

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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On the Sale of Beer

THIS CONCERNS US, TOO

Wait a minute, you Oregon Mothers who are so actively advocating the end of beer sales near the campus.

Stop pressuring the administration and sending telegrams to the Liquor Control Commission, and insisting that such close-to-the-campus "coffee shops" as Taylor's and The Side stop selling beer. We love you, but we want a word.

Listen a minute to these precious Oregon students who are so seldom consulted when something is going to be done "for their good."

We don't all drink beer down here. Nor do any social pressures force us into Taylor's or The Side or any other such favorite campus spot. If our mothers and fathers were strongly opposed to liquor and reared us as such—we can carry on a perfectly normal life at Oregon—go just as high in activities and just as far scholastically without ever taking a drink.

So if some of you mothers don't want your son to imbibe and he is going against your wishes here at Oregon, you and no one else have failed.

Some of us do drink beer—just like one or two other adults we know. And we've been proud of Oregon because it has shown enough common sense and practicality to allow a couple of places which sell beer near the campus.

We have never had to sneak off to the outskirts of Eugene and fool anybody when we want a beer. It's nothing glamorous or exciting to go into Taylor's and The Side. We don't want to have to take to cars for an occasional drink. We don't want to magnify this business of buying a beer into a challenge for any student.

Too many of us are under 21 and have been partying in one place or another—not always in those places near the campus. We all need identification cards with pictures. And we need enforcement of Oregon liquor laws by both the "coffee shops" and the Liquor Control Commission.

Did anyone ever think of asking us to work out an answer? We're not such a dishonest bunch, and if given a bit of responsibility in this question of law enforcement, we might surprise you, and find a way to keep under-age students from purchasing and drinking this beer.

Everybody worries so much about our morals—our closing hours, our manners, our partying. One rule after another has grown up until we have an unenforceable network of regulation after regulation.

And we're opposed to being regulated to a degree unknown even in our high school life and completely alien to higher education in leading Eastern and European schools.

You mothers who have been pushing the administration and the liquor commission . . . surely, you'll look at our side. And you folks who agree with us, but have been quiet through this whole affair . . . why don't you write a letter or send a wire and help us say:

We've come to Oregon for an education and when that education becomes subordinated to such trivialities as beer sales one block or one mile from the campus, we'd best go elsewhere.

Dean Is a Dean Is a Dean

A letter from Red China appearing on the editorial page of the Emerald, Nov. 16, was erroneously reported to have been addressed to H. E. Dean, assistant professor of political science. The letter, written by a Chinese student who formerly attended the University, was sent to R. B. Dean, assistant professor of chemistry.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

to those members of the Oregon student body who, belonging to the mentally supreme, have already solved the new stack maze at the library.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to instructors who are loading the Thanksgiving vacation study schedule fatter than a stuffed turkey—or is it duck.



Sky's The Limit

A Grave Confession-- And Slipping Knickers

By Sam Fidman

The time has come to get nasty. Admission of guilt before authorities investigate and probe out the truth is sometimes a skin-saver. This may bring about expulsion from the University, or embarrassing publicity if a newspaper gets ahold of it.

Keep this under your hat. Whatever happens, don't let it leak out to the administration—or to the Emerald.

LAST OCTOBER, I DRANK A BOTTLE OF BEER.

And, what is worse, I am laying plans right now for another one sometime around the first of the year. It is for the purpose of celebrating the passing of the old year, and has nothing to do with receiving the new one.

Of course, a previous work in favor of permitting the damnable fluid to be shipped to Yank forces in Korea has already stamped the mark of a brandied-up, cross-eyed wine on this column. It is just too evil for words.

What is this smallness that comes over people? Why are the two old, established campus eateries being tormented so pointedly? Why did the inspectors swoop down like hungry buzzards and all at once become righteous little angels, flitting here and there

mopping up horrendous evils? What will the Side be permitted to serve Oregon's literati—probably black coffee and consomme of drek.

Answering that involves an analytical investigation of small politics and smaller pressure groups, either of which, in times like these, is enough to turn an honest man's stomach.

And where are you?

It is a filthy capitalistic plot. Because should the big close-down be railroaded through by a hierarchy that is creating personal faults through suppression, only the rich, who are possessors of suitable highway vehicles, could go for a bottle of Milwaukee sin.

Back East, one college we know has a picturesque spot beside the campus where the patronizing students have their own personal mugs hanging on the walls.

On Friday nights, and Saturdays, groups will come into the place, fill up their mugs with beer, and talk politics and sing songs (that is Whiffenpoof-type action).

Sounds sort of grown up doesn't it? Well, fellow Webfoots, got to wind things up here—my knickers are slipping.

Re: Hash



Palsied Smile, Clasp Greet Glorious Fourth

By Bob Funk

This morning is the morning if you happen to be a member of a fraternity, that you probably won't be getting out of bed. You might not get up until this afternoon, in fact. Maybe never.

Rush week has been going on for three days. This is the glorious fourth. On the fourth day you forget whether yours is an Ipana or a Colgate smile, or for that matter whether you brushed your teeth at all. It has, by the fourth day, become extremely difficult to remember which rushee is the one that raises hamsters, and which is the witty one who chases his grandmother with a pickaxe.

There is a tendency at this point to attempt to trace your sheep-like passage to this fake-smile, hand-grasping fate. To begin with, you were born, and that might have been the first error. Secondly, you were born just smart enough to become a college entrant, and just dumb enough to enter.

And you joined a fraternity—which according to the decrees set down by National (a dim, sinister object lingering somewhere on the New York side of the Mississippi River), engages in rush week.

We wonder if National knows or cares what it is doing to further warp our souls. We wonder if the five founders (now resting well out of harm and rush week's way) ever considered a fraternity which did not perpetuate itself by rushing, but merely died off when the charter members graduated from college.

There is little need for all this cogitation. Tomorrow will be Saturday. On Saturday we go out to pasture.

What the city of Eugene needs for a Christmas present this year are some sewers that aren't all filled up with leaves and crud—in other words, sewers that divert water from off the street and the sidewalk and the insides of your shoes and down into the underneath of things where such water belongs.

Letters The Campus Answers

Give Us Freedom Emerald Editor:

I have been reading the Emerald with quite a bit of interest these past months and doing a slow burn in the process. Today the juxtaposition of two articles seemed to me a good illustration of the University's oft-repeated disappointment over the student's attitudes and lack of proper spirit, and the University's contradictory actions in enforcing old worn out rules and inventing new ones that in effect stifle the genuine spirit and love that the students should have toward the truly fine school.

These two articles are the column by Stan Turnbull and the feature story about the Worldwide Student Congress. In this second article there is the paragraph that I find especially applicable to this school: "At the end of this speech, the whole Congress with the exception of the Western delegation and the NSA observer delegation—moved slowly forward, keeping in unison and shouting."

Is this the sort of "spontaneous" spirit that the school wants the students to have.

If the "spirit" of the Communist meeting is not what the University wants us to have, then why doesn't it let the students make their own rules and regulations—let the students have a little of the freedom and democratic action that we are supposed to shout about and sign Freedom Scrolls for.

Perhaps the University officials were scared by Billy Graham this summer, but we do have to revive antiquated ideas along with dixie and jazz.

Al Staehli Senior in Architecture

Mother's Calling Emerald Editor:

Just as an example of the publicity which the University has created for itself, my Mother called me up long distance from Portland to find out if I had been one of the students expelled from school, because I live in the men's dorm.

(Name withheld by request)

