

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Nellie's Morals Aren't in Question

How will it effect Saturday classes?

That seems to be a primary concern to members of the student affairs committee when discussing Friday night closing hours. At its next meeting, early in October, the committee will decide whether to pass favorably on an ASUO executive council and student union board recommendation that closing hours Friday nights be changed from 12:15 until 1 a.m.

We doubt if anyone is seriously worried about the downfall of Nellie Glutz's morals during this 45 minute period. To misuse professor Pap's quote in yesterday's "Inquiring Reporter" column—"a matter like 45 minutes doesn't mean much."

Not in some respects—but in other respects 45 minutes can mean a great deal. With both Friday and Saturday nights' closing hour at 1 a.m. all-campus social events could be scheduled for either night. This would take the pressure off the always-tight house dance schedule. And it would be possible, perhaps, to get a name band to come to Oregon for a Friday night stand.

And after all—it is only 45 minutes that we're asking for.

Simply because students may stay out until 1 a.m. doesn't mean that all students will stay out until 1 a.m. And those who have Saturday classes to prepare for could stay at home and study. Or, though some professors may sincerely doubt this, it is possible to plan for classes before the wee hours of the morning before.

All we're asking for, actually, is 45 minutes; and the recognition by our elders that we are able to determine ourselves whether we should play or work Friday nights until 1 a.m.—D.S.

Two More to the Handful

Two vacancies on the Executive Council have now been filled.

No political party dictated the replacements, although the party's recommendations were asked.

No gentlemen's agreements were broken, and both new representatives are AGS members.

No internal strife divided the council into two political camps, but all candidates were thoroughly discussed.

And the two new members are Tom King, senior in journalism, and Dave Rodway, junior in liberal arts. To them both—good luck.

They now belong to the handful of students responsible for success of the ASUO. They also carry the dubious distinction of belonging to the last executive council. Oregon's new constitution ends the council this year.

King and Rodway have filled the gap which had been crippling the council up to this time. Now the student governing body is free to look to its agenda, and move ahead.

The Second Cup . . .

All mankind together has diverted fate less than a single raindrop can divert an ocean.

Words do not always portray the picture that their speaker or writer purported to paint.

Regarding the current closing hour crisis Chesterfield offers this bit of advice: "I recommend you to take care of the minutes, for the hours will take care of themselves."

Warren C. Price, associate professor of journalism, shrewdly discovered himself as yesterday's "Lemon" and wishes to clarify a point. Instead of telling the class "we'll only have two book reports, weekly tests, a midterm and a final", Professor Price said he only assigned two book reports, a term paper, a midterm, and a final.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

goes to Registrar Constance and his cohorts. We traditionally ridicule registration, but this fall we must admit that it was painless.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to Suzanne Cockeram, Anne Goodman, Kenneth Goodman, William Batterman, Robert Mullen, Joseph Nelson, James A. Stephens, and Dennis Sullivan, who will go to any lengths to miss the first day of classes . . . they're in the infirmary.

News From All Over

OSC Society, Cal Commies, Connecticut Football

By TOM KING

While Oregon is cutting its collective eye-teeth on the 1950 school year with such classic issues as Friday night closing hours and daytime assemblies, let's turn our attentions to other collegiate campuses and see how they're starting out the brisk fall term:

Up the valley at Corvallis, Oregon State students were girding themselves for a college-level social training program sponsored by a student organization . . . The program, called "Are Your Manners Showing?" is designed to promote social poise and correct procedures and is regarded as an essential part of the whole educational development. . . . Started last spring, it is being tabbed as a regular year-around plan.

Down the coast at Berkeley, California professors who were non-signers in the famous loyalty oath case have charged that it was illegal for the Board of Regents to reverse an earlier vote retaining the non-signers. . . . The matter will go to court.

Meanwhile, students at Idaho were all agog over the Sept. 30 opening of the school's spanking new \$650,000 Student Union. . . . They also were worried about the rise in dry cleaning prices which suspiciously coincided with the opening of the school year.

Spreading out across the country . . . down in the cattle country at Texas Christian University, the dating situation met a

roadblock as the Student Congress decided not to publish a student directory (similar to the Pigger's Guide). . . . It slapped one together last year—but lost \$220 in the process and didn't get it out until spring term.

Students at the University of Connecticut, meanwhile, were

more concerned about their 1950 football team. . . . They got no less than five bands together for a momentous bonfire rally prior to the Yale game of last Saturday. . . . After all the hoopla, their boys promptly went out and lost to the Eli, 25-0. . .



Re: Hash

For Rainy Afternoons: The Union's Elevator

By Bob Funk

Some people in our house and us have discovered something new and dangerous to do around this place besides bowl and skip PE classes.

This is to ride the elevator in the student union. For two long, dull weeks we did not even realize that we could ride on the elevator. We did not even know there was an elevator. We thought it was just a niche in the wall to hang pictures.

However, one of the People-Who-Run-The-Erb told us the other day that it is an elevator, for the people. The Person-Who-Runs also told us that it is sort of an erratic elevator—he had been stuck between floors on two or three different enchanted evenings. (This is not exact-

ly true. We are just exaggerating.)

Anyway, we have been riding on the elevator. There are buttons for all the floors, and other buttons which you will be tempted to push but shouldn't. There is also a light that shows you if you're going up and one that shows you if you're going down. You are supposed to be going one or the other.

One drawback to the elevator, besides the fact that you have to go up or down, is that after you finally land at a floor it takes about ten minutes for the door to open. During this time you quietly beat your head against the wall, start improvising a pick out of your belt buckle, and madly punch all the little buttons.

The doors open (Providence is kind to fools, lovers, and people who ride on elevators). If you just stand there and don't get out, the doors will also close, and you will end up somewhere else. We suspect that the elevator just sort of cruises around the building looking for passengers.

Before we got out of that place we lost a fraternity brother. Result: add one plaque to all the other bronze ones in the Erb. To wit: This elevator is dedicated to Too Doo Jenkins, who stepped into the shaft to see if the elevator was coming down. It was. Sept. 26, 1950. This dedication is not out of our own little feverish mind. We borrowed it for the occasion from another psychotic personality.

Magazine Rack

Comments On the Stuff Inside the Two Covers

By Marge Scandling



NEWSWEEK reports more than 32 million U. S. students filling classrooms from kindergarten to college this fall, with teachers and schools still overworked. . . . only way to create enough space, according to National Education Association, would be if a new 15-room school were built every two days for four-and-a-half years.

LOOK Magazine says in essay on the University of California that at Berkeley some classes number 800 students. . . . overflow goes to adjoining room and hears lecture via microphone. Of the 22,000 students at Berkeley, only 4,700 live in dorms or in Greek houses. . . . rest live in town somewhere or commute from many towns in the Bay region.

Can't resist adding a few comments to Stan Turnbull's of last week concerning college fashions as portrayed in some of the "quality" magazines. . . . Harper's BAZAAR advises Betty Coed to "tie a tweed apron around your narrow skirts, clip a cowbell at your waist. . . . hang a bell in your ear, around your neck (don't we have enough around here now?). . . . and ring the bell at college."

Goes on to say that all these young men like a bit of color, such as "silk belts in their club colors. . . . or shirts in fine red stripes." Oddly enough, they find the plaid dinner jacket "slightly nauseous."

Movie actor Robert Montgom-



"—They just manage to break even."