

## + EMERALD EDITORIALS +

### Show an Interest First

Tomorrow is an election day. It's a day in which students may exercise their rights as citizens of the University, in voicing their opinions as to what persons and what ideas will lead them through the academic year.

The freshman class is facing a big decision. It is learning to exercise adult responsibilities, and will soon see the results of its actions.

Graduate students, also, will have a chance to show that they care about student government. The number of voters in the graduate election will be extremely indicative of graduate interest in the campus.

Some may argue that graduates should not be expected to have any interest in the running of the campus.

Vote returns on this campus are notoriously disappointing because such a small percentage of students vote. But there is no reason why this condition has to continue.

Once well-organized and well-informed, an interested freshman class could mean a tremendous upswing in student interest and achievement. Large turnouts in tomorrow's elections, both freshmen and graduate, can bring renewed interest in the spring-term general elections.

What a disappointment it will be if the returns are small!

Students alone are responsible for student-administration relationships. The administration is not going to come begging us to assume more responsibility and have more voice in campus affairs.

We must show an interest first, and a willingness to do something besides sit back and criticize decisions.

How about it, freshmen, is it worth the effort to mark just one ballot tomorrow?

And you, graduate students. How much do you care?—(A.R.)

### A \$65 Bargain

Students sometimes do a lot of griping about college life, the administration, tests and thousands of other little things. One thing they get a good deal on, though, is tuition fees. Books, board and room costs may be high, but the state's charge to attend school is more reasonable.

This year tuition for resident students increased from \$55 a term to \$65. Non-resident fees also went up \$10. This was a general raise at all the state-supported schools which, at least among students, brought some on-the-surface complaints.

Here is why the raise was made: The state legislature, which has to appropriate money to operate the state colleges, felt that, with the rising costs of education, new income had to be found somewhere. Raising general taxes would have been pretty drastic just to help a minor percentage of people directly connected with the schools, so a different source had to be found.

Thus the bite was put on the students themselves in the belief that they should pay a larger percentage of the costs of their education. Even with the raise, it means they are paying only about 15% of the total.

Of course the \$65 pays for much more than just the school's general operating expenses, most of which goes for teachers' salaries. The State Board gets \$40 out of the \$65 for this, which is supplemented by taxes and other subsidies.

The other \$25 goes into an educational activities fund and stays at the school. Out of this comes fees for paying bonds on the Student Union building, health service expenses, athletic contest admissions, PE gym suit service and financing SU and Educational activities.

Thus, no matter how you look at it, students get a bargain when they pay their \$65. It is an investment in the future.

### Good Guy



"Oh, my roommate's a good enough guy—it's just that he's so big."

### GULLIVER'S TRIFLES

## Without a Heath—or Mean Ol' House-Mouse

By Ken Kesey  
Emerald Columnist

Miss Fitch, the Tri Xi's house mother, sat sternly in the sitting room and watched the boys from the Eta Theta house scuttle into the room. Miss Fitch was a hard woman with a figure strangely like an aerial photograph of Puget Sound, and she constantly wore a shawl of woven rawhide about what possibly might have been her neck. She disapprovingly watched the invasion.

"Like rams in mating season," she said. "You miserable little lechers come over on reconnaissance missions that you call exchange dinners and look over this year's flock of lambs." The boys winced beneath her words.

During dinner she made all the boys sit with both hands above the table; if a hand dropped suspiciously out of sight she would leap onto the table and strike the boy with her woven hair shawl. "Half a chance is all you devils need," Miss Fitch mumbled, "and you'd lock me in the broom closet like the Pi Deltas did. Never turn your back on a man. I say."

They were herded from the table back into the sitting room. Miss Fitch saw a pair of shoes sticking out from under a sofa.

"Jeanene," she shouted, "you must come from beneath the sofa. Remember who you are and what you represent. Now look honey, you've got dust on your sweater." She reached as if to brush the girl's sweater and instead rabbit-punched her efficiently and had her carried upstairs. The huge mastiff that roamed ominously through the house was then set upon the partner beneath the sofa.

"You're worse this year, you wicked fiends! Dragging my innocent lambs beneath the sofa!" Then she roared, "Ho now, we don't do that around here." and she jerked a fountain pen from a boy's mouth and found 49 more when she frisked him. "Oldest trick in the book," she said to the boy, "you fill a score of fountain pens with vodka and ink and you think you can sneak them past me and try to confuse the morals of my lambs with inebriates. Well, by the great St. Hugh, when I was a girl I kept the boys at their distance and I'll do the same for my lambs."

Suddenly a fellow with electrical initiative shorted the wiring and immersed the house in darkness. There was a few moments of excited breath, but Miss Fitch quickly set fire to the wallpaper and with the fire-light and three tear-gas grenades she stopped what could have become a rather touchy situation. Finally, the complaining girls were sent to bed with a "Remember who you are and what you represent," and she herded the beaten boys from the house. As they left she heard one mutter:

"The old bag has about as much feeling as an armadillo; she must hate those poor girls to ding all their fun like she does. Hard as nails, she is, no heart at all."

The heavy door closed and Miss Fitch sighed deeply. She thought of the 40 girls who were tucked chastely in bed and who would now be snidely discussing the mean ol' House-Mouse downstairs. The old lady leaned tiredly against the door as she thought, and cried to the empty room.

### LOOKING AT THE WORLD

## Peebles Peeved, But Has Solution For 'Meg's' Un-American Action

By Hal Boyle  
Of the Associated Press

HOMETOWN, U.S.A. (AP)—Wilbur Peeble, America's most average husband, came home, sat down on the sofa, and pulled off his shoes.

He wiggled his stockinged toes, groaned cavernously as he stared at them with the intent look men give their feet when they hurt. "Boy, am I glad this day is over," he said loudly.

His wife, Trellis Mae, looked up from the desk where she had been scribbling busily.

"Oh, you startled me," she said. "Are you home?"

"I don't know whether this is home," replied her husband with heavy irony. "But it's where I hang up my hat at night."

Trellis Mae let the remark pass, and Wilbur wondered vaguely if she were ill.

"Wilbur, I'm writing a petition, and I need your help."

"Now what's the P.T.A. done wrong?" he asked.

"This isn't about school. It's about Meg and Peter."

"You mean those new neighbors that moved in upstairs? Are they making noise already?"

"No, stupid, I mean Princess Margaret Rose and Capt. Peter Townsend. He wants to marry her but she told him no on account of she has to put duty ahead of love on account of he's divorced and she is a member of royalty and she can't marry him because his first wife is still alive."

"So what?" yawned Wilbur. "So it sounds pretty flimsy to me. She keeps him dangling

for two years, then they enjoy 18 days together and then she tells him it's no go. Mighty fishy. Old King Henry VIII, when he wanted to marry a new wife, didn't worry about divorce. He just lopped off the head of his old wife."

"Not a bad idea," murmured Wilbur.

"What did you say?"

"I said—what a batty idea," backtracked Wilbur quickly.

"But what's all this about a petition?"

"Well, the ladies of our club met this afternoon and voted unanimously to inform the British ambassador that we thought Margaret Rose's attitude was strictly unAmerican. I'm supposed to draw up the petition."

"You mean that the British government not only has to deal with the Mau Maus but also faces the problem of handling the Minera Literary and Gin Rummy Society?" said Wilbur. "I'll have nothing to do with the petition. Britain has enough woes."

"But poor, poor Capt. Peter Townsend—my heart bleeds for him," cried Trellis Mae.

"Mine doesn't," said Wilbur. "In a way he's better off. If she'd said yes, there'd always be gossip that he was merely a poor fly boy who stole the key to a woman's favor and fortune."

"Now he's free to make a million dollars on his own. He could get at least a half million writing his memoirs, a quarter million starring in a Hollywood movie of his life,

and another quarter million lecturing to women's clubs and turning out magazine articles."

"Oh, Peter Townsend would never stoop to such things," objected Trellis Mae. "After all, he's royal too, in his own way. He was a hero in the Royal Air Force."

"Well, I'd stoop to 'em," said Wilbur. "Nobody'd give me the run-around and get away with it."

Trellis Mae looked at him curiously.

"Supposing I was a princess and you wanted to marry me but there were rules against it and I said I couldn't marry you—well, what would you do?"

"I'd do like I did before," said Wilbur, "Like I did when your old man said I wasn't making enough money to support us both, and your mother said she couldn't bear to see you leave home, and you said maybe we'd better put it off a while, and I told you that people can't just go on through life putting off love, and I dragged you out of the house and married you."

Trellis Mae's eyes misted. She tore up the petition to the British government, came over and sat in her husband's lap, ruffled his hair and kissed him.

"Wilbur, sometimes you act like a gruff old bear," she said, "and bears get hungry. What would you really like for dinner?"

"Dinner," said Wilbur, a king at home with his queen in his castle.



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