranged for them by cooperative townspeople who answered the urgent appeal for housing made by the University last spring. However, there are students whose quarters are temporary or for other reasons not desirable. For these persons University officials are most anxious to provide better housing.

The rooms in the dormitories are now vacant because prospective students who reserved them have either moved into fraternity or sorority houses or have failed to claim their reservations.

Homecoming

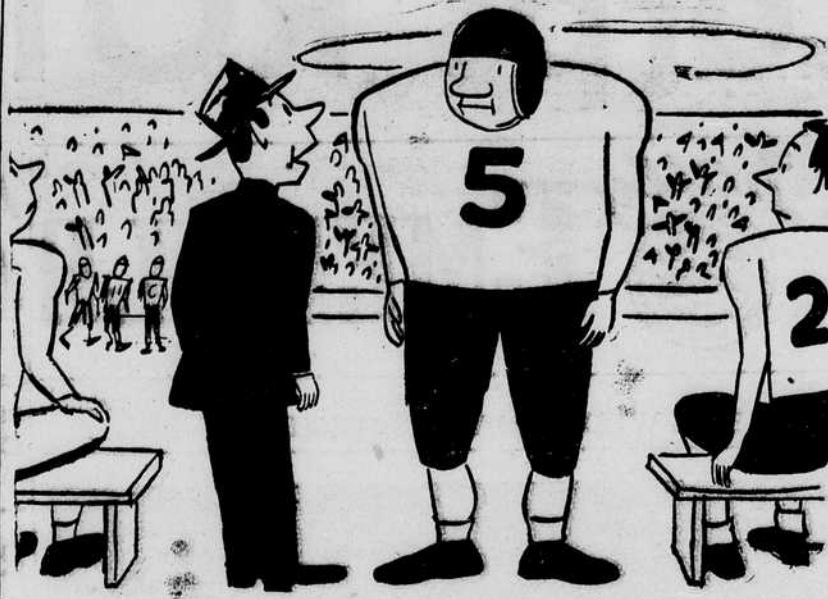
We have been here for a day or a week after three months or three years of absence. And yet it seems already that we have been here always.

One step into a classroom erases all the actuality of the period when we spoke of Oregon in absentia. One look at the blue air of the Side on a sunny day and we wonder how we could have forgotten the names of the fellow who sat next to us in econ, the man who ran the drug store across from the Kappa Sig house, or the little beer joint out on the highway. They all come back to us so easily now.

The undergraduate state of mind comes back to us too—the routine and the rebellion against it, the knowledge that we are old enough to vote and yet must conform to schedules, hours, and musts. We know that people must always conform to a pattern—but there's a difference between conforming voluntarily and being told to do as the Romans in large or small black letters. Yet we do not fight that state of mind because it's part of being back at Oregon—the place we never really left.

We know that this feeling only lasts until the day when we go up the risers at the Igloo for our final piece of paper. Alums return to reminisce and things are not the same, they say.

But while we are here with graduation still a forecast, whether our days between terms were few or hundreds, we know that Thomas Wolfe was wrong. The length of interim makes no difference; without much effort we have "come home again."



Reprinted from the October issue of Esquire

"Take it easy, now—remember whose side you're on!"

Is It So Important?

The Emerald's dive into a situation which some have interpreted as political last week was questioned by a number of persons on grounds of timing. Why bring campus politics into the light before school even starts, they asked. Are politics really so important, they implied blandly. Why not let things slide along for a while, they suggested.

First, let this be re-emphasized: as regards the existing political parties on the campus—Greeks and Independents—the Emerald is impartial; the Emerald is a neutral observer. The welfare of the students as a whole and of the University is the criterion for the Emerald's judgments on all controversial issues.

However, though this student newspaper as such must of necessity consider itself as a neutral, the Emerald regards campus politics and all political action as the most important part of student life, second only to academic pursuits. The Emerald will not take sides editorially to the extent of supporting certain candidates, but reserves unconditionally the right of fair comment and criticism.

And why is this so important? Why are politics so important? For most of you your participation in student government on the campus is your first real contact with political activity. Here you will receive your first and very important training. Here you will form habits of political thinking which will mean much to you and to politicians who later will attempt to guide or coerce you through the many devious methods practiced on the campus and throughout the nation.

Liberal democratic government, with its ethical concept of the worth and dignity of the individual, cannot survive unless each individual is well-informed about the social, economic, and political trends, and acts accordingly—with reason, not emotion, a guide to his political action. This goes for national, state, and campus politics.

This campus is no utopia when it comes to politics. The same reactionary and fascist elements which are undermining liberal democratic government nationally are in ferment here. The campus politicians are not high school boys playing games—they are men getting their basic training. You, the students, are their raw material. Either you will be apathetic—a cinch for coercion, a member of the masses willingly and blindly following your self-appointed elite—or you will apply practically the principles you are learning in the classrooms and think for yourself.

The time for half-hearted participation in politics is past. The United States, Russia, the Arabs, the Jews, Britain are all fighting against time; the game is getting expensive and no one nation has a full house. The situation applies to the campus—either side may have an ace in the hole and there's a lot at stake.

The time to think politics is not winter term or spring term. The time is today. The Emerald cannot tell you which issue to side on when issues arise between political parties as they exist now. The Emerald urges you only to begin to think politically, to talk politics, to discern for yourself the temper of situations, to reason.

Is it so important? Reason THAT out, too.

TRIAL BY LAU

By LARRY LAU

"Tell me son," I said, pouring myself another vial of benzedrine, "how are things at good old Oregon?"

"They expect a record enrollment of 62,000 this winter," my son Morphine told me excitedly. "Things have changed since you went there in '46, Pop. The belles of yesterday are the bags of today," he giggled.

I bloodied his nose, after which he continued. "Kieth Fennell has a 104-story combination clothing, grocery, drug and sporting goods store; they moved the library to make room for it," he added.

"Don't mention that name to me," I exploded. "I walked in there to buy a stamp once and came out with a suit that turned vermilion every time it rained!"

"He sells used cars on the side," Morphine explained further.

I whacked him a lusty blow on the mouth and settled back disgustedly to thumb through a pile of bills Dean Mayo had sent.

"I fail to see," I said, stroking my seeing eye dog, "why it should cost you almost \$3500. per term. I went through on \$65. in '46."

"Really now!" Morphine spluttered. "It costs almost that much for a cup of coffee at Taylor's."

"Hah! I see the old skinflint is still at it," I snorted. "Coffee up another ½ cent per pound?"

"Mr. Taylor is a good guy," Morphine protested. "He told me so."

"Good old college days," I sighed resignedly. "Where is the old Biji house now?"

"They've moved it again," Morphine reported. "It's astraddle the millrace now."

"Probably the first time they've had running water for fifty years," I chuckled.

Morphine licked his lips and leaned over with a confidential air. "Last week three old women were running around town telling everybody they'd been held prisoner in the Die Sigh house since the end of the 2nd World War!"

I felt a twinge of conscience. "I knew the tale would leak out some day," I told him . . . "nurses are such blabbermouths."

Morphine gave me an exasperated stare. "All this chit-chat is fine, but I've got a date tonight with the Vicks twins, and I need some money."

"Money . . . money . . . money!" I stormed. "That's all you think about. When I was your age . . . that's all I thought about . . . at least you could be original."

Morphine was caught between defiance and shame. He hung one head low . . . threw the other back proudly. "I've cracked a steady 1.3 for the past two terms; what more can you ask?" he demanded.

I had to admit that I had no complaint on that score. "O.K. son, I'll write you a check. Spend it wisely now. No more of this buying books . . . understand?"

Morphine wrung his hands in delight, and bobbed his heads in agreement. "Say Dad," he said slyly, "just what are your duties as president of the American Pornographic Society?"

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