

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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## A Day at the Zoo It Was the Night of the House Dance, And She Was Having a Swell Time

by Bob Funk  
Emerald Columnist

He had asked her to the house dance. She had accepted with something quite closely akin to alacrity. It was, she felt, an opportunity to learn more about men. It was, furthermore, an opportunity (and an ah so rare one) for men to learn more about her. Men were, she felt, a minority group; she saw so few of them. She decided that this was one minority group that she would be exceedingly tolerant of.



During the week she had had a number of pleasant visions in anticipation of the dance. In one she was wearing the gold lame evening gown with chin-chilla trim. The gown was off-the-shoulder, off-the-back, and slit up one side. In this vision she was, to adopt the vernacular,

staked. He was beside her saying "Ava (somehow her name had become Ava), how can you be so cruel. Please allow me to kiss you, Ava." The vision ended very simply as she allowed him to kiss her.

In another dream he clutched her in a wild embrace, and before she knew quite what had happened, he had slipped an engagement ring on her finger.

In these visions and many more, he was strong, somewhat silent, extremely active in certain romantic ways, and handsome; above all, he was handsome.

And now it was the night of the dance. He had not been, on close inspection in the front hall of the sorority, quite like the gentleman of the visions. But he was, quite unmistakably, a member of the male group; and what more, she thought, could you ask to be standing in the middle of the front hall.

They had, after leaving the sorority, been to a series of three cocktail parties. In spite of this it was still Saturday night. She had come to know

him well, during the cocktail parties. She knew the gentle quality of his leer when one of her sorority sisters hove into sight. She knew his unsteady gait toward the kitchen, and his unerring sense of where the kitchen might be in a strange house. She had, she decided, come to know quite a lot about men, particularly men at cocktail parties.

On the other hand, he had not become very well acquainted with her at all. His acquaintance seemed to be chiefly with one or more brown bottles named "Old Troublesome," or the like. The real love affair was between the boy and the bottle; she was more or less the chaperone. And not too effective a one, at that.

"Old Troublesome," however, proved to be a fickle love—the bottle went dry. The last cocktail party ended rather suddenly. "I gesh theresh nothing to do buh go t'the dance," her date informed her mournfully. They went to the dance.

The dance had some obscure theme involving a great deal of vegetation thrown around the ground floor of the fraternity house. Several couples were vainly attempting to dance to some music of indefinite beat and melody. One light was burning above a group of chaperones.

Then they were dancing. She was not in his arms; he was in hers—it had to be that way in order to keep him topside and navigating. It was the house dance, the beautiful, romantic house dance. She said a bad word.

"Wha you shay," he asked in his own charming way.

"I was saying," she said, "what snappy decorations these are, what a nice cocktail party that last one was, how well you dance, and that I've never been happier."

"All my datesh have a swel times," he said happily. It was at that moment that she lifted the skirt of her off-the-shoulder, off-the-back dress, extended one foot, and swiftly kicked him through the decorations and against the wall beyond. The band was playing "Good Night Sweetheart."

## Congestion for a Day

Lines, confusion and congestion won't end with Christmas shopping for the Oregon student. He'll have it all over again when he completes registration for winter term, Jan. 4, along with about 3800 other students.

Under the new system of pre-registration the most a student can do is work out a study program and have it signed by his adviser.

The lines will form Jan. 4 as students wait to pick up registration materials and sign for classes. The confusion and congestion will be as apparent as the lines form in this first attempt in seven years to change the pre-registration set up.

A fine for late registration after Jan. 4 should guarantee an all-time high in class attendance for the first days of a new term. The old system of completing registration before vacation enabled the student to possibly enjoy a few days extra with no fine and a smug knowledge he was missing nothing but course introduction lectures.

On the advising side of the new system we can see some definite benefits for the student. For once, the different needs of individual students have been recognized. Some need conferences to map out study programs and this can be done leisurely during the last two weeks of fall term. Other students, with no questions, can have their programs signed in the Nov. 30 meetings without conferences. This will enable the adviser to give more time to the student who does need help.

The longer, spaced-out advising period appeals to us, but the "everyone get registered in one day" angle is what raises questions.

Even with the decreased enrollment, will facilities be large enough to handle the entire student body registering at one time? And will everyone be able to complete registration in one day?

We'd like to see a system that combined the longer advising period with a registering process that is not so rushed.—(P.G.)

## A Look at the Look

Here's an excerpt from the OSC Barometer's "A Look at the Campus" column, written by Barometer Editor Dick Davis:

"Ticket price for the Oregon game is a robust two bucks apiece for 'big spender' Oregon State students . . . and for this two dollars we get prize seats in the end zone . . . could be that our sporting cousins from Eugene City College figure that if they make the deal bad enough, nobody'll come down and molest their goal posts or blast the 'O' . . . either that's the reason or they've decided that no price is too high to pay for the privilege of watching George the General go through a few of his press-clipping antics . . . why watch at all when you can get such a good run-down in the papers . . . the Oregons had fifty-yard line spots at Multnomah Stadium last fall for our transplanted Civil War, but they don't seem to hot to reciprocate."

Too bad about the Barometer, but it ought to take a look back over the past years, and compare with the present.

Oregon students have been moved about 15 yards away from the 50-yard line toward the south goal line this year to make room for more donor seats on the east side and to allow visiting school students to sit on the east side. OSC's contingent of students is too big to sit in that section, however, so they sit in the end zone.

They have about 1000 seats of good position and under cover, but those undoubtedly are sold to Beaver club and like recipients — and that's OSC's choice, not ours.

Oregon students sat on the 50-yard line in Multnomah stadium, but where did they sit when the Beavers played their home games at Bell Field? In the end zone. And we don't think that OSC's home game with Oregon was moved to Portland so that the UO students could have good seats.

And where will Oregon students sit in Parker Stadium? Most likely in the end zone.

We leave the rest to George the General and the army, to perform their press-clipping antics for the benefit of the Beavers.

## College Capers . . . ...from Coast to Coast

by Tina Fisk  
Emerald Exchange Editor

Cries of "Block that road!" "Cover that door!" and "Stop that car!" rang through the air that October day in 1936 when the students of La. State declared a holiday. Professors and instructors were denied entrance to class rooms and campus . . . Mike was arriving.

Some 6,000 strong, students marched to the town's railway depot only to be disappointed. University officials, fearing a riot, had ordered Mike to be delivered to the campus baseball stadium.

This didn't stop the stalwarts though. That night a big pep rally was held . . . along with a torch light parade, and Mike the live tiger made his entrance as LSU's official mascot.

The 18-year-old tiger now weighs 450 pounds. The Daily Reville said that "some people get excited when he's hauled around in his cage." But now he's come into his own and at a game halftime he's going to be awarded a varsity letter after making his usual entrance . . . to the strains of tiger rag.

The Syracuse Daily Orange tells about the latest rage for men . . . according to the Central New York Men's Wear Club, at least. The club announced "Bare knees for men" next summer. Shorts for everyday wear are expected to be all the rage . . . whether men's knees are "natty, knobby, or obnoxious."

The Spartan Daily at San Jose State college says sometimes college pranks aren't so funny as they may seem.

"We got a call the other night to send a hearse to one of the fraternity houses," an ambulance driver said. "When we got there, the undertaker found it was a false alarm—somebody had a big laugh. It was supposed to be a joke. We didn't think it was very funny." He concluded by saying that "sometimes that little time wasted can cost a life."

Here's an item from the Prospect of the Richmond Profes-

sional Institute . . . "There are those who say it pays to worry—because the things they worry about seldom happen."

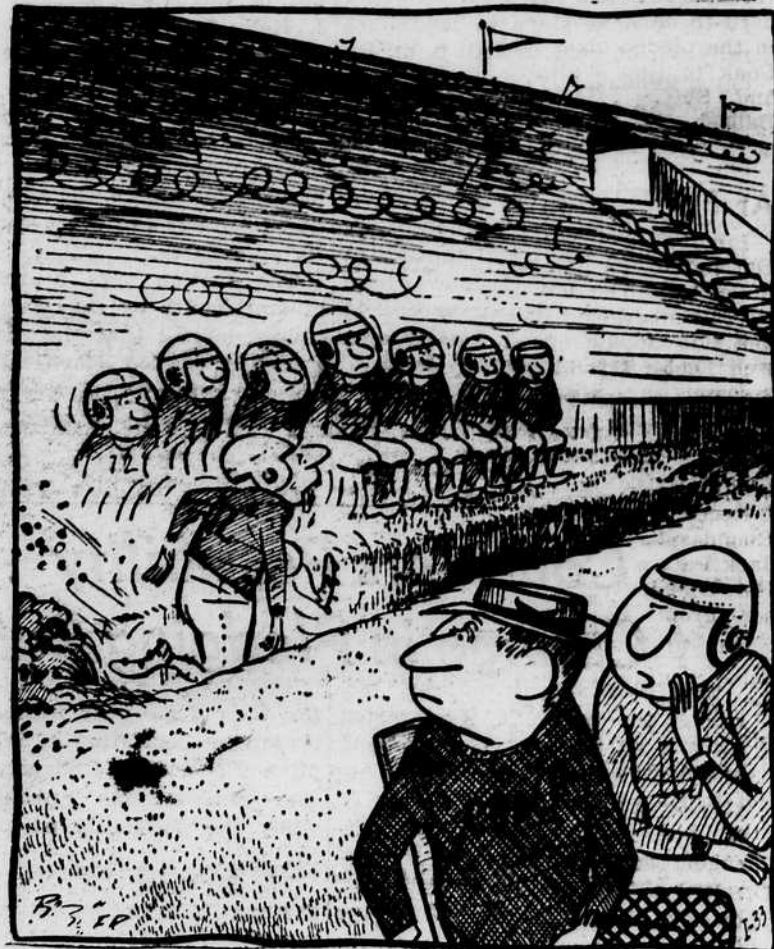
An all-expense paid trip to Hawaii is offered to the person selling the most season reserved tickets at Lewis and Clark college. The athletic department is sponsoring the trip which will be by plane the first week in December.

Coeds at Utah State college have been asked to refrain from wearing jeans in the classrooms.

College officials say the girls should wear jeans only when milking cows.

A fish head from an 8-foot-long fish that used to swim in waters covering Nebraska 60 million years ago is on display in La. State's geology building.

## Better Safe Than Sorry



"Say, Cas, some of the boys feel you're making them warm up too long."