

Cross-Word Parking

Improper parking in student parking lots was a flagrant issue facing members of the Student Traffic Court when they met Tuesday evening.

Tickets will have to be issued to students who park their cars in lot entrances, blocking entrances and exits. Persistent violation will make it necessary to have cars towed away.

Much valuable space is now being wasted by careless parking. If car owners would park adjacent to cars already parked, this situation could easily be remedied. And space would be available for many more drivers.

The parking lots should not resemble cross-word puzzles with harried latecomers struggling to find space.

This responsibility rests with the individual driver. Complete cooperation would be a good indication of appreciation for the large expenditures by the physical plant in making the lots. —H.S.

Sanforized Students

That old stuff about Oregonians having webbed feet may not be so funny in another 1000 years. It may be true then.

Probably, without realizing it, Oregonians and particularly the campus variety who don't have to worry about appearance—have become quite well adapted to their climate.

For example, where do you think an eastern umbrella manufacturer would push his sales if he were to sponsor a "Buy More Umbrellas" drive? Why, he'd probably pick Oregon. But would the Oregonians buy umbrellas? No, indeed. Oregonians don't seem to need such contraptions.

Look around on campus on a rainy day. Who is carrying an umbrella, or even has placed a newspaper over his head like other civilized persons across the nation would do during a downpour? Nobody. Anybody with an umbrella here is laughed down.

Somehow, people just seem to keep dry without such obvious devices. Not even professors carry umbrellas, and there is something about the collective personality of professors that would lead one to believe they'd have spreading black umbrellas with long spikes on the end.

The same goes for galoshes of the ordinary variety. Only oddballs and foreigners wear them.

Probably the secret of the Oregonian's weather resistance is his choice of functional clothing. He has garments that don't wrinkle easily when wet—or he has clothes that are so sloppy in the first place that it doesn't matter what happens to them.

But it may be that these natives of the rain belt have become sanforized or lubricated or repellent so that they no longer have to worry about the weather. And that is why we think another 1000 years may evolve the webbed foot.—B.H.

Our Readers Speak --Lemon Punch

Dear Mr. Editor:

Please help us find Mr. Kavanaghji, the student with 11 wives. Upon receipt of his impassioned plea, I went immediately to his apartment. The landlady, dark-eyed and grim, announced that not even the wives had been seen since Sunday.

Other sources failed. Police blotter, no record—fire department, no calls.

Mr. Editor, apparently a terrible thing has happened. Mr. Kavanaghji seems to have dried up and blown away.

Athletic Business Manager.
Howard R. Lemons,

(That was very nice of Mr. Kavanaghji and his 11 wives. But there are still 500 married students who have not dried up and blown away; and their spouses must still pay \$5 if they care to see the Homecoming game.—Editor.)

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.

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Ritin at Random...

Living a Nice Sheltered Life

...by Jo Gilbert

I Get So Mad At: Those etaoiin shrdlu characters who cheerfully take two parking places to park their crates in. About eight o'clock on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings you can find same cars parked, so there just isn't quite enough room for your jalopy to squeeze in on either side of some convertible whose owner thoroughly believes in the "middle half" theory. May I offer humble suggestion to the Traffic Court that offenders mark off parking places with a nice new paint brush and some bright yellow paint? Then any joker who applies the "middle half" theory be fined the limit. Half of the parking problems could easily be traced to this.

Kigmies: Wonderful idea, Mr. Capp. Send some immediately out this-a-way. Think of kicking a Kigmey in place of griping at the prof during eight o'clocks; having the Kigmey take the hacks instead of the pledge. For that matter, Reno could go out of business—vent your wrath on the Kigmey instead of staring sullenly at your poor wife and wishing you could take a slug at her without starting the waterworks. Wonderful!

Dear Miss Heywood: Thanx for your illuminating edit on the wives and husbands of married veterans. I am no longer confused. But it still doesn't make sense. The spouse of the vet, if female, goes to the game to be with the husband. She usually wouldn't go by her-

self, and she certainly isn't going to let hubbie spend the money for the pint and then kill it himself. So if she does dish out the \$5 for a reserved seat, you can be sure she is going to trail over to the student's section to sit with the spouse. I doubt if they will spend \$10 for the game when this way is open. So the result will be many vacant seats in the reserved seat section. Wherefore in this is logic, I ask you?—

Prayer of Thanksgiving: We thank thee, University, Athletic Business Office, and Howard Lemons, for thy beneficial care of all spouses; we sincerely appreciate thy kind actions—but where in blazes is the five spot coming from?

Incidentally: We certainly live a nice sheltered well-guided life around here. Along with the University protecting us from all evil, organizations happily tell us'ns what we should wear. If you note, practically every announcement of any event in the Emerald is accompanied by a notice as to what should be worn. To this, short silks; to that, informal dress; to this, suits and heels; to that, a cor-sage. We had, don't know if we still do, a campus social chairman who blithely dictated dress to different games, yet! Why doesn't someone show up to the Whiskey-rino in a beige tinted sheet?

If: Beards are a sign of virility the sophomore class ain't got it.

Sophomore Wisdom...

Smart, Reputable--and Quiet

...by Bob Funk

Every student who has been on the Oregon campus for any length of time must have noticed—either with dismay or disinterest—the sometimes unpleasantly strained situation between Independents and Greeks.

For the most part, this situation is ignored; however, social life, political campaigns, and contests repeatedly draw out the undercurrent of bitterness and distrust which mars an otherwise commendable University life.

It seems to be the opinion of some people in both groups that only a person of very dubious character and personality would choose, or be relegated to a position in the other group. Reputable members of Greek houses probably do not condone an attitude of intolerance and superiority toward students who happened to be Independents; on the other hand, broad-minded Independents do not assume that every Greek is a moral leper on the loose.

But these reputable parties make a pretty small noise when compared with the "we're right and they're wrong" faction, which seems to be particularly verbose.

Oregon can never establish intelligently amicable relations between the members of its two systems of University living while biased and unthinking persons continue to circulate tales of derision concerning those whom they consider, in some strange way, to be their enemies.

There is nothing wrong with being a Greek. Greek houses were originally established to propagate good works and to mutually assist their members. They were not established as organizations of people impossible to equal in quality.

And there is nothing wrong with being an Independent. An Independent organization allows each individual a great deal of freedom; in addition, the Independent may meet a greater cross-section of people than the Greek would. But Independents are not necessarily superior in mental and moral qualities to those who happen to have chosen a fraternity or sorority.

If it were possible to keep the members of

our campus living organizations thinking about the real worth of their own groups rather than the lack of it in other groups, our problem would be nearly solved. Sometime in the distant future this may be accomplished.

But for the present the problem is very much with us. It should be disgusting to every observer that persons mature in practically every other respect allow themselves to be enmeshed in a tradition of ill feelings. This is one of Oregon's most important problems at the present time—far more important than deferred living or football scores; for this is a problem of mental attitudes—a slippery thing to combat on any basis.

Short Stuff

This is just one of those temptations we couldn't resist.

Three persons recommended names to the President for appointment to the Student Union Board—Ed Anderson, Art Johnson, and Dick Williams.

Included among the membership of the board are Ed Anderson, Art Johnson, and Dick Williams.

Naturally, as soon as we do more than scratch the surface, the fun ends. Johnson, because he is ASUO President, and Williams, because he is Student Union Director, received ex-officio appointments. Anderson was recommended to the committee by the dean of his school, and had to meet the same qualification standards as all other appointees.

A Buyers' Market

Homecoming tickets, like other expensive items, may now be purchased on an installment plan, according to the LATEST word from the athletic business office.

No down payment is required on these easy-to-get—hard-to-pay-for tickets. All you have to do is sign your life away and guarantee payment by next Wednesday (coinciding nicely with arrival of veterans' paychecks).

If worse comes to worse, maybe the money can be saved from the baby's milk fund by next Wednesday; maybe the grocer would extend credit; maybe married students can experiment and find if candles are cheaper than electricity—Abe Lincoln studied by firelight.