

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Colds and Their Causes

"There are 4000 students on this campus and 2000 of them have colds." This statement by a University nurse last week might be a little exaggerated but it makes the point—if there's one thing our University population has in common, it's a cold in the head.

What causes colds? How do you cure them? Where do they come from? How do you keep from getting them? These questions asked of Dr. Fred Miller, director of the University health service, were answered with a shrug of the shoulders and "If I knew, I'd be famous."

"We do know that you are more susceptible to colds when you are undernourished or in a run down condition . . . And we know that the cold is caused by a virus and usually lasts about five days . . . But we know neither how to prevent a cold nor how to cure one."

The pills issued by the health service serve to lessen the cold symptoms, not cure the colds, explains the doctor. The common red pills are an anti-histamine and the white pills contain aspirin and other drugs.

Penicillin will not cure a cold, according to Dr. Miller. "However, we do use penicillin and other anti-biotics when a student has a cold-plus." The "cold plus" is defined as a cold complicated by an infection in the ear, chest, throat, etc. The doctor stresses the importance of treating such ailments early and urges students with colds to report to the health service for examinations.

Health service records show a clear jump in the number of ailing students following a week of intense activity such as rush week and Homecoming. For the most part it can be traced directly to the abandonment of proper eating and sleeping habits.

Students who spend their nights on cold, damp sleeping porches are more likely to catch colds, says the doctor. Keep the porches as dry as possible and wear warm dry sleeping garments, Dr. Miller suggests.

This all adds up to the conclusion that colds at the University of Oregon are here to stay—at least for a while. About the best we can do is try to eat and sleep fairly regularly—and keep a box of kleenex handy.—(D.L.)

The Silent Ones

Critics of American college students have called us the silent generation. We are inclined to agree with them.

In three weeks of publication this fall, the Emerald has received not a single letter to the editor. Not a single dissenting opinion, not even a concurring one.

Is what we say on the editorial page so piercingly analytical that there can be no question of its undoubted truth? Even the most confident editorial writer wouldn't buy this statement. Is our news coverage so complete and accurate that there can be no complaint? We are flattered if it is.

Emerald editorial writers frequently stick their necks out with the controversial opinions that appear on this page. These opinions reflect the views of the writer and to some extent those of the Emerald staff. They do not pretend to reflect the opinion of the entire student body.

Do you disagree with what we say in the editorial columns? Write a letter to the editor and we will publish it, providing it isn't libelous or obscene. Scold us if you don't like what we're doing with this paper, pat us on the back if you do. Introduce some new topic we may have overlooked. But don't let Oregon students become part of that silent generation.

Letters to the editors may be submitted to the editor's office in Allen 301. Because of space limitations, letters should be kept to a one page maximum, either typewritten or legibly handwritten in ink.

We do require that all letters be signed—an unsigned letter carries no weight, in our way of thinking, and won't be used to clutter up the editorial page. We stand by our opinions, and we expect you to do the same. Names of letter writers will be withheld upon request only rarely and only after the request has been made in person to the editor.

Campus Briefs

• Five women and one man, Norma Larsgaard, Ernestine Fisk, Marjorie J. Travillion, Gwendolyn J. Ellis, Barbara Bryan and Elliot Carlson were confined to the infirmary Monday, according to hospital records.

• Movies of the Oregon-California football game will be shown tonight in the Student Union ballroom. Admission is free. Narration will be given by a member of the coaching staff, according to Sandra Price Rennie, program director.

• Inter-Varsity Christian fellowship meeting will feature Rev. John Henderson, new associate pastor of First Baptist church, tonight at 7 p.m. on the second floor of Gerlinger hall. The informal program will include music, testimonies and devotional thought.

• Social chairmen of all freshmen living organizations will meet Thursday in Omega hall at 4 p.m.

• A meeting of all students who are on pegged grades or who have below a 2.00 grade-point average will be held today at 4 p.m. at the Student Union.

• All Phi Thetas are to meet at Gerlinger hall at 5:30 tonight. Members are to be in uniform.

• The Young Democrats will have their first meeting tonight at 6:30 in the Student Union. Everyone interested in helping with the plans for the group's pre-election activities is urged to attend.

• Petitions for World University service chairmanship are due Monday, at 4 p.m. at the YMCA headquarters.

• Order of the O will meet Wednesday noon at Sigma Chi. All spring term lettermen are asked to attend for initiation. Homecoming plans will be discussed.

• A dinner meeting of all freshmen dorm officers will be held Thursday at 5:30 p.m. in Carson hall. W. C. Jones, dean of administration, will be the speaker.



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On Campus with Max Shulman
(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

MY COUSIN HASKELL

I have a cousin named Haskell Krovney, a sweet, unspoiled country boy, who has just started college. A letter arrived from him this morning which I will reprint here because I know that Haskell's problems are so much like your own. Haskell writes:

Dear Haskell (he thinks my name is Haskell too),

I see that you are writing a column for Philip Morris cigarettes. I think they are keen cigarettes which taste real good and which make a pleasant noise when you open the pack, and I want to tell you why I don't smoke them.

It all started the very first day I arrived at college. I had just gotten off the train and was walking across the campus, swinging my cardboard valise whistling snatches of *Valencia*, *Barney Google*, and other latest tunes, admiring statues, petting dogs and girls, when all of a sudden I ran into this fellow with a blue jacket, gray pants, and white teeth. He asked me was I a freshman. I said yes. He asked me did I want to go places on campus, make a big name for myself, and get pointed at in fashionable ballrooms and spas. I said yes. He said the only way to make all these keen things happen was to join a fraternity. Fortunately he happened to have a pledge card on him, so he pricked my thumb and I signed. He didn't tell me the name of the fraternity or where it is located, but I suppose I'll find out when I go active.

Meanwhile this fellow comes around every week and collects his dues which are \$100. Lately he has been collecting \$10 extra each week. He says this is a fine because I missed the meeting. When I remind him that I can't go to meetings because I don't know where the house is, he twists my arm.

I have never regretted joining the fraternity because it is my dearest wish to be somebody on campus and get pointed at in spas, but you can see that it isn't cheap. It wouldn't be so bad if I slept at the house, but you must agree that I can't very well sleep at the house if I don't know where the house is.

I have had to rent a room. This room is not only hellishly expensive, but it isn't the kind of room I wanted at all. What I was looking for was someplace reasonably priced, clean, comfortable, and within easy walking distance of classes, the downtown shopping district, the movies, and my home town. What I found was a bedroom in the home of a local costermonger, which is dingy, expensive, uncomfortable, inconvenient, and I don't even get to use the bed till six o'clock in the morning when my Landlord goes off to mung his costers.

Well, anyhow, I got settled and started going to classes. But first I had to pay my tuition. This came to a good deal more than the advertised rates. When I asked the bursar what the extra money was for, he told me lab fees. When I said I wasn't taking any labs, he said I was taking psychology which counted as a lab because they used white mice. When I offered to bring my own mice, of which there are plenty in my room, he twisted my arm.

So I paid the man and went to my classes where I found that all my professors had spent busy summers writing brand new textbooks. Over to the bookstore I went, saw the prices on the textbooks, and collapsed in a gibbering heap. At length I recovered and made indignant demands to speak to the proprietor, but they told me the Brinks truck had already taken him home for the day. There was nothing for it but to buy the books.

Next I turned to romance—and found it. Harriet, her name was—a great, strapping girl. I first spied her leaning against the statue of the Founder, dozing lightly. I talked to her for several hours without effect. Only when I mentioned dinner did she stir. Her milky little eyes opened, she raised a heavy arm, seized my nape, and dragged me off to a dimly lit place called *The Trap* where everything was a la carte. She ordered cracked crab (\$1.75), sirloin chateaubriand (\$7.00), a scuttle of french fries (18¢ the french fry), an artichoke (30¢ the leaf), and compote (80¢ the prune).

After dinner she lapsed into a torpor from which I could not rouse her, no matter how I tried. I banged my glass with my fork. I did bird calls of North and South America. I pinched her huge pendulous jowl. I rubbed the legs of my corduroy pants together . . . But nothing worked, and finally I had to sling her over my shoulder and carry her to the girls dormitory, to the vast amusement of everybody along the route.

But it was not the jeers of bystanders that bothered me. It was the hernia. Fortunately, medical care for students is provided free at the college dispensary; all I had to pay for were a few extras, like X-rays, anaesthesia, operating room, forceps, hemostats, scalpels, sponges, catgut, linens, towels, amortization, and nurses. They would not, however, let me keep the nurses.

So, dear, cousin, if you see me these days without a Philip Morris cigarette, it is not because I don't like Philip Morris cigarettes. I do. I flip when I taste their mild rare vintage tobaccos. But I can't afford cigarettes. I can't even afford matches, what with fraternity dues and room rent and lab fees and textbook prices and my girl Harriet and medical care.

Well, I'll write you again soon. Keep 'em flying.

Yr. Cousin,
Haskell
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This column is brought to you by the makers of PHILIP MORRIS who think you would enjoy their cigarette.