

Lucky in the Horseshoe

The 1200 married students attending the University are no doubt interested in the information appearing in today's Emerald that 700 tickets have been saved for their use at the Oregon-Oregon State Homecoming game November 19.

The fact that these wives and husbands will have to pay the regular reserved seat price for these tickets—\$5—is no doubt of even greater interest to them.

At all other games, the married students pay general admission price and sit in the student section; at Homecoming they pay \$5 and sit in the horseshoe.

We don't blame the athletic department for charging more money for the best game of the year; grade A Tomato juice costs more than grade B.

But we do think some arrangements could have been made to allow married students—few of whom have dollars to spare—to pay a lower-than-reserved-seat-price for the game.

There are many practical and logical arguments which can be given to those who ask why arrangements weren't made.

Married students can't be seated in the students section, because all the students will be going to the game.

It is impossible to enlarge the student section because the horseshoe has already been designated as a reserved seat section.

A special price cannot be charged married students and their wives or husbands at this time because all seats were designated as reserved seats except those set aside for students.

The athletic business manager will point with pride to the fact that Oregon has been unusually considerate of married students' spouses. The department has absolutely no obligation to these persons; what kindness they receive is a courtesy of the department.

Some schools give them no consideration whatever; some schools give them consideration similar to that received at Oregon; few schools give them more consideration.

When married students buy their horseshoe seat ticket they may think of these understanding words, and hope that the situation will be improving next year, or the year after.

But frankly, that doesn't make us much happier about married students paying the \$5 this year.

Wonders From Science

The Chemical and Engineering News is hardly a publication in which we would expect to find an item which would be worth reprinting on the Emerald edit page.

R. B. Dean, who defended to some extent the advisers in a letter last week, sent us the following clipping which we think worth reprinting; which shows how mistaken we were about scientific journals.

To upperclassmen the thoughts may not be anything new. However there's a chance one or two freshmen have been at the University such a short time they still think industry is something limited to machines.

"The jig is up. Psychologists have finally perfected college admission tests and have come out flatly to warn:

"If you don't want to work; don't go to college because you can't bluff the professor anymore."

"Furthermore, they add, promises and good intentions mean next to nothing, because repeated testing shows that few college students reform their work habits. Good habits must be developed at home and during elementary and secondary education.

"Three tests measure achievement, ability, and industriousness. Conclusive data showed that with high ability and low industriousness the student gets by; but the applicant with low ability must have a top-notch industry rating or he hasn't got a chance.

"Students with low ability in English never achieve above average grades.

"Science is pretty wonderful, but it does sort of take the fun out of things sometimes."—Chemical and Engineering News.

Health Service Closes the Barn Door

By Mary Ann Delsman

Distribution of pamphlets at the health service adverse to compulsory health insurance was done without official University sanction, Lyle Nelson, director of information, said yesterday.

Administration officials were not aware of this action until publication Thursday of a letter to the Editor of the Emerald. Departments of the University are allowed considerable freedom, however, it was pointed out.

The letter, written by Assistant Professor Jack R. Parsons of the Sociology Department, criticized the inconsis-

ency of the Health Service in distributing propaganda against compulsory medicine when the Health Service itself is operating on a compulsory basis.

Dr. Fred N. Miller, director of the health service, refused to make a statement in defense of the action. He said, "No profit can come to the University from having controversies between faculty members aired in the Emerald.

"The booklets were not bought with funds paid by the students for their health service," he declared in answer to a question in Parsons'

letter.

None of the controversial pamphlets could be found at the Health Service today, and Nelson said that since the situation no longer existed no action would be taken.

The booklet, "You and Socialized Medicine," is an attack by the United States Chamber of Commerce on the Federal Security Agency's plan for compulsory national health insurance. The folder calls the plan "deceptively simple as presented" and condemns it as being "a serious threat to the national welfare."

In his letter Parsons said, "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 which practices the very evils the pamphlet warns us about!"

Raising Kane...

Purplescent Originality

...by Hank Kane

Once upon a time there was a sweet vision of an aspiring journalist whom we shall call Lorena Dawn to render void any crass rumors that the pseudonym refers to a live beauty.

In her illogical, feminine way, Lorena was a highly original and imaginative writer. In fact she was too original for her freshman English instructor. He considered himself immune to freshman theme atrocities until he beheld Lorena's initial effort.

Her first theme combined the glib inanity of the fashion magazines with the triteness of the "true confession" pulps. This "originality" of expression derived from her belief that artistic license allowed her to lay bold, "creative" hands on the English language.

Thus it should come as no surprise to the gentle reader that this first theme was returned with solid masses of indignant red pencil corrections.

She immediately invaded the renovated closet that served as the instructor's office to learn the why and wherefore of such cavalier treatment.

Protecting himself from her righteous wrath, he informed her that English was used to communicate and not necessarily to confuse and tantalize. It would therefore be necessary for her to conform to the accepted forms of rhetoric and forego the use of such terms as "purplescent" and "dreamulous."

For the benefit of the uninitiated, purplescent means that the story so termed is too well-written so that like the Bawl Street Journal, it cannot be sent through the mails; dreamulous is an adjective applied to men-about-campus whose attributes impress impressionable coeds.

Resigned, she tearfully accepted the instructor's ultimatum until the day she committed the almost unpardonable error of opening a book that wasn't required reading.

The momentous passage said that dictionary compilers and grammarians are not arbitrary autocrats who decree unnecessarily involved gram-

(Please turn to page three)

On Things in General...

'Quaintness' at Carson

...by Steve Loy

The old Vet made a visit to Carson Hall (internally known as Grand Hotel) and found a number of interesting items which might be passed on for thought food.

The gals are of the opinion that the place is destined to be a mens' dorm some day—"There is the cutest little slot in the medicine cabinet marked 'used razor blades' and there are outlet plugs by bathroom mirrors; they must be for electric razors." I'm ready.

While waiting in the spacious (unfinished) lobby I chanced to gaze into a far corner where what did my wandering eyes perceive than a nonchalant mouse engrossed in a solitary game of footsy. Calling loudly for the services of the watchman standing nearby (dunno who he was waiting for) I was informed that he did not shoot mice and that if I could come back later in the evening I could witness football practice.

Seems the rodents have regular calisthenics, wind sprints, and scrimmage after closing hours. I have never heard of a mouse being detected in the Plywood Palace in which I enjoy my "commonplace living" and I feel a trifle slighted. Even the mice don't like it. My theory is that they (the mice) can't stand the cold.

The Carsonites have another quaint little custom which has caused much joy. The first time you bring a gal home to that place be careful. While walking through the lobby, (well populated at 10:20) someone brightly and loudly will scream, "Norma you're crazy, he's not either ugly," or "Why he hasn't either got big ears." You get the idea. Quite a treatment.

The list of semi-finalists and finalists of the Joe College contest showed one independent in the semis' and none in the finals. Greek men comprise far less than half of the men on campus and this makes the above sound a trifle inequitable. Adding to the bad taste is the story of one of the independent candidates:

One of the judges asked him point-blank if he was in a fraternity. Given a negative answer the judge wanted to know, "Why not?"

Was the judge kidding? Seems it might be a fine idea to go back to a previous plan of judging used a few years ago in which all candidates were told to dress alike and not to wear pins. You might still have the danger of judges being personally acquainted with candidates, but if they should be looking for a pin it wouldn't be there. Maybe we should import judges from somewhere else.

Several halls over here didn't get a candidate submitted "by tomorrow night," because house meetings are the only way of contacting the men since we don't eat together.

Anybody got a spare Kigmy?

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