

Sophomore Wisdom

His Second Year--No Longer a Gay, Carefree Youth

by Bob Funk

There comes a time in the life of every sophomore when it becomes impossible to keep on pretending that one is still young, that one can keep on living without coffee, penicillin shots, and two strong freshmen to propel one about campus.

One must, after all, give up the illusion of youth sometimes. The sophomore year is as good a time as any—particularly since small ingracious freshmen have begun making small ingracious comments about our few remaining vestiges of youth—i.e., afternoons at the Side, evenings dropping waterbags, mornings spent in bed.

We are getting old, and it is time



that our friends and acquaintances became aware of the fact, and started treating us with some respect and consideration. We would like, for instance, to have the freshman who sleeps in the bunk above us quit stepping on the small of our back when he gets out of bed in the morning.

It is the only back we have, and we've always been more or less fond of it.

We would also like to have people quit referring to the night after rush week which we spent sitting morosely under a wash-basin. It was just one of our moods—that was all.

We wish people would quit telling us jokes. We never could understand jokes very well, and lately it has become well nigh impossible. Our only solution to this problem has been to meandering around with a half-comprehending smile on our face all the time. This is supposed to give people the illusion that we understand everything they say, and more, too.

In order to gain a reputation of dignity and wis-

dom we are willing to give up quite a few things. We will cut ourselves off of cheeseburgers and chocolate cokes at 3 a.m.; never more will we play "Floating Down That Old Green River" five times in a row. From now on we're sticking to bacon-and-tomato sandwiches, coffee, and such dignified melodies as "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton." We may even quit singing.

Dignity will be our by-word from now on. We will sit at home of an evening playing Canasta, drinking milk, and smiling our ancient and indulgent smile at passing freshmen. We will be identified by bedroom slippers and gray hairs in our cowlick.

And it may come to pass, in the dim future, that spring will come; that we will begin taking vitamin pills, and become rejuvenated; that we will get enough dirt on the freshmen to shut their little yaps for a time.

Until then we are going to be awfully durned dignified. We think.

About Cheating--'Let's Put a Bite Into Our Snarl'

A Letter

To the Editor:

Are all Business Administration students going to be forced to meet competition? By this I mean, are we who are in the BA school going to have to embrace the practice of cheating to get a grade? This problem is probably not peculiar to this school, but as I am a BA major I am more familiar with their problems. It seems likely that those of us who refrain from this practice are, in the immediate future, going to have to adopt the policies and practices of a cheat in order to assure ourselves of a grade we otherwise honestly would have received.

What is really aggravating is the attitude of the cheaters. They think the whole situation is funny and that they have succeeded in pulling a fast one on their professor. Of course, in reality they were pulling a fast one on the non-cheaters who are letting them get away with it.

There are numerous reasons why cheating has increased among the students in this school, but

the concensus of those who just recently have fallen into the fold are, "Well a guy just has to meet competition."

In our BA school cheating is prevalent because of overcrowded classrooms, student attitude, and some professors laxity toward the practice, etc.

How many people do you know personally have been caught cheating? Now, how many people do you know have cheated? I am sure that the great range between these two figures will impress you with the seriousness of the problem.

It could well be that a good deal of the trouble lies with overcrowded conditions, etc., but this is not the point. The point is that if the practice of cheating is to be held to a minimum the professor and the student must assume a hard-boiled attitude. The professor must assume that every student is capable of and will cheat. The student should openly express his disgust for this practice. After all, this is supposedly an adult student body. Some of the students are not acting like adults, and like the rotten apple, if drastic steps are not taken by all, this immature attitude will slowly

but surely infiltrate into greater sections of the student body.

Lets face the facts, students are not going to stop cheating of their own volition. Why don't we as students and adults make a sincere effort to bring cheating under control?

Lets cooperate with the professor who is making a real effort to bring cheating under control and educate the lax professor in our desire that he too, cooperate with us.

Why don't professors, whenever possible, during a test, spread the students out by using the facilities of additional classrooms?

Why give the same tests over and over?

Why don't they obtain the services of more proctors?

How about forming an organization who will act as proctors during the quiz period? Five such proctors would be none too many in some of the classes I have attended.

If we must be watchdogs, let's put a bite in our snarl.

Larry Marsters
Senior, BA.

A Good Idea

The Interfraternity Council took a wise step last week when it decided to have members meet with representatives of the Interdormitory Council to discuss rushing procedures under the deferred living situation.

It was probably not an easy decision on the part of the group, but it was certainly just one.

An arrangement satisfactory both to the fraternities and to the dormitories may result from discussion between the two groups. And each group will undoubtedly be better able to understand the other's problems in adjusting to rushing procedures.

It is through steps like these that the students may show ability in running their own affairs.

Crotchety Old Vet

How to Rationalize In 10 Easy Lessons

by Steve Loy



Now what do you think of rain now? Not so bad is it? The discomfort of wet feet doesn't stack up with the cold and wet feet resulting from the slush we had last week.

Congratulations are in order for the premed students who were told last week of their admittance to the med-school in Portland. I wonder how many of us would be tempted to let down after learning that we had reached the goal of our stay at the University? Those I know went out and had one beer and came back to hit the books harder than ever. Seems they want to take all the knowledge available with them when they climb the hill.

Guess nobody gets the boot up there. You just drop by the wayside when the pressure gets too heavy. Some people would say that might be the right way to run any school of

higher education. It's food for thought. Sure would make a diploma more of a prize wouldn't it?

Maybe grades aren't much good after you get out of school anyhow. A friend of mine told me that a friend of his who graduated last June has been looking for a job since, and only one of the dozens of people he has seen has asked to see his grade transcript. The same guy told me that OSC doesn't show job applicants grades to any employer except those seeking research workers. Now if this information is straight scoop, it is welcome to my ears but I wonder if it isn't a little strange for an employer to disregard how adept a student you are. Maybe they know cheating is rampant.

Now that our weekly lesson in rationalization is finished I find so'm I.



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