

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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## The Word Progress Through Backsliding; Columnist Laments Regulation

From Stan Turnbull

A toast, to the forces of purity and moral uplift, to which we owe so much!

Of course, it does seem a little ironic that 10 cents, the price that would have been charged for taking the pictures for "fool-proof" student body cards as well as the price that killed the plan because it's illegal to charge the students above the amount set by the state board, should also be the price of the glass of beer you would have been unable to buy by using the new card for ID if under 21.

But to anyone who has paid the fees required for registration at this, ah, institution, and who has bankrupted himself buying textbooks printed on gold leaf (or they should be) which will be used one term and then be unsalable to the Co-op, it should be a real blessing to see that the University looks after its own—they're not going to permit the ASUO to rob us. Thinking people the country over will applaud the administration's firm stand in refusing to permit the students to be charged an illegal dime for their student body cards.

The students are picking up protectors all over the place. In addition to the benevolent guardianship of the University, now comes the liquor control commission. The commission is going to protect us by banning beer sales at Taylor's and the Side on evenings following basketball games and the days of such events as Homecoming and Junior Weekend—and any other class days and any nights or days "previously designated by University officials as likely to present a problem to the University or to the commission."

But hold that pen a moment before you write heartfelt thanks to the commission and/or the University for their guardianship of our welfare—there's more.

The present restrictions on sales of that dreadful pale yellow beverage are only the first step in a plan toward the ultimate establishment—next year—of a "no-beer zone" of unstated size about the campus.

Now this corner is interested in the students, too. Might we suggest:

Make the no-beer area 200 or 300 miles in diameter; that'd stop the little devils from driving off campus to obtain it, curse their black souls.

While we're at it, there are other things that need safeguarding. So: move closing hours to 7 o'clock every night or to dark, whichever falls earlier, and require a faculty chaperone for every date during the daytime; no dates to be allowed at night, of course. Things happen.

Have faculty inspections several times a week of all student rooms to check for nasty pictures as well as intoxicants; legalize wiretapping of student phones to make sure they don't use nasty language; segregate boys and girls in all classes and post faculty spies on all the streets to prohibit mingling out of classes.

Beer signs visible from the street having drawn down wrath from Olympus—they're banned too—let's carry this admirable and worthwhile step further and prohibit advertising in the Emerald or any publication reaching

students that pictures either men or women.

Now all this probably sounds like a lot of trouble, but after all, college students are at an age when they will soon have to face the responsibilities of adult life. So what could be

more logical than to spare no effort or expense to make sure that they are as unready as possible to face those responsibilities? (This has been installment No. 2 in the series: How to Go Forward by Traveling Backward.)

### College Morals—A Series

## Kinsey on the Campus—No. 4

This is the fourth of a series of articles on the college students of 1950—their outlook on life, their moral codes and behavior, their changing standards. The series originally ran in the New York Post.

By Max Lerner

Whenever fearful parents and moralists think of our American youth these days, whether of high school or college age, the diabolical figure in the forefront of their minds is likely to be a man called Kinsey.

This is, of course, a caricature of what Kinsey set out to do. He does not advocate the theory of overturning moral standards, or any other theory or policy. He has tried to give—with how much accuracy is still a matter of violent dispute—a picture of actual American sexual behavior.

The conclusions about the gap between that behavior and the traditional codes are so obvious that we do not need a Kinsey to draw them for us. The problem of what we shall do about that gap which Kinsey has disclosed is one of the whole community to decide.

On the problem of teen-age morals, the student finds himself caught in what I shall call the "three universes." There is the natural universe, in which he finds himself a biological being with deep-thrusting instincts, impulses, desires.

There is the social universe, in which he finds himself a social

being, a member of a culture with certain traditions and conventions, and of sub-cultures like the family, the school, the college, from all of which there are lessons being hammered in on him about what he is supposed to do and what he is supposed to value and care about.

Then there is the moral universe, in which he finds himself a moral being, with a need to give meaning to what would otherwise be only animal experience, and a need to filter the pressures from his social groups through the values and requirements of his own being, so that he can live with himself, face himself, and lead a productive and meaningful life.

It must be obvious enough that the material in the Kinsey studies concerns only the first of these three universes—the natural universe—although it must make continual forays into the social universe in the process.

It must be equally obvious that the question of how we shall order our moral universe cannot be decisively answered simply by looking at the Kinsey findings. It would be stupid, however, if we ignored the powerful light which those findings throw on the whole human personality.

When the first Kinsey volume appeared, there was intense interest in it among a number of the more sophisticated students, and a good deal of ribbing among them about the "Kinsey" or the "Kinsey rating" of each of them. (Please turn to page three)

## End of the World--An Old Story

Before you dash out to buy that new textbook which will cost a fortune, there's something you ought to know.

For the fifty-eleventh time the world is definitely coming to an end—today. Or so say 30 "Children of Light," a religious sect in Keremeos, B. C.

There has been no definite time set for today's terminus of the world's three-billion year history. It may have come by the time you ordinarily would have spilled sirup on this masterpiece which may never be read.

Anyhow, if the end hasn't come yet, the "Children of Light," who made this prediction on the basis of "Biblical prophecy," are now waiting for it behind closed doors in an old farmhouse in B. C.

Obviously there is little sense in getting up for that eight o'clock this morning, unless you want to have a few last hot words with your professor about the grade last term. But then it probably doesn't make that much difference. After all this is it—the end.

Liquor commission or no, those two or three of us who indulge in the iniquitous practice of beer (ugh) drinking might have a last one for the "road" or whatever they call that long winding trail on which there is no return.

"Closing hours" this evening (if we are still around then) will, of course, be determined by the natural sequence of events. Thus the University would oblige us by lifting the 10:30 ban tonight and letting nature take its course.

Well, we just wanted to say goodbye. But, we'll have a dickens of a time tomorrow convincing our professors that the reasons we didn't go to classes Tuesday was because we were waiting for the end of the world.—K.M.

## The Forgotten Voice

Whether or not we have beer near the campus has ceased to be the question. Now Taylor's and The College Side Inn are involved in a test of public opinion and a battle of government strength vs. private ownership.

The Oregon Liquor Control Commission has announced that it is taking the first step toward moving beer sales away from the Oregon campus. This first step bans beer sales before 4 p.m. during class days and on any day or night "previously designated by University officials as likely to present a problem to the University or to the commission."

Commission members obviously felt that they couldn't enforce laws at Taylor's and the Side. They were urged by the University and groups throughout the state to stop "beer near."

They tried to keep Taylors and The Side slightly pacified by closing them only during the Christmas vacation period when they had no business anyway.

University officials probably felt that they were working for the students' good, and that good complied with the voice of public opinion (not all public opinion, only the most vociferous).

John Alpine and Herschel Taylor, proprietors of the two places, were powerless. Now they'll turn their beer spigots off and on as the University dictates.

And one segment of public opinion has been forgotten . . . the University of Oregon student. It matters not if he drinks beer, because the issue at stake is bigger than that.

If there are any benefits derived from removal of "beer near," they'll not offset student resentment at this cocoon which is being spun around us.

**THE DAILY 'E' . . .**  
to the Foreign Movie Club for bringing "The Bicycle Thief" to Eugene. Banned in Portland, the movie is of superior quality—probably the finest offered this year.  
**THE OREGON LEMON . . .**  
to instructors who smoke in classrooms decorated with "Do Not Smoke" signs.

### It Could Be Oregon



"Consider yourself lucky—Marian says your blind date has a wonderful personality—wonderful personality."