

# + EMERALD EDITORIALS +

## It's Discrimination

Does the athletic department have a fixation against women having good seats at athletic events? We're beginning to think so.

Not only have women been shoved down toward the end zone at football games, but now the same thing is happening in basketball season.

Under the new seating plan women will have only half of their traditional section—plus some seats under the south basket. This, we have been told, is because women don't fill the entire section previously reserved for them.

Granted, there are more men who are interested in sports and it is ridiculous to have empty seats in the women's section when the men's is overflowing.

But there are some women who like sports, who know something about them and who like to watch games. So why shouldn't these women have good seats.

As we understood the new plan women were to be allowed to fill their traditional section until a certain time—7 or 7:30 p.m. At that time the remaining seats were to be filled by men. We see nothing wrong with this. Women would have to get to the games a little earlier than in the past, but they would have a chance to get good seats in the center of their section.

But this is not the case. Women may sit only from the center line down.

Somehow this doesn't seem fair to those women who do enjoy basketball and come to the games to do more than see what Suzy Jones is wearing or flirt with the handsome Order of the O ushers.

We're perfectly willing to see unoccupied seats filled by the men after 7 or 7:30, but we'd like to see the women have at least a chance to occupy the center area of their section. — (J.W.)

## The Other Things

This editorial is written to those University students who came through last term with a pretty fair GPA and are, just about now, feeling rather smug with themselves.

Knowledge is acquired in a variety of ways. Book learning, classes, etc., is certainly one of the most valuable methods of attaining knowledge and should be given first priority up to a point.

That point is reached, however, when you find that you have to sacrifice participation in other knowledge-bearing ways for the sake of slavish, one-track devotion to the books.

Measure yourself according to the following criteria and see if you are getting your money's worth at college:

1. Close friendships. Few possessions are as gratifying as strong, close friendships, and college offers a wonderful opportunity to develop these lifetime associations. You will probably never again have a chance to meet people with such a variety of interests.

2. Personality development. Group living and the social side of college can be justified on the basis of personality development. You learn to give and take. You can learn to curb your own faults by seeing them in others. You learn that most necessary skill of adapting yourself to new surroundings. Possibly, in the long run, this process of working the kinks out of your personality and adapting yourself to your social environment will prove to be the most valuable knowledge you acquired in college.

3. Widening of interest. The temptations and pressures of college practically demand that you broaden your horizon. Give in to some of these pressures; broaden your scope intellectually, culturally... even athletically. A wide variety of interests pays off with a full life.

4. Assembly Speakers. The opportunity to hear great men, men who have made their

mark in our society, is one of the finest advantages of a university. Pass up these speakers and you cheat yourself of knowledge.

5. Campus Activities. Extra-curricular activities taken in proper amounts, add much to the educational process. You learn to accept responsibility, and you learn to work with fellow students both as a follower and a leader.

6. Association with Professors. Many students, while they may do the work necessary for a good grade, miss one of the most stimulating and enlightening opportunities offered in college. This is a personal association with professors—talking to them, arguing, trading ideas. Here—beyond the cut and dried course outline—lies a chance for real enlightenment.

7. College "Rah Rah." The pseudo-sophisticated Oregon student may look down his nose at the thought of active participation in some of the more energetic college activities—rallies, tug-of-wars, etc.—but this too has its place in developing school unity and loyalty. This is the dynamic side of college that will likely be remembered with most enjoyment in later years.

8. Maturity. For the purpose of this editorial knowledge and maturity stand side by side—each supporting the other. You came into college three months removed from high school; you (should) leave college an adult ready to meet the many requirements of modern society.

The preceding criteria-for-knowledge all contribute to this process of maturing. To leave college educated, mature you will have to develop an awareness of what's going on about you... You will have developed a philosophy of life.

Are you getting your money's worth out of college? — (D.L.)

## Campus Bank

Make a trip downtown last week to put some money into or take some money out of a bank? Takes time doesn't it—this going downtown everytime you want to make a deposit.

Be a lot easier if there were a branch bank on campus, wouldn't it?

We heard this idea the other day and we think it's a good one. Think of the time and effort it would save if the campus banking business were all concentrated in one spot here on campus.

A campus bank would also provide a spot for check cashing that has been carried out before at the Student Union main desk and at the Co-op.

We would suggest the SU as an ideal location for such a branch bank and there would seem to be room for it in the post office area of the SU.

It might be quite profitable for one of the Eugene banks to establish a branch here on campus. We can see how they might well get most, if not all, of the student business simply because of the convenience factor.

We think it's an idea worth further investigation, perhaps by the ASUO senate. —(J.W.)

## Footnotes

Spent about 15 minutes looking for a parking lot on way to campus the other day and finally had to walk farther from car to campus than original distance we set out to cover. Conclusion: Don't bother to drive to classes if you live within radius of two miles.

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Hello walk the other day was littered with two paper cups, broken beer bottle, miscellaneous match book covers, candy bar wrappers and a Co-op booklist. Funny place to have a party and decide on textbook selections!



## On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

### CLOTHES MAKE THE BMOG

A few weeks ago I discussed fashions for coeds. I pointed out then that any girl who really wanted to go places on campus had to be bold and ingenious when it came to clothes. This is no less true for the male student.

Believe me, men, you'll never get anywhere if you keep skulking around in those old plus-fours. What you need is some dash, some verve, some inventiveness in your apparel. Don't be imprisoned by the traditional conservatism of men's clothing. Brighten up your appearance with a single earring, or a cavalry sabre, or a gold derby.

However, guard against gaudiness. If, for instance, you are wearing a gold derby, do not also wear a cavalry sabre. This is too much. Wear a dagger instead, or, for informal occasions, a Bowie knife.

(Speaking of Bowie knives, I wonder how many of you know what a great debt this country—indeed, the whole world—owes to the West Point class of 1836? You all know, of course, that Colonel James Bowie of the Class of 1836 invented the Bowie knife, but do you know of the many other important contributions to cutlery that were made by classmates of Colonel Bowie's? Are you aware, for example, that Colonel Harry Clasp invented the Clasp knife? Or that Colonel Harry Jack invented the Jack knife? Or that Colonel Harry Putty invented the Putty knife? Or that Colonel Harry Cannon invented the towel?

By a curious coincidence, every member of the graduating class at the U. S. Military Academy in 1836 was named Harry, save for Colonel James Bowie. This coincidence is believed unique in the history of American education, though, of course, quite common in Europe.)

But I digress. We were talking about men's campus fashions. Let us turn now to a persistent rumor that a garment called the "suit" is on the verge of making a comeback. Some of you older students may remember the "suit." It was an ensemble consisting of a jacket and trousers, both of which—this'll kill you—both of which were made out of the same material!

The last "suit" ever seen on an American campus was in 1941—and I ought to know, because I was wearing it. Ah, 1941! Well do I remember that melancholy year. I was an undergraduate then and in love—hopelessly in love, caught in the riptide of a reckless romance with a beautiful statistics major named Harry Sigafos. (She is one of the two girls I have ever known named Harry. The other one is her sister.)

I loved Harry though she was far too expensive a girl for me. She liked to eat at fancy restaurants and dance at costly ballrooms and ride in high priced cars. But worst of all, she was mad for wishing wells. It was not unusual for her to drop coins into a wishing well for two or three hours on end. My coins.

Bit by bit I sold off my belongings to pursue this insane courtship—first my books, then my clothes, until finally I was left with nothing to wear but a "suit." One night I came calling for her in this garment.

"What is that?" she gasped, her lip curling in horror.

"That is a 'suit.'" I mumbled, averting my eyes.

"Well, I can't be seen around campus with you in that," said she.

"Please, Harry," I begged. "It's all I've got."

"I'm sorry," she said firmly and slammed the door.

I slunk home and lit a Philip Morris and sat down to think. I always light a Philip Morris when I sit down to think, for their mild vintage tobacco is a great aid to cerebration. I always light Philip Morris when I don't sit down to think too, because Philip Morris is my favorite cigarette, and I know it will be yours too once you try that crazy vintage tobacco.

Well sir, smoking and thinking thus, my eye happened to fall on an ad in the campus newspaper. "WIN A COMPLETE WARDROBE" said the ad. "Touhy's Toggery, the campus's leading men's store, announces a contest to pick the best dressed man on campus. The winner of the contest will receive, absolutely free, a blue hound's tooth jacket, a yellow button-down shirt, a black knit tie, a tattersall vest, gray flannel trousers, argyle socks, and white buck shoes with two inch crepe soles."

My mouth watered at the thought of such a splendid wardrobe, but how could anybody possibly pick me as the best dressed man on campus—me in my "suit"? Suddenly an inspiration struck me. I seized pen in hand and wrote a letter to the editor of the campus newspaper:

"Dear Sir, I see by the paper that Touhy's Toggery is going to give a complete wardrobe to the student picked as the best dressed man on campus. What a ridiculous idea!

"Obviously, to be the best dressed man on campus, you must first have a lot of clothes. And if you have a lot of clothes, what do you need with another wardrobe?"

"Touhy's Toggery should give a new wardrobe to the worst dressed man on campus. Me, for instance. I am an eyesore. There isn't a crow in town that will come near me. Three times this month the Salvation Army salvage truck has picked me up. Esquire has cancelled my subscription.

"I submit that a vote for me is a vote for reason, a vote for equity, in short, a vote for the American way."

With a flourish, I signed the letter and sent it off, somehow feeling certain that very soon I would be wearing a complete new wardrobe.

And I was right—because two weeks later I was drafted.

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