

Sophomore Wisdom...

The Love Affair of Mr. McGinty and Amelia

...by Bob Funk

It is now quite some time until Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, St. Patrick's Day, or any of the other usual opportunities for sentimental expression, but maybe the poignant and most sentimental tale of Mr. McGinty will not be out of place at that.

Mr. McGinty, at the beginning of the current year, had two weaknesses—he was a freshman, and a man. The first proved of little moment—Mr. McGinty overcame any and all feelings of frosh inferiority with his collection of blase facial expressions and some delightful and sophisticated shaggy-dog stories. However, Mr. McGinty was a man, and that, let it be known, was his Great Problem.

For men, (and this has been going on for as long as most of the authoritative news sources can remember) are particularly attracted to women. Mr. McGinty was no exception. He was particularly attracted to women, and even more particularly to one in particular (Gertrude Stein used this same type of repetition in her writing) named Amelia.

Amelia was lovely. Mr. McGinty was not, and Amelia seemed to sense this. In fact, she did not care even one or two snaps of her little pink fingers for Mr. McGinty.

He used to sit in the Side all afternoon, watching her stacking beer bottles and gaily pushing them over onto her moon-struck swain-of-the-moment. Poise, that's what Amelia had.

Whenever he went to the show he thought of Amelia. To him, Amelia was Emma in "Madame Bovary," Ma in "White Heat," and Lassie in "The Sun Comes Up."

This went on for a heck of a long time. Then one day he called Amelia on the telephone.

"Amelia," he chortled nervously, "I seem to be more or less in love with you. I think of you always. Why don't you come to our house dance and talks things over?"

Aha! thought Amelia. She said nothing for a time, thinking things over in her complex feminine mind. Then she said

Raising Kane...

A Social Revolution

...by Henry Kane

Disclosure that living costs are higher in University dormitories than in some off-campus fraternities and sororities raises a problem which may lead to a horrible social revolution unless remedial steps are taken immediately, if not sooner.

If this living-costs disparity between the two types of living organizations becomes aggravated, the time may arrive when the mark of distinction will be residence in a sagging plywood palace, an illegitimate copy of a monestary, or a deluxe women's hotel.

To live in a dormitory will not only denote fortitude and patience, but affluence as well. Only coeds of assured popularity and fatal charm will dare live in a hotel with over three hundred coeds. All too often, despairing boyfriends have gone out with the gang after hearing the busy signal for the twentieth time.

Tribal customs of eighth-generation scions at venerable ivy league schools may take root here. To dress expensively and belong to certain social organizations will be an abject admission of social climbing, and hence unacceptance by the true elite living in dormitories.

Because admission will remain on a first come, first served basis, proud and traditional-bound alums, like those of Grotton, will register their son's names at birth for admission to the hallowed dormitories.

Oregana covers will no longer boast off-campus replicas of castles in Spain, but prefabricated roomblocks in all their functional ugliness.

Only those underprivileged unfortunates lacking unlimited checking accounts, Chinchilla sweaters, and Rolls-Royce convertibles will live in the cheap off-campus living organizations. Then the city of Eugene will suffer when once proud villas are seized for tax delinquency and the teeming centers of vice are periodically raided by police.

Slums will arise in which Dr. Foskett's students of social disorganization may wallow in a wealth of on-the-spot material as they examine the denizens of a world they never knew existed.

For the welfare of all concerned, steps should be taken to end this situation before it gets out of hand. It is a matter of public record that the University administration can't force off-campus living organizations to raise their house bills to the artificially high level of the dormitories.

The only alternative is the desperate remedy of lowering dormitory rates to those prevailing off-campus.

"sure." Maybe she was interested in him as a psychological study. Maybe she felt sorry for him. Her motives are obscure—in fact, very little is known about Amelia.

The house dance was fine—they danced the polka to "Blue Moon," the Charleston to "String of Pearls," and had one divine waltz to the tune of "I Never See Maggie Alone."

Then it happened. Just as Mr. McGinty was whirling past the orchestra with Amelia clutched firmly in his arms, he tripped over a low-hanging olive branch that was part of the decorations. Both he and Amelia catapulted into the piano player's lap, which, incidentally, was far too small for both of them. This whole gruesome event was something of a faux pas, to summarize it with little effort.

Amelia rose with great dignity from the remains of the piano, the piano player, and Mr. McGinty, and walked out of all their lives for ever and ever.

Mr. McGinty? He went quietly up to his room, took down his Western Civ. notebook, and wrote quietly fifty times backwards and forwards:

"Women are dandy, but liquor is quicker, easier, and never gets tangled up in house-dance decorations." Which is the moral of this story.

Free Lancin...

Please Do Not Disturb

...by Bill Lance

The law students who have taken over Zeta Hall and renamed it Barrister Inn wish the word would get around that women don't live there any more.

People keep asking the hall to call Marilyn to the phone, to submit a candidate for the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi contest, and to send their social chairman to the Theta house for an all-girl powwow.

The last request wasn't honored because the Inn has no social chairman, no athletic chairman, no desserts, and no house dances.

Crowning blow was struck when the Inn was asked to submit the name of one of their sophomores for the Sophomore Whiskerino contest. With the exception of a couple of juniors in pre-law, the Inn is composed of seniors and graduate students.

Tis a very peculiar thing that Sports Editor Dave Taylor, an ex-paratrooper, is taking a boxing course from the PE department. Taylor certainly doesn't need the hours because of his veteran status. Perhaps he needs protection from his wife since his gambling debts during the world series and the UCLA game became known.

Our Readers Speak**An Unhealthy Situation at the Infirmary**

To the Editor:

On a recent visit to the Student Health Center I observed a matter of most serious concern to the University. At the application desk in said Center were numerous pamphlets entitled, "You and Socialized Medicine," published by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and available to anyone wishing to take one.

Now I have no objection to any individual or any group seeking to propagandize the students of this University. I have no objection because I believe the students here have the ability to decide for themselves on such important and controversial issues. The object of my concern, however, is that these pamphlets are being distributed in the very institution (the Health Center) which practices the very evils the pamphlet warns us about—compulsory health insurance for all students! Such procedure can only lead to confusion, to cynicism, perhaps even to frustration or worse.

Does the Department of Military Science distribute pamphlets against compulsory military training or the draft? Does the School of Education attempt to influence students to repeal the compulsory school attendance law? Does the English Department inveigh against Rhetoric 111, 112, 113 being required? Do professors fight the legislators when they try to give them funds for research? No. A

thousand times no. Consistency is the watchword here. Yet, in one of our departments, is someone boring from within? Is it the U. S. Chamber of Commerce? No, for they merely publish the pamphlets and offer them for sale at \$3 per 100. Who purchased them? Were they purchased from funds paid by the students for their health services? Surely this would be infamous if not perfidious and demands investigation.

I believe two possible courses of action are open to us. One, that we take seriously the pamphlet and close the health center lest this dread disease spread. (The same would apply to the free medical and hospital services available to our Senators and Representatives, which is provided at the taxpayer's expense in government hospitals and using government doctors, lest they too fall prey to this unspeakable horror.) Or, if this is not feasible and we dread the consequences more, I suggest we stop this distribution of pamphlets in the health center so the inconsistency is removed. Distribute them in the Coop—in the Student Union—anywhere—but not in the health center. It is later than you think. Write to someone tonight.

Yours very truly and consistently,
Jack R. Parsons,
Assistant Professor of Sociology
and Social Work.

Wild Notes...

Ecstasy

...by Fred Young

The Art Van Damme Quintet of accordion, guitar, piano, etc. has been looming conspicuously on the music horizon since their "Cocktail Caper" album early this year. Now no mere horizons as they firmly center themselves in the music picture with one of the year's best creations "Ecstasy" on Capitol's label. The Quintet receives able aid from a throaty string section which combination develops the most pleasant sound heard recently. Mellow and slow, every bit typifying the appellation.

Back is "Limehouse Blues" sans strings, with the usual brisk, light quintet quotations and technical perfection which places Van Damme high on the musical roster. "Ecstasy"—the record you must hear.

Les Brown appearing here for Semaphore Down, whatever will not be showcasing Buddy Rich's drums as we previously mentioned might happen. Rich left Brown last month to join the re-forming Jazz at the Philharmonic tour which, incidentally, does not list the Northwest on this year's itinerary.

Harry James' Columbia record of "Ultra" is the best we've heard by him in a long time. An interesting production which shows bop! influences besides showing more music than usual.

"Lucky Old Sun" amid multitudes of recorders, with our selection very easily the beautiful Sarah Vaughn rendition. Showing her wealth
(Please turn to page three)