



"Ya know—our sorority is so crowded this year I meet someone new every day."

## Zones and Living Groups

When a law has conflicts within itself and is in opposition to the people, it should be changed.

The new zoning law passed by the Eugene city council last year does both. In fact, it goes further and is in direct opposition to the expansion of the city and of the University of Oregon.

A recent survey by the University of Southern California disclosed that Eugene is the only known university city in America that has laws restricting the building of living and boarding houses near campuses.

California, USC, UCLA, Northwestern, Columbia, Missouri, and all of the others are able to have fraternities and sororities as much as a mile from the campus.

Not so the University of Oregon.

Monday night, the city council voted to refuse to allow the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity to buy a house at 2008 University street—no more than five or six blocks from the campus and within a block of the tri-Delt house.

If the fraternity had tried to buy the house a year ago, it would have met with no opposition. At that time, the area was zoned, and had been for over 20 years, to allow fraternities and sororities to live there. In fact, a sorority built and lived in the very house that the Lambda Chi Alpha chapter wishes to buy.

When the city was re-zoned, the committee completely ignored the building and declared that only single family units could exist there.

There are many other flaws in the new law that make life difficult for individuals and groups.

Each night that the city council meets, it has to listen to four or five petitions for re-zoning from private citizens and business men who wish to put up signs or redesign their buildings or expand their plants, but can't because of the law.

How can Eugene become a large, progressive city if it has such dead laws on its books?

Individual members of the city council have expressed dissatisfaction with the existing zoning law and have recommended that it be changed, but each week they take no positive action, but instead express regret that the law is so poor.

If it is so unsatisfactory, it should be changed now.—Bill Stanfield.



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## Sophomore Wisdom

# An Unusual Interview - - At Least

by Bob Funk

Interviewing great musicians, orators, newspapermen, ad infinitum, for the Emerald acquires a horrible sameness after awhile—for the simple reason that all great people are written up as being Just Simply Marvellous. As a matter of fact, most of them are. But it would be devilish fun, just once, to slip a mickey to one of the Perfect Reputations.

When the world's greatest yodeler comes to town, for instance. She will give a fine little concert, and the Emerald will say so. But what couldn't the Emerald's yodel critique gain from a paragraph such as the following:

"I was in pretty good shape tonight," yodeler Laura B. Dummd giggled. "We spent an hour down at Piluso's drinking whiskey over ice. They've got one heck of an awful combo down there—I've heard better in a Portuguese bistro."

This could be termed slander, yellow journalism, and a number of other things—but the Emerald's concert stories might have better readership. Which, after all, is the important thing—or don't you like the California papers?

Another paragraph in the Laura B. Dummd story could go something like this:

"Some of Mrs. Dummd's selections were rendered with triumphant dignity; some she just sort of gargled on. Her stage presence, both gracious and simple. The simplicity is that of a person who doesn't have a very high IQ."

This has the sort of folksy touch that the readers all go for in a big way (this point is worth arguing). And how about this for grand finale:

"Mrs. Dummd, a matronly, dignified woman, gave a brilliant concert in spite of a falling stocking and a leprosy spot in the small of her back. In addition, I have a heck of a case of fag burn in my throat, the artist rasped. 'Always smoke Egyptian cigarettes—an old Arab I met when I was doing my show down in Cairo sends 'em to me.'

"Don't cigarettes ruin my voice quality?" burped the woman who is considered the world's greatest yodeler. "When ya yodel, ya have to do is take a deep breath and blast. The audience goes nuts."

Which is a very effective way of keeping all concert artists on the East Coast, probably.

## Ritin' At Random

# Story of an Average Guy

by Jo Gilbert



A Tale of Truth:

Here's a story, true, that I think should be told. It isn't humorous—in fact, it is probably more on the moralistic side,—but it might hit a few people and help out a cause if told.

A vet graduated from the University of Oregon last June, which isn't news except in this case, for this vet is the subject of the tale.

He got through school on the \$120 per month, for he was married and had a child. He was an average guy with nothing to set him off from the rest of students—no "brain", no four-pointer, no drunkard—just a nice guy with a swell wife and cute kid. Like all good graduates he hustled and found a job upon graduation; he liked it and he was liked. Things were looking up. He and his wife decided to add to their family.

The vet had been working about four months when he became ill one day. A doctor was called and the diagnosis was polio, which isn't an inexpensive disease. The vet was trundled off to the hospital where he stayed for several weeks. When he did get home, still he had to go to the hospital to have the therapy every day—Sundays off—and also he would have to wear a brace for awhile, though eventually he will completely recover.

All that is going to add up to quite a bill—about 1500 bucks. But there is a Polio Fund and it does operate in Eugene, as well as all over the country, and it is paying the bill of this vet. The Fund also is not supported by

the government but by us'ns who dig out a dime, a dollar, or ten dollars for service we hope we'll never need.

No, this isn't a paid plug for the Polio Fund. It is a story of a former student here at the University, and if it proves a point, it will make someone think before laughing at community drives. I'll have done my bit. I know it started me thinking, and when the time comes, I'll see the way for a donation. 'Nuff said.

Traditions:

Am noticing this week all the purty green ribbons nestling in curly hair and rooters lids atop crew cuts. The younger generation is taking over. So far none of the yearly gripe letters to the Emerald editor denouncing traditions—everyone seems quite noncommittal about the whole thing. In the last few years it has been more or less of a burning issue between the vets and the would-be Joe Colleges. But the vets are above it—now being juniors and seniors or "out"—and the youngsters were well disciplined in traditions in high school. Besides, the traditions were written up in the blurb material sent out by the University and are now expected by college kids. But the shock—people actually taking "Hello" walk seriously. Someone cheerfully greeted me when I was trudging the path, and I spent the next hour trying to place the kid. Was still wondering when I met another afflicted with the same dilemma and after great thought, we deduced the solution. Rally, rally!!

## A Lonesome Place Against the Sky

By Sr. Mary Gilbert

Beauty or the Beast?

Beauty, in this case, was the 85-foot cedar in front of Deady Hall. The beast was the dutiful woodman who didn't "spare that tree."

But the tree had to come down, said I. I.

Wright, superintendent of the physical plant. It was diseased, dying, and might fall at an inopportune moment if it were not cut down. The large trunk was split and each half perched at a Tower of Pisa angle.

So down the tree came. In scarcely more

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