

Ritin at Random

Here's the Word on What Have You

by Jo Gilbert

A Case of Milwaukee's Finest to:

The instructor in the Health department who believes in giving the frosh a fightin' chance. In her health ed classes, she gave a pre-test, not graded, for the specific purpose of letting her students know the kind of exams she uses and what she expected of them during the term. And her classes are far from small. Other profs handling lower division courses, especially those crowded with frosh, might take a hint from that as it could apply to their courses.

Note to Professor Robert B. Dean; Chem department:

Sincerely appreciated your letter of the 14th to the editor—it's nice to know that someone besides my husband reads this column. You were right on two scores:

(1) Oregon high schoolers have no scholastic requirement to meet to attend the University. This writer entered as an out-of-stater (in which case the high school grades have to be at least a 5 prep decile) which lead to the error. Noting the number

of Rht. K courses given (ten, according to the class schedule) though, it might be an idea if a literacy exam was required to be passed to enter this institution—or is that too much to ask?

(2) True, advisers have no legal right to force students into classes, but it can be done. The student has to have his registration material signed by same advisor to enroll in any classes.

Incidentally, the sophomore class has about 300 more students than any of the other classes—could that be in part because someone (a stray adviser, mayhaps?) confused some students on requirements and there is no Junior Certificate forthcoming? Many of this large number of students suddenly become seniors or they are found in the registrar's office petitioning for a waive of the 45-hour requirement between the arrival of a bouncing J.C. and graduation.

If the advising system is to benefit the student, it will have to become more reliable—now it is too often dogmatic as well as undependable. The only alternative is no advising system—which might

not be such a bad idea. It would then be up to the individual to read the fine print on requirements and it would be his individual responsibility to fulfill the standards for a degree. For the first time in his life, the student would be treated as an adult—and isn't the platform of one of our political parties, "the adult way" of doing things?

Why in Blazes:

Do so many houses have to hold their house dances on the same night? Out of the nineteen available dates, five nights are jammed with nine to twelve dances. The remainder of the open nights are marooned with a meager few. It seems that the mass grouping of the dances would inflict a hardship on the individual house—they would have a rougher time getting a good band; it would be harder to make a good showing; and if a couple was trying to make the rounds of all nine to twelve dances in the one evening when could they take the time to be at their own? Wonder what, if any, logical process houses go through before selecting their dance dates?

Free Lancin...

Dormitory Poetry

...by Bill Lance

Evelyn Brownstein, an up and coming poet in Carson Hall, wrote some very illuminating lines entitled, "A Dirge to the Sick and Dying."

A storm may roar- the hall may rock,
But Miss Murray the door will block
A fire may start, down come the towers,
We can't get out; it's study hours!

This sudden rise of the campus restaurants to 10 cent coffee has a very un-American appearance. Aren't any of these rugged individualists happy with two cents profit per cup? Rich and gullible college students are supposed to believe that because coffee has risen seven cents a pound it is necessary to charge 10c per cup. Who can shell out 40c a day for the necessary caffeine with which to stay awake in class?

This columnist wholeheartedly and sincerely declares a buyers strike on 10 cent coffee. It may accomplish nothing. Yet, if I tell people, and these people feel likewise and they in turn tell people, we can meet this price monopoly with a buyers monopoly and thus push the price of coffee back to where it belongs. Coffee downtown only costs a nickel!

Willie Gleek for King?

Why should the yell king be a representative of a political party?

That's a question we've pondered over for many a moon and there is no conceivable answer.

We propose that reorganization of the ASUO constitution should provide for a late spring-term election for yell king.

Under the present set-up yell kings are elected spring term along with political candidates. They are supported by the various political parties.

We're not saying that we're dissatisfied with Jim Crismon. But we think that Willie Gleek of the Iota house may do as well as some Rho Rho Rho; so why not give them both a chance?

In other words, we don't care who the yell king aspirant is, or what he represents. If he can do the job adequately, that's what counts.—H.S.

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On Things in General...

Roped-off Seats

...by Steve Loy

The time has come when I can add my efforts to the pleas of many before me who despise the not-so-old tradition of saving blocs of seats in the stadium before football games. Someday, people are going to get hurt, maybe seriously, because the pledges think that the lazy brothers who want to come to the game at one-thirty are entitled to the rows of seats the eager kids have tried to save.

In the past the plan hasn't worked because the people who come early believe in first come first serve, but flare-ups have occurred and could easily get out of hand. Last year at one of the big games some of the over-eager brought a rope. They climbed the fence before the gates were open and the early comers who were in line at 11:30 found ten good-sized rows roped off. Before the game started the rope was cut in numerous places.

Sure the boys want to sit together. They appreciate the same sort of horseplay and pre-game nonsense; but, don't they all eat at the same time? Why don't they all come in a bunch, and save their pledges the possibility of being roughed-up in trying to do the impossible.

Raising Kane

Business Law and the Hard Business of Boredom

by Henry Kane

Today's visit of a U. S. Armed Forces Institute mobile unit to the campus recalls memories of that venerable educational institution when it was the only school for aspiring college students in the service.

One USAFI branch had departed from the Philippines for parts unknown in the summer of 1945, its legacy a thousand-odd copies of a business law textbook. Because the only other reading matter were each others "Dear John" letters and week-old copies of the Pacifican, the army paper, half the men who composed the forgotten rear echelon read the textbooks when they weren't sleeping, which was most of the time.

The state of desperation, laziness, and boredom the men were reduced to can be seen from the meal routine—three times a day an energetic soul would yell from his cot, "chow."

Everyone would automatically reach down without arising from the cot and extract two c-ration

cans from a nearby case. Often might be heard the plaint of "Who'll trade me a chicken and rice—I've been eating the same thing for two months now."

Thus men who had been only eating and sleeping had plenty of time to read a textbook. A young corporal who finished the 300-page book in two days thought the end-of-chapter questions so simple that he would enroll in the business law correspondence course and then take the final examination.

Four months and many moods and enthusiasms later, the course reached the would-be legal eagle. Included with two reams of answer sheets was a case book with umpteen hundred cases, all of which had to be briefed.

This seemed relatively simple until examination disclosed that selection of cases apparently depended on how bad the judge had been suffering from an overdose of legal English, of which there is no worse affliction, or so think law students.

But our aspiring businessman wanted his registration fee's worth and he briefed and briefed and briefed...

His answer sheets would be returned with imperious, learned comments, and the corporal marvelled and obeyed, flattered that such unreachably distant and mighty powers would condescend to notice his puny efforts. In fact he thought them far above the petty weaknesses and desires of mortal men.

Then came the day when he was transferred to the seat of the almighty known as general headquarters, and was assigned to a room occupied by six USAFI correspondence paper correctors.

The main topic of conversation among the ordinary looking, middle-aged, and paunchy teachers was the injustice of a mere child of a high school graduate possessing the corporal's stripes they had yearned for for years and years and years...