

For Better or for Worse?

With the newly-announced University plan to house all freshmen in dormitories, the independent students, too, are wondering how they will be affected.

At present opinion seems to be divided. The new system, some feel, will cement better relations between the often-hostile Greek and independent groups. Their reasoning is this—by living together, all freshmen will get acquainted and keep their friendships intact throughout their college days instead of restricting close friendships to those in their own houses.

Undoubtedly there is some truth to this. Getting to know the "other half" is one step in dispelling suspicion and dislike.

However, some people feel that with the two groups living together, harmony within the dormitories would be difficult to achieve. They believe that such group efforts as deserts, house dances, and floats would no longer be done by the whole group. They fear that pledges will prefer to aid the houses of which they will soon become members and ignore the work of the organization in which they live.

Whether this situation would become prevalent on the campus is difficult to say. We could quote instances where this happened in the past with pledges living in the dormitories. However, looking back on them, these instances seem to have taken place only when those concerned formed a tight clique of their own, anyway. Even before pledging they seldom entered into the dormitory activities.

Just what the effect of this new policy will be remains to be seen. J. G.

'In My Opinion' FROM OUR READERS

To the Editor:

On Thursday, October fourth Mr. Donald DuShane, director of student affairs, unexpectedly announced to the Interfraternity council that the first-year students definitely will be required to live in dormitories or town rooms, not in fraternity and sorority houses, for one year, beginning fall term, 1949.

During the period while this action was being contemplated by the University officials, I do not think the fraternities and sororities were consulted, nor the dormitories. That this action was taken without previous consultation with the parties concerned was definitely a breach of faith.

That the presidents of the dormitories and their members were not consulted reflects the possibility of a serious deficiency in the Office of Student Affairs' regard for those organizations. Does the University administration consider the separate dormitory units to be social organizations in name only, with no continuity of social existence, with no voice in matters which surely affect them?

Without making an attempt to justify the present system used by the Greek houses I should like to review the alleged advantages propounded by the Office of Student Affairs.

1. "A common experience in group living will be provided." With a large number of freshmen who will be forced to live in town rooms due to the lack of room in the dormitories for the entire freshman class, some will most assuredly be deprived of the experience of group living. Even if this is not admitted, one must surely agree that, with the dormitories divided into club-sized, socially autonomous units (as they now are and should continue to be) the experience of group living possesses a high degree of similarity, whether one lives in a

house, cooperative club, or dormitory.

2. "University spirit and loyalty and inter-Greek relations will be improved." To rebut such a conjectural statement would be a waste of my time and yours.

3. Freshman will face fewer problems requiring adjustment at the beginning of their University careers. When living in, freshmen must not only form new study habits, but also conform to fraternity requirements." This is quite true, and has long been recognized by the fraternities and sororities on campus.

But those freshmen having difficulties are now given the benefit of personal and interested assistance in solving their problems. There is much that can, but probably won't, be said both pro and con on this point.

4. "The annual rush week housing mixup will be eliminated. A freshman will not feel forced to pledge a house in which he feels little interest simply to assure himself of a place to stay." It is implied here that there is a terrible tie-up in housing every rush week. But the two University officials concerned who made this statement, have not, either of them, been here on campus long enough to make such a judgment fairly. Since they have been at Oregon, there have been unusually heavy enrollments here and all over the country. Housing is expensive and hard to find in every growing city in the United States of America, and will be for several years to come.

5. "Dormitories and houses can be operated on a more business-like basis: a full house will not be dependent on rush week alone." It might be interesting to note that the average house bill of fraternities, including dues, is less than the dormitory bill for just room and board.

6. "More serious-minded jun-

iors and seniors will live in the house. This will improve study conditions and result in greater maturity and stability." One hundred per cent correct!

7. The resulting raising of quotas will mean a higher percentage of fraternity and sorority membership in the student body. This will lead to better support." Better support of what? A reversal of Mr. DuShane's edict that, "... until the transition period ... is over, no new nationals will be allowed to establish chapters on the Oregon campus," would certainly be a more direct way of increasing the percentage of fraternity and sorority membership in the student body, if that really be the desired end.

8. Dormitories will find it necessary to put into practice a better counselling program, and frat to sustain their high prices or ply, the room owners will be able to find better management necessary." This we need anyway!

Now let me ask three pertinent (or impertinent) questions. First, how can the University possibly control outside housing, either morally or economically? There is no question but that the dormitories cannot house all the students.

The strained "town room" condition will likely become even more acute than it is now. With the demand greater than the supply even raise them. Over this, the University has no control. Then "living out," a lonely way of living, will remain the most expensive way of attending school.

Second, how does this affect the "co-op" houses? Will they also be restricted by this ruling?

Third, is the University trying to assure itself of filled dormitories at the expense of other living organizations? This fall, the overall drop in enrollment in colleges and universities throughout

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Fourth in the Mosaic Series

'The Treatment': The Romance of Rick and Peggy

By LARRY LAU

She walked past them slowly, intent on not spilling her coffee, to a booth on the opposite side of the room. A tight blue skirt caressed her slim hips and tapered her thighs into an exciting sweep that seemed to funnel into her short Angora-topped sox. Her soft pink cashmere swelled saucily with age-old appeal.

"Hey, Cal!" the boy whispered, "who's the angel?"

"Forget it, Rick," Cal answered, "she's practically pinned ... name's Peggy."

Rick directed all his attention towards the booth across the room. When she looked his way, he smiled a devilish brilliant smile and waved hello. Surprised and uncertain, she smiled and nodded back. The boy with her glared unappreciatively.

"That's the girl for me, Cal," Rick answered, "D'ja see that big smile she gave me ... what a doll!"

"Aw, Rick, you're nuts!" Cal snorted, "besides, I thought you were all hot for the girl you had out Saturday."

"Her?" Rick dismissed the thought with a bland wave of his hand. "She's nice, but," he nodded towards the angel, "not like that. Ruuff!"

He phoned and phoned, managed to meet her between classes, sent her glib little notes, odd gifts and flowers, wheedled a few coke

dates and managed to make her think she was a queen ... they became inseparable. The Porchlight Parade labeled it a "forest-fire romance," and his buddies commented enviously on his good fortune and wondered what magic words he had used. He was aware of their envy, and it pleased him.

Sundays they'd go to a show and hold hands and project themselves onto the screen. Dances ... parties ... coffee and coke dates ... endless hours together. Every night they embraced long and hard before the lights went out ... burning, passionate kisses that made them both groan with excitement.

Once he borrowed a car and they drove far out into the country where he mumbled something about getting married and lost himself in the warmth of her arms. After a time he placed a carefully casual hand on her knee, only to have her sit up quickly and say, "You wouldn't respect me if I did things like that."

In the excitement and confusion, he suddenly forgot what he usually said in cases like that and they drove home in silence, her head resting triumphantly on his shoulder.

He didn't have time for Cal any more, or any of his old cronies for that matter. Everything was Peggy ... Peggy ... Peggy. When they were together, it

seemed a shame to bother them, so nobody did.

He began to meet different people on and off campus. She'd phone and say, "We're riding with Lucille and Bill Saturday night. There's a party at the Morrisons later, and I told them we'd love to come ... was that all right, darling?" He'd assure her that it was, and absently wonder who in hell the Morrisons were.

She began to spend long hours telling him about her family, where she'd lived, what she'd done, what she wanted "their" home to look like, what she wanted "their" children to grow up and be ... not that Rick was bored ... but sometimes his mind did wander during these sessions, and when it did, she knew it and would ask him rather crossly why he didn't listen when she was talking. Rick would fall silent and dutifully listen, unsmiling and patient ... and trapped.

One Friday afternoon, he deliberately didn't meet her after class. Instead, he wandered down to Robinsons and found a booth full of guys and gals, including Cal, having a short one or two. He surprised himself by talking, telling jokes, entertaining ... and having a wonderful time. He felt a flash of the old snap-of-the-fingers feeling, and walked back to the house with Cal, grinning and feeling wicked.

That evening she said she'd

heard he had a date that afternoon. Rick shrugged and explained, and felt irritated that he had to explain. She cried then, and he held her in his arms and whispered what she wanted to hear, over and over ... but beer dates with the boys became more and more frequent.

He stopped meeting her between classes because he said he'd be late if he did. When they went out in the evenings, the old gaiety and excitement was missing. Mostly he let her do the talking. He noticed for the first time her little faults, and how dominated he'd become. His eyes began to invite other women, and he felt the old thrill when they looked interested ... it wasn't that he didn't love her ... but he felt impatient somehow.

One evening she met him at the door and instead of going out for coffee, took him around to a side porch where it was dark and quiet. They smoked a cigaret in near silence before she turned to him. "What's the matter with us. We've got everything, yet it seems like we're drifting apart ... have I done anything wrong?"

"Don't be silly, baby. We're just as good as we were a month ago," he said, "I'm crazy about you," he added lamely.

She put her head on his chest and cried. Shaky little sobs that twisted in him like a knife. He felt terrible. Like a murderer ... but most of all, he wanted to get

away. He looked over the top of her head into the street and wondered who the people were and what they had been doing. He felt guilty that he had no sympathy, no tenderness ... and that he couldn't feel very sad.

The number and intensity of her sobs increased. "I love you, Rick ... I love you ... you know I do ... what have I done?"

"Oh, for Chrissakes, Peg!" he snapped, "Let's not make a mountain out of a molehill."

"Maybe you'd just like to forget about the whole thing," she dared plaintively.

"Maybe we'd better for a while, honey," he murmured sadly, "I don't know what's the matter with me."

"You can't mean that ... not after all we've meant to each other ... I've made so many plans ... Rick, where are you going?"

"I'm going back to the house, honey. Just to kinda' think this all over ... I'll phone you, ok?"

He walked slowly down the steps and across the street, hoping she wouldn't call to him, wondering if he looked sufficiently crushed. When he turned the corner his pace quickened, the hang-dog curve of his mouth straightened, and his eyes became alert and snapping ... he knew he wouldn't phone.

He looked at his watch ... ten after ten, and wondered if it was too late to do a little pospecting.