

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and final examination periods. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Ore. Member of the Associated Collegiate Press

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It's The System

Lieutenant General John C. H. Lee is in the United States awaiting retirement. It is mere coincidence that he is here just after a big investigation into his command of the Mediterranean theater.

General Lee, known affectionately as "Jesus H. Lee," has been cleared of a lot of vile charges trumped up by a mere scribbler named Robert C. Ruark, who peddles his stuff through an organization known as Scripps-Howard.

A lot of ex-G.I.s read Ruark's stuff with more than casual interest last month. They were the guys who wore helmet liners around Paris, and who avoided the Champs for reasons of excessive military courtesy. General Lee, incidentally, was boss of the old Comm Zee there.

Ruark charged that Lee had been acting like a stinker down in Italy. He interviewed some M.P.s and some enlisted men in other arms of the service. He also got some interesting stories out of the company grade officers. General Lee, these people agreed, was being tyrannical in his empire building.

After Ruark started flinging these charges, the army sent the inspector general, a heck of a fine combat officer named Major General Ira T. Wynche, down to Italy to learn the dirt.

Of course everybody knows what a fine bunch of fellas the I.G. boys are. We remember a lot of Pfc's who just adored going up to a major general to beef about the chow. The promotion system being what it is, is also quite conducive to lieutenants and captains (who are career men) telling tales out of school to a major general. Well, naturally the I.G. learned all the facts.

But, no sir. Nobody told him all these nasty things about life in the MTO. Everything was just fine. Obviously Ruark was just being sensational.

When the I.G.'s report got back to Washington the big brass couldn't find anything serious. Of course there were a few minor points like the mistreatment of enlisted men, but nothing serious you understand. Lee was cleared of any "wrong intent."

It just goes to show what happens when the defendant, the D.A. and the jury are all fraternity brothers.

It's Your Franchise

Comes a time for special elections, when an issue comes before the people of a state for their approbation or rejection. And come that time, all the voters should express themselves through the medium of the ballot, registering their pros and cons.

Today's election is not on an issue which will by-pass the citizenry; it is vital and will affect each voter. It is the privilege of each enlightened Oregon resident to judge the facts and act accordingly. But it is more than the privilege of each voting University student—it is his duty. Because the means of self-expression in a democracy is the vote, it becomes imperative that each voter be well-informed and, more than that, articulate on controversial subjects. He should be impelled, by his conscience, to vote.

To each voting student, registered in Lane county, and living on campus, the Emerald directs its exhortation to exercise the franchise—to go to University high school sometime today between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. and vote.

J.B.S

More On Size

This page has already taken note of the University of California, the colossus of the South. In the September 20th issue of the Emerald the neighboring University was examined as the prize example of "How Big We Can Get."

The current issue of Time magazine looks at it, too, with emphasis on its president, Robert Gordon Sproul. Time's picture is that of a huge campus, an excellent faculty, 10,000 students too many, and a master executive (Dr. Sproul) riding herd.

Persons interested in the relationship of size to education, should not miss Time's article.

After A Fashion

By JANE ELLSWORTH

By way of introduction, I'd like you to meet again a column once written when skirts left off where the knee began. Since this last appeared in print, a new fashion vocabulary has been put into the public's conversion and along with it, a few more words have been added to the vocabulary of the man who pays the bills.

Right here I'd like to try to cheer up the objecting male. Believe it or not, there are some advantages to the new, longer length.

1. Many femalia undomesticia have learned how to do a good turn . . . lengthen the hems in skirts, that is . . . and that's no "let down" for the man who wants a good wife.

2. Just think, fellows, you won't see any more knobby or knocked knees for a while.

3. It must be a relief for the man who is going steady to see his little gem in a new setting now and then . . . at least it's something for her to talk about and him to agree with!

4. Besides, you wouldn't want the Oregon co-eds to be out of date . . . left standing in a pile of dust while the broom of fashion swept around her feet. And, no I'm not in the pay of one of those scheming manufacturers.

By this time, I don't suppose I've soothed anyone's feelings about the new styles so I'd better get on with pointing out a few smart looking combinations seen at Saturday's game.

Girls Wear Cords

Sue Schoenfeldt followed the new trend toward corduroy with a bright green tailored jacket and a straight gray skirt. Serving double duty was the print silk scarf she used as a sash until it started raining, when it turned into a bandana. Also in corduroy was Audrie Roselund, who reversed Sue's combination with a boxy gray jacket, a green scarf, and a green wool skirt. Her jacket was accented with bands of corduroy outlining it and connecting the four large pockets. Betty Ann Stevens wore a good-

looking full-backed coat of bright green and with it, a green print scarf tied under the broad collar. Another smart coat had Laura Olson in it . . . 'twas a brown and yellow check of heavy wool. Red-headed Barbara Ness looked nice in her short coat with fine chocolate brown lines crossing a white background, worn over a brown skirt.

My compliments to the girls on the rally squad, they represent Oregon very well in their new divided skirts of white wool. They also deserve credit for not letting the rain dampen their spirits even though it gets them plenty wet.

Checks Pass

Well suited to the occasion was Jean Swift in a boxy jacket and straight skirt of large black and white checks. Pat Lakin also caught my eye as she passed in a suit with a bright blue skirt and a jacket of bold blue and white checks.

Ann Harbeson wore an unusual skirt of gray flannel with a four-inch cuff at the hem that sported gray buttons. Topping the skirt was a swinging pink corduroy jacket.

This year's Peardleton Round-Up queen, Patti Folsom, deserves mention for her sportish light brown wool dress, as does Gloria Grenfell and her mannish rust corduroy jacket.

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Tests Due Wednesday

Deadline for graduate record examinations has been set for October 9, J. Spencer Carson of the University testing bureau, announced yesterday.

All graduate students who have been notified of the examinations and all those studying in departments which require the tests, must meet this deadline, Carson said.

Side Patter



By SALLIE TIMMENS

To plunge ourselves into a bit of remorseful philosophy for a moment, absorb the words of Wendell Phillips who said: "What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better." And he was so right. The something better in this case will be the game with UCLA this coming weekend.

Despite the fact that the football men are forced into retirement at an early hour, Pi Phi's Ginny Walker, dating Nu Darrell Robinson, and Jane Daggett with Bob Sanders of the Sigma Chi clan, have been seen enjoying their few hours of leisure. And Kappa Mary Ellen Struve also spent a quiet Saturday evening with Wayne Bartholomey whose ribs came in contact with several Nevada feet.

The Taus were out in full force Saturday, possibly celebrating the pinning of Gordon Janney to Alpha Chi Mary Lou Diamond. Also in the group were Sue Schoenfeldt with smiling Wilbur Craig, and Don Smith squiring Kappa Leslie Palfrey.

Congratulations to AOPi Hazel Trolinger and Darrell Lindsey of Brigham Young college in Utah who are now engaged, and also to Chi O Adelle Carrigan who is pinned to DU Bob Greys.

Kappa Betty Greene was up for the weekend for a visit, and SAE Bob Ballard came down from Portland to be with her so maybe that old romance is still on. At the Chi Psi lodge there was a gay party this weekend and besides the usual couples such as Bobbie Fulmer of the AOPis and Jim Kroder, Theta Donna Poundstone and Sigma Chi Duke Elder were there looking very happy.

Kappa Sig Reed Graslé seemed to be most pleasantly occupied on the dance floor with a blonde armful, and a new combo or two seemed to be present too. Chi O June Bosworth with Sigma Nu basketball star, Jim Bartelt, and Kappa Cynthia Griffin with handsome Don Crouch of the Phi Delt house.

Members of the law school such as Roger Dick and Fiji Bob Hoen come out of hibernation just long enough between classes to watch the pretty girls go by. Incidentally three fem fatales got a rough deal with the Nevada football team. It seems the fellows thought they won the game single handed and became so overt in their language and gyrations in general that the gals got up and left.

That's the way it goes sometimes, but the Side offers the best cure-all for the morning blues, a shot of coffee and a donut. It's quittin' time.

(Pd. Adv.)

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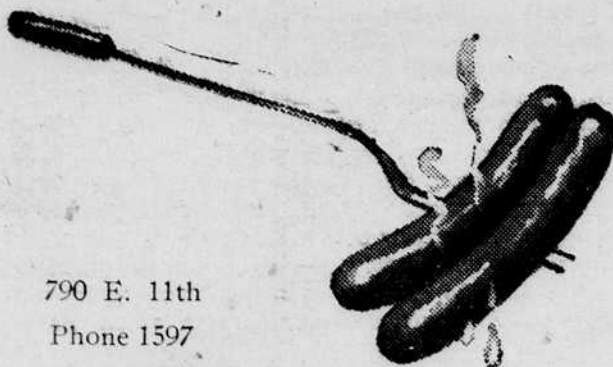
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