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Growing Up?

Sunday was more than the day after Homecoming. It marked the third birthday of the United Nations.

Strange it is to note that this organization, which is so widely acclaimed and denounced, it but an infant. Its three years have been eventful ones, but perhaps not too conducive to its growth.

There have been many problems to settle since the end of the war, and most of them have not yet been resolved too successfully. There have been conflicting ideologies to bring together, but Eastern and Western Europe have found it difficult to achieve harmony.

The most recent of the UN problems was to work out some kind of a compromise on the Berlin blockade situation. Even as the UN was celebrating its anniversary, these negotiation efforts fell through. That old bogey "veto" appeared once more to bring things to a halt.

Yet all the work of the United Nations has not been in vain. UNESCO has done much toward promoting international understanding. Perhaps as the UN grows older and more mature it will be more successful in healing the ills of this sorry planet. J. G.

"In MY Opinion..." FROM OUR READERS

DEPLORABLE ACT

To the Editor:

As a student of the University, I was absolutely astounded to see the various houses send "stooges" to the game Saturday to reserve sections of the grandstand for the members of their houses.

Certainly, just because one belongs to a certain house doesn't necessarily make him rate a superior seat over anyone else. If that's what you call democracy in a university and if the houses really think that their gestures were justified I'm frankly saying that I'm ashamed to be a member of such a university.

After all, the entire student body supports the football team, and why not think it fair to let those who get there first have a right to any seat in the student section not roped off by proper authority.

Think it over fraternity houses and hang your heads in disgrace, because it was certainly an abusive and deplorable act.

(Name Withheld)

SNOBBIISH SCHOOL?

To the Editor:

I have read articles about the spirit of Oregon and its traditions yet I have seen no basis for such claims. There isn't any spirit at Oregon. No one says hello to anyone else no matter how many times they have met; very few observe the traditions unless forced to by their respective houses, a few participate in the rallies and parades—and they are usually the fraternities and sororities.

The only real noise they make is after a touchdown or after the yell king has yelled himself

hoarse trying to get some noise. The girls are well known for being conceited, snobbish, and too good for anyone without a convertible.

No one knows anyone else unless he or she meets them in class, or in a club of the same few, or at a hello dance where the boys are so thick you wonder where the women are.

I am guilty of being unfriendly and even snobbish thought I don't like to be. It is a habit I acquired from being ignored when I first came here with a greeting for everyone I thought might be friendly, only to have a nose raised and blank stares greet me in return.

We played WSC Saturday in a football game. Few people here realized the spirit behind that team. WSC has a spirit that doesn't exist at Oregon. If you say hello to someone at WSC nine out of ten times he or she will beat you to it. I knew more students and participated in more activities at WSC in one semester than I ever will meet at the U. of O.

Oregon is a swell school. It has just as high a scholastic standard and just as good a student body but no spirit or friendliness. I admit WSC has its political troubles between Greeks and Independents but it certainly doesn't have Oregon's social caste system.

... Maybe if a few Greeks met a few independents both would find that money isn't everything. Maybe a few girls with average looks would meet more boys with the same thing.

How about making Oregon a friendly school?

A sincere student,

E. W. K.



Carnival

As Halloween Nears - About Some Ghosts, Real and Fancied

By BARBARA HEYWOOD

Maybe you don't believe in ghosts—but I do, firmly.

It all started with my brother and his interminable stories. No one read Pollyanna and the Three Bears to me at bedtime, but every night possible my brother would come into my bedroom, and sit in the dark telling ghost stories. They had the standard props, witches and wizards, but, in addition, new and strange animals stalked through them.

The Garfels were perhaps the most wicked. Huge, bloated creatures, they floated through the world wreaking destruction. I came to believe in the Garfels, and have been expecting to meet one ever since one ate seven little girls in a mouthful and came to America looking for more.

The horror of a later era was caused by a radio program that some of you probably remember. It started this way: The SHADOW OF FOO... MAN... CHU! Bo-ong!!

Before Foo Man Chu entered my life I had felt relatively safe in my bedroom, for the windows were wedged, and would not open wide enough to admit anyone. But Fu Man Chu was not to be vanquished by this naive safety device.

He had in his employ a monster equipped with long iron arms covered with fur. The arms could reach under the wedged window, and all the way across the room. The steel hands would clutch the victim's throat as he lay in bed. Black faced and bloated, he would be found in the morning by stricken relatives.

It took me half an hour every night to bring myself to climb the stairs to my bedroom.

Another terror lurked in the darkness of my room. Nightly I would look under the bed and behind the doors, and then climb into the sack rapidly, jerking my feet up lest someone grab them. After I had assured myself that Fu Man Chu's monster had not elected that night to visit me, I felt quite peaceful.

This peace was dispelled by my little friend with black hair and protruding teeth, (her name was Dolores) who confided in me that she was afraid that someone would spear her through the mat-

ress some night. After that I lay rigid in bed, waiting for the cold point of the spear. When I heard a noise, I would automatically start praying, but I was so engrossed in listening that the prayer would degenerate into "Our Father, Our Father, Our Father."

The ghosts were not dispelled in high school, for there I developed a Jekyll-Hyde complex. This operated even in the daylight.

Did you see the movie, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and do you remember when Spencer Tracy as Dr. Jekyll leaves Lana Turner, and, in the night fog, she sinks down on the patio sobbing? Jekyll, changed to Hyde, returns and stands by her. She recognizes him by his footsteps, and clasps him about the knees. Then she looks trustingly up into his face, and—!!

The movie was not the start of my complex, but it pictured well what I felt. I would sit across the table from someone I knew well, and imagine his face distorting suddenly into a crazed, cunning mask. He perhaps would rise from his seat slowly and....

Then there was Frankenstein and the furnace. Somehow the furnace in our basement re-

Stag lines

By AL PIETSCHMAN

A trophy awarded to the men and to the women's living organization that contributes the most to the University is in the offing. At a meeting yesterday, the manner in which houses would be judged was explored by a student advisory committee.

The members agreed that a point system would work out the best—but they ran into one problem—what criteria would be used in awarding merit for various contests, such as were held last week in conjunction with Homecoming.

The committee was uncertain whether to accept the decisions rendered by judges or not—as it has so often happened that the judges have not picked the winner as the campus sees it.

It is interesting to note that it will be important in the awarding of the trophy that houses are given credit for what they have done—judges are too often "all wet" in the campus vernacular.

We have before us a copy of one of the sogn contest judges' voting in the men's contest. It is most interesting and gives an insight into how awards are made.

This judge (we do not know who it was) rated one house with a top score of ten, five houses with nine points, thirteen houses with eight points and three houses with seven points.

Out of twenty-seven houses judged, eighteen were given eight points or more and twenty-one of the twenty-seven had seven points or more.

Needless to say, this judge doesn't know how to rate houses—the other judges had a more overall breakdown in voting, with only two houses with ten, and very few with six or more points.

If a truly fair all-year trophy is to be awarded, then it is of paramount interest in that in each and every contest that will be considered by the advisory board, that the judging be done with the utmost care, conscientiousness, and knowledge of judging.

Until this is done, students will have a right to question any awards based on decisions rendered by questionable judging.

sembled the Frankenstein monster. There was something eerie about the old trash burner. When I looked at it I could see a shadowy monster, and I would tear up the ladder-like stairs, hoping that no one would reach between the steps and clutch my ankles. I prefer electric heat even now.

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