

Clipped, But Good

Students getting haircuts these days are really getting clipped. We are referring to the latest hike in the cost of living, the \$1.50 crewcut.

The raise has been in effect for only a few weeks... just long enough to nick returning students, bushy from the summer.

Barbers say crewcuts are hard on equipment and also more tiring on the arms. We fail to see why the few buzzes on the top and sides put more of a strain on the barber than the guy with the long hair who insists that his wave be cut "just so."

A more logical reason, it seems to us, is that with so many of the male students on campus owning crewcuts, the raise can't help but mean a great increase in profit. To keep neat the students with crewcuts have to keep their hair trimmed more frequently than the long hair boys. More profit for the barber.

Also the crewcut raise sets the stage for a general raise in all haircut prices. So let's fight!

We suggest a passive war based on either of the following plans.

1. Get a Shag. This is a crewcut home trimmed with an electric shaver. It gives that careless, mussed appearance so popular with the contemporary campus woman.

2. Or try a Smoothie—cut it all off. After all shaves are only \$.75. The shaved head, when waxed and shined, presents a brilliant spectacle.—(D.L.)

Remember the Mate

If you're a non-student married to an Oregon student you can't sit with your husband (or wife) at football games. In fact, you probably can't even go to those football games.

You can't go because, if you're like most married student couples we know, your budget doesn't allow \$1 or \$2 for a ticket several times during the term.

We don't see much sense in this, especially not being able to sit in the student section even if the non-student in the family does buy a ticket.

We know lots of wives who are working while their husbands finish school, and these gals like football just as much as any student. But they like to sit with their husbands when they go to games. It's not much fun for them to sit alone in the general admission section.

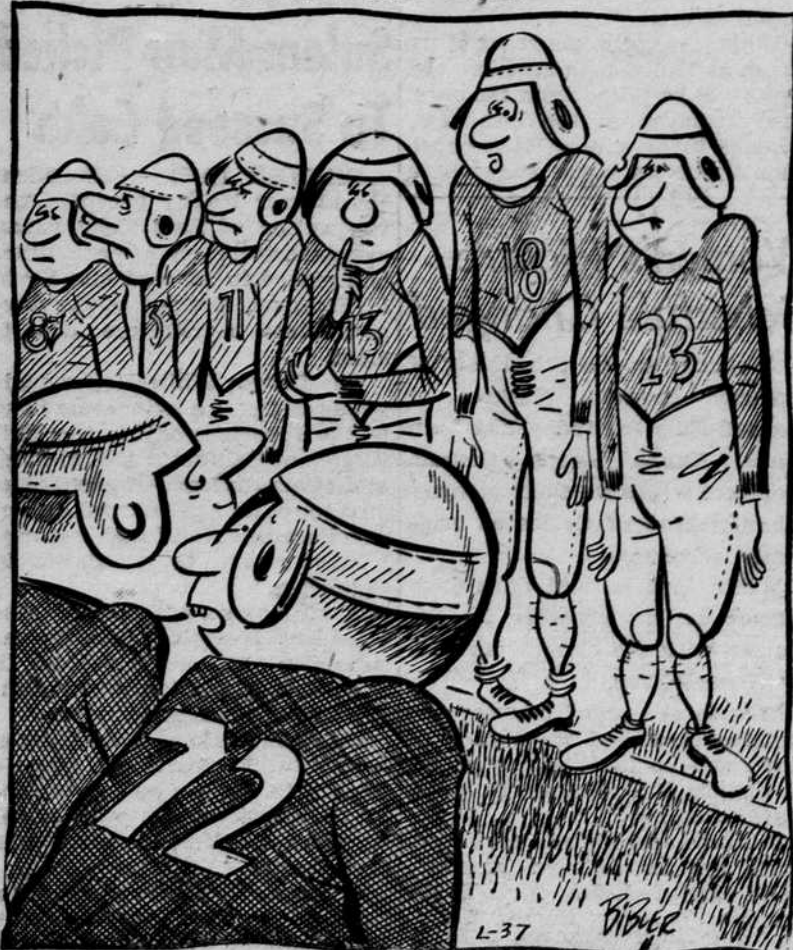
Why not a special ticket for wives of students that would admit them to the student section? If that would hurt the Oregon no-pigging tradition, then assign a special section for married students if they so desire.

And we think this special ticket should be reduced in price. Not that we're advocating a "let everybody in free" policy. We realize the athletic department has to make money in order to continue the athletic program, but we don't think a reduced price for a married-to-a-student ticket would cause much of a loss in revenue.

It might, in fact, make some money for the athletic department. People who now stay home because they can't afford a ticket or can't sit with their wives or husbands might go to the games. A reduced price also might cut down on the borrowing of athletic cards from student friends. The athletic department doesn't make a cent on these people. Perhaps they'd make more by charging less.

We think it's worth consideration.—(J.W.)

Southern Cal?



"They play the 'unbalanced line'—I heard none of 'em have an IQ over 40."

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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- A DAY AT THE ZOO - Date-less Friday Night Or, A Tale of a Token

Late on the evening of Oct. 15, 1878, during the administration of Rutherford B. Hayes, the young ladies of Miss Mathilde Embossograph's Seminary for Young Women of Good Family were spending a quiet evening in the parlor of Patience House.

Now, even in 1878, there were livelier ways of whiling away



Friday evening than sitting in the parlor scratching back at the horsehair sofa. Indeed, only an hour before, Miss Aerie Persiflage had hoisted herself and her twenty-nine crinolines into a cut-down surry; and, with a chaperone and a male escort occupying whatever space was left, had departed for an evening of living it up on the quad. But back in Patience House, quietude settled. Miss Mehitable Amarantha Glarkbustle had challenged the other ladies to a game of old maid. But the other ladies had no sporting blood, so they just sat there digesting what was left of dinner.

"What we need," said Mehitable Amarantha Glarkbustle, "are chaperones and male escorts and surreys."

"And twenty-nine crinolines," someone added.

"I was reading this book," said a third lady. "This book says there's this new concept coming up called PERSONALITY. Pretty soon you won't even have to be beautiful to get male escorts, or have twenty-nine crinolines. You just get this Personality thing, and you've got it. They beat a trail to your door, they sit outside on their haunches, howling."

"It sounds like something no nice girl would care about," said Miss Mehitabel. "I been thinking, I been getting this idea about a substitute for male escorts. We'll band together and form this secret association—" by this time everyone was sitting on the edge of the horsehair sofa—"and we'll have meetings on Friday nights and have ritual and incense and pretty speeches, and everybody will cry."

"We-ell."

"The big advantage, see, is we don't let nobody but nice girls in. Nobody that goes living it up around on the quad Friday night after Friday night. None of these light-headed dissipaters."

"Like you-know-who," said lady number four, winking roguishly.

"Here, how about this," said Miss Mehitable, and she sat down and wrote the following:

"We the undersigned maiden ladies, being of good reputation and damned few interesting prospects, do in a decorous desperation band together for the purpose of propagating ritual and gentle tears. Let it be known that we intend to call ourselves ALPHA CHAPTER, and that whomsoever shall follow will have to be Beta chapter and lump it. Witness the following signatures:"

And there were five following signatures. Everyone added sev-

eral middle names, just to fill up the bottom of the page.

When Miss Aerie Persiflage came back to Patience Hall at a devil-may-care hour (my stars! nine!) she was greeted with a cold, exclusive silence.

"Barb!" growled one lady.

"Us Greeks is the backbone of the campus," said Miss Mehitable.

Miss Aerie found that all somewhat mystifying. On the following Monday, all the five ladies of the horse-hair-sitting-set, who now wore pink and gold ribbons proclaiming I AM A FOUNDER traipsed down to the local photography parlor and had their picture taken as a group. And on Tuesday, the ladies began wearing Omaha streetcar tokens on their gently palpitating bosoms.

"These is pins," explained Miss Mehitable to Miss Aerie. "All us Quadruple Etas has initiated ourselves, and now these here badges let everybody dammed well know about it." By this time Miss Aerie, as you might well imagine, was saying to herself, what are male escorts, anyway, what I need is a pin from Quadruple Eta. At dinnertime, she sat at one end of the table, while the Founders sat at the other end singing:

"Lively girl, your pin from Omaha, (Wear it always, except when you're in the raw).

Proclaims to all the Seminary Campus

You ain't just any girl, run of the pampas,

But are instead an elite pupil, Anchored, fast in Eta, Quadruple.

During November Miss Aerie Persiflage died of a heart broken by envy. Her male escort and his surry were seen no more. But Quadruple Eta continued on, somehow; and clear across the nation, on another night, another group of long-faced Lizzies formed BETA CHAPTER, and set about memorizing the fifteen middle names of Mehitable Glarkbustle. And Beta Chapter begat Gamma, and Gamma begat Delta, and after a while there was no stopping them. All across the nation, young ladies in seminaries were singing—"Anchored in Quadruple Eta." The picture of the founders multiplied, also; and it graced the living rooms of the chapter houses, to the delight of house presidents and the horror of a new generation of male escorts.

And Omaha sold the design of the streetcar token to a certain L. G. Balfour, who started setting small pearls around the rims and charging mightily for them. Although there is still some demand for male escorts on Friday nights, that is only because chapter meetings are now on Monday.

Today's Staff

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Letters... ...to the Editor

Home, Sweet Home

Emerald Editor:

Since I can find nothing to complain about at college, I would like to extol the virtues of dormitory living.

For nearly a month now, I have called Carson Hall home. The monstrous brick building is yet too new to have a mellow covering of ivy. It is a very imposing structure—towering above its green lawns, multicolored shrubs and its illusion of a shark filled moat. But enough of its architectural features; it is the homey feeling that pervades the souls of all the girls that really makes Carson a home.

Every night we are tucked into our rooms by our congenial counselors. Of course, if we are not in when tucking time comes, we are given a demerit. These demerits are really just harmless little bugaboos. It takes the whole sum of nine to make you eligible for expulsion.

Many of the girls make attractive little decorations for their rooms. A cleverly constructed spider hangs in the doorway of one room. It blends in so nauturally with the cobwebs.

Yes, "Home, Sweet Home" and Carson Hall are becoming synonymous terms for all the girls in Carson.

Sally Jo Guinn

Auction Petitions Due Next Tuesday

Petitions for chairmanships of the AWS-sponsored Auction are being called for by the AWS advisor of the event, Marcia Mauney.

Needed for the annual auction of sorority pledge classes to be held Friday, Oct. 29, are: general chairman, publicity chairman, handling posters and flying speeches, contact chairman, arranging for use of Student Union and contacting all pledge classes about the event, and collection chairman, to organize the rummage also to be auctioned.

Petitions may be obtained from the ASUO box on the third floor of the Student Union and returned there by the deadline, Tuesday. Chairmanships are open to any interested University women.

Amphibs Pledge Women Swimmers

Thirty-five outstanding swimmers were chosen as pledges in Amphibians, women's swimming honorary, at tryouts held last Monday night. They are being notified this week by invitations from the organization to the pledging ceremony to be held Monday, Oct. 25.

President Olivia Tharaldson announced the girls unable to try out Monday and still wishing to do so may meet Monday, Oct. 18 from 7 to 7:30 p.m. at Gerlinger pool.

Organization of the different groups to participate in the annual water show to be presented winter term will begin immediately following the pledging ceremony.

WRA Volleyball Game Planned With Beavers

Plans were formed by the WRA cabinet Tuesday for a volleyball playday with women of Oregon State college. Oct. 30 was the date set for the event, with games to be played from 10 to 12 a.m.

President Nikki Powell invites all interested women to contact volleyball chairman Pam Rabens, who will organize the games for the playday.

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