

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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**The Green Years**

Freshman year at Oregon. How many of older and wearier upperclassmen wouldn't change places with you of Oregon's new freshman class for a chance to relive those golden days?

The strange, almost sick feeling of being away from home for the first time; the excited whirl of registration week; the thrill of meeting new friends; the confusion of getting acquainted with this wonderful new world—all are a part of the freshman year. But most of all, the freshman year signifies for you of the freshman class a coming-of-age, the beginning of maturity. You are entering the green years of your life.

Freshman year at Oregon. And what you are when you have completed this year at Oregon, you will be for the rest of your college career, and for the rest of your life. Treasure this year at Oregon; use each day sparingly. For most of you this venture into college life is being made at the great sacrifice of your parents, who may have saved for years, for their entire lifetime maybe, that you can have the opportunity they did not.

Set your sights high, you of the freshman class. Hard work, perseverance and the will to achieve can win for you whatever goals you may have in mind. Mortar Board or first string varsity, Phi Beta Kappa or rally squad can be within your reach—if you will it and if you work for it.

Class of 1958 is the impressive title attached to you of the incoming freshman class. Football player from Portland, summer waitress from Bend, valedictorian from Astoria or just plain Jane Jones from Klamath Falls: that's you, the class of 1958. Oh, you're not much of a class now, not much but an unorganized and somewhat bewildered mass of high school graduates thrown together in a common environment.

Soon you really will be the class of 1958, a large and vital segment of the University of Oregon. Great things will be expected of your class. Carrying on three-quarters of a century of Oregon traditions is the responsibility placed on your shoulders. Thousands of alumni, old students and faculty members are looking at you critically to find in you the ingredients which help make the University great.

Freshman year at Oregon. It can open doors to new and undreamed vistas on the academic horizon. It can add to your personality qualities which will insure success in your future life. Or it can turn you into the profligate the University will be ashamed to remember.

This is the beginning of the best years of your life, you of the freshman class. These are your green years. Use them well.

**Higdon: A Great Loss**

The death this summer of Doyle Higdon, who would have been a junior at Oregon this fall, was a great blow to the University. For those of us who knew Doyle the news came as a great shock.

Doyle, a guard on Oregon's football team, figured prominently in the plans of Coach Len Casanova for the 1954 grid season. Casanova said he was "one of our fastest guards." Although Doyle played little football last year because of a knee injury, he won a letter last spring as a javelin thrower on the track team.

Even if Doyle had been an outstanding athlete alone, his death would have been a great loss to the University. But he was more than a sportsman. He was a promising scholar—the serious-minded type of student the University is proud to find in its ranks. A consistent honor roll student, Doyle completed his sophomore year with a 3.7 grade point average.

The record Doyle built up in two years of study and athletics at Oregon is truly impressive. But there was even more to his story that makes the loss to the University so irreparable. He was one of the outstanding student leaders of his class.

A member of Skull and Dagger last year, Doyle was tapped for membership in Druids, junior men's honorary, during Junior Weekend spring term. He had served on the ASUO senate for one year and was a candidate for the AGS nomination for junior class president.

Thus the death of Doyle Higdon this summer was a triple tragedy for the University of Oregon. We have lost a fine athlete, an outstanding campus leader and an exceptional student.

**-A DAY AT THE ZOO-**  
**Freshman Lady Is Confused**

by Bob Funk

"Kid," said the white-sweated Glomma, staggering up the dormitory steps with a suitcase, "you'll really like Oregon. I can remember thinking to myself, see I was in this meditative mood, I was thinking, gee Glurpia, Oregon's so strange, you know strange, that you probably won't like it, but then I met Ed."

"Ed?" the freshman lady asked politely. The freshman lady was trying to avoid being hit by the suitcase, which Glurpia was maneuvering up the stairs with a sort of hip-pendulum action.

"Yeah. That's the boy I'm pinned to. See, I was going with this Harold, but then Ed, it was really a scream, I mean I was going with this Harold, and then Ed—"

"I can imagine just how you felt," the freshman lady said nervously. They had reached the second floor, but there was more to go. The freshman had suggested the elevator, but the Glomma had insisted on a sort of The Ardent Glomma Shuns the Elevator policy.

"It isn't that the elevator wouldn't really be easier, kid, and I mean naturally you'll want to use it when you live here, I mean you develop such large ankles if you use the stairs, but the reason I'm using the stairs see is that the Oregoniana photographer takes a picture of a Glomma every year taking a suitcase up the stairs." By this time Glurpia was quite purple with the strain of it all, and the freshman lady had both shins barked by the suitcase and a rather nasty dent in one knee.

"Last year, see, this girl in the House, she was a Glomma and she got her picture in the Oregoniana carrying a suitcase up the stairs. Well, we had this meeting last night, and the activity chairman, she said, now we got this real nice publicity last year, and let's keep it in the House."

"I can see what you mean," said the freshman.

"Ed's in a House too," said Glurpia, "I can never remember the name you know they all have these cute foreign names, anyway, I think it's really the most—well, the cutest house on campus."

They had reached the fifth floor, gloriously panting, Glurpia being spectacularly purple. After several dry runs they found the freshman lady's room, which was, Glurpia intimated, nice, but nothing like living at the House. The room had a perfectly lovely view of the tar roof of the dormitory dining hall. Glurpia left, presumably keeping an eye peeled for the Oregoniana photographer and Keeping it in the House. For a moment the freshman lady was alone. It was the last time that was to happen ever.

"Eh eh eh," gurgled someone in the doorway. It was the fifth-floor counselor (columnists note: at the time this was written I did not know who the fifth-floor-counselor of Carson Hall was; she is probably a very nice lady, and the person portrayed here is intended to be entirely hypothetical. Of course, if the fifth-floor-counselor is sort of an old sorehead, I'm the first to plunge the dagger. You can't lose in this newspaper game; crazy, man), a former closet member of a national sorority, more locally known as The House. "I'm your understanding and sympathetic counselor," she said. "Welcome to Oregon and the fifth floor and if I can help you with your study program please call on me or for any other problems no drinking here you know Carson is big but we're all one happy family I see you're getting settled."

"Well, maybe you could answer a question I happen to have—"

"Listen, baby," the counselor rasped, grinding her teeth to-

gether, "you're in the big-time now, you're not at home, none of this mother-what-shall-I-do-stuff around here. You got a problem, you don't bother me, see; I got problems, you got problems, all Mrs. Wickham's girls got problems. You try your adviser, see, or go to church, or just go to hell, but none of this whining around to the counselor and I kid you not (she had been to that show, of course).

"I just—"  
 "Give you freshmen an inch and you take a mile," snarled the counselor, glaring. And then she assumed a tired if admirably professional smile. "Remember, I'm your coun-

selor and will help you at any time welcome to Oregon and I've been so very happy 'o have met you." And then she, too, was gone, and several other persons came in looking for the elevator and the laundry room and the ladies' sand box and the Office of Student Affairs.

The freshman lady opened her suitcase and climbed in. To hell with what the psychiatrist might say about this kind of behavior, she thought, it's much better in here. But even as she closed her Samsonite retreat around her, she could hear the counselor across the hall saying—Welcome, welcome, to O-REE-GONE.

**Our Freshmen?**



"I think the trouble with most of our freshmen is that the high schools just aren't teaching them to read."



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