

A Search for a Certain Type--The College Student



Typical Oregon student? Is that man in the Oregon Hall doorway typical? Or the coed with the perplexed expression . . . does she fall into this category? Take a look at the fellow sitting next to you in that 9 o'clock class, or consider the girl across the hall in your house. And then read the editorial feature at the right, and draw your own conclusions.

THE BUCHWACH LETTER TO THE GODS

(There's only one way to keep rain from this Oregon campus on the weekend ahead. The formula was discovered on May 6, 1941, and it has worked ever since. It's simple. All that's necessary is the printing of this editorial a day or two in advance. Aaron "Buck" Buchwach wrote the plea ten years ago when he was an Emerald staffer. And who are we to break the ten-year tradition. May it work once more.)

When the occasion demands, and in truth it has on numerous occasions, the Portland Oregonian and Oregon Journal have resorted to their editorial columns in an attempt to influence weather conditions.

Now there is no exact procedure for a journalist to follow when he is begging for rain for poor farmers gazing at the sky with parched throats, for verily, it takes a combination of subtle demanding, varied pleading, and good-natured hoping to achieve such desired results.

The Emerald, although of course it adolescently blushes when compared to such time-honored organs as the Oregonian and Journal, is driven to adopt such tactics, however, by Jupe Pluvius, that old gentleman who loves the Oregon country so well and so much that he delights in spraying it often and thoroughly . . . especially when asked to by the Portland papers.

Please, Mr. Jupe, Visit Elsewhere

But now, Mr. Pluvius, the Emerald asks you politely, but firmly, to shift your schedule in such a manner so as not to spoil our Junior Weekend . . . The farmers have had their misty blessings, and the Oregonian and the Journal have received their just due, and the city pavements, too, are washed clean by the sweet Oregon mist. What the University asks now is for you, Mr. Pluvius, to rest on your laurels for awhile, and visit someone else.

There is a reason to believe that you intend to scare us a bit. In fact, you have. The rain clouds have washed our baseball teams hither and yon, our track meets have been held in semi-wintery weather, and our golf and tennis teams have been forced to completely abandon their frolicking.

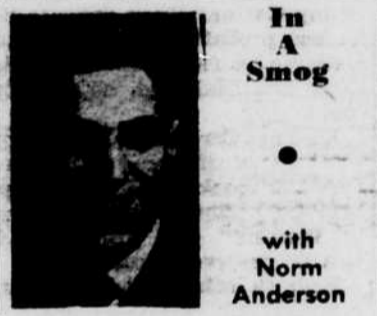
But please, Mr. Pluvius (or Jupe, for we know you but too well), don't come around with your clouds and your tricks . . . Our Moms will be down for the weekend festivities, and forsooth—they will be attired in their springiest of spring outfits, and their hats will be of the kind to bring male smiles. But we want to take them to the campus luncheon to see the queen and her court of beautiful princesses crowned, and my goodness how the raindrops do raise havoc with even a proud mother's finest apparel.

We'll Admire You And Give Praise

The Portland papers have more important advertisers, and have more influence, perchance, Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, but not even they will praise you with much more honest enthusiasm and open-mouthed admiration if you will but take your vacation.

And if you have to take that storm which is declared by some pessimistic meteorologists to be coming from out of Newport way somewhere, perchance you could deposit it at Stanford, California, or even USC.

Just for the weekend, you understand. We want you as our permanent resident up here in Oregon, Jupe, to freshen our flowers, to clean our streets, and to keep our soil rich and red. But not Junior Weekend, please.



In A Smog

with Norm Anderson

It was called to the writer's attention just the other day that 30 years ago this year the "Roaring Twenties" were just beginning to roar.

President Harding was in the middle of the stream having his boat rocked by his friends (much as one of his successors is doing today), and the era of the "Flaming Youth," was hitching up its skirts, putting a flask of gin in a hip pocket, and setting out on the wildest joyride of all time.

If one can remember—and around here there are a few professors and their wives who will blush in remembering—"life" with all the evil connotations therein, was getting looked at from a new angle.

One of the most interesting facets of this period was the new attitude toward marriage and divorce.

One boomer of the day put it pretty frankly. When queried as to why she had married a guy she didn't care for, she answered: "Well I can get a divorce. After all it's better to be a gay divorcee than a frustrated old maid."

Those of us who know the potentialities of an automobile will be more than a little amazed at the attitude taken by the older generation when the closed car became popular about 1921 or 22. One minister, who viewed the rising delinquency rate and the automobile as synonymous, said that the car had taken the place of the red light district.

And typical of women since Helen of Troy, liquor didn't become popular until it became hard to get. Just before prohibition went into effect, the husband still went down to the saloon for a nip, but more than likely a few wives also went down. After Prohibition, it was worse, or better, depending on how you looked at it.

The peculiar thing about all this is that the "Roaring Twenties" was a period in which a younger generation set the moral standard of a whole way of life, and the younger generation of the twenties is the older generation of the fifties. What happened to the "flaming youth" in that thirty-year period?

If you're a typical University of Oregon student, step forward please. We've been looking for you.

A letter came the other day asking for pictures and words about Oregon's typical student. Some kind of a contest. Prizes to be awarded.

So we sat down and listed Oregon men and women we had known and noticed for the last three years. We remember distinguishing characteristics, little eccentricities unique only to the student . . . maybe unique only to the Oregon student. And we wrote them down.

* * *

THE BAGGIER HIS PANTS, the greater his intellect. You meet him in English and philosophy courses. His age? You never know quite how old he is, but you do know that despite mediocre grades, his mind is more shrewd than many a Senior Sinner's. Long nights when others read texts, he digests novels and books which strike his fancy.

You can't help but wonder what this guy is going to do. Nothing would be surprising—fame or failure. Doesn't matter. Somehow you're glad you've met him.

* * *

CALL THIS ONE "CONSISTENCY." If he has an assignment due Monday, it's in Monday. If a date is to be picked at 8, she's not waiting at 8:30.

His grades are slightly higher than average. He's a fan of the baseball game and hoop series. He reads the newspaper but cares not a hoot for campus activities.

This is the backbone of the campus—the part of the current below the superiors and above the failures. His major might be business or education or journalism, and no matter what he tackles after graduation, he'll do all right. He always has.

* * *

IN A CO-ED SCHOOL, these two characters both have their feminine counterparts. But there's one woman equalled by no male. She's the girl who would rather have a ring than a diploma at the end of four years.

It's no secret. She came to college because she didn't want to face the world right after high school. She really isn't interested in her course of study. The man interests her most.

Then there are some of the off-campus students. You don't know much about them because the University is only half their lives. They walk into it at 8 a.m. and out at 5 p.m. Some are active in religious groups, and a few have moved into fraternities and sororities, adopting the University as a whole.

* * *

AND THE MUCH MALIGNED activity people. A few run in circles of meetings and phone calls because they have nothing else to do with that excess energy. A few are genuinely interested in improving the University. A few are straining and struggling for that great god Honorary.

* * *

THE MARRIED STUDENT who works almost eight hours a day besides going to school. The unmarried student who spends almost eight hours a day at Taylor's. The few women who pass so many minutes studying, studying, studying for the all important A.

The athlete, the wise guy with the barbed tongue, the campus beauty queen, the eager sophomore . . . the one who reminds you of Sammy in Schulberg's "What Makes Sammy Run?", the nice kid who is fated to flunking out.

* * *

THE LIST GREW AND GREW.

Every person we remembered was a type unto himself. We couldn't even lump two students into one category. How would we ever find "typical"?

We didn't. We only found a fact.

And to the writer of the letter—you know, the letter about the contest and the prizes—we mailed that fact in one short sentence:

"The persons you refer to as 'typical college students' are nonexistent."



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