

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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So THIS Is Oregon Eugene's Own Amboy Dukes Are Striking For Notoriety

By Jim Haycox

Ever been spit on by some little high school kid about your size? Ever had a bunch of sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds follow you and your date down the street making dirty remarks? Probably not... at least not yet. But sooner or later, if you wander down Willamette on a Friday or Saturday night, something along this line will happen.

They call themselves the Nemos. As one story has it, the name was derived originally by spelling 'women' backwards. Their numbers are apparently recruited from the high school age males around Eugene.

They are probably more trouble to the town of Eugene than to the college kids in general. But, it seems, they take a special satisfaction in needling the university crowd, their immediate elders. There is probably some psychological reason for this.

From a few friends and a walk or two down town, I picked up these assorted tales. They give a pretty good description of the Eugene Amboy Dukes.

Couple of weeks ago in a theater downtown, several members of the gang began picking on a kid who wasn't very big. When the police got there the youngster was, according to those who saw him, "a mass of blood." One

eye, they said, had been knocked out of its socket. Police were able to make a couple of arrests. Usually, however, the gang, or the part of it involved, gets away.

Out at Elmira, goes another story, they parade around wearing jackets with only the bottom button fastened in a kind of collar-up style (effect of collar up, of course). They don't wear any shirts or Tee shirts either, and run around with their manly chests sticking out.

The night before Halloween a troupe of ten to fifteen of them were seen and heard outside the second unit of the Vet's dorms trying to get the freshmen to come out and fight. They identified themselves as Nemos though some think they really weren't. Apparently this Nemoism, this spirit of rebellion, is infectious.

The freshmen were kept in their dorms and the group left before police arrived. On Halloween night, while fraternity and sorority members were up at Mac Court, a group (probably not the same one) of high-school age boys and girls, perhaps twenty of them, was seen wandering through the campus. They were singing a college fight song, appropriately adapted with Nemo words.

Letters to the Editor

Turkey Talk

Emerald Editor:
 So this year it'll be a queen instead of a hostess.

We'll hope there is just lots of excitement and honor involved in being Homecoming queen. Otherwise the poor girl who wins will feel like everyone else. She won't want to break up her Thanksgiving holiday just to take in the Homecoming festivities.

Mandated by an extremely small minority—the great majority, those who disapprove but do it silently, just don't count—the people-who-plan-this-sort-of-thing continue to schedule parades and what-not for the weekend.

Has anyone ever thought of letting the alumni have the campus to themselves when they start "coming home." They could get just as drunk; and that, after all, seems to be the purpose behind the celebration.

Of course it's too late now to do anything along this line. All kinds of planning would go for naught.

But we might keep it in mind as an effective reprisal the next time the administration selects the Thanksgiving week-end for Homecoming. Let the administrators stay here to meet and greet.

Name withheld by request.

Night Owl Speaks

Emerald Editor:
 The University administration has many restrictions on the students, all of which are ostensibly for the students' own benefit and which allegedly help to keep grades up.

If this is the case, then how in the name of the almighty GPA can the administration justify the closing hours of the library? The 10 p.m. deadline on weekday nights is asinine enough, but the limit of absurdity is reached when the library is closed at 5 p.m. on weekends.

To forestall an anguished wail from the budget department, I think that it would cause no inconvenience and be quite inexpensive to keep one room in the library open, if not all night, then at least until 1 or 2 a.m.

Such an action would work to the advantage of all concerned, particularly in the case of seniors and graduates, many of whom find that the best time to study, or even the only time it is possible for them to study, is from 10-2 at night.

Martin Meadows

The Northern Branch is Fighting

Oregon's finally taking action to join OSC in the fight against pay phones. ASUO president Bill Carey has arranged for an Oregon delegation to be present at the hearing OSC requested with the public utilities commissioner. The hearing date is, as yet, undecided. Representing Oregon will be presidents of IFC, Heads of Houses, IDC, house managers, Carey, and Emerald officials.

Meanwhile, our Corvallis neighbors are going right ahead with their own fight. The OSC Barometer of Nov. 2 states:

"Campus sentiment is definitely crystalizing on the injustice of the telephone company's position, regardless of what it says has been done at other institutions and regardless of what it says its interpretation of its tariff permits it to do."

They have already succeeded in stalling installation until after the requested hearing.

The Barometer doesn't agree with the telephone company's contention that "similar coin installations at other institutions is a valid argument for them here. Two, or a dozen, wrongs do not make a right."

Since the present tariffs seems to require pay phone installation, the Staters feel justice may call for tariff revision. We agree. We're anxious to see if the tariff could possibly be revised to provide for campus living groups.

This is an issue that calls for close cooperation with Oregon State—where the students had enough enterprise to protest a move that we sat back and took as inevitable. Phones are already installed on our campus, which puts us at an immediate disadvantage.

But let's hope our cooperative action, late as it is, can still do some good.

Our Monopoly is Broken

We're quaking in our editorial boots.

With nearly a half-century of tradition as a monopoly newspaper behind it, the Emerald now learns that it has a vigorous young competitor.

Five days weekly the Daily Finger—that's its name—is pointed at some notorious campus or world figure. Such well-known personalities as Plato ("a dirty Greek"), Al Capone and Dr. Harry Newburn have been in its editorial sights.

Fortunately Emerald circulation thus far has not suffered. The Daily Finger is posted on the Stan Ray hall bulletin boards so its official circulation is listed as "2".

However Co-editors Martin Meadows and Harold Starkel speak darkly of the possibilities of obtaining a mimeograph machine and starting an all-out circulation war with the Emerald.

The Finger has already beaten down one opponent. The Daily Toe, a competing Vets Dorm publication, succumbed to the editorial blasts of the Finger after only two editions.

Warily we extend our greetings to this infant in the family of newspapers.

Consoling is the fact that Emerald circulation by mail cannot suffer. Mailing privileges for this upstart newspaper are most unlikely.—D. D.

Another Point at View

Comments overheard during the 75th anniversary ceremonies:

"I hear the students hardly ever come to this kind of assembly."

"We used to come to assemblies no matter how crowded it was and how little we could hear. And that was before there were public address systems."

"It looks to me as if students have too darned many activities. They're so busy doing other things or recovering from what they have done that they don't have time to listen to visiting lecturers."

There's little need for further comment. The three alumni—two women and a man—quoted here have put across our point.—D. D.

Aside from the News

Questionable Entertainment Sets Problem of Campus Judgement

By Bill Frye

Questionable campus entertainment, if it can be pegged that, has flamed up anew and its heat has drawn the ire of the usual responsive few who mount the stump in vociferous protest or defense of the latest episode in "bad taste."

Campus comedians who deviate from the straight and narrow have been under fire from the "do-gooders" since I first showed my curly head around this institution, and I'll proffer a guess that it was nothing new then nor will it ever completely pass from the college scene.

What makes the guy with the loose tongue so free with the verbiage and how does it rebound on the ear of the reactionist? There certainly are legitimate answers to both parts of the question.

Take the night of the Sophomore Whiskerino as a good example. For a change, every student who had a voice in the intermission proceedings stayed within the bounds of "good taste" to the point where no one could get excited about anything except maybe the awards that were handed out.

Then the dance band gets its two cents in and suddenly everybody was excited, most of them getting some good laughs in and a few others feeling the pangs of embarrassment.

Student entertainment was received with a few polite chuckles, or smirks, depending on your interpretation. They boys from Hollywood who hadn't heard about our campaign to "clean up" campus entertainment got all the laughs for the evening.

And so it becomes apparent to the aspiring college comedian that in order to be a hit with his audience he has to occasionally wander off on a spur that a few people don't view as exactly ethical. In other words, he is simply leaning toward the majority.

It is in defense of the few that don't go along with him that lines have to be drawn, and that's fair enough, depending on the fineness of the line. University entertainment is supposed to cater to

everyone, not just to the Joe's and Betty's that like what they dish up at the Blue Moon nightclub.

The problem, then, is in drawing a line that will not detract from the enjoyment of campus entertainment as far as the majority is concerned and at the same time one that will not permit offense to anyone.

I believe in restrictions, but I also believe the line can be drawn too fine. Whoever decides on "bad taste," or what a "smutty" joke is or "what is best for the students" (and I submit that these terms are ambiguous) is welcome to the problem—but I predict that it will outlive them.

Season's Greetings



"I don't think I should disturb her—she's helping Professor Snarf make out an examination."