

Wholesale Hacking

By recent action of Pacific University's Lettermen's club all hazing of freshmen has been abolished at that institution. Their action followed growing opposition to the practice, generated over a period of years, and given impetus by that school's dean of men.

No systematic hazing of freshmen at Oregon has been conducted for many years. The only actual all-campus hazing has been conducted by the Order of the O as punishment to violators of Homecoming and Junior Weekend traditions. But hacking, and other forms of hazing, continues in the living organizations.

Some fraternities on this campus have banned the practice, following the 'nationwide' trend towards the abolition of the use of force against malignant house members. But most of them still utilize the paddle as a means of enforcing discipline. "There is nothing quite as effective as a solid hack, or the threat of such, to keep the boys in line," is their feeling.

Yet it seems a bit undignified that discipline must be enforced among college men in such a manner. By the time a person enters college he is entering manhood, is expected to be able to think for himself and conduct himself in a reasonable manner. That the threat of a hacking must be held over his head to insure such action is unlikely. It would bring a little more dignity to this University and show more wisdom in its male students if the practice was discontinued entirely.

The only thing a paddle should be used for on the Oregon campus is to direct a canoe.—F.T.

An Early Christmas

We hereby recommend that Christmas vacation be enjoyed this year from November 5 through Thanksgiving, rather than in late December.

Our reasoning is quite logical as well as very practical. You see, November 5 is the Portland game. It looks as if nobody is going to be on campus—and who will be nosing through a calculus book at a whoopee Portland party? Therefore all tests in the ensuing week will be flunked—except by such spiritless grinds who came here to get an education rather than to get student rates at football games.

The next week will be the Cal game. Nobody on campus again. Many more fine parties. And it is obviously a traffic hazard to study on the way down south. Hence, many flunks and another week lost.

On November 18 comes the climax, the distraction surpassing all distractions, the Homecoming game. Many, many more fine parties, much horseplay, a dance, perhaps even a riot. By this time, even the intelligentia will be too distracted to look a 4 point squarely in the eye.

After three lost weekends, and the equally lost days between, the cause of getting a passing grade is rather dim, so the advisable thing for most people is to take an incomplete. They can make up the term papers and projects during Christmas vacation.

Of course that knocks the good cheer out of the gay seasonal holiday—and so wouldn't it be better to have the holiday in November, that Ducks may dissipate with a clear conscience?

Why doesn't somebody with initiative take up this move with the board of deans?—B.H.

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The Oregon State Barometer has gone whole hog on editorials flattering to the University. Not satisfied with one edit on the U. O. building program, they ran the edit, word for word, a second time. The Emerald has not been so short of edit copy, or so pleased with an edit, or so taken by one astounding event, that we have printed any one of our editorials twice, (at least, not without changing the wording.)

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Detour--Off Campus

The paving of Onyx between 13th and highway 99 adds another step in the preservation of student life on the campus and opens the way to eliminate the 10-minute wait that motorists must endure while students are changing classes.

With the temporary stop sign at 13th and University, very little traffic is detoured off the campus as many motorists would rather wait until the hour than drive an extra 12 blocks—from 13th to 19th and back again.

If the stop sign was moved back one block, to Onyx street, motorists would be able to, and very apt to, detour the one block to highway 99 and off the campus.

Under the present set up, motorists that do decide to detour go south on University. A street, though not as pedestrian-packed as 13th during the rush hour, still is traversed by hundreds of death-defying students in their search for their next class. Few students cross Onyx street north of the corner of 13th.

University officials and city fathers would be doing the students a great favor if the present stop sign were moved one block east when Onyx is finished. Very little work would be involved.—Bill Stanfield.

Sophomore Wisdom A Couple of Weeks Rest Haven

... by Bob Funk

When the pressure of eight o'clock classes, ten-pound books, and delightful evenings spent in the reserve room of the libe becomes too great for the average Web-foot, he resorts to one of three things—pinball, liquor, or the infirmary.

The first two border on the passe. Pinball offers only temporary escape, and liquor has an alarming tendency to wear off early some morning. The infirmary, on the other hand, is the perfect escape from education, responsibility, and room-mates. People disappear into the infirmary for months at a time—in fact, a lot of those people who haven't been seen since that first mid-term in their frosh year may be found safe and happy in the infirmary, weathering the storm in a striped purple pajama top.

Somehow or other the infirmary doesn't want you to come in, grab a package of pills, and leave again. It wants to keep you for awhile—get to know you. Those people over there are lonely—and they have their own rather effective methods of getting company.

Say the patient complains of severe dropsy. Chances are the infirmary will be alarmed at this, dole out a couple of sacks of aspirin tablets, and send the afflicted one on his way. But a common cold is another thing. The people at the infirmary make a special effort to meet everyone with a cold, invite them to stay for a few days, and if possible jab 'em a few times with a penicillin hypo.

Or at least penicillin used to be the accepted treatment. This year it's sulfa chews. A sulfa chew is a green version of Chiclets c a n d y c o a t e d chewing gum. It's all doctor-ed up with a sugar coating, artificial flavoring, and tastes, delightfully, just like sulphur. Chewing a chew is more fun than penicillin shots, although not nearly so dramatic.

Of course, getting out of the place is quite another matter. It practically calls for a court order or a decree from the President to be pronounced cured, and subsequently released. The infirmary is of the opinion that no one is really well, at least not until the end of this week, and then not until next Tuesday at the earliest.

However, a tangle with the infirmary is something everyone should experience. And everyone should try sulfa chews. They're really much different tasting from Chiclets.

People learned to condense a number of things during the last war. Whole meals came in one little, tiny dry jackage: One pill had enough vitamins to last a person a week. In the armed services, languages, among other things, were taught in a snappy, intensified six-week course.

Last summer the University took over, in a sense, some ideas of condensation. After the regular eight-week summer session was over, courses were offered in which a term's work could be done in two weeks.

Most of these courses were reading and conference on the graduate level. But some were undergraduate classes—in business administration, psychology, and German.

The reaction of the undergraduates to the courses was quite favorable. Meeting five times a week for two weeks, each meeting four hours long, is no lark. Yet the students worked hard and tried to get all they could from the course; something which is seldom true of courses taught during regular session.

In the psychology class (Psy 202), results of the term's test (which was identical to that given after a regular term) showed the students averaged a little lower. But the results also showed the students did not hit the depths sometimes found in regular term test results.

The difference in knowledge gained was not considerable, and hardly enough to take note of.

The advantages of the courses are many. To graduate students in education it offers a chance to pick up those hours required by state law. Certainly spending two weeks at the end of the regular session is less expensive than waiting til the following summer, or attending a regular fall term. It gives them an opportunity to make full use of their time.

To undergraduates it is a comparatively painless way in length of time) to get requirements out of the way. Or it may give the student an opportunity to take a course he might otherwise miss. The two-week course is no snap. But it is sometimes better to get something out of the way fast, than to drag it out over several months.

The program this summer was limited. It was the first time it had been tried on the campus. It was in part a result of the changeover from an 11-week summer session to an 8-week session; students starting under 11 weeks finding it difficult to continue their plans of getting requirements when the system was changed.

Whether or not the plan will be continued next year has not yet been decided. From here, the idea seems to have definite possibilities of being worked out to the advantage of the students and the University.

Our Readers Speak

This letter is in response to, and in agreement but with a different aspect and outlook, with H. S. and the editorial "Where's the Culture?" It is a good question since this is a University. But the question needs some observation and an entirely different aspect before we can conclude the subject and hope that Oregon students will "infuse more cultural matter into their programs."

The 18th and 19th century ieda of cutlure was "Culture for culture's sake," "art for art's sake."

But since this is the Industrial Age, culture as a definition and aspect of a group has been also industrialized. The Industrial Age made man a machine to run machines.

We in college are here to widen our appreciation of literature, the arts, the sciences, etc., but with the idea that it will be helpful in preparing us for the machine that we are to someday become in industry. Cultural subjects are like the oil in machines, the coatings of paint and rust-proof protection—the "finishing touch to the specialized machine man.

And because the world now runs on machines, because our time is a matter of being and doing something at some set time, instead of taking our time and not worrying about being a part of this-national machine, we must look at the "cultural courses" in this University, not with the idea of their being of mere value for values' sake, as it was in the 18th and 19th centuries, but rather that they are the finishing elements and specialized coatings that will make us a more distinguishable and outstanding machine in the world of industrialization.

Bruce Wallace.

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