

Control Those Impulses

Little boys who play with matches are likely to get their fingers burned.

And little boys who play with dynamite are likely to have no fingers left to burn.

The news story in the Oregonian was very discreet in the item concerning the dynamiting of the Oregon O on Skinner's Butte. The story simply stated that a portion of the O had been destroyed by dynamite and that splotches of orange paint were found on the O. The story continued:

"The school colors of Oregon State, rival college of the University, are black and orange."

Now, dear friends at Oregon State (if you happen to be remotely interested in this item), a joke is a joke. If you want to paint our O, or raid our campus, or set off our bon-fire early, we will only mildly object through the regular channels. Some of us may even come over personally and show our objections—though all good papers and deans of men frown on this sort of visitation. A little gay, carefree college spirit that will cause no damage is certainly no major crime.

But, please, put the dynamite sticks back. This thing could be carried too far.

We don't want retaliation to take the form of an atom bomb blast at the OSC administration building.

Hurrah for the Barbarians

Yesterday the Oregonian devoted several hundred words to being mildly enthusiastic about the DuShane plan. It attributed such large and unqualified virtues to the plan that it almost sounded as if the editorial man had written a letter to the office of student affairs, asked for a list of the benefits of the plan, and printed them as is.

The Oregonian said that the DuShane plan would be "beneficial in reducing the number of freshmen who drop out or are flunked out of school." This presumes that not many dorm residents flunk out the first year or/and most of the flunked freshmen are Greek.

The Oregonian rejoices, too, that the admission to houses of these poor little semi-independents—illegitimates among students—will raise the grade standards of fraternities (same argument as above) and swell Greek membership 20 per cent. The latter the Oregonian considers a benefit after crowing earlier in the editorial that independent living is good for students because it gives them "democratic" ideals.

And finally, our state paper lists as a benefit the breaking down of false barriers between "fraternity and sorority folk and the 'barbarians'"—the last rather non-Oregon word in quotes, thank goodness.

The Oregonian forgot to mention that one reason for deferred living is to maintain full dorm residence—and thus pay off Carson Hall.—B.H.

Cash PLUS Imagination

Ingenuity rather than hard cash will have to be the major expenditure for homecoming signs this year, if the sign committee sticks to its request for itemized bills from houses.

The time for organizations to think about staying within their \$30 limit is now, rather than feel sorry homecoming Saturday because their sign was disqualified from judging because of expense.

Staying within the \$30 may be difficult for some houses, if they have habitually let money be no object. But results are sometimes better if persons call on the resources of their mind rather than the resources of their pocketbook.

The maximum amount that is allowed to be spent on signs in past years has been too frequently laughed off; this year the committee intends to make no joke of it.



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What Should College Teach Women?

Does a college education unfit women for their role as wives and mothers? Too many people think so.

But Dr. Mirra Komarovsky's thesis in the current issue of "Harper's" contends that the colleges cannot be blamed for "society's unfinished business."

Recently, Dr. Lynn White, president of Mill's College, accused educators of disregarding the biological differences between men and women and incorrectly assuming that the path to equality to men lies in giving both sexes the same education. He believes that there is a need to design a "distinctively feminine college curriculum."

Perhaps it was mainly the dissatisfied graduates who responded to a recent Barnard college questionnaire asking "What changes would make the college more useful to its graduates?" Forty per cent of those answering asked for better preparation for family life.

It's true that higher education for women resulted from the social struggle. Its advocates were fighting for recognition of women's intellectual and professional interests. In so far as such an attitude still persists in women's colleges it's a bad thing.

Actually, neither the innate differences between men and women nor their different social roles call for any radical differentiation in their education.

It is true that the college boy will normally become a family provider while his sister will be a mother and a housekeeper. But the critics go too far in insisting that a woman's primary concern should be the study of subjects which deal with human relations.

"Higher education of women does present more complex problems than higher education of men because women's status in modern society is still full of inconsistencies," according to the author. But it is generally agreed that a solid liberal arts education is a valuable asset to any woman's life. The college should provide an atmosphere favorable to a girl's potential future role as wife and mother. And courses dealing with family relationships should be effectively placed at her service.

Good colleges offer rigorous academic training in the social sciences. More field work is needed to help the student span the gap between the printed word and experience.

These educational reforms cannot reduce modern woman's discontent. The root of this discontent lies outside the campus. Colleges should not be blamed because society frustrates the legitimate interests of women and fails to give them a real choice in the matter of their lives.—H.S.

Who's in Charge Here? Sharp Lament

by Rod Smith

The other night about eleven o'clock, I encountered a shadowy figure stumbling about the campus. In his hand he carried a long blunt instrument. A knife (gasp)? No, a pencil. Through intense questioning I learned that he was still hunting, after breaking his lead during his eight o'clock, for a classroom pencil sharpener. Astounding! (Attention appropriate Congressional sub-committee).

The next day, clenching an assorted collection of pencil stubs in my chubby fists, I set out to further the shadowy figures quest. I found it to be a futile one. Not one of the many classrooms I searched thoroughly and hopefully contained a pencil sharpener.

Why no sharpeners? There could be a number of reasons; to encourage the student to use a pen, the immense cost of purchasing and installing the required machinery, to keep wood shavings off the floor, to boycott the lumber industry, or even to bring back the chalk and slate era.

However, since the Co-op still sells pencils and someone is always borrowing mine, pencils must have some preconceived purpose besides fuel for the Homecoming bonfire.

I find it hard to write with an unsharpened pencil.

I'm not advancing a solution to the sharpener problem, but I am wondering why there are so few, if any, where they are most needed. Has anybody an answer or a solution? If so, out with it! I'm running out of crayons.

Free Lancin'

Mums, Notices, Quips, Confused House

by Bill Lance



Funniest remark heard concerning the multitudinous Portland parties last weekend came from one co-ed as she hastily departed from the Nortonia Hotel ballroom. "I'm losing my punch!" cried she.

Chrysanthemums were sold by Theta Sigma Phi, professional fraternity for women in journalism, at the game. The nice big flowers were sold from a stand with a large sign reading "Mums." After the game Woodley Lewis was overheard asking Barbara Heywood how well the deodorant sold.

Adrian Nelson, soph in business, discovered himself with out a date for Friday night. He phoned an old girl friend who lived out in the St. Johns district. "Are you free tonight," he asked "No," she replied coyly, "but I'm inexpensive!"

From the Albany High newspaper "Whirlwind" we get a very prophetic little clipping which certainly is in tune with midterm psychology. "Worry is like a treadmill—it can wear you out to a frazzle, and you still don't get anywhere."

And then, of course, there's the one about

the co-ed that had to leave school because her slip was showing.

Alpha Chi Omega certainly was a "House of Confusion" last Tuesday night. First, there was a Kwama meeting scheduled there. Then all the Mortar Boards arrived as they too had a get-together planned at the abode. To complicate matters, in rolled the whole Theta Chi house, sirens screeching, with one of their newly pinned members all crated up.

A dumb girls is a dope. A dope is a drug. Doctors give drugs to relieve pain. Therefore, a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered.

Here's a verbatim quote from a notice posted on the War Assets Building bulletin board out at Swan Island.

All officials who wish to take advantage of the stenographers in the pool should report to room 5253 to show evidence of their needs.

Who will be the "lucky" guy and gal who will win dates with Betty Co-ed and Joe College? Stranger blind dates have been arranged but it does leave room for a lot of speculation. Incidentally all this trouble is being gone to for a very worthy cause.