

Oregon Daily

EMERALD

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Do Unto Others as You . . .

At a University called Oregon a fellow paid a \$17 late fine for tardy registration one winter term.

The same fellow earlier, about Oct. 29, was entitled to a \$3 refund on his board bill. The business office mailed him his check for \$3 about Jan. 6, rather tardily. The fellow did not charge the office a late fine.

This same fellow moved out of the dormitories, and since Dec. 22, has had a \$15 refund on his dormitory deposit due. He has not yet (as of Feb. 4) received the \$15.

If he ever gets the money, he will not charge the office a late fine.—D.S.

A Place in the Sun for Alpha Phi Alpha

Oregon's Greek letter organizations have a new brother these days.

He's called Alpha Phi Alpha—and how he progresses in this world of ours is going to be interesting to see.

This latest addition, of course, is a new social fraternity which received the blessings of the Student Affairs Committee after seven Negro men students presented a petition for a local chapter.

It will have no living quarters as such; its purposes are basically social and organizational.

Our first question: is it a good thing to have on this campus?

In its support is the fact that Negro students have no alternative but to form their own group since others will not take them in. If this only emphasizes segregation then it is not the fault of Alpha Phi Alpha; social forces compel them to join together in their own organization.

Alpha Phi Alpha, moreover, has protected itself from charges of discrimination.

It is not limited to Negroes.

It is, in fact, inter-racial.

True, its 98 undergraduate and 119 graduate chapters are predominantly composed of a Negro membership. But there are major exceptions—such as at the University of Illinois and at Howard University in Washington, D. C.

For this it is to be commended. There are far too many organizations—both majority and minority groups—whose constitutions are cluttered with discriminatory clauses.

Such dragons qualify membership through the strata of a religion, race, color. They are a defilement of fundamental social freedom—and are no less tinged with guilt than the doctrines of the Ku Klux Klan.

At Northwestern, Columbia, and other universities, fights are actively being waged against such discrimination.

May discriminatory groups on this campus soon be moved to put the Bill of Rights into their by-laws.—T.K.

Let's Call a Druid a Druid

Druids is an organization that has done next to nothing on this campus for the past two years, at least.

Perhaps this is understandable, since the members of the junior honorary are supposedly the 10 top activity men of their class, and therefore busy. But, nevertheless, it seems hypocritical to have these men organized into a group founded to "promote a unified attempt to interest freshmen in campus activities," (the quote is from a news story in the 1941 Emerald) and then have the Druids do nothing.

The group should either make an attempt to fulfill the intent of its founders; or, preferably, it should declare itself an honorary with no purpose but to award top men of the class with distinction of membership.

But if it is to do this last it should clear up its qualification for membership; requiring something other than a house brother in last year's group as a prerequisite for membership.

Druid's could do itself and its members some good by setting up standards for membership that mean something.—D.S.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

to Pete Van Dijk, Joe Nishimoto, and other outstanding Oregon swimmers who dunked Oregon State, 49 to 35, Saturday afternoon.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to the lack of engineers, personnel, and shortages of equipment which keep pushing back the opening date of KWAX, University FM radio station.

Colleges From Coast to Coast

Difficulties With Some Group Called TNE

Oregon is not the only university facing a point system for regulating campus activities.

The same thing—this time for men—has been proposed by the Council of men's organizations at Ohio State University. Under the plan, student would be allowed to hold campus offices totaling not more than eight points. Offices would be given a point value according to their importance.

Proponents of the plan, according to the Ohio State paper, the Lantern, argue that the system would give more students an opportunity to participate in activities and would insure that activities would not affect school work.

The lack of men is bothering coeds at the University of Colorado, according to a counseling service records there.

At the University of Nebraska a group known as Theta Nu Epsilon reportedly attacked and beat up a student as he was about to enter his home on campus. This was the most violent demonstration TNE had yet staged. Previously its members had contended themselves with splashing paint on sidewalks.

In a front-page editorial the Daily Nebraskan de-

manded that the administration take prompt action against students belonging to this "sub-rosa organization," and if necessary, "suspend them all."

The boys at Florida State University have formed an entirely different type of club—called WRTP-TBSUTRP . . . "We refuse to Patronize Tallahassee Barber Shops Until They Reduce Prices." When it has enough money, the club intends to hire a full-time barber who will set up headquarters in the office of the student government president.

The student legislature at the University of North Carolina had something to say about a proposed raise in student tuitions, when it went on record as being "unalterably opposed" to the hike.

Members of the University of British Columbia's "Big Black Club" (letterman's club) took some strong criticism from the UBC Daily Ubysey, which claimed the club failed to do its share of the work in a campaign for a new War Memorial Gymnasium.

At Michigan State College the building and utilities office claimed that women were worse than men in sticking gooey wads of chewing gum under chairs and tables.



Re: Hash

By Bob Funk

For the past year we have been president of what is known as a house. Last night, after several eons of sitting at head table, shouting "quiet hours," and making speeches on Morals, Manners, and Miscellany, we had house elections, and passed to our reward.

We are going to write a book about 'this experience' entitled "Our Year as an Ogre," or something worse. There are probably house presidents who are not ogres, but we suspect that they are presidents of sororities.

A house president begins as the Breath of Youth, the Choice of the People, and ends up feeling like everyone's father.

There is both good and bad to being a president. The bad seems to be involved with finding the buzzer for waiters, which is nigh onto impossible since the table is two feet from its ordinary position. It also involves chasing all midnight-snackers out of the kitchen, and then being discovered in one's own small peanut-butter sin.

The good also centers around the buzzer. House presidents, we are glad to report, get served first. (There are probably aspects to the job not tied up with food, but since food is stronger than fate in our life, we wouldn't know.)

There have been the good, glorious evenings when we chased freshmen around from study table to study table; when we have drawn ourselves up to full height (a strenuous experience) and rasped "one more violation of quiet hours and . . ." And there have been other times we are purposely not remembering.

Every opening when we went upstairs we carried a large banner labeled "Excelsior," and our mother (we only have one mother) sewed "Remember who you are and what you represent" in to all our clothes.

Now, once again, we can disobey by-laws, complain about food, and be generally obnoxious (house presidents are obnoxious, too, but it is called something else). But it is going to be awfully difficult not getting served first.



Sky's The Limit

Small Circles Rotate, Gather Competitive Rust

By Sam Fidman

It's kind of nice to take a walk around campus in the evening, even if it is raining just a little.

Just a stroll to let thoughts run free in the cool air, and correlate them over a cup of coffee. Some of the thoughts vaporize and float away like the steam from the hot beverage, and then sets of ideas fit together and warm the insides with their enlightenment, as does the coffee itself.

And it's wonderful the things you can see and think about. The trivia of a struggling couple in a parked car, the comment of a coed to her escort as they walk by, something to the effect that she certainly did have an inferiority complex, and he wittily lashing back with "well, it doesn't show."

Then there is the library which has a dominant glow about it, as though it knew well that it was the greatest and most majestic embodiment of ideas, materially, within the students' scope.

And that clumpage of buildings wherein the fair young things reside; hum, just what is their mo-

tive and purpose for current existence—and it is time for a wry, know-it-all grin.

Go into the coffee spot, and sit back with a friend to bask in the melodrama of life that enfolds itself all around. One young fellow eyes a coed, and you wonder at the strength of this social inhibition that is great enough to stop him from doing what he would like to do. And there is a couple sitting in one of the Scotch-plaid booths, busily chatting, unaware of what is about them—only aware of impressing each other as favorably as is possible. That is very nice, since it is the spirit of competition that keeps our way of life going.

There is nothing like competition, absolutely nothing, so carry it into every facet of life. Facets, you ask. Yes facets—two main ones—the life you live for others, and the one that you live for yourself. Competition, to a point, is a blazing, ideological torch. Beyond that point it becomes a socialized stink bomb.

It Could Be Oregon



"I suppose you'll take advantage of me because I can't resist giving A's to students with a smile."