

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Treat Them Like Adults

University students are adults. At least they're old enough to be considered thus.

And they should expect to be treated as adults.

They're not. The school's policy of not releasing information—names in particular—on disciplinary action strays from adult treatment.

What happens when a graduate commits an offense? Unless he's pretty lucky, he sees it in the daily newspaper. You, as readers, expect to see it there, too.

If five young Eugene loggers break into someone's home as a prank, who'd prevent the papers from printing their names? No one. Newspaper reporters generally have free access to police records.

Why then, should a person be protected simply because he or she is enrolled in the University of Oregon? Sure, it may make the offender feel bad. That's the risk he took when he committed the offense. That's a risk he'll take when he's out of school.

Then there's this juvenile attitude on the part of so-called "pranksters" of "getting away with it without Mrs. Wickham or Mr. Hawk knowing." Reminds us of grade school when we tried to sneak notes and whisper without the teacher knowing.

Fear of general public disfavor and condemnation should replace fear of University officials.

You'll never achieve this if the public is kept in the dark. Offenders will continue to do what they "can get away with." They know they'll be protected from their fellow students' disapproval.

Let's do away with this blanket protective policy. More realistic treatment of students may bring more mature thinking and actions.

Hallowe'en Without Pranks

Here's a project with a dual purpose.

We're referring to the jumbo Hallowe'en party for the children of Eugene and Springfield being sponsored through the joint efforts of the University's fraternities and sororities.

This project will serve the dual functions of providing entertainment for an estimated 2000-plus fourth, fifth and sixth-graders—many of them orphans or underprivileged—and keeping Hallowe'en pranksters, both juvenile and collegiate, off the streets.

Backing for the idea has snowballed tremendously in the past few days, with the University administration, Eugene Active club, and the city police all demonstrating intense interest. The project, which started on a small scale with the activities of one fraternity and one sorority last year, has grown into something so big that the facilities of the Eugene Bureau of Parks and Recreation will be used to contact and register the small guests.

Civic groups and public-spirited individuals are donating to help offset the cost of the raw material for the party, such as apples and popcorn, which otherwise might prove staggering.

Fraternities and sororities are providing a large portion of the actual entertainment. The children will begin the evening at fraternity houses, where they will be guests of the fraternity and its paired sorority. Preliminary apple-bobbing and pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey contests will be held before proceeding to McArthur Court for the final contests and conclusion of the festivities.

We are told that the appeal to sororities for aid in sponsoring the party made by the Inter-Fraternity Council, original boosters of the idea, has been received with great enthusiasm.

The harsh glare of publicity has reflected largely unfavorably on the Greek system in recent months. Perhaps a project like this will go a little way toward presenting the other side of the picture.—G. G.

Aside From The News

Collegians Don Red For Hunting Season

By Bill Frye

The hunter is a mighty man and the deerslayer is the mightiest of all. So it appears from looking at one or listening to him narrate with much verbosity his harrowing experiences in wood and field.

In civilian clothes he is inconspicuous and could be almost anybody. The meek retain their timidity beneath the garbs of business suits or campus casuals; the strong of frame and character when attired in similar dress do well in keeping their muscles and their personality concealed.

But look out, fellow pacifists, when the leaves begin to fall and Indian summer comes of age. That's the time of year when these inconspicuous gentlemen throw off the drab apparel they've worn these last 11 months and don the most fashionable color of the day—red.

Equipped with gun and ammunition, sleeping bag and frying pan, and such incidentals as road maps, camera, binoculars, half a dozen rolls of film, 12-inch bowie knife, a book of hunting regulations, instruction leaflet on how to skin out the quarry, air mattress, flash light and full hip-flask, they disappear in droves to the most hideous country they can find.

They leave any number of problems behind. The baby is without a father, the wife is compelled to cut her own kindling wood, a guy can't get a haircut because his favorite tonsorial artist has joined the ranks of the emigrating nimrods.

And just try to tell Mr. Dead-eye, the self-appointed provider to the house larder, that anything else is more important during this time of year. He'll figure it out by himself soon enough. Bumping elbows with hundreds of others of his breed, getting up in the cold dawn air, eating Spam and coffee grounds, and not even getting sight of his heart's desire is convincing enough.

The return of the Mighty Hunter is heralded with much pomp. He stands humbly, trying to make his long face look longer by letting all know how rugged the hunt was, how bad the weather was and how all the deer he saw decided not to grow horns that year.

To those who'll eat hamburger another year, to those nursing colds and sore feet and who are thinking about flunked exams and old girlfriends; welcome to the Longfaces club.

For the Kids



So THIS Is Oregon

Hustling Husky at Top of Form Because of Missing Missus

By Jim Haycox

There's a story, absolutely unconfirmed, about Hugh McElhenney, Husky fullback wonder, that bears up what Jim Aiken used to say. After when a man missed his block or made a half-hearted tackle Aiken would refer to it as a married man's effort.

McElhenney is married so, on Aiken's theory, shouldn't have been quite the fireball he was Saturday. Later, however, I was told by a Seattle friend who had no reason to make up the tale, that Hustlin' Hugh hasn't seen much of the missus lately.



Haycox

And while we're up in Wash-

ington, comes another story from the Grays Harbor area where they play a lot of six-man football. Seems that Friday night one of those one-in-a-million freak accidents happened.

The ball was snapped, the blocking good and the carrier fast. Before you could bat an eye, he was through the opponent team and sailing down the side line all by himself. As he neared the goal line a rally girl, apparently from his own school, jumped up for some reason or other, fell backward onto the field, hit him, knocked him down and broke his leg.

The only sound that occurred with more regularity throughout Saturday's game than the Washington victory song was the shatter of bottles under the Oregon stands. It reminded one of ice falling off a roof with the first spring thaw.

People aren't supposed to drink at football games, but, said a policeman following the game, "What can you do about it." He wasn't going to get inquisitive. In fact that noble officer who made a pinch under the much disputed goal post certainly was flirting with fate. Don't know where he ended up.

It seems, however, that you have to be in a mob to have much fun in the City of Roses any more. The city is surprisingly tight. Even the taxi drivers have a hard time making a dishonest dollar after dark.

One complained that he no longer knew of "spots" in town where he could take visiting firemen. Things were so bad, he remarked, it was much more profitable to work day times and just carry people around.

Think I'll move to Klamath Falls.

And speaking of the goal post gathering which followed the slaughter, it was another of those "thousands watch while half a dozen fight it out" affairs. Matter-of-fact, if the goal posts hadn't been metal, they wouldn't have been whipping in the breeze when the first of Oregon's rooters arrived on the scene.

Washington was just "up" for that game, even to the Husky day mascot who was led around to the Oregon side at halftime.

That Time of the Year

