

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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-- Letters to the Editor --

Answer to Isolation

Emerald Editor:

Last week several freshmen expressed to me their dissatisfaction with the deferred living program. It seems that their major complaint was the feeling that they were not an active part of the University. All of them stated that most of their acquaintances were confined to the freshman class. Considering the "taboo" category to which they have been sentenced, the freshmen caste indeed have a legitimate plea.

It has been disappointing to witness the result of this yoke and even more disheartening to discover the lackadaisical attitude the freshmen have as to changing the situation. Seniors have often said that in the "good old days when we were freshmen" things would have been different. I believe that this is an unfair statement to make, and I am of the opinion that the Class of '55 is one of the most outstanding classes to enter this University.

But merely to resign themselves to the fact that they are the victims of circumstance and to do nothing about it suggests that the freshman class is lacking in that spirit and initiative which has characterized so many

of its predecessors.

By way of "taking the bull by the horns" may I suggest that the freshmen take a more active part in school activities. For instance, the Emerald has many positions open for energetic students regardless of their class. For those who are interested, the senate meetings are open to anyone, regardless of their class. At the senate meetings you will meet the people who are running the school, students and faculty alike. At the senate meetings you will learn the way in which student government functions.

Another way in which you may dent body is participation in the Hallowe'en party which is to be held tonight. Muriel Hagendoorn and Gerry Pearson, who are chairmen of the decoration and entertainment committees, are both in need of help, regardless of class.

For those freshmen who are dissatisfied with their existence as campus "untouchables" I suggest getting off "your dime."

Stewart McCollom

Hubert Feels Neglected

Emerald Editor:

Since the climax of the Joe College-Betty Co-ed contest we have been experiencing a feeling

of growing discontent at not having seen our champion, Hubert Humanities, receiving the acclaim that has been due this little-known entry. He has been difficult to console this past day.

Actually, Hubert may not enjoy the popular popularity which many of the entrants have been receiving, but well, in the words of the champion himself, he enjoys the more "epicurean delights of competent approbation."

But Hubert is no snob, nosireed! He may be seen any morning (including Saturday) sometime between six and seven o'clock, with his familiar grey suit—shiny though it may be in spots—nimble pedaling his bike from Straub hall toward Deady. His cheery and resounding salutations are familiar to many an early riser on the University campus. His Phi Beta Kappa key swings jauntily beneath his vest, for Hubert believes that discretion is really the better part of exhibitionism.

Although this regretfully little-known entrant in our recent contest is taking his Ph.D. in Middle-Eastern Transcendental Philosophy, his life is not one of continual study. Many a lively game of chess has he played of a Saturday evening and he is reputed to be one of the "big guns of chess" among his circle of friends.

And—oh yes—Hubert has a love life, the thought of which cheers him through his long evenings of study. He has modestly confessed that he and his "little sweetheart from Mills college" have been keeping quite steady company for the last 13 years. He added, in a slightly plaintive voice, however, that she is taking her "master's" at Bampopo college, French Equatorial Africa. This far Hubert has classified and catalogued 729 Ways to Pop the Question, and hopes for early success.

Incidentally, Hubert sees many interesting facets in the number 729, and hopes to study them at an early date.

Hmm—where did I leave my glasses?

Eric Norstad
Omega Hall

No Masks Tonight In Korea

We'd like to see more Hallowe'en parties tonight. We'll bet the U.N. and Communist troops in Korea would rather be bobbing for apples than for each other's heads.

We'd rather the delegates at Panmunjom were haggling over whether to have hard or soft cider for Hallowe'en celebration than arguing the fate of thousands of human beings.

We wish that the world's thousands of war orphans were out "trick or treating" tonight, instead of begging for morsels to keep themselves alive.

If the only dissension between the Iranians and the British was over a little soaping of windows, we'd be much happier.

There'll be witches and goblins in the air tonight. But only a few are of the Hallowe'en variety—too few. The ones we're thinking of have been flying day in and day out for as long as we can remember. They're the spirits all right—evil spirits of hate, of greed, of distrust, of dishonesty, of misunderstanding.

They're not the kindly, fun-provoking spirits that'll be flitting around at our University Hallowe'en party, the type that come just on Oct. 31 each year.

We wish they were.

Quest Editorial

A Solution to Flunking Out

Ed. Note: Here's an idea that's gone the long way around to get to the Oregon campus.

On the editorial page of the University of Maryland's "Daily Diamondback," we found the following "Solution to Flunk-Out Problem" first developed in the "Cavalier Daily" of the University of Virginia.

With tongue in cheek, we present the Virginia theory:

It seems that the University of Virginia has found a ready solution to the old problem of flunking out of school, according to "The Cavalier Daily." To the rescue came Robert Tyson, of the psychology and philosophy department of Hunter college.

Tyson's success method, entitled "Ten Commandments on How to Stay in Class," is printed below. You're invited to rely on it at your own risk and all complaints from flunk-outs should be forwarded to psychology department, Hunter college.

1. Bring the professor newspaper clippings dealing with his subject... demonstrates fiery interest and give him timely items to mention in class. If you can't find clippings dealing with his subject, bring in clippings at random. He thinks everything deals with his subject.

2. Look alert. Take notes eagerly. If you look at your watch, don't stare at it unbelievably and shake it.

3. Nod frequently and murmur "How true!" To you this seems exaggerated. To him, it's quite objective.

4. Sit in front, near him (applies only if you intend to stay awake). If you're going to all the trouble of making a good impression, you might as well let him know who you are, especially in a large class.

5. Laugh at his jokes. You can tell. If he looks up from his notes and smiles expectantly, he has told a joke.

6. Ask for outside reading. You don't have to read it. Just ask.

7. If you must sleep, arrange to be called at the end of the hour. It creates an unfavorable impression if the rest of the class has left and you sit there alone, dozing.

8. Be sure the book you read during the lecture looks like a book from the course. If you do math in psychology class and psychology in math class, match the books for size and color.

9. Ask any questions you think he can answer. Conversely, avoid announcing that you have found the answer to a question he couldn't answer, and in your younger brother's second-grade reader at that.

10. Call attention to his writing. Produces an exquisitely pleasant experience connected with you. If you know he's written a book or article, ask in class if he wrote it.

As to whether or not you want to do some work, in addition to all this, well, it's controversial and up to the individual.

A Day at the Zoo

A Davenport Replaces the Dog As This Fraternity's Best Friend

By Bob Funk

Due to pressure from the fraternal hearth (and who are we to deny the Call of the Bond?) we are writing this column about Teker honey. Teker honey is the horribly sticky name given to the dog-at-the-place-we-live. She had lived there sporadically and rather disinterestedly for two or three years, until a couple of weeks ago, when Teker honey disappeared.



BOB FUNK

The disappearance or death of a fraternity dog is usually a thing to be met with tears and a journalistic essay on man's best friend. Fraternity dogs are mentioned in the same reverent tone of voice as the pass word. Not so with Teker honey (we realize that this is a horrible name to keep repeating, but to call her Gertrude would be falsifying the facts).

The last word of Teker honey was from Straub Hall, that establishment being in favor of our coming over and taking the dog home. Being used to Teker honey's nomadic ways, we ignored the call from Straub. Two or three sophomores lounged luxuriantly on Teker honey's private davenport, and hoped she would stay away a long time.

She did. Four or five days later the house president noticed that she was gone. This news was privately cherished by several persons who have had run-ins with Teker honey.

About a week later, in house meeting, it was decided that someone ought to find Teker honey. If put up to a vote, this idea would have been crushed overwhelmingly.

It is not that Teker honey has no friends at the place we live. There are one or two. Actually, however, Teker honey is pretty awful, and no one is sure she is even a dog.

One of her more lovable tricks (in these pieces one always mentions lovable tricks) was to walk partway up the stairs and fall down, putting her hip out of joint. The veterinarian, who is now quite wealthy from hip-setting sessions, is one of the persons lobbying in our house meeting to get Teker honey back.

Teker honey also brought friends (canine) home who wan-

dered abjectly about the house, sometimes for days. These friends were often found sleeping on one's bed or in the middle of one's literature notes. It is to be feared that Teker honey did not run with the best crowd.

It has been contended that Teker honey was a boxer, but no one is sure, and no one is going to ask an authority. As for mentality, Teker was non-existent. There were some that said, however, that she had a beautiful soul. We doubt it.

Teker is now gone—some say for better, some say for worse. The house president and the veterinarian are looking for her. However, if you see Teker honey, do not call. Do not say a word. Head her in the opposite direction. It may be very brutal of us, but given the choice of having her back or sitting on the davenport, the davenport would win every time.

In this sedentary age, it may well be the davenport that becomes man's best friend.

Anti-Flunk Compound



"He'll be the only guy in history to laugh himself to a college degree."