

Happy Halloween!

Friday morning's Oregonian stole our Halloween editorial that we'd had partially written for several days.

It seems that they received the same form letter we did from the National Halloween committee in New York—but the Emerald is doing the Oregonian one better just the same. We have a Halloween pinup girl. Behold. She came through the mail, too.

This sleek creature, "the prettiest witch around these parts," has no connection with Halloween 'Association's suggestion of "Planned Donut Parties for a Safe and Serene Halloween." She'd be a disruptive element at any donut party.

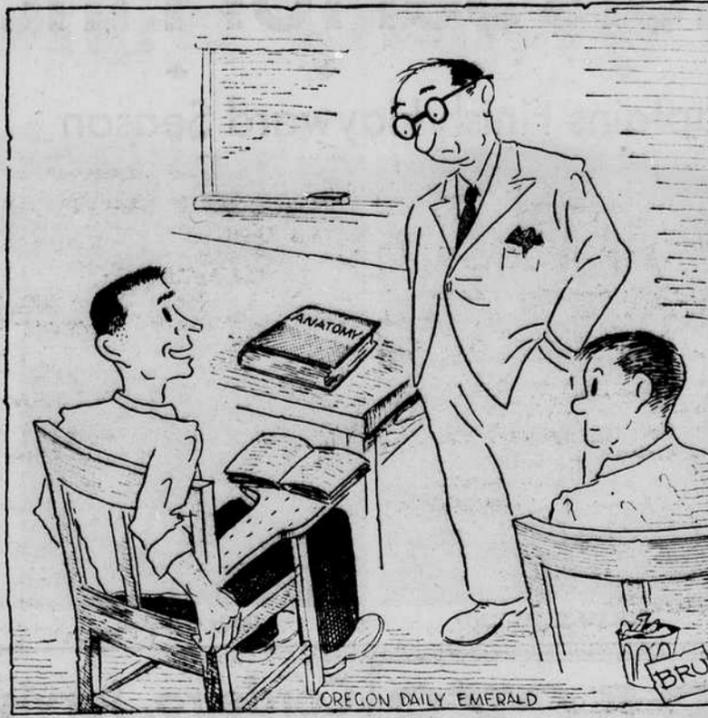
But the Association has some fine suggestions. As an alternative for "breaking windows, smashing gates and getting run over . . . late at night" it encourages the eating of "donuts" off a string and bobbing for apples.

We pass this bit of inspiration for a Safe and Serene Halloween on to you, dear reader, trusting that you, too, will back this worthwhile cause. B. H.



The Green File

by Brubeck



"Well, according to Esquire magazine . . ."

Porchlight Parade

By ED CAUDURO

Take off your make-up gals, it's Halloween! . . . and while on this topic I'll mention the art school party Friday night which nearly rocked the buildings off your ol' camp. Even the profs gave in to the gaiety and let down their hair . . . was hoping Mr. Hanrahan would revive his tap routine for the occasion . . .

The Bunion stomp at the Igloo last eve was strictly "Hoganized" . . . Igloo is certainly a misnomer for that barn; something like "hot box" would be more appropriate. Wonder if the powers that be will ever have the place air-conditioned. As an alternative suggest they have ambulances waiting at all exits during the affairs there.

The All-American Oregana again hit its mark with its "Miss" . . . green and yellow orchids to Miss Ann Fenwick . . .

"I'll Never smile Again" seems to be Bob Rinde's theme since Theta Ann Ornduff stepped out on him last night . . . just remember, Bob, there's always Snowbelle . . . Paid Ad. Dept. Anita Holmes of Hen Hall has something mighty captivating waiting for her in Spokane for Thanksgiving. At present she is desperately trying to locate a ride to said town or vicinity. . . .

Was told by one of the campus queens that 4 AM dates are quite the novelty; must be great starting your social life with the birds . . . Understand that DG Merry "Firesale" Captivation is booked solid these PMs that she's hoping for 36-hour days. The secret of her success: "I go in Taylor's every day." . . .

Bob Thurston, an ADPI delegate from British Columbia, was so fascinated by the "freshettes" while casing our libe that he decided to pull up a lounge and scrounge awhile. Seems U. of BC doesn't offer broad education.

Hearts and Flower Dept.: AOPi Mary Keller, who confided to a friend that she planned to re-new an old acquaintance with a Phi Delt pin, was throttled in her scheming when the owner of the badge cancelled a date in favor of a quail hunting party. Big game hunter, minus fraternal jewelry, returned with a rally-rally Gamma Phi . . . wotta pistol packer!

Teke Larry Davidson was seen rambling down sorority row the other afternoon when an onrushing herd of women came charging towards him with outstretched arms. The eager Larry's beaming face quickly became a picture of complete ruin when he found that they were out to greet a new "nugget" following behind him . . .

How to win fans and influence porters: On the train coming from Portland Coach Jim Aiken, confusing a three letter word with a six-letter word, added to the entertainment of the other passengers when he was seen entering and exiting from the wrong little room. . . .

Now tell me Alpha Phis: How much lumber can three girls carry from Villard to the Phi house in one trip down back alleys after dark. . . .

For the benefit of the frustrated socialites who have been writing letters to the editor, a Friendship club is being organized and cards will be punched between 2 and 3 a.m. in the graveyard. . . . If they find no satisfaction in this, remember there's always Hello Walk during tradition weeks. . . .

"In MY Opinion . . ."

FROM OUR READERS

A BRITISHER'S VIEW

To the Editor:

May I put in a few good words for the students of the U. of O? They have been accused of snobishness and lack of friendliness which I feel they do not deserve.

I, too, am new on this campus. In fact I am new in this country. Yet the number of students who greet me with a friendly smile every day far exceeds the number I remember to have met. Naturally, I am only too willing to return their smile.

I talk to a large number of people I don't know. That is, when I have something to say to them. But I do not expect these people to treat me as a long lost friend the next time we meet.

I say this for two reasons. First of all, I haven't time for all the friends I might pick up this way (much as I should like to). Secondly, the little time I do have to spend with friends, I should like to spend with people who have approximately the same interests as myself.

Contrary to what is commonly believed in this country, this holds true in England, too. It is not considered bad manners to talk to people you don't know, so long as you have something to say to them. It would, however, be the height of bad form to presume on this chance meeting.

There is no limit to the number of friends you can make if you want to on this campus. I was very much disappointed to see how few students actually try to make friends by joining in extracurricular activities. Surely that is where you will meet people who think much the same as you do! There is such a wide range of activities that everyone should be able to find something he is interested in. If not, he could always start his own club.

Or are you the type of person who has time for friends, but no time to cultivate them?

Yours very truly,

L. John Martin

(Editor's note: Mr. Martin is an Englishman. He came to the campus this term and is a graduate assistant in the school of journalism.)

COEDS COLD

To the Editor:

. . . I have come 3,000 miles in order to study at the Univer-

sity of Oregon, and when I arrived I did not know a soul here. I feel I can truthfully say that I have made a lot of intimate male friends. In all my classes I have friendly neighbors, both fraternity men and independents.

. . . I feel that any person who cannot make friends here is either hard to get along with, or just unfriendly himself.

But I will go ahead with the theory that the women are "snobish, conceited and too good for anyone without a convertible." From my experience, the coeds here are the coldest, most unfriendly women I have ever met.

. . . They should come out of their shells and get friendly.

Yours sincerely,

A College Freshman

To the Editor:

For the past several days I have been reading in this column letters from individuals complaining about the unfriendliness of Oregon students. I, too, am a new student here and would like to express my candid observations on the topic.

I have attended school on three campuses in different sections of the country, and it is my opinion that students are basically the same, despite different geographical surroundings.

The problem of making friends is an individual one. If a person sets out to meet people and become acquainted, he can do it with a little honest effort on his part. Naturally, anyone who sits back and expects others to come to him will be disillusioned.

Complaining and writing letters to the Emerald will do little to change a person's position. Much more would be accomplished if those concerned would approach the situation positively rather than negatively.

F.A.R.

Contralto to Sing

Carol Brice, contralto, will sing at McArthur court next Friday at 8:15 p.m., in the second concert this year presented by the Eugene and University Civic Music association.

Night Staff:

Mac Epley
Vern Stolen
Larry Meiser

Latest in Books

'Remembrance Rock' --- An Epic Of Monumental Stature

By TERRY REVENAUGH

"The idea for this book," says author Carl Sandburg, "had interested me for a long time; . . . an epic, weaving the mystery of the American Dream with the costly toil and bloody struggles that have gone to keep alive . . . that Dream."

Sandburg began the book in 1943. Five years and 1067 pages later, the idea has grown to a work of astounding proportions and giant structure.

"Remembrance Rock" is an epic, true enough, with an epic's virtues and vices. The language is poetic and stately, both conversation and description. Three hundred and fifty years of history are covered. As in most epics, emphasis is placed on battles.

Yet, these very attributes will discourage most average readers. The conversation—an incredible mixture of poetic metaphor, stately cadence and mysterious prophecy—prevents the characters from ever coming alive. Fictional adventure is smothered with historic fact, painstakingly set down in full. The Mayflower Compact, the Declaration of Independence and other documents are written completely, with all signatures included. Three hun-

dred and fifty years of historic documents diffuses all action. The reader loses touch with the characters and any interest he had.

Justice "Bowbong" Winton is the rememberer of "Remembrance Rock." On his Washington, D. C., estate is a huge boulder at whose foot he has placed dust from Plymouth Rock, Valley Forge, Gettysburg and the Argonne. Now, in 1944, he wishes to pass on a heritage to his fighting grandson.

So, he writes memories—and what memories! Going back to 1608, he traces the history of America and, only incidentally, his family.

After reading the memories, the grandson places at the foot of Remembrance Rock a casket of dust from the South Pacific atoll, where he fought, and a handful of earth from the Normandy beaches. It appears that the remembering will continue.

"Remembrance Rock" may never be seen clutched in every hand. But it is truly a monumental work—an American epic.

("Remembrance Rock" by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt and Brace Company. \$5.00. 1067 pages.)

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