

Oregon Daily EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD published Monday through Friday during the college year except Oct. 30; Dec. 5 through Jan. 3; Mar. 6 through 28; May 7; Nov. 22 through 27; and after May 24, with issues on Nov. 4 and May 12, by the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 per term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial page are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or of the University. Initialed editorials are written by the associate editors. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor.

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Deeper Than Molasses

Eugene's little girl "dead end kids" appeared before Judge Skipworth Wednesday afternoon to answer charges of shoplifting.

Sixteen girls, all of them in junior high school, had formed what they called the "Molasses Club." Their theme song was the familiar,

"Molasses, molasses,
Icky, sticky goo,
Molasses, molasses
It always sticks to you."

And one of the requirements for membership in the Club was shoplifting in Eugene stores.

A first reaction to this incident is "what is this younger generation coming to..." Remembering our own junior and high school years and the frequent repetition of that phrase by "pillars" in the community, we're sure that many a Eugenean shook his head and deplored the decline of the younger generation.

However, if Editor Tugman of the Eugene Register-Guard is typical of many, a much healthier view was also taken. He wrote:

"In the young there is much more capacity for good than evil, and it is the job of parents and teachers to bring the good out, and in our old fashioned opinion there is no better way than to begin with the Ten Commandments and WHY they still make sense.

"It is not enough to impart a fear of public shame. It is necessary to impart a PRIDE in doing what is clean and fair and honest so that you can 'hold up your head' and 'live with yourself.'"

Whatever the punishment handed out to these girls by Judge Skipworth Wednesday... whatever the reprimanding they received... the lesson should be as deeply engraved upon the Eugene community as upon the "Molasses" members themselves.

Some vital factor must be missing from the home, school, or community life of these teen-agers or they wouldn't be turning to "sticky fingers." Eugene needs now to look to itself and dig deep for that ounce of prevention.

Take That Halo off the Athlete's Head

The recent basketball scandals that have rocked the athletic world seem to have brought down the wrath of the law and public opinion upon everyone but those who are most directly responsible for the whole mess.

Gamblers, racketeers, officials of Madison Square Garden and the four colleges involved have all been subjected to criticism:

The gambler and racketeer are corrupting sports by offering bribes.

Madison Square Garden is not adequately protected against the book-making underworld.

College officials have neglected to take proper safeguards against the growing corruptness of athletics.

And the athlete?

Heavens no! The athlete is a poor, misguided youngster who is blinded to the real values of life by the possibility of making a few easy dollars. He's misled and obviously well intentioned. Well intentioned?

Every basketball player involved in the scandals knew the evils attached. Many of them are married and are war veterans—they are anything but "poor, misguided youngsters."

Students at Long Island University painted up signs of "We Love You Anyway" to welcome home their "heroes" after they had been indicted.

Let's clean up the sport, but let's not shower sympathies upon those whose cooperation made such scandals possible.

Every member of the LIU outfit—and of the teams representing City College of New York, New York University, and Manhattan—must have recognized the implications of his wrong doings. T.K.

THE DAILY 'E'...

to Chairman Kay Kuckenberg and her committees for collecting almost \$2,300 in the campus Red Cross drive. Also to the living organizations which reported 100 percent contribution.



Re: Hash

A Promise in Spring, A Meaningless Thing

By Bob Funk

The beginning of a term here at Oregon is a thing made impressive by the number and magnitude of promises made by us students—both to ourselves and other persons.

There is the common, garden-variety promise, which is "This term I'm going to get up every morning about six-thirty or seven, go to all my classes, and study every morning." One can supplement this promise with the argument that it is actually easy to get up in the spring, with the incentive of sunshine, singing

birds, and breakfast. The sad thing about this is that even in the spring time, the hour of awakening is somewhat determined by the hour of going to bed.

There are also promises like "I am only going to the movies once every two or three weeks." Persons making promises of this sort usually reconsider at leisure while sitting in the MacDonald, Mayflower, Hellig, Rex, or drive-in theaters.

There are the promises which a student makes to his parents—supposing that the latter faction has not been duped into thinking a one-point is the zenith of scholastic achievement, while a four-point is the unthinkable nadir.

Promises made to parents are of the "I will do better" variety. Or, in some instances "I will try harder." Both are easily evaded. Parents occasionally forget the preceding term's grades, which makes it impossible to determine whether the student has actually tried harder and done better.

There are some persons on campus who do try harder and do better, end up getting four-points and have no occasion to make any promises at all. This state of affairs, while admirable, is not quite normal.

To really appreciate the student union, Webfoots should have been around during the state high school basketball tournament. High school students are not critics of either the architecture of the place or the atmosphere of the soda bar—they merely enjoy the building.

The enthusiasm of what seemed like an aggregation of nearly every high school student in the state put the union in a new, highly satisfactory light. The union has been appreciated heretofore, of course, but never quite so much.

The Second Cup

Charity shall cover the multitude of sins. I Peter. IV. 8.

Don't let the weeds keep your lettuce from getting a head.

Coast to Coast

Portland Schools Battle Color Line

Ten Portland colleges have banded together to institute a "Fair Rose" plan to eliminate racial discrimination in city business establishments, according to the University of Portland student body president.

The Portland Inter-College Council is the group pushing the plan. The council will begin by contacting restaurants, clubs, taverns, bowling alleys, and theaters, asking their aid in fighting racial and religious discrimination.

Businessmen who cooperate will receive Fair Rose decals bearing the words "This establishment does not discriminate against race, color, or creed."

Discrimination is also in the news at Michigan State College. The Interfraternity Council there has ruled that member fraternities must make a sincere effort to rid their constitutions of discriminatory clauses.

The proposal, passed unanimously, requires fraternities to "show definite proof that an effort has been made to remove all such clauses from their local and national constitutions." The deadline for this "proof" is Oct. 1956. "Fraternities that cannot show definite proof," declared an IFC spokesman, "will be expelled from IFC. We have passed this ruling to show that we are capable of handling such affairs."

Humor magazines seem to have a tough time at places other than Oregon.

The Green Gander at Iowa State College is facing the choice of cleaning up the magazine or discontinuing publication. Magazines at Drake University and the University of Iowa have been told officially and unofficially that certain jokes "without taste" must disappear.

In the same direction—the administration at the University of Tennessee has arched its collective eye brows and cracked down on the art department. In the future, art classes will not be permitted to use nude models. The campus newspaper is against the ruling on the basis that it violates Freedom of the Canvas.

At the University of Buffalo the price of a cup of coffee is holding its own. Only trouble is that the traditional pickle on top of a hamburger is now considered a separate item—a penny a pickle.

The Silver and Gold, University of Colorado newspaper reports that President Robert L. Stearns has advised male students to keep their shirts in their pants. It would be neater, he said.



Understanding.

That's one of the major goals aimed at by newspapers around the world... understanding by the people of the world in which they live. And the newspaper, as one vehicle of mass communications, plays an important part in helping people to understand.

But how many people understand the newspaper?

If you could spend five or six months around the Emerald Shack, you could answer that question. Few people seem to realize how the newspaper functions.

So, this column.

It will be printed this term in an attempt to bring the reader behind the eight printed pages of the Emerald, to give you a look at the life of a newspaper, specifically a collegiate daily.

It will not be a column of apologies. Nor will it be a series of corrections for the mistakes made in the Oregon Daily Emerald.

We must stress that point. It will not be a column of apologies. Nor will it be a whitewash job, painting a picture of the lily-white college daily.

But in this column, we'll be able to bring the reader to the news, business, and editorial offices, to the press, and distribution points, so he will be able to look at the newspaper through the eyes of the people who produce it.

What are some of the misunderstandings we'll try to untangle?

Advertising space in relation to news space will be discussed.

So will staff organization and the putting-together process.

Policy in relation to names in stories, news judgments, off-the-record meetings, and just plain style will be covered.

Another constant question we'll try to answer is why the editorial page of a college paper takes sides.

Deadlines and technical questions will come up, as will many other facets of this morning newspaper.

When spring term and this column are finished, the Emerald hopes to have moved a little closer to that far-off goal of the mass communications world...

Understanding.

Little Man On Campus by Bibler

