

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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When Discrimination Isn't

The University's query into students' race and citizenship, which appears on the registration card this year, represents nothing new and has no effect on whether the student is admitted to school.

In answer to a letter to the editor, appearing elsewhere on this page, Donald M. DuShane, director of student affairs, said the question has always been asked incoming students. He gave this reason:

Information as to the number of students of various races is needed for statistical purposes, both for campus and national organizations. Statistical tables dating back some 30 years are kept by the University. The information is also supplied to various service clubs.

The question has always been asked in one form or another. Until two years ago, it was asked on the application for admission. However, some question was then raised as to whether it had any effect on admission.

It doesn't. But to clear up any question on the matter, the query was changed to a form to be filled out after admission to the school had already been granted.

Questions as to the student's religious preference are also asked. These are supplied to the University Religious Council, and other religious organizations.—K.M.

Late Fee Sans Dollar Tag

You may think you're through registering, but Governor Douglas McKay has just declared September 24-30 to be a statewide registration week.

This time it's for voting, not classes.

McKay designated the week to coincide with a drive in Multnomah county by a nonpartisan registration committee. He also reminded voters that registration books will close October 7, and unless registered, a citizen can't vote November 7 in the general election.

Much of our University population is below the 21-year-old voting age. But those of us who are eligible should not lose our voting privilege for want of registration.

No late fee will be charged for tardiness this time. Only a voice—much more valuable than our registrar's dollar per day—will be lost.

Ode to the Ducks

We had a real up-and-at-'em editorial all slicked up on the Oregon-UCLA game; but it was strictly advance copy—written before Saturday's catastrophe—and therefore pegged to a Webfoot victory. Since things didn't go according to plans, we were caught unprepared—and also left with one edit marked "dead copy." But, a passing Polyanna came to our rescue, to wit:

Oregon boys lost, twenty eight to zero
They seemed to be fiddlin' round, like Nero;
But nine games on the schedule remain
Results won't always be the same
So—Duck fans needn't hide 'neath a shroud
Soon they'll have much of which to be proud.

We'll keep our "dead copy" on hand for the future . . . just in case.

The Second Cup . . .

Self control is an inconvenient outgrowth of society, but as long as there is society, the man who is unable to practice self control is culturally nude.

Hate is kin to love, but fear has no allies.

Talk may be cheap, but the damage it can cause is too great for reasonable estimation.

It isn't that you won or lost but how you played the game; still it is nice to win.—S. F.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

goes to the freshman class for having conquered new student week, registration week, and rush week with one blow.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to Jupe Pluvius for his premature return to the Oregon campus.



The Word

See America by Bus!— 'Curly' Jolts to Seattle

From Stan Turnbull

Columnist's note: This was written under the influence of an impromptu trip, mostly by bus and thumb, to Seattle Friday and Saturday. The writer and a friend—let's not be coy, it was Samuel F. B. Fidman—had to take a car that the latter had ferried out from Nebraska to a lot in Portland. Instead of returning to Eugene Friday night, the urge to see Seattle proved overpowering.

See America by Bus! Absolutely the only way to get close to the people . . . small children drooling on the back of the seat in front of you while peering intently at the strange creature behind them . . . dancing in the aisles . . . damply and audibly kissing people you assume to be their mothers and fathers.

Story never would have been written if the bus back to Eugene had been scheduled earlier . . . while waiting, tickets actually purchased, lightning struck—tickets exchanged for ones to Seattle, and a mere seven sweaty, jolting, child-infested hours later, Seattle, city of mystery!

The first mystery was where everyone was at 2 a.m. They turned out to be asleep in an all-night theater where "Caged" a stirring drama of women in prison, was on exhibition . . . better it had been behind bars.

But Seattle wakes up early . . . by 5:30 we were exchanging light conversation with a night-man at the Smith tower, 42 floors from Seattle straight up . . . no you can't get to the top that early, but you can hear about the earthquake of a year or so ago . . .

"Quake didn't bother us much in this building . . . plaster fell off a lot of the walls, but it was noon and most of the people were out . . . there was a man up on six though, and he said 'this — building stood on its head, stood there, and then flipped over and stood on its head the other way . . . across the street there, at the Busy Bee tavern, a fellow probably saved about 20 lives when it hit—everybody ran to the door, but he locked it just as the whole brick front of the building fell off . . ."

Return trip by thumb to Portland uncovered a motley variety of people, heading for such unknown places as Puyallup and Klickitat . . . more drooling children . . . fathers swearing at their sons . . . mothers calmly passing off conversation that would have frizzled stevedores' hair (just call me Curly) .



Re: Hash

Two Years of Education: Rhet, Robins, Limp Heaps

By Bob Funk

Who says we aren't getting anything out of college? Well, there are people who say that, and we want it understood right now that they are wrong. We have very definitely advanced in the two years we've been here.

Evidence: we completed registration in one day, as contrasted with five days our freshman year. Further evidence: we did not come up against any serious obstacles to registration, such as those forgery charges that blighted our frosh existence.

The only serious obstacle was that man in the comp department, who threatened to put us in rhet K after we failed to produce our placement examination result.

All in all, we approve of this latest registration system, although there were some rather confused persons who thought the section code (i. e., 2.1, 1.1) was the grade you had to make to pass the course.

In case not many people have noticed (and you'd be surprised the number of persons—you mustn't say people in a newspaper: it is old-fashioned or something—who go around not noticing things) it is getting to be fall. Now the preceding sentence may be a little long, but no one is going to say this column does not take any mental effort to read. Anyway, it is getting to be fall, and we noticed some robins going what we think is south.

Some people (persons) say robins don't have anything to do with the weather. They say robins stay here all year and

eat seeds and things. Bosh! If

Along with everything else, classes are starting today. You possibly already know this. In fact, this morning, everyone is probably saying to you "classes start today." You are supposed to take this as a revelation. You are supposed to say "no!" and sink into a limp heap on the floor.

Letters

The Campus Answers

What Color Democracy
To the Editor:

Like any good University student we meandered to the Student Union to pick up our registration material the other day. Per usual, the registrar had cooked up a new system to make easier the process of getting all good Oregon chillun in school. That we didn't object to. Or at least we didn't until the fellow handling registration told us we had to fill out a form to obtain the material.

It asked if we were white. Now that can mean many things. Did we get a good sun-tan during the summer? However, we doubted if the University was that concerned over our activities.

For they asked why we weren't "white"? Well, that's a good question. Why? Ask the geneticist. He doesn't know the answers yet.

Seriously, for a so-called institution of higher education to be so foolish as to ask such a question—it's pitiful. What does it gain but bad feeling between the University and so-called "minorities"? For either a foreign student or an American Negro, Japanese, etc., to be asked this creates a bad impression of our school. To the foreign student, this is a fine introduction to democracy. For the "commies," whether you like it or not, have a point when they claim democracy is not practiced in spirit in America. This "aryan" incident is ample proof. And we cheerfully cry "America, land of democracy."

Signed
(name withheld)

It Might be Oregon



"I've told you eight times—This room doesn't have any plumbing. Anyway you don't look like a plumber to me!"