

Rah! Rah!--Voluntarily

There appeared in last Friday's Emerald a statement attributed to the people's choice, Student Body President Art Johnson, to the effect that as soon as a new shipment of rooters lids becomes available all students will be required to wear them to football games.

Wearing of rooters lids is an ancient Oregon tradition, along with class pants. During the bleak wartime period, when women ruled the campus, and in the reconstruction period when crochety old veterans composed the male population of the student body, the system of traditions broke down, and they largely were discarded. Returning vets, exposed to the adult world, refused to cooperate with student officers, and since compliance was largely on a voluntary basis, the latter were powerless to enforce the old traditions, the epitome of the college rah rah spirit.

Campus powers feel that now is the time to reinstitute traditions. The freshmen will accept them, having been prepared in high school for such things, and the observance of these will become fixed, bringing back what many consider a colorful, important part of college life.

Enforcement of traditions is difficult, however. Discipline through the houses is not usually hard. But only one-fourth of the students belong to sororities and fraternities. And many of the rest are very, very independent.

Traditions accepted voluntarily are at times very colorful, add a zest to campus functions, and give their observers a sense of participation.

Traditions which are imposed upon students by force or threats of force are odious. It is to be hoped that the campus executives will not attempt to make the traditions compulsory, thereby killing them at once, but will place them on a voluntary basis.—F.T.

College Discipline With a Light Touch

Usually when a Dean's list appears it is students who made "honor-roll" grades. But in this week's issue of Collier's three appears a list of a different type. Author Holmes Alexander turns the tables, and lists the Dean's troubles.

At the top of the list are not the students, but parents and professors. With the parent it's the old story about bad home life and when the offspring get to college it's either too late or a difficult job of adjustment.

"Francis R. B. Godolphin, dean of the college at Princeton University," the article explained, "is of the belief that people remain home products, regardless of age, until they reach maturity. Some never reach maturity."

Teacher-pupil relationship is one of the thorns of college life, say most of the Deans. Except for favorite students, the teacher-pupil relationship is usually impersonal in the classroom and sterile outside.

"For the very simple reason that they are bored, discouraged or neglected by their teachers," the article continues, "students get drunk, make illicit love, stage public roughhouse, and dash about the countryside in stolen or forbidden automobiles."

Personnel experts assigned to teach the professors human relations are suggested by the author. Four Universities have met the prob-

lem by conducting courses to teach professors how to help their students.

A college diploma is getting to be "a white-collar union card", it is the opinion of Dean Godolphin. Deans agree that the cultural value of college is being sacrificed for the utilitarian value. A college education, they say, is something to get and get fast.

These are the major troubles confronting Deans. Others, but placed farther down on the list by the deans themselves, are cheating, crime, innocent-looking fads that sometimes build up to major crises, and radicalism.

Author Holmes found most deans to be tolerant, youthful-minded men and women, who would much rather look the other way than catch a malefactor and punish him. The whole theory of discipline these days is based on the light touch, and the deans are chosen for this talent.

This Oct. 1 issue of Colliers is of particular interest to college students in another instance, also. The Editors come out in favor of giving veterans' wives an honorary "PH.T" degree. The degree, which stands for putting husbands through, was proposed by President Jesse Buchanan of the University of Idaho, to be conferred upon those G.I. Brides who, as Colliers states it, "shared a life which definitely wasn't the life of Riley while their husbands got their academic degrees."

Reserve Dunking for Doughnuts

It seems a truism that partaking of bucolic pleasures leads to no health and no happiness. Everyone knows what happened when Eve strolled in the Garden and picked up the forbidden fruit.

And some people will still remember that last year one of the infirmary doctors took time out from anointing students with poison oak lotions to warn erstwhile lovers to stay out of the Graveyard. Poison oak was getting the upper hand.

This year's dangerous pastoral pleasure, though it may not bear the consequences of Eve's excursion, is far from being a matter for the campus joke roster.

You've guessed by now that we're leading up to the perils of a dunking in the polluted Millrace. The Millrace water flows in from a point

just down the river from Springfield. Springfield dumps its sewage into the river; that's going to continue until that city gets its modern sewage disposal plant.

This means that the sluggish old Millrace is on the same par, as far as sanitation goes, with the sewer pipe that runs under your house.

Such a fate as being thrown into the Millrace, then, should be reserved only for such cads as reactionaries and TNE members—but not for fraternity brothers.

The disciplinary council promises the usual dire punishments of suspension etc. to persons who use the Millrace as a tool for their practical jokes—but common sense should keep students from indulging in the dangerous practice of Millrace dunking.—B.H.

All Quiet In Zeta Hall

We hear that a handful of the scholastic waifs who hang out nights—all night—in the law school stacks and spend moments out of class lined on the steps near Fenton Hall like birds on a telephone wire, have been gathered together in one building.

A group of law students, 33 of them, are now living in Zeta hall, one of the units in John Straub.

That's a good idea. Even though the curriculum of law school allows a few spare moments for matching pennies and tossing lighted matches down the Fenton steps, it leaves little time for the participation in house activities and the horseplay that's a part of every other living organization.

Besides, the brotherhood of a common scholastic pursuit should make for a more tightly knit and agreeable association than the bond of near-equal bank balances and near-equal liquor capacities.

The Emerald wishes good luck and high GPA's to the potential lawyers who have taken over Zeta Hall.—B.H.

Professors and Style

Radical changes in student wearing apparel were recommended by at least two University of Oregon professors Wednesday. We kinda' like the suggestions.

One idea stemmed from marketing trends. Professor Alfred L. Lomax, in discussing the idiosyncracies of the market, referred to the peasant kerchiefs so popularly adopted by coeds. "Why don't you go out in the fields and pull a plow," he queried.

With cloudy skies and scattered showers, the unsightly bandana has reappeared. We've always been of the opinion that this garb suggests a picture of women in the fields with a caption "It's the women of Russia that have made the country great."

Professor Warren C. Price's dissertation was in a different vein. When calling roll in his Law of the Press class, the most related course in the journalism school to the law school, he found nothing distinctive about his new students.

Price recommended flowing ties and other unusual items. We're waiting for unique substitutions and trends. Perhaps we're in for a style preview that will be copied by Vogue.—H.S.

Free Lancin . . .

There Was a Traveling Salesman . . .

. . . by Bill Lance

"Lips that touch wine shall never touch mine," declared the fair co-ed. And after she graduated she taught school for years and years and years.

Nearly every instructor I have encountered since I started school has walked across the front of the room three or four times, paused, then stated it was silly to have grades, exams, and other paraphernalia now common to most educational institutions.

They all seem convinced that grades are a bunch of hoey and shouldn't be considered the most important measure of student work. But, as Mark Twain was reputed to have said, "Everybody talks about the weather but no one does anything about it."

Larry Meiser, sophomore in liberal arts, walked up to me the other day with some illuminating pointers on this column. Meiser is an aspiring young gentleman with an eye to the future. His advice was that this column lacked something. "Whenever I read it," he said, "I feel as if I am reading nothing."

When I asked him why he wasted his time on it, he replied, "Well I really don't know, unless I'm just searching for something that isn't there."

Why is it that when girls go on the stage they

usually have to change their names—and their clothes?

Barbara Byrne, cute little Delta Zeta pledge, was so exhausted after her first trip up the hill that she passed out. They brought her too. She fainted again. They brought her two more.

At last this author has written something that will be accepted by nearly every magazine in the world—a check for a year's subscription. (Swiped from the Army Times, page 15, col. 1.)

'Tis certainly a wonderful group of new freshmen that have invaded the campus this year. Take the girls for instance. Not saying that the ones who previously graced the campi aren't fine, but it does seem that this year's crop is exceedingly pert.

Along with these new co-ed's other qualities, they seem to display a wonderful lot of school spirit. Over one hundred girls tried out for the six positions on the rally squad.

Combine Jim Crismon's "test" yells and the girls own natural abilities and, believe me, the result was a spectacle rare to behold.

Whats that old saying? "She is the kind of girl that makes any lipstick taste good?"

Courtesy of Alpha Phi Carol Udy we have the story about the little bird that was so pleased because he had just put down a deposit upon a new car.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$3.00 a term, \$4.00 for two terms and \$5.00 a year. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice Eugene, Oregon.

DON A. SMITH, Editor
GLENN GILLESPIE, Managing Editor
DON FAIR, BARBARA HEYWOOD, HELEN SHERMAN, FRED TAYLOR, Associate Editors
CORK MOBLEY, Advertising Manager
LARILYN THOMPSON, National Advertising Manager
JEAN LOVELL, Circulation Manager
News Editors: Anne Goodman, Ken Metzler.
Assistant Manager Editors: Hal Coleman, Vic Fryer, Tom King, Diane Mecham, Stan Turnbull.
Sports Editor: Dave Taylor.
Women's Editor: Connie Jackson.
Desk Editors: Marjory Bush, Bob Funk, Gretchen Grondahl, Lorna Larson, Larry Meiser.
Chief Night Editor: Lorna Larson.