

Have A Neutron?

For two days Gamma Alpha Chi has been peddling apples; tomorrow the University dames will sell cookies.

This outbreak of hucksterism brings to mind what we think is a fine idea.

Most people are hungry most of the time. Right?

And most folks enjoy eating whether they are hungry or not. Check.

Then why not have canteens stationed about the campus all year? Clubs and honoraries would take turns managing them.

Sigma Xi could sell candied neutrons, and Phi Beta Kappa, baked beans in ice cream cones.

Possibilities are limitless. For instance, if professors do not want to assume their club duty of food vending, they may wish to offer extra credit to any student who will take over for them.

Ah, yes. A fine idea. B. H.

In My Opinion

To the Editor:

In answer to the "Druids' Corner" in yesterday's Emerald I would like to say that there are a "few" students on the campus who favor the new "DuShane" plan, taking cognizance of all the points pro and con, we still favor it. We believe that it can be worked out successfully with both Greek and Independent students cooperating and solving their problems through a central organization representing both sides. This organization would attack the problems from an adult viewpoint and forget the petty differences between the two "rival" organizations.

We would strongly suggest that Greeks who would know more of life in the dorms come a-calling so that we can show them that we live a great deal as they do, observing University rules and providing good study conditions, etc. It is pretty sad when a graduating senior who wears a pin can say with all truth that she has never been inside a dorm on this campus, and there are five girl dorms which are open to visitors almost any time. We would suggest that they contact Mrs. Turnipseed for information on the new dormitory and how it will be administered. If there is anyone who can give students a true picture of dormitory life, it is Mrs. Turnipseed who is not anti-Greek.

The plan gives both the fraternities, sororities and independent living organizations an opportunity to rebuild themselves into organizations of which to be proud. Competition will undoubtedly remain as strong, but the basis will be changed from one of social consciousness to one based on scholarship and activities which are, after all, the primary objectives of a college education. As long as the administration feels it necessary to make this change, it is up to all the students to put forth more than a feeble effort to make it successful.

Jeane Nunn
Gamma Hall

To the Editor:

I wish to commend the editors of the Pigger's Guide for their excellent job of compiling pertinent data concerning the campus citizenry. My first casual glance disclosed by one error—a small and insignificant error considering the magnitude of the compilation. That small error is a misplaced asterisk in front of my name.

Being a law student, that error will not interfere with my activities to the extent it might with a liberal arts or business administration major. My weekends are usually spent in musty stacks of the law library, peering with blood-shot eyes through shelves of Corpus Juris and Supreme court reports, and through the vine-covered windows, where I catch sight of the light-hearted lads wending their merry way with a gleam in their eye.

I bear no hard feelings toward the editors of the campus directory. Possibly the error was my own—a misplaced check mark on a card during the registration rush would have done it. But whatever the cause, the deed has been done, giving rise to awful implications.

I would like to make a statement in defense of chivalry and University of Oregon manhood in general, and me in particular. To my companions on those rare occasions when I have broken away from the Fenton hall monastery for an evening—it ain't so! **THE ASTERISK SHOULD NOT BE THERE!!!!**

Jack L. Hoffman
Law School Senior

Rummage Sale

Rummage is wanted for the Eugene branch of Oregon Mothers' sale November 26 and 27, according to Mrs. Ann Porter. Proceeds from the sale will go to the society's scholarship fund.

Rummage will be picked up next Tuesday. For information call Mrs. J. H. Jackson at 1322-R or Mrs. A. C. Stockstead at 2195-J.

American AIRPLANES

TOM MARQUIS

The elevator stopped and the doors slid open without a sound. To my right as I walked out there was a double glass doorway marked KGW. It was about 10 p.m. and the place was pretty quiet. Wandering down the hallway I started to see if I could raise anyone who could tell me something about the station set-up. Looking in the glass panels set in the doorways I could see that several studios were still in the process of construction. The whole place had that new building look and smell.

At the end of the hallway was a door with a green exit sign over it. On the door itself was a cardboard sign that announced to all who were interested that on the other side of the door lay the news and sports section. This seemed like a good place for a visiting journalist to begin.

I opened the door rather cautiously, not quite knowing what to expect. It was a waste of time to worry because I found two of the nicest guys you'd ever want to meet.

One of them was Rudy Lachenmeier, KGW sports editor, and the other was Wally Hunter, news and sports bureau editorial assistant, and a former Emerald sports editor. When I told them I was interested in finding out how they assembled their news and sports copy for presentation they went out of their way to enlighten me.

It seems that there is a lot of individuality involved in this sort of thing, with the different announcers using several different styles. In Rudy's case informality is the keynote. But only in broadcasting, not in the gathering of the material used.

Right up until broadcast time,

the latest information from the teletypes is scanned, and if worthy is included in Rudy's nightly sports round-up. The copy is torp right from the teletype, assembled in some sort of order, (known only to the two doing the assembling) and then pertinent and sometimes impertinent remarks are scribbled on the bottom of each sheet. This whole confusing bundle is carried in to the studio and the program is about to begin.

Wally took me around to the control side of the mike and introduced me to announcer Frank Billings. From the booth where Frank held forth it was easy to watch Rudy's broadcast.

The material for the broadcast had not been read over previous to air time, a thing that would horrify many announcers. It didn't seem to bother Rudy much. He just went ahead with the broadcast in his own special fashion. A fashion, incidentally, which has won him many fans throughout of the Pacific Northwest. The program went off smoothly and without a hitch, which seemed quite surprising in the face of what I had witnessed previously.

After the sign-off I started to talk radio with Frank Billings. Before we got very far on the radio side we discovered we had a mutual friend in the business at KIST in California. Consequently we didn't do much more talking about radio, because the conversation rapidly turned into a general bull-session.

Anyway I learned a little bit and managed to have a real fine time in the process. For which I am indebted to three swell guys, Rudy Lachenmeier, Wally Hunter, and Frank Billings. Thanks, fellows.

Out of Focus

Columnist Has Answer for Those Who 'Slapped His Hands'

For those who wrote in to the editor and slapped our hands for suggesting that professors are human, we have this encouraging bit of information: Students are human, too. Some are bad, some are good, some are here to learn and some are just here to get a degree. All of which brings us up to the story of Bill.

Or was his name Pete? Or George? Or Joe, Scotty, Slim or Keith? Well, Bill is a good American name, so probably it was Bill.

You know Bill pretty well. He sits right next to you in several of your classes; or at least he does when he comes to class. Perhaps you hadn't noticed him before, because he rarely makes much noise or adds much to the class discussion.

Bill got by pretty easily in high school but when he came to college everyone told him that he'd have to buckle down and study or he'd never make it. For the first couple of terms, he did study pretty hard but then he discovered that it really wasn't much different from high school. So he came to the conclusion that there wasn't much point in breaking his neck getting A's and B's when C's were just as good. All he wanted was the sheepskin.

He sat in the classes that he went to and gazed out the window, or doodled on his notebook. And some of those doodlings were

pure works of art. Intricate, complicated, artistic designs. Bill listened to the professors once in a while . . . just enough to get the drift of things . . . just enough to get by.

Bill didn't pay too much attention to what his professors said until the end of the hour when they made an assignment. Then you should have heard him howl. He really griped and moaned about how much work he had to do. But he soon forgot about it and never did get around to reading the assignments.

Well, Bill wasted his own time, his professors' time, and his dad's money for four years of college. Of course, it wasn't really wasted when you stop and consider because his dad figured that it was worth the money to keep him out of trouble and, after all, the professors were getting paid for their time and there were enough students in the classes who really wanted to learn something to satisfy any professor's love for teaching. As for Bill's time, it never was worth much, anyway.

Oh, you're already guessing what happened to Bill. You're about to predict that he graduated all right but missed out on that big job because he hadn't worked in school. Well, that's what happened to many like Bill, but not our boy.

You see, our Bill graduated, but when he got out of school, he

The Latest In Books

A quitter? Or possessed of unusual courage? What would you call a man who, after experiencing a contemporary life and coming to hate it, withdraws into monastic seclusion? In the fear and uncertainty of the atomic age, thousands of young people are asking the question, "Is it best to leave this mess?"

"The Seven Storey Mountain" is the autobiography of a young man who led a full and worldly life, and then, at the age of 26, entered a Trappist monastery. Thomas Merton, the author, was no precocious child saint. He is a man of his times—one of our generation—growing up in the period between two wars.

Merton's childhood was spent wandering over France, England and America with his artist parents. Religious training? He had none. He never attended church until he was fifteen. At Cambridge and Columbia, Merton lived the usual college boy life of the late 1930's. He got drunk, fell in love often, cut classes, sat in beer-joint intellectual discussions, even became a Communist. Only a few times did he think of God or religion—when his father died and when he fell ill and feared death.

Aldous Huxley's "Ends and Means" and the "Confessions of St. Augustine" started him thinking of religion. He was converted to Catholicism. After several years of pondering and doubting and backsliding and soul-searching he entered the Trappist order at Gethsemani, Kentucky. This period of doubt makes the title. The Seven Storey Mountain is Dante's image of purgatory.

Conversational style and colloquialism make the book easy to read. In fact, it's the familiar colloquial bull-session. Merton becomes defensive: "I mention this with full consciousness that someone will use it against me . . ." Like the bull-session, there is no charity once the "discusser" has made up his mind—he refuses to concede that another view has its merits. And, like all college intellectual discussions, long tales of totally irrelevant personal history come in—told simply become they make good stories. Most unfortunate, like many collegians, Merton reserves his greatest respect for those who agree with him.

One thing will never happen when you read "The Seven Storey Mountain"—you won't lay it aside, bored. Unless you are already in full agreement with him, you'll want to argue with Thomas Merton. You'll find yourself pounding the table, yelling, "Now, wait a minute!" At other times you'll stare into space, muttering, "He may be right." Either way, the book makes you think. That's good.

"The Seven Storey Mountain" by Thomas Merton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. 429 pages. \$3.00.

went back to his home town and took over his father's hardware business and made a pile of money from the business that his dad built up.

All of which proves nothing . . . except . . .

That the editor will get the following letters (all unsigned) pointing out that:

All well-to-do fathers don't have no-good sons.

There is nothing wrong with the hardware business.

You can't get through school without studying.

And so on!

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