

Oregon Daily EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald is published five days a week during the school year except examination and vacation periods, by the Student Publications Board of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 a term. Opinions expressed on the editorial pages are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or of the University. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor; initiated editorials by the associate editors.

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- A DAY AT THE ZOO - 'Daily Diatribe' Editor Abandons Principles for Collarface Column

Once upon a time in a land somewhat southwest of Probability, and just north of the mountains of Utterly Ridiculous, a state legislature had, in a moment of wild abandon, chartered an institution of higher learning.

This institution was perhaps just a little out of the ordinary in that it was attended entirely by mungeese, the mungiest of which were the ones editing the Daily Diatribe, a tabloid-type student paper printed on powder blue luncheon napkins.



There was an editor mungeese, who had a desk and frowned into a typewriter; there was a vice-editor mungeese, a lady, who also had a desk and who looked into a typewriter and said chirp chirp (which was unusual for a mungeese, because you know what kind of a noise they usually make); and there was a sub-vice-editor mungeese, who also had a desk, and who looked into a typewriter and said Arf. That was more like the kind of a noise that a mungeese was supposed to make. And there was this other extremely superior-type mungeese who kept writing about some zoo (which was rather odd, because there were no zoos within miles, not even a service station with a cobra pit or a Show-the-Kiddies-the-Real-Buffalo).

The Daily Diatribe was a very high-type literary enterprise, and the editor and the vice-editor and the sub-vice-editor set large stacks of it in tasteful arrangements about the campus just in case anybody happened to want to read it; or was eating lunch without a napkin; or had a runny nose.

Of course, there were Journalistic Responsibilities connected with putting out the paper, even if you were just a bunch of mungeese. Responsibility number one was PRINTING THE TRUTH BECAUSE THE PRESS IS FREE. This meant printing the names of campus mungeeses caught contributing to the delinquency of one another with bottles of beer; this was the most handy type of journalistic truth lying around.

Another Responsibility was SOLICITING LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SO THAT BOTH SIDES CAN BE HEARD. Of course, allowing the other side to be heard necessitates having a first side that is heard first, and this side was supplied by a column of editorials about sprinklers and heat in the library. Soliciting letters was very difficult, because mungeeses were not particularly outspoken or crusaderish; or at least they had a peculiar aversion to being so in print—they said it gave them hives. It did not give them hives quite so much if they didn't have to sign their names; but the editor and Chirp and Arf insisted upon Brave Identification, so letter-writers had to sign their names.

Every afternoon the editor frowned, the vice-editor chirped, and the sub-vice-editor arfed, and everyone typed furiously. The result was more blue napkins which Chirp sprinkled with One Mad Night, which was a bottle of toilet water.

One day, in the midst of all this tweeting and arfing and everything, someone with an up-turned collar for a face came in and offered to write a sure-fire column which would elicit an unprecedented number of letters-to-the-editor. Chirp chirped and Arf arfed and the editor showed this new person (who was also a mungeese — everybody was around there) over to a fast typewriter and put his hands in position.

"Do I have to sign this?" said Collarface.

"Naw," said the editor, "only the people who want to express opinions different from ours have to sign." Which was not exactly true: because Chirp had to sign, and Arf had to sign; and the Zoo person had to sign, which on some days involved the use of an heroic amount of nerve.

Now on this same day an op-

position mungeese wrote a letter-to-the-editor. The editor took time off from reading an EXCERPTION of an address by O. MEREDIES WILSON, and wrote a scathing editorial about the abominable spelling in the letter, the venom of which was only partially dis-

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Is It Inconsistency?

The appearance in Monday's Emerald of an unsigned column—"The Inside" by Mr. X—probably confused many of our readers. One of them, Wes Nelson, has taken the time to write us concerning his doubts about the column, and we are printing his letter in today's paper.

The Emerald, as Nelson points out, has a policy of not printing unsigned letters. How then, he asks, can we justify the printing of an anonymous column? Has the Emerald made the mistake of being "inconsistent?"

The distinction, we admit, is a fine one. The Emerald, it is true, will not accept for publication any unsigned letters. We will, however, withhold the name of a letter writer if he so desires and can show sufficient reason for remaining anonymous. This has been stated in these columns two or three times already this year.

Our anonymous column, "The Inside," fits into the category of a "Name Withheld by Request" letter. The columnist—we chose to call him Mr. X—asked that his name be withheld. We felt he had sufficient justification for remaining anonymous, and we also felt he had something in his column worth saying. So we ran the column.

Our readers would prefer the column labeled "by Mr. Name Withheld by Request"—and if there are other "Inside" columns—we will drop the byline Mr. X. Our mistake, if any, was in assuming our readers could discern this distinction themselves.

Sensible Reconsideration

It is with a sense of relief that we learn the rumor that the Oregon band would not perform at the Homecoming game is just that, a rumor.

Not that we think non-performance of the band at Homecoming would be a major tragedy from which the University could not recover. It would indeed be unfortunate, both for Oregon spirit and for the band's own public relations, if the band were to refuse to participate in Homecoming activities.

Such ill-considered action as refusal to play at the Homecoming game would tend to discredit the band in the eyes of the entire student body. It would not win for the band the understanding and respect which it deserves.

Admittedly, the band got rough treatment at the San Jose State game. After it had finished putting on a clever and original half-time program, the band returned to the stands only to be booed when they hesitated before playing for the San Jose rally girls. An empty beer bottle was thrown at the band—one of the crudest displays of bad temper and poor judgment we've ever witnessed.

The individual band members contribute a great deal of their time and energy so that we might have a band. They practice long and hard on the half-time shows, and anyone who thinks it's fun to slosh through wet fields in endless formations is sadly mistaken. Serious thought and careful planning goes into the staging of the half-time programs like the one last Saturday, which showed considerably more originality than most bands would dare to employ.

Nevertheless, the move—supported, we understand, by some band members—to discontinue half-time shows because of last Saturday's mistreatment was a display of poor spirit and bad judgment. No group should be so sensitive to criticism that it will sit down and die the first time something unpleasant is said about it. If that were the case, the ASUO senate long ago would have ceased to function, the rally squad to lead yells and the Emerald to publish.

We're glad the band has sensibly reconsidered the move to stop presenting half-time shows. The men and women of the band have demonstrated that they can weather criticism and forgive insults. It is now up to the student body to give them the support and consideration they deserve.

Letters to the Editor

Tradition Evaluated

Emerald Editor: "Seems a tradition has died at Oregon. More and more fellows are bringing dates to games (especially in Portland), and the crowd very rarely lets out he old razz 'Pigger.' Failure to segregate men and women's sections at games is probably to be blamed."

Taking this item by degrees, we see that a very sorrowful thing is coming to pass; a tradition is in the process of dying. Rather than lament the death, would it not be better to determine first whether the death is so painful as it is made to seem?

"More and more fellows are bringing dates to games. In other words, people are no longer afraid to do what is natural though hysterical traditionists do not approve. Notwithstanding the possibility that college society is made up of homosexuals, we should think it quite natural for fellows to take GIRLS to games.

... (especially in Portland) ... With one social exception, mixed company should be much more pleasant than segregated parties. When there is a lapse of 'dead' time, such as the time needed to travel between Eugene and Portland, the atmosphere is considerably brightened by the presence of the opposite sex.

... the crowd very rarely lets out the old razz 'Pigger.' Supposing this is meant to incite the crowd to resumption of their social duties; to feel like naughty delinquents of tradition, we would like to know who, and by what right, they determine the responsibility of crowds to voice acceptance or disapproval of individual actions of this nature!

We would also like to know; do the traditionists believe tradition to be made for people? or people made for tradition?

Is there some divine knowledge of right or wrong to which the 'we' of Mr. X's column have privileged access to!

How do they presume to defy themselves and dictate to the populace from their anonymous throne!

"Failure to segregate men and women's sections at games is probably to be blamed." This implied solution was enough to make any self-respecting individual suffer mortal indignation. Even segregation in the classroom would seem much more natural or justifiable than segregation at a public athletic contest.

Such drastic violations of individuals' freedom are suggestive of monarchial societies to which the founding fathers of our constitution were so violently opposed.

We would like very much to hear both sides of this question more fully expounded in the pages of the Emerald. We are veterans and this is our first year at Oregon so any deficiency in our general knowledge of campus protocol is understandable.

Billy W. Hardin
Dean R. Hainline

Cloak of Anonymity

Emerald Editor: Mr. X tells me today that we shouldn't walk across the Seal. Mr. X tells me that the band isn't quite as co-operative as he would like. Mr. X tells me that the Skull and Dagger has made the oversight of not consulting him about its selection of members.

Mr. Emerald Editor tells me that when I write him, I must sign my letter with my actual legal name at the bottom, so that it can be checked up on. Mr. Emerald Editor wants no opinion published in the letters department unless someone can be held responsible for them.

I quote from the Oregon Daily Emerald, Friday, Oct. 22, 1954, Pg. 2. Please Sign Them:

"However, we feel that a 'name-withheld-by-request' letter carries very little weight. Opinions are only as good as those who hold them."

But no! You see, this sinister voice tells us, directly under a sinister picture, that we'd better keep off the Seal, and that Skull and Dagger had darn well better clean its house and be careful from now on, and the band had darn well better see to it that more consideration is shown next time, see, cause I don't like it one bit. This is probably not the impression meant by Mr. X, but one cannot help receiving that impression when the cloak of anonymity is so used.

Mr. Editor, this ambiguity hasn't helped you any. I hope that you will take a stand on this subject; either to allow unsigned letters and editorials; or to recognize neither. This is a small decision to make, in fact the issue which I bring up is at most a trifling matter. But I think that making a decision in favor of a policy of unsigned articles will make the Daily Emerald a better paper.

And, of course, a paper can be made or broken only by its editor and his policy.

Wasn't it that great Greek, Esophagus, who said "We are all either men or monkeys, and the decision lies entirely within ourselves."

Sincerely,
Wes Nelson
(Editors note: See editorial column, page 2.)

Case Closed, P. S.

Emerald Editor: John Jensen's letter in Wednesday's Emerald not only amounted to a gross misrepresentation of facts but is also widely considered one of the most ridiculous letters ever written in the Emerald. Those of us who have known Bob Summers and his record immediately concede that for Bob to mimic anyone would be utterly ridiculous and in Jensen's case impossible.

Upon learning of the case of the lost story in the Theta Chi house, many members frantically searched to uncover what in Jensen's mind was the scoop of the century. In our minds we know it could only have existed in Jensen's mind.

Yours truly,
Gary L. Jones
President
Theta Chi