

# Nosing About: Pappa Warns Jake About College

By JACOB NEWSHOUND

Pappa was all for my going to college. But he certainly had no illusions about its being a culture mill that automatically grinds out intelligent people.

"Remember, kid," he said sternly, shaking a hairy paw, "I don't want you barking up the wrong tree for four years. No son of mine is going to be an educated bone-head!"

I perked up my ears. I knew Pappa wasn't just growling in his beard because to him there was only one kind of person more stupid than a bone-head—that was a "knuckle-head," a term he reserved for politicians.

"Now, there are certain facts of college life. . . began Pappa solemnly.

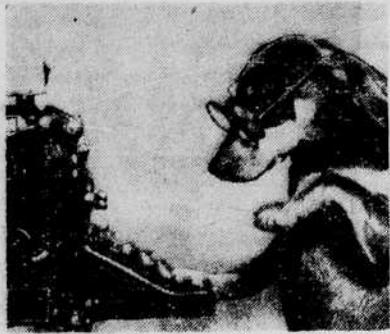
"Yes, Pappa," I whined expectantly.

"Well . . . now . . . well," stammered Pappa. "You'll be away from home—all alone—and well . . . Well, you know that on a

campus things happen to students that shouldn't happen to a dog!"

That startled me. Dogcatchers said cars were the only dangerous things I knew. Then in a flash it came to me. Pappa was going to talk about women and liquor.

Pappa fidgeted, snapped at an imaginary flea, then announced



gravely, "Son, I believe it's my duty as a father to tell you all about women."

Yes, yes, yes . . . YES, Pappa!" I blurted.

Pappa began bravely, coughed a few times, then stammered

something I didn't understand. His nose began to twitch. He was embarrassed. Suddenly he looked up desperately. "Kid," he muttered, "we better go see the greyhound about this."

"Molasses" Z. Greyhound had been a racing dog at Portland's Multnomah stadium. He'd always been in the money 'til one day he got to thinking about LIFE. He decided he was just going around in circles and brooded till he lost all interest in the rabbit. Finally he told his promoter he felt like a darned fool chasing a mechanical rabbit that everybody knew doggone well he couldn't catch.

On the way to the K-9 club Pappa warned me not to let the greyhound's racy language scare me—he was really a profound hound but he'd been in fast company all his life. As we entered the club, we found him gnawing half-heartedly on a ham-bone.

"So ya wanta get wised up, hey, pup?" He threw a quick sniff

my way. "Well, yer right on the bone, Jack, with this learning biz. Yer old man wants to smarten you up, so ya better get this straight but right now—that Eugene is one burg where ya gotta keep yer nose clean. Yeah, you'll have to watch the babes and likker closer'n the campus dogcatcher! Everybody knows a lot of men have gone to the dogs over that demon, Rum—but didja ever think how hard drink was on a dog—why, he's got no place to go!"

"No, let me give ya an earful about what likker did to an old buddy of mine," continued Molasses. "Bernie St. Bernard had a soft job carrying a keg of brandy to people lost in the Alps. But the stupe—he mixed business with pleasure," the greyhound sighed ruefully. "He used to tipple a little from the keg on each trip. One day that fool mutt absconded with the whole keg. Lookit him now—

a fraternity mascot. What a comedown from the Alps!"

"Plenty of evil spirits in alcohol," agreed Pappa.

"Yeah," agreed the greyhound, "but women are even worse. I can't even warn the kid about them. He'll find out though—soon enough!" He winked at Pappa.

"But, laddie boy," he turned to me. "Ya know those brain-trusters that cooked up colleges were sharp characters—they were hep to the fact that a lot of co-eds think college is a matrimonial bureau. So they decided if a guy could keep his mind on his studies, and off the women, and pass the exams for four years—he deserves a bachelor's degree!"

"And besides . . ." he slapped the bar with finality, "half the campus romances are puppy love anyway—and, brother! I ain't just woofin' when I say that's the beginning of a dog's life."

*Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.—John RSCB*

## Culture Made Easy

When Jan Peerce, Metropolitan opera tenor, comes to Mac court, on September 30, students won't be required to shell out \$4.80 or \$3.60 for a ticket as they would in any city where they attended a concert. They have only to flash their registration cards and take any seat in the house. It's as easy as that.

An impressive list of artists have been scheduled for the season through the efforts of the Eugene civic music association in cooperation with the University educational activities board. Students who heard the Minneapolis symphony orchestra, under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, when they appeared in Eugene two years ago, will be glad that they are returning for a repeat performance.

For students, this series is convenient, virtually free, and they may have an opportunity to hear constructive, intelligent criticism of the performances, in case they are taking a class in the music school. It's a combination of culture and entertainment being served up for the benefit of the students and the Eugene townspeople.

Follow the crowd to the court come September 30. You never had it so good.—B. B.

## Repartee and Cook Books

Much—too much probably—has been written about the effect of the veteran, his wife, and other off-campus students on school spirit, registration figures, GPA's, and campus traditions. But little has been said of the degeneracy in conversation which this group has caused and the low standards of repartee which they have brought into on-campus gatherings.

Time was when a group of students would gather to quaff an ale or two, discuss sex and politics, and settle, verbally, the world situation. Remarks such as "My history prof explains it this way," and "Now Toynbee's idea on this is . . ." and "E. E. Cummings isn't really obscure if . . ." would be banded about.

Now interspersed with these is heard "Then you add a can of condensed cream of mushroom soup," and "I heard about this girl who recovered her davenport with . . ." and "A floral pattern wouldn't really go well in here." It's a creeping menace which has been infiltrating for the past three years. If it is allowed to continue what will become of those fine, pseudo-intellectual conversations of old, for which college students are famous?

Lay that cook book down, babe!—B. B.

## Out of Focus A Friendly Little Encounter (Who Are These Two Kidding)

By KIRK BRAUN

The sweet blonde thing bounced gaily along the walk toward her 8 o'clock class. (If one can bounce gaily along at 8 o'clock in the morning.) As she approached the steps of Friendly Hall (which is anything but friendly-looking at 8 o'clock or at any other time, for that matter) she saw Professor Sweetbread coming down the steps. (Dear old Sweetbread, the jerk who gave her a "c" last year in that four-hour lit course.)

He smiled at her.

"Good morning, Miss —" (Now what in the devil was her name? Oh yes, she was the spoiled brat who gave him the tearful act after the final last spring.)

"Good morning, Professor, how are you? (Last year in lit, she wished he would drop dead.)

"Fine, thank you," he replied, beaming his best smile in her direction. "Glad to see you back on the campus." (Don't know how she did it. He would have laid odds on her flunking out. Hope

she's not signed up for any of my courses.)

"Oh, Professor," she chortled, "I tried to get into your Shmoo-appreciation course, but I just couldn't squeeze it into my schedule." (Thank God!)

"That's too bad. (What a lie!) Did you have a nice summer?"

"Yes, I did some modeling for an exclusive agency in Hollywood. I had a chance to get a part in the movies but I think my education is more important." (I couldn't take many more days shagging dishes in that Fred Harvey restaurant.)

"You are very wise, indeed," the professor said. (Wonder what she modeled. Straight-jackets?)

"Well, I really must run along. I don't want to be late for my 8 o'clock." (I'd rather cut the class completely.)

"No, I should say not. Good-bye." (I must sneak out the back door after this.)

"Goodbye, Professor." (Wonder if he comes this way every morning?)

## Book Review Here's One About an Era When Nice People Voted Republican

By TERRY REVENAUGH

"It Was Not What I Expected," Val Teal. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.75.

You know what? This book is funny.

Val Teal tells the uproarious tale of a girl who defied family and friends in her choice of a career. In the dashing 30's, when marriage was a game, Val chose to be a wife and mother—of six children. It was wrong. "Nice people had one child and voted Republican, no matter how hopeless it was."

To prepare for her career, Val went to college. Why not? That's where men were. And she didn't major in home economics. No men.

After three years Val got her man and settled down to her career. With the help of government pamphlets and the Woman's Home Companion, The Baby arrived. Then, said Val, "I'm frugal. It's wasteful to learn to do

something like raise a child and do it only once."

So, to the horror of her bridge club, her in-laws and psychology major, Aunt Honesty, Val had another boy . . . and another . . . and another.

Following the Teals through stages of dirt-eating, goldfish-swallowing, puppies, rabbits, white rats, somnambulist turtles, and the birds and bees is an adventure in dangerous living. Val Teal writes simply and amusingly; not as theatrical as "The Egg and I," more realistic and frankly human.

If you have children this will comfort you. If you expect to have them some day, cram for your finals. If your credo is, "Ye gods! Never!" this will strengthen your argument. If you're looking for something to slip into your notebook for light reading it's a handy size. And it's a morale-booster on dateless Friday nights. You wonder if it's all worth it!

## IN RETROSPECT

— From Our Files —  
20 YEARS AGO

Howard R. Taylor, assistant professor of psychology, told an Emerald reporter that he was for Republican presidential candidate Herbert Hoover. The Republican stand on prohibition and farm relief were reasons for his choice, though Al Smith is a great deal more like Lincoln . . . (he has) . . . more of the qualities . . . demanded of a president."

A communique from OSC proudly announced that the Memorial Union building was near completion and soon to be dedicated.

Enrollment on the University of Oregon campus hit an all-time fall term high with 3,174 students registered.

A proposed amendment to add the Oregon to student fees was defeated, 506 to 403.

An advertisement favoring seven day movies read: "We believe that Sunday movies will in no way conflict with church attendance . . . people who attend good, clean movies are good people . . . good theaters in this age additionally supply the community with much of its inspiration and incentive."

## "In My Opinion"

— From Our Readers —

To the Editor:

Yesterday I was humiliated. I come from a small college in the Midwest where the girls smoke on campus. That's one of the differences between that college and Oregon, I found out yesterday. You see, I do not have time between my eight and nine o'clock classes to stop for a cigarette. So I had one as I walked along. And the stares it caused! Now I know better.

I just wanted to comment, though, that there is little difference between smoking sitting down in a chair, and smoking as one walks along the sidewalk. To be so bound by meaningless social customs as to be shocked by one who does not abide by them is foolish and narrow-minded. Does anyone agree with me?

Would you please withhold my name?

Sincerely yours,

(Name withheld)

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