

Things Take the Up-grade

It looks like student government might pull through after all.

When the committee appointed by ASUO President Art Johnson meets today to discuss deferred living, the students will at last be taking action. Things will most likely not work out too smoothly at first.

We doubt if the solution to any of the problems of deferred living magically unfold after five minutes conversation. In fact, it might be quite some time before there is any concrete example of the work the committee must do.

But anyway it is a starter, and a mighty important one. The students have shown their intention of working out their problem. It will take hard work and conscientious thought. It will mean that each individual on the committee must think not only of the effect on his or her own group, but of the overall effect on all students. There will be plenty of tough problems to tackle. We think students can solve them better than anyone else.

People in Glass Houses

There was a rather nasty editorial concerning the University in the Oregon State Barometer last week.

It was about the "attack on Oregon State College rooters at Eugene by a drunken, brawling bunch of hoodlums in their premeditated actions following the OSC-UO football game."

The editorial makes several remarks about the integrity and quality of Oregon students, and even goes to the extent of terming us yellow.

"Swarms of Oregon students ran in front of the OSC section to challenge any possible attempts of the Staters to take down the goal post," the Barometer editor writes, apparently in shocked horror at such action.

"The Staters, heeding the word of Coach Kip Taylor to 'act as gentlemen . . . made no attempt to take down the posts.'"

Whether or not an attempt would have been made if the posts hadn't been guarded is a matter the Barometer did not take up.

The OSC editor continued to paint his charming picture of the pure-as-freshly-fallen-snow students at Cow College.

"We don't have to be a psychologist to realize why the Oregon students made such an infamous attack Saturday on a surprisingly" (you bet it was surprising) "well-behaved OSC rooting section. For weren't we the 'alleged' Oregon O dynamiters, for weren't we the 'alleged' burners of OSC on Hayward field, and weren't we the kidnappers of the large Oregon wooden Duck?"

What's all this alleged business? Of course, we know it wasn't OSC students that did those things. It was undoubtedly grade school kiddies from San Francisco that came up to Eugene for a riotous evening.

"For the alleged burning of OSC on Hayward field, the OSC student body will be asked to pay for the damage and re-turfing. We say 'to heck with that!' Not unless the several Orange O jackets and OSC roter lids torn and stolen are paid for from the U of O student body treasury."

Dear OSC students—as you well know the gathering of rooters lids after games is indeed an established custom. We do not condone it, we merely mention the fact. As for jackets, we agree that is going a little too far; there is no telling what item of clothing may be next if we don't draw the line somewhere.

But in drawing your picture of the poor OSC students who were taken advantage of, may we remind you of your rather short memory?

Were the rotten eggs that OSC students threw in the Oregon rooting section at last year's game thrown because you felt we were hungry? Or did you think we needed an egg shampoo? And did we make you pay for the cleaning of the clothes ruined by those eggs?

I suppose the OSC individuals who attacked the Oregon band were really only running over to congratulate them on their fine playing? One of our boys was unduly rash, when he bashed in the head of a marauding Stater with his coronet?

And the fights after the game last year—the Staters were merely attempting to shake hands with their city cousins, and we misunderstood?

It is nice of the OSC editor to say that he hopes "every loyal Beaver fan will remember this affair" (at Oregon's Homecoming) "not with revenge on an eye-for-eye basis, but with the intent of not creating any similar impressions when the annual Civil War is played on Bell field next year."

We hope they remember too, but their memory will have to be better than it was this year.

"Best remark fitting the occasion," said the editorial, "was made by a unidentified middle-aged fan fan" (that's what was written) "witnessing the one-sided 'battle.' He was heard to say, 'I'll never send a boy of mine to Oregon!'"

Well, we don't want any sons of fan fans at Oregon! You can keep them at Oregon State.

Ritin' at Random

A Long Way to Get A Quiet Library

by Jo Gilbert



Another Two-bits Worth on deferred living:

For probably the oddest reason yet on record, I'll add my vote to the DuShane if it includes deferred rushing. Why? Bluntly, there will be a year of peaceful studying in the library with no houses sending over no hundreds of pledges who do no studying. In other words, no longer will one have to beg, borrow, or steal a stack permit and trudge his weary way into the narrow channels to study. One may quietly and happily seat one's self in the rooms designated downstairs with others who will be there for the same purpose.

The house ruling, enforced by many organizations on campus, seemed to me one of the silliest on record. It was a farce, for in some cases no libe study was needed for the class and just as much might be accomplished at the house. The result was a group of shrieking, date-happy jokers interrupting the peace of those there with honest intentions of trying to accomplish something academically.

So now at least there will be a period of

Sophomore Wisdom

From Out of the Darkness They Come

by Bob Funk

During the next couple of weeks people you have never seen before will appear in classes. They are the people who have been spending all term in Taylor's and the Side wondering whether they should go to class or not. They have always, heretofore, decided upon the latter plan. It's more fun.

However, during the days remaining in fall term, a large number of people will have to convince their professors (who have already become cynical and heartbroken by this sort of negligence) that they have really been wanting to attend all the time, but are shy.

Really, from a practical viewpoint, everyone should go to class at least twice a month, if only to gather local color. If sampled only occasionally, any class can be quite entertaining.

Studying for finals in never-attended courses is a bit of a problem, admittedly. Catch-

Raising Kane

Drama Lurks Behind the Yellow Pages

by Henry Kane

Forgotten little dramas and comedies worthy of a Chaucer are hidden in the law school library's collection of the earliest printed English case books. Little-touched by time's erosion, they chronicled the common law which over 300 years ago was already a half millennium old.

The page margins are yellowed with antiquity, but the Old English script strikes the eye, as compelling in its demand for attention as a girl's sigh.

It would be a pity if the casual reader perceived no more than the intellectual sword-play of the pleadings and oral arguments.

Instead, our gentle reader should conjure up a mental picture of a bench of ruddy-faced judges quaffing their stout English ale while listening to th arguments and obfuscations of opposing counsel. Perhaps some of the judges or lawyers as young men had helped defeat the Spanish armada or had gone to see

quiet descending o'er ye olde libe—that is unless the dorms decide to utilize the rule for all frosh. And if that cometh, may the great and glorious TNE tar and feather the whole lot of them.

Do you realize:

That there are exactly 11 more days of classes left? Make 'A' while the sun shines.

Dear Exec. Council:

Exactly where are we going to move the Senior Bench? And what is the sense in extending "Hello Walk" when it isn't taken seriously anyway. The Order of the O can't always be tradition guards all of the year. Maybe we need a police force to see that all traditions are unviolated. With uniforms and squirt guns—for it would be hard to fill the dunking pond everyday. They could stand at the Senior Bench (wherever it may be) with records of all seniors. If one sits down there, they would have to present a student body card and be checked. Spies could pace up and down "Hello Walk" checking as to the intonation of the greetings. All violators would be stamped "S" for subversive. Ah, the glorious freedom of college days!!

ing up on Spanish verb conjugations can become very trying, especially if it has to be done all in one afternoon.

There is the lone-wolf system of reading all of the western civ book in one joyous evening, or there is another little plan—that of buttonholing someone who takes the same course and getting the low down.

You can have someone read you passages from "The Faerie Queene," which you are supposed to eagerly identify. Of course, this never works out. The person reading the passages always says something nasty and glib like "Oh, you remember this. It's from the most important part. Anybody could remember this." Anybody, that is, who had read the material.

And then there are the people who claim that they just "couldn't tell you what it's about—I really don't understand it too well

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Shakespeare's newest play instead of briefing cases.

Say you that the cases themselves may be dull? Not necessarily. How the ribald Chaucer would have enjoyed the chagrin of a judge obliged to admit in evidence a lithsome defendant's Fleet street marriage register.

Why such a qualm about a mere marriage register? Nothing, except that 17th century Fleet street was notorious for its sixty-odd "marriage houses." In them a lass needing a husband for family reasons or to escape the law could be "married" to a "husband" by a "parson." The "husband" may have been married a few hundred times previously, but the hello-goodbye ceremony was recognized in court.

Then there is the classic and even better case of the jilted swain who sued his ex-fiance and her husband for breach of promise . . .