

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

The Orange Squeezers Win

The spirit-ed win again, and the married students are dead last.

Seating plans for Saturday's game have delegated Section O, the section nearest the 50 yard line, to the men. Women have Section P, and married students, Section Q. And we object.

Each year everyone complains about spirit at the games. It's little wonder for Oregon's most vociferous rooters are left practically next to the goal posts with something less than a cinerama-type view. In fact, Oregon's coeds and would-be piggers would be better off Saturday afternoon if they stayed home and watched their television sets. They receive no attention in seating, so why should they patronize the Hayward field establishment?

Women don't know anything about football, they say. Pigger's don't root, they claim, and there aren't enough of them.

What, we would like to know, do they think the men are doing? We maintain that the freshmen coeds will follow the game more closely and yell louder than some men who have been squeezing oranges. Piggers do root, and if the current trend holds, there should be more of them than ever this fall, with the increased number of married students.

Surely they deserve some consideration. Why can't a rotation plan be worked out, whereby the sections would be alternated for each game?—(S.R.)

Out Hollered Again?

Those of you who have been reading Emerald editorials this week are already aware of a regretful situation which arose last Saturday evening in Multnomah stadium (besides losing the game).

We are referring to Oregon pep at football games.

Although many Oregon students attended (the student section was overflowing), only a few entered into the yells which were led vigorously by three yell dukes. Meanwhile the small band of Washingtonians across the way were yelling their hearts out.

Granted that this year's team is not expected to have as successful a season as last year's team did, still that is no reason not to give the players full support.

Tomorrow is Oregon's first game in its home stadium. The game will probably be a thrilling one. But if last Saturday night was any indication of the exhibition of pep this season, a handful of Colorado students will out-holler the whole Oregon section.

We're sure, however, that won't happen. —(A.H.)

Tough and Tougher

If you don't like your classes, maybe you ought to do something about it. We don't mean you should drop school completely, but if you want to add or subtract a course, Saturday morning is the last time to do it without a lot of trouble.

Basically, the system of changing courses is still the same as ever. After registration, and before Monday of the third week, a student can change courses freely. The only requirement is a simple process of filling out some cards, getting a couple of signatures and turning them in to the registrar.

Beginning Monday, however, you better have a good reason for changing your schedule. If you drop a course, the best you can get out with is a big W for withdrawal on your permanent record, that is if you aren't flunking the course. If you are, you get a permanent F.

Adding a new course and getting credit

for it is even tougher. Approval is needed from your adviser, the head of the department offering the course and also the academic requirements committee. Extra fees are charged for all this work, also.

So if you have decided that one course is flooding you with work, or that the instructor is just plain mean, maybe even dull, go ahead and drop the course. Practically everyone has dropped courses sometime or another by the time they are seniors.

But two weeks have already gone by, and you better get your schedule set once and for all by next Monday.—(J.C.)

Bunions and Band Aids

Get out your corn plasters and bunion pads and grab a package of band-aids! Tonight may be a rough night and tomorrow the infirmary may be packed.

To the uninitiated: tonight is the Bunion Derby, the dance annually voted the one which most closely lives up to its name.

As always, the men will wind their ways about the campus, making mass entrances into the women's living organizations. Only this time, it's legal.

For five cents a dance—or a sit—they are entitled to meet as many of the sisters as humanly possible in seven minutes. Only this year, something new has been added.

Instead of scratchy, 10-year-old records for a background, music will be broadcast by radio station KUGN for FM sets. A re-broadcast is planned for Saturday night, and rumor has it that Monitor will pick up part of the broadcast this weekend.

It sounds like fun. Just think, when else could a baby-faced freshman fall madly in love with a beautiful doll, only to find out that she's a senior, practically in a class with his grandmother? And women, where else would you find those 4-foot-9 and 1/2 inch men? Why, it's the chance of a lifetime!

Besides, the winning living organizations will add a trophy to their trophy cases for next year's rushing.—(S.R.)

Never A Coffee Break

Ever feel sorry for yourself when you were working and start dreaming of how nice it would be if you could have shorter working hours, better pay and longer coffee breaks? If you have, then a perfect tonic for you would be a look at the Sept. 30 issue of U.S. News and World Report which gives an extensive description of the working life of the typical Soviet worker.

If you think you've had it bad, read this list of facts about "Ivan," the average Russian worker:

1. He works eight hours per day for six days of the week, and he doesn't even know what a coffee break is.

2. His pay is only enough for a bare living, and varies depending on his output. There is no minimum wage for him.

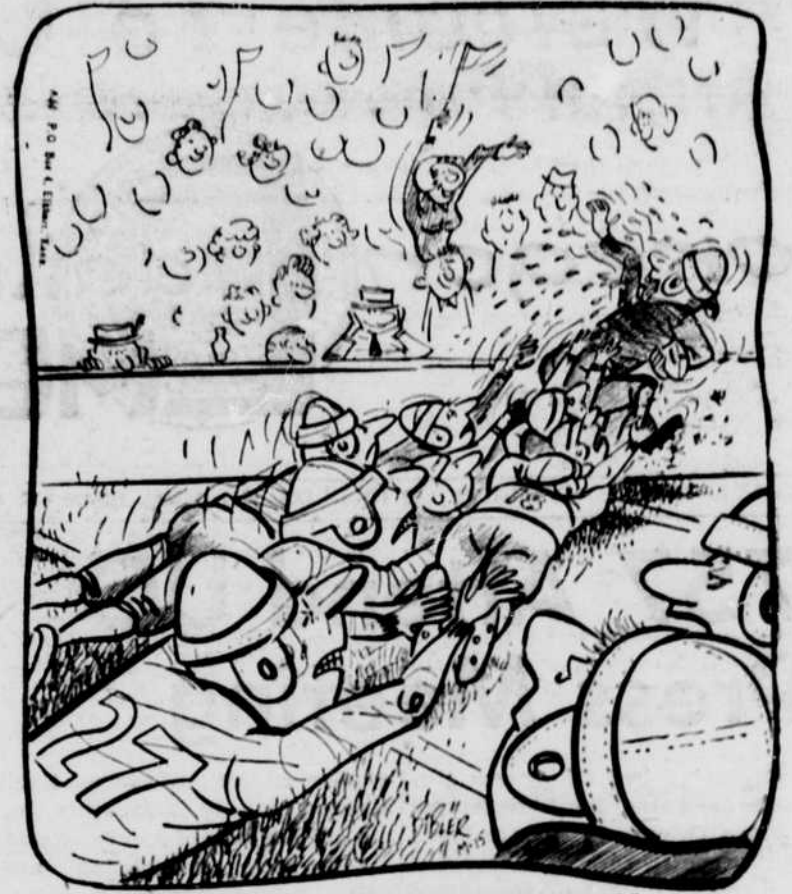
3. A failure by Ivan to meet production goals can cost him all or part of his pay.

4. If he happens to loaf or is absent from the job, his pay can be cut for six months. And if he accidentally damages property, he more than likely will find himself confronted with a heavy fine which can be up to five times the damaged property's value.

5. And if the other four points aren't bad enough, this last one certainly is. Ivan can't quit his job or change to another job without his boss's permission. If he attempts a strike, he is courting death as a "saboteur."

So, the next time you start feeling as though you are getting a rough shake in life just be glad you aren't Ivan. (B.R.)

Saturday's Webfoot



"THERE HE GOES— GRANDSTANDING AGAIN."

THE LOOKING GLASS

Forces of Evil, Good Knock Heads Together

By Bob Davis
Emerald Columnist

A fanatic Southern preacher, representing the forces of evil, and a pair of innocent children, representing the forces of good, knock heads together on the Fox screen in the year's most off-beat Hollywood production. "Night of the Hunter," starring Robert Mitchum, tells the story of a self-styled minister of murderous intent who sets about to find ten thousand dollars entrusted to two children by their father, a convicted robber and murderer.

The film was produced and directed by Paul Gregory and Charles Laughton, two experimenters of the legitimate theater who were responsible for such highly successful productions as "Don Juan in Hell." Unfortunately, they tried too hard to bring high art to the film. Instead of merely letting the story unfold naturally, they have attempted to inject the symbolism of good and evil with such obvious intent that it seems forced and contrived.

Despite this serious handicap, however, the picture does have enough good points to save it from the vast ranks of film mediocrity. Robert Mitchum, by no means a great actor, has been given a maltreated which he has not deserved. He is the perfect picture of villainy who preaches a twisted Gospel based on a con-

versation "betwixt God and himself."

Mitchum receives competent support from the rest of the cast, most notably from the nose, emotional old woman who has befriended the two children and their widowed mother. Lillian Gish, making a Hollywood comeback, turns in a sympathetic performance as a woman who takes in homeless children to replace her dead child. John and Pearl Harper, the two children who try to escape the clutches of the wicked clergyman, are adequate, but like most child actors, lack naturalness before the camera, especially the boy who regrettably carries most of the acting load.

The camera work is superb with shots of the Southern countryside that convey the squalid, lackadaisical South of the depression era. A shot of a murdered woman sitting in a car at the bottom of a river with her hair flowing in harmony with the river grasses is strangely beautiful despite its grotesque overtones.

With a less heavy-handed approach by director Laughton, "Night of the Hunter" might have been a great motion picture experience with its theme of good versus evil woven into plot and character. Instead, it hits you in the face with too much force to be called either art or good drama.



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