

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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## San Francisco!—Wayfarer Tells Of Characters and Cable Cars

From Stan Turnbull

San Francisco—number two in a spasmodic series on Cities of America and the hardest way to get to them . . . S. F. nearly didn't make the list but after two nights and one day of strenuous thumb exercises the Rover Boys proved it could be done—28 hours on the road. Whee!

As a relative of ours, since then committed, once put it, "It takes all kinds of people to make a world . . ." (He richly deserved to be committed, but there is something in the little saying . . . we certainly saw all kinds.)

There was the frustrated doctor—"Sure wisht I coulda gone

on with my eddication and been one of them doctors, but I never had no money." Told us to be sure to get out to Hollywood when we were in San Francisco.

Then the Texas A&M graduate who told us all about the logging business; greatest life in the world, out there in the woods—especially if poppa is "one of the smallest of the really big contractors."

And the real jolly fellow, Oregon student for one term before the war and ex-pro football player, who practically had us in stitches, any way you look at it, with his funny stories about how he liked to drive at night and catch up on his sleep . . . drove 172 miles once and didn't wake up till he turned into his own driveway (yeah, he was a magician on the side) . . . we weren't always this green color around the gills . . .

And the San Francisco barber—"I'm 75 years old but I don't look it, do I?" He didn't, and we told him so while leaping out of the chair to hunt for some other place to get a shave . . . his internal apparatus sounded 75 years old, all right . . .

The city of the cable car, that's San Francisco . . . see the city by cable car . . . not a better dime's worth to be had anywhere . . . and here's hoping they never take them out . . .

We played Ancient Mariner, too . . . the Bay Bridge knocked the props from under the ferry-boat business, but the railroad still runs several; only 36 cents roundtrip across the Bay . . . and there we were on the foredeck, or someplace, profiles bared to the elements, staunch and unafraid in what seemed to us like quite a little storm . . . cloudburst hit right after we got back . . .

And there was the burlesque show, but we won't bore you with details . . .

Incidentally, we'd like to take this occasion to apologize to the girl we would have bored to death at the Wednesday night dessert, if we hadn't left for Frisco Tuesday night.

## Mr. Curious Views the Flood

While flood waters played ring-around-the-rosy with Eugene and families were evacuated from their homes, a strange American made his way to the danger areas.

Call him Sightseer. Call him Curious. Call him Thoughtless. Any name fits.

Radio announcers repeated a request that visitors stay away from flooded regions. Newspapers warned of possible congestion. But Curious was curious, and continued to "go look at the flood."

Morning papers reported that "evacuation was slowed from the Glenwood section when several hundred spectators jammed the new \$400,000 bridge connecting Eugene with Coburg road. Efforts of state police and Red Cross officials to clear the bridge delayed the movement of evacuees into Eugene."

Floods aren't the only attraction. How many times have you watched a fire? The greater the destruction, the greater the crowd.

But we're not a bloodthirsty people. Nor are we unsympathetic to those affected by the flood, fire, or whatever the disaster.

We mean no harm. We just don't think.

## Economic Interpretation Runs Wild

The price of binoculars will likely rise and cars will have to have good emergency brakes.

That's our economic interpretation of the Physical Plant's announcement that the ground south of the Student Union is going to be landscaped to provide for a small parking lot.

For the first time the boys in Straub Hall, heretofore isolated from the main part of the campus, have a clear view of Hendricks and Gerlinger.

The parking lot will accomodate about 35 cars and may be partially reserved for out-of-town- guests visiting the SU. The rest will most likely be reserved for cars with good brakes. It's downhill, you know.—K.M.

## The Second Cup . . .

On things that go with Hallowe'en—and autumn—

Fear—from a distance it is something; and nearby it is nothing—La Fontaine.

If Hallowe'en is a time when spooks fill the atmosphere, then every day is Hallowe'en at the University of Oregon.—Anon.

Hallowe'en is that time of year when the merchants who peddle broomsticks around Eugene have a slight rise in business—(More Anonymous than before).

On Autumn—O, it set my heart a clickin' like the tickin' of a clock, When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock—James Whitcomb Riley.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear—Bryant.

Fear always springs from ignorance.—Emerson.

When a one-legged man is informed that he has one foot in the grave—that, brother, is fear—Fidman.

### THE DAILY 'E' . . .

to Gordon B. Greb, instructor in journalism, for his fine job of organizing the high school press conference—Oregon's largest.

### THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to the man who walked off with the box of candy which WAA members were selling at their Co-Recreational night last Friday. How small can we be?



Sky's The Limit

## Change Civilization? It's Too Big For Us

By Sam Fidman

As we plod along the road of life, the temptation to stop doing things and just live becomes increasingly irresistible.

Civilization, it seems, is a system of applying mental pressures where none were intended. It becomes a maddening whirl of doing things that you don't want to do—and that, brother, is friction both physical and mental.

Henry David Thoreau, who cut quite a literary figure for himself back in the times of Ralph Waldo Emerson, was on the right track.

He favored reversing the present work-rest distribution of the week. Thoreau wanted one day of work and six of rest. Before you fly off the obvious handle, the idea wasn't just to "rest"—but to live life—as the individual desired.

Although he was of a different century, Thoreau's idea could have been written today. Think of the chap who spends his waking hours washing dishes at a steamy, greasy beanery. He's a slave to civilization.

Life would be somewhat fuller if a fellow could turn in when he felt weary, and arise when his slumber left—of its own accord—not at the command of a fool, clanging little bell worked into the organism of an alarm clock.

The being who was responsible for the creation of the clanging little monster most likely would have rather been doing something else at the time. The whole thing is a chain reaction of people doing things that they don't want to do—and only because others need the product of their labor in order to accomplish another undesired goal.

One reason that we suspect people of doing things they don't really want to do is the fact that in the course of the sort of life we are pressured into leading today, we have to pick out the few good moments of life and let the memory and fragrance of them last us through the cluttered and friction-filled hours.

Before you remind us—we shall hereby concede that no matter what arrangement you might cook up for civilization—you cannot do all the things you want. However, just because you cannot do all you desire—why eliminate the opportunity to do even a puny majority.

No, we are not proposing to change civilization as it stands—or to construct a perpetual motion machine, or even to square the circle; but only because you and I can't change civilization—the darned thing is bigger than both of us.

### Letters

## The Campus Answers

Greeks Bad?  
Emerald Editor:

The time is drawing near when the University of Oregon must rid itself of the system of organized lice which breeds within its fair structure.

The system under attack here is the fraternity-sorority network, particularly the sorority.

Without a doubt, the time will come when there are neither of these social parasites clinging to the fat of our land; to that end we have organized a "thinking committee."

Our stand and purpose is not in any way directed as an attack at the "Greek" structure through personalities, but to be forerunners of a national trend.

Fraternities for men sometimes accomplish more good than harm—but the total "bad" wrought by the sorority system is simply too great to tolerate its existence.

THE ABOLITIONISTS  
(Names withheld by request)

### It Could Be Oregon



"Well, I have your mid-semester examination papers graded—and I must say, I was rather disappointed."