

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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A Black Eye for Oregon

A large scattering of University students got carried away with themselves two night ago.

Do you doubt it? Then take a look at the following—and think it over, for here's the way the "Hallowe'en Night" situation stands at present:

(1) The Eugene City Police, campus housemothers, and even "civilians" are disgusted at what is described as "some of the most disgraceful conduct ever displayed by University of Oregon students."

A conservative estimate places damages at \$1,000.

(2) Approximately five non-University girls were abducted and taken to living groups where they were given a dunking. Consequently, their parents are up in arms and may press civil suit.

(3) Simple pranks turned into pure and simple vandalism as furniture was dragged out of houses and hosed, locks and hasps ripped loose with abandon, bed-clothing and mattresses thrown into the Millrace, and an electric circuit broken.

That's a great deal of trouble to stir up in one night. It smacks less of good Oct. 31st fun and more of student irresponsibility and immaturity.

The fun is acceptable—perhaps desirable; the latter speaks for itself. The plain fact is that the line must be drawn somewhere.

Ray Hawk, director of men's affairs, is as anxious as any of the students that they have their share of Hallowe'en festivities. He is also just as anxious that the students involving themselves in trouble—such as possible civil suits—be protected.

Realizing that much of the damage was done unintentionally and thoughtlessly, Hawk said, "It would be a miscarriage of justice to punish students. (Note: he has in his possession a long list of violators.) This office is not interested in starting a crusade, but it is difficult to cooperate with the student body if it does not cooperate with us."

For this sensible attitude, a large scattering of not-so-sensible University students may be properly grateful.—T.K.

Tuition Fees On Installment

A system of paying tuition fees by the "easy installment plan" might be worth looking into.

That's how they do it at a university in Ohio.

Students at Western Reserve University at Cleveland may pay 25 per cent down when they register with 60 to 90 days to pay the rest. Or they can pay it all at once if they want to.

There is a handling charge of \$1.50 for the installment plan.

Those of us who continually operate on a shoestring might find this an advantage—especially during the latter part of the school year when the summer savings are largely gone.

On the other hand, perhaps students at Oregon have discovered that use of the University's loan fund is just as effective a way of financing that spring term tuition.

The service charge for loans here is only 50 cents for the first month and 25 cents for each month thereafter, up to six months.—KM.

THE DAILY 'E'...

to Virginia Wright and Bruce Wallace for near-completion of their project, Pigger's Guide. Incidentally, the price of the book this year is 40 cents, not 50 as reported in Wednesday's Emerald.

THE OREGON LEMON...

to Carson Bowler, the only tradition-violator who turned up for a hack Tuesday noon. (Or should we give him the "E"?)

Coast to Coast

They've got a literary magazine in Seattle at the University of Washington, the school's DAILY reports, that shows a professional touch. A little on the cynical side, the magazine still is considered to have "the strength and professional quality of writing" which give it a high rating among such magazines. There are about 18,000 students at UW, and they publish the literary magazine monthly. Oregon has 5,000 students—but no magazine.

OSC has collected \$16,714 in its drive for a new stadium. They hope to get \$50,000.

While OSC is worrying about a football stadium to house more fans UCLA is reaffirming its policy on campus housing of students. No "racial or religious discrimination" in the selection of residents, its policy states concerning university owned accommodations. In privately owned houses accomodating six or more students, the university will accept no new "listing accomodating students if there is to be discrimination with regard to race, creed, or color in the selection of residents." Concerning houses already in existence, the university reaffirms its suggestion that there be no race or religions discrimination.—D.S.



"Daddy, tell me about college girls," lisped my precocious 4-year old son. He had piled up his new Buick after a childish party the night before and was being punished by having to stay in for a whole afternoon.

I hit him squarely between the eyes. It bowled him over but he came back swinging. So I told him.

"Well, son, all I know about college girls is what I learned back in 1947-51 at a place you never heard of—the University of Oregon; it's a state training school for wayward girls now... And son, your father is tired, so please don't cut up or I'll bash your mealy little mouth in.

"Anyhow, that was a long time ago, and probably college girls are different by now..."

We winked at each other... He was a sharp little devil, far advanced for his years.

I went on, "In my day, a college girl went to college for an education, so that she might fact life armed with the knowledge of the ages, clear-eyed and unafraid.

"They accepted a few dates as a necessary accompanying evil to becoming educated, but there was no nonsense about it—an evening at a lecture or discussing the arts, that was what they really liked.

"Talk that tended to ignore intellectual matters and run toward personalities, clothes, or frivolous partying was a pretty sure way to insure yourself of no

The Second Cup

On temperance... Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.—John Neale.

Use, do not abuse; neither abstinence nor excess ever renders man happy.—Voltaire

On intemperance... It's a long time between drinks.



Sky's The Limit

Give Me Bum's Stew, You Take Military Chow

By Sam Fidman

Facing the regimented life of the armed forces is not a pleasant thing, especially for those of us who believe that democracy is based on individuality.

Some would rather live a rugged life whereby an occasional bum's stew is the tangiest flavor that is experienced than go into the military—where three squares a day are assured.

At least the tramp can breathe his own air—and be his own overseer.

We don't attempt to glamorize the tramp's life—but there is something to that portion of freedom that he can enjoy; and he doesn't have to cram it into the space of a 48-hour pass, only between life and death.

We can only face the beckoning of regimentation with a shudder; as an individual thing, we can not see even one good thing about it.

A San Francisco barber, who had served about two years in the

Italian army—somewhere around the turn of the century—breathed a pro-regimentation speech at our countenance—which happened to be buried beneath a steaming towel.

As the gentleman, who proudly proclaimed that he was in his 75th year of life, bent over us with a straight edge, we found argumentation limited.

He pointed out that in his army days chow consisted of bread and cheese, with an occasional ration of wine—and that with the heavily-laden mess kits of the army moderne, the service was a wonderful thing.

It was especially wonderful because it taught a young fellow the value of obedience—something that would prove useful all through his later life.

He meant, among other things, obedience to the laws that governments grind out.

That, if we may be afforded the luxury of personal commentary, is but one man's opinion.

The Word

Columnist Beats Four-year-old Child; Tells Him of Intellectual UO Beauties

From Stan Turnbull

more dates with anything but the few hollow-chested, horn-rimmed bespectacled creatures who went to football games and rallies and yelled their silly lungs out and thought college was meant to be as little thought as possible."

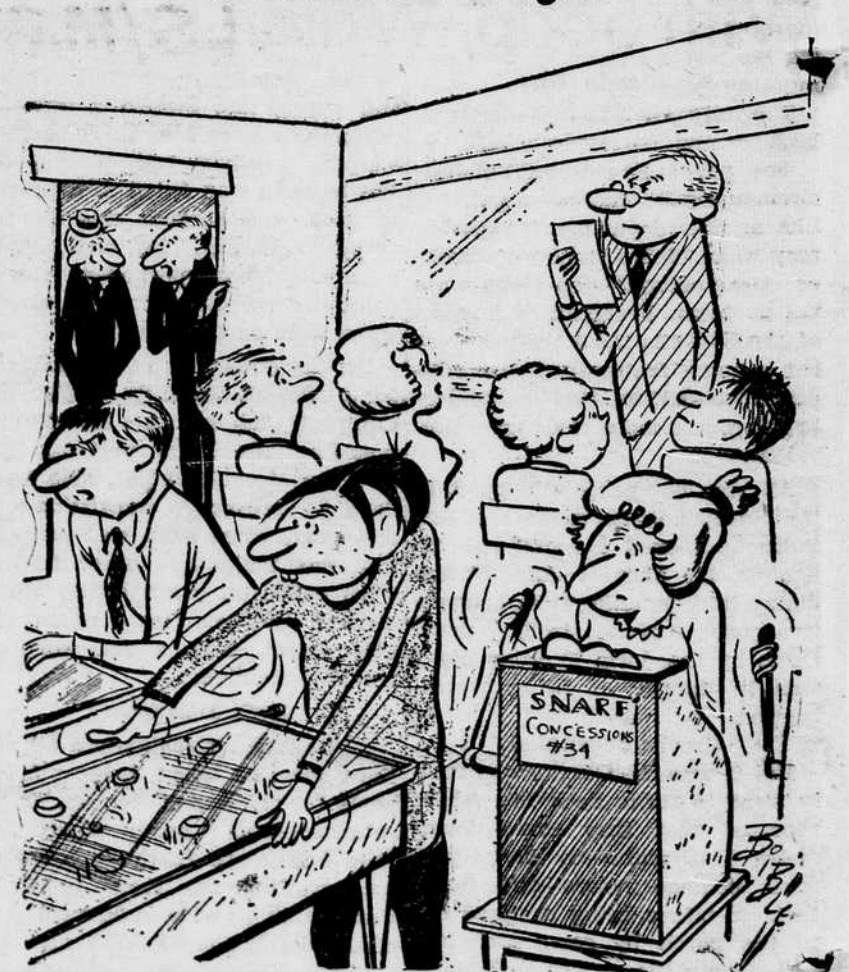
"You sound like a textbook, Pop," my son chirped. I blacked his eye and continued. He'd asked for it.

"These unattractive creatures sometimes were known as 'activity girls' meaning they cut out paper dolls at Y commissions and were in charge of getting crepe paper to decorate the booth for

selling crepe paper for decorating other booths that sold apples, tickets to dances, and other necessities to college life."

"But the cuter—more attractive—girls spent most of their time studying. If you phoned for a date, they told you without a moment's hesitation whether they wanted to go or not; sometimes the more unattractive or "date girls" stalled or made excuses—you know, 'could I let you know tomorrow after I've had time to think up an excuse?'—that sort of thing. They were nasty, but luckily there weren't many of them."

It Could Be Oregon



"I'd say something to Professor Snarf, only Lord knows we're not paying our teachers enough."