

The Students: Beginning--A Mosaic

(Editor's Note: Today's column by Mr. Lau is the first of a series of word pictures which he plans to draw of life at the University. Mr. Lau believes—and we agree—that the school has a personality all its own. By taking bits from here and there and presenting them in the following fashion he hopes to build a mosaic of the University—one which students will easily recognize. This we believe to be a worthy undertaking—something we do not think has been tried before.)

By LARRY LAU

The thin metal walls of the shower shivered in protest as the four nude young men joined in a lustily inaccurate rendition of "O'Reiley's Daughter." The small drain in the center of the room was kept hopelessly behind as the water streamed off their glistening backs into a rising pool on the floor.

"Scrub my back, will you?"
"Scrub it yourself! Who was your maid last year?"

"Hey, howsa' 'bout borrowin' your soap?"

"Christamighty! The stuff only costs eight cents . . . here."

One of the young men opened the window and yelled something obscene to a group in the yard below. He banged it shut quickly, grinning to himself, as a football thudded against the wall in near miss.

"How you coming with that econ?"

"I'm two weeks behind already. I'll never make it this term."

"Huh! You ought to be taking this government course. 100 pages of outside reading a week. Hell, I haven't even looked at the text!" They accepted this as only natural and chuckled sympathetically.

"I don't know about you 'brains' but I'm going to hit the books tonight. Government is something young guys like us should know something about." They all grew serious and reminded each other of how hard they were going to study. One by one

the showers dribbled to a leaky halt. . . .

An hour later the four freshly scrubbed young men were sprawled at odd angles over the brown leather furniture in the den. Crumpled copies of the Emerald were piled at one end of the couch. Last week's Life lay half hidden under a chair. The Oregonian sports and funnies rested on the mantel, neatly folded and preserved; the main news section had long since been used to start a blaze in the fireplace.

"Some series, huh?"
"You said it! How about that Feller. What a hard luck character."

"Well, that's life. We pushed Michigan all over the lot and still lost 14-0."

"Hey, lever, who you taking to the SC game?"

"I don't know yet. Still looking around for something 'eager' . . . Geez! I've just got to start studying." They all agreed that they just had to start studying. The ship's clock on the mantel pinged twice signifying nine o'clock. The four men were simultaneously reminded of a war story.

"I damn near got run over by a tank once, did I tell you?"

"Hell, yes! About a thousand times. Save it for the freshmen."

"You know if we were smart we'd be upstairs studying. We've got a history test Friday." They nodded their heads in solemn agreement. One of the young men passed a pack of cigarettes.

"Just think, we helped make

history, now we're studying it." The young men shifted uncomfortably and agreed they'd better get started.

"Look, why don't we get one of those Outlines and have a seminar at Robinsons?" The group perked up appreciably. Each gingerly explored his cords for coins.

"I'll get one from Eddie," said one. He clattered hastily up the stairway. One of the boys stood up, stretched, and playfully punched the fellow slouched in the "Senior chair." In an instant they were rolling on the floor, wrestling and grunting fiercely. In another instant they were both lying still, breathing heavily and making sarcastic remarks about how badly out of shape they were.

"C'mon, let's GO!" The boy with the Outline was back. The two athletes on the floor made a dive for him and all three became a tangled mass of arms and legs.

The fourth young man stood idly in the doorway, grinning. "You guys couldn't fight your way out of a wet paper bag," he said. They all lunged at him, missed, and in a flash the four ran shouting out of the front door banging it heavily behind them.

Halfway to Maxies someone asked, "Hey, where's the Outline?"

"Oh hell, I must have forgotten it. Shall we go back?"

They laughed comfortably and quickened their step.

Porchlight Parade

By ED CAUDURO

The campus is humming in expectation of the coming trek to the big city and the prospect of another Oregon victory when the gridders swoop down on Multnomah's turf. . . . Everywhere social chairmen are busily putting finishing touches on preparation for the many festive parties planned for the Duck invasion . . .

And on the home front, while most of the campus slept thru "Tap Roots" and ho-hummed "Rachel" and her troubles, the SAEs and ATOs plus dates enjoyed a rousing get-together at Swimmers Delight Saturday eve. In swing with the gay hilarity of the occasion Gamma Phi Jean Dyck went home wearing SAE Don Stanford's brass.

Chi O Sally Terril has all her sisters wondering over her singing telephone conversations. . . . Learned that the original charter member of the notorious Bird Dog Society was none other than Jean Halling of the DGs, a humble bark to Jean for my error in last weeks column. . . . At Hen Hall Beth Coleman surprised her friends with a sparkler courtesy of Lambda Chi Irvin Duper. . . . Likewise at the DG domain where candy was passed out for Sue McAdams and Delt Ron Gray. . . .

All sewed up are Fiji Bill Read and OSC Theta Jean Baker; Beta Hal White tacked to Alpha Chi Joan McPhearson; and Phi Psi Mac Epley entrusted his cop's badge to Lois Larson of Pacific U. . . . A romance that budded last spring term and has bloomed into something special is that of Chi O Dencie Howard and Beta Paul Edlund. . . . Sizzling is the tempo being set by Nancy Belts and Tom Edwards, Alpha Sig transfer from U. of W. Looks like buddy cupid has again hit his mark. Nancy now sports Tom's jewelry on her cashmere. . . .

An out of this world serenade with "Slide whistles" was offered the other PM by Phi Deltis Walt Kirsch and George Watkins in honor of Mary Joy Ham and Martha Moore.

Overheard Sigma Kappa Betsy Moffit wondering where the Oregon Spirit is going. Mused Betsy, "The only place I find spirit these days is in liquid. . . . Noticing that the price of furs are on the up-grade, Zoo queen Marge Peterson of the Crazy Chi Os is raising her own. Marge is feeding three armadillos and one chinchilla with the profits from her candy concession. . . . Gamma Phi Donna Rankin is feeling foot-loose and fancy free again after a time on the shelf. . . .

Those wild looking males you see pole vaulting around the quad are only members of the IFC trying to ready plans for the regional conference to be held here late in October. Representatives from 100 colleges and universities are expected to be recipients of that famous Oregon hospitality.

World News - Yes Or No?

The Emerald, just as you or you, has a good many problems. One lies in deciding whether to be a house organ, (a campus publicity journal,) or to have a "world conscience."

House organ advocates argue that the University campus is the students' home town for the time that they are here.

Names make news, just as in any other small town, and campus affairs are vital—for today and tomorrow, anyway.

Conclusion: the Emerald should give big and complete play to campus happenings, because no other newspaper is going to take over the job.

The other camp argues that students should be as interested, or more interested, in national and inter-national news as in campus affairs.

Therefore, they say, the Emerald should publish every day a page or at least a section on national news as has been done at times in the past.

This would be possible, for the Emerald has access to the Associated Press wire. (This copy is now used only for sports and for news fillers—such as "A two headed gopher was born yesterday in Popcorn, Oregon.")

Most houses, though, subscribe to daily papers. Would the small coverage afforded by the Emerald serve any purpose? It might be more convenient.

Emerald editorials are written mainly on campus affairs, and the paper in this way differs from many other college sheets in which a majority of the edits are on the national scene.

But do students read these erudite editorials when they could read the words of wiser editors in metropolitan papers? Do they take them seriously? There's the problem.

Any comments on this from the students would be appreciated.

If no comments come in, we'll conclude that the Oregon student does not read editorials on campus affairs, and we'll set out in the future to play referee for the Soviet Union and the United States.—B. H.

Little Schmoos Is Saved

Occasionally there comes a day when the tension built up over various situations is released—all at once. Yesterday was such an occasion for the devotee of the comic strips.

Three situations which have been developing for lo, these many weeks, suddenly exploded in Monday's funnies, to the relief of anyone who has been following them religiously.

Chief among these climaxes occurred in Al Capp's "L'il Abner." It seems that the sweet, helpful, little schmoos has been saved for posterity. Luckily, the two schmoos which were rescued were a girl-schmoos and a boy-schmoos, and everyone can stop worrying now.

Elsewhere in the so-called "funnies" Igor, in a fit of pique, finally got around to throwing his partner into the footlights, although readers of "Mary Worth" will have to wait a day to find out if he succeeds in breaking her neck.

At last, Buz Sawyer rose from his stupor to recognize his girlfriend, Christy, and all seems well in that department.

Now, if it weren't for Dick Tracy, everyone could start reading the front page of the newspapers for a change.—B. B.

Out of Focus SAEs at Idaho Minus Pillows But Did Create Realistic Ducks

By KIRK BRAUN

Many of the boys at the SAE house on the University of Idaho campus are sleeping through the cold Idaho nights this week without the benefits of pillows beneath their scholarly heads—and it's all because of an Oregon Duck. A semi-Oregon Duck, anyway.

It came about like this: It was Homecoming weekend at Moscow this weekend and Homecoming at this western Idaho school, which only misses being in the state of Washington by some three or four miles, means a Saturday morning parade with all the trimmings.

And so, along about Friday, the SAE's decided to build a float showing an Oregon Duck tripping on the Idaho step of the stairway to the Rose Bowl. Well, as everyone knows, if you're going to have a realistic duck, it has to have feathers. And since the SAE's didn't have any fowls to pluck, there was only one answer—pillows.

So they built up a form in the shape of a duck, covered it with some sticky substance and proceeded to feather with down from their pillows. And that's why the SAE's all have stiff necks this week, in spite of the old belief that it is more healthy to sleep without a pillow.

Practically every float in the hour long parade had some sort of an Oregon duck being trampled, axed, beaten and shot, but in all the parade, only the SAE duck had real feathers.

Evidently, the judges didn't appreciate the realistic work of the SAEs, for their float failed to win a prize.

Housing officials on the Uni-

versity of Oregon staff could take some lessons from Washington State college when it comes to providing housing for both married and single veterans.

There are actually so many units on the Pullman campus that several single fellows are living in the two-room married "suites," as they are called by the students. Now these two-room suites are not quite as good as they sound for married students but they are definitely a step in the right direction.

First, there are plenty of units. Second, they are comfortable and well furnished. Third, they are provided by the administration of the college and they are cheap. The only drawback is the fact that they do not have cooking facilities, however, a cafeteria, in which GOOD food is served, is available.

Here is Washington State college, with some 9,000 students, with four veteran dorms, exactly like our TWO units, and enough married units to more than take care of the demand, all situated within a stone's throw from the campus.

Oregon, can you say the same?

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