

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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We're Grateful for Today

It's Election Day today. An obvious fact, to be sure, but one that merits comment, particularly in these days of high tension in other parts of the world.

Once again the hard-earned freedoms of our forebears will be exercised by millions of our citizens as they trek to the polls en masse to cast their ballots for national, state and local offices.

The long, arduous campaign is now over. A day's pause for the voting and tallying will precede another campaign of endless post-mortems and second guesses. It's quite natural.

Now the decisions of government rest with the individual voter, that elusive figure whom you're just not sure if you've covered with your Front Door Ballot Box in September.

An estimated 60,000,000 Americans will vote today, still an incomplete percentage of those eligible, but a sizeably amount nevertheless. A turnout of 700,000 is expected

in Oregon alone, where the senatorial contest between Morse and McKay has everyone guessing.

All the stormy oratory is now past, the high-powered advertising is thankfully stilled and the speakers have crept homeward to cast their own single vote.

In the final analysis, voting can, and should, be the measure of the people's choosing of their own government. While in many cases it has been possible to predict the outcome with certainty, a form reversal such as in 1948 always lies in the upset corner.

We're grateful that all we have to worry about is choosing political leaders, while elsewhere today battles rage for freedom and for aggression.

Voting is an opportunity, a right and a privilege. It is the definition of freedom at work in America. Election Day will remain a most cherished holiday and undoubtedly our most important one. (A.J.)

Dig Right In, Freshmen

One of the first real opportunities for the freshman class to show its colors is coming up Wednesday with the deadline for filing for the class elections.

As a rule, these fall elections are the most spirited and hotly contested of any held during the year; and with this spirit and rivalry goes a great deal of fun and excitement, planning flying speeches and making "deals" over a cup of coffee in some dark corner.

But along with the fun and excitement also go a couple of other advantages, ones which are overlooked at first, but which actually provide the greatest value of all. We're referring to the opportunity of serving the University of Oregon, and to the training received in participating in an election which in many ways resembles the national elections.

As for service, the frosh officers are responsible for planning and completely staging the Frosh Sno-Ball, annual winter term all-campus dance. They are also responsible to act as representatives of their class on the ASUO senate, campus legislative body.

As a training ground for students, the frosh elections are held in much the same manner as the national and local elections. A certain deadline must be met for filing for office; students may use any means imaginable to publicize their candidates; (within certain limits of good taste and campus cleanliness, however); the polls are located in various spots throughout the campus, in much the same way as the precincts are organized; and many freshmen will work in the polls as election clerks, the same as their parents do in regular elections.

We can't resist the opportunity to point out here, by the way, that freshman elections are not held in this open atmosphere

at our neighbor college in Corvallis. There, no campaign literature is allowed. Candidates are eliminated down to a certain number by a screening committee of upperclassmen, not by the voters themselves. The entire election takes place prior to the first week of classes, before the freshmen have an opportunity to really get to know and pick out their leaders. And all the voting takes place in one building, immediately following speeches by the candidates, and before the voters have a real opportunity to talk over the people running.

So, dig right in, freshmen. Your petition deadline is Wednesday. Following that you've got a whole week of campaigning with posters, speeches, and parades. During that time you'll have an opportunity to examine thoroughly each candidate; and to take an active part in the campaigning, even though you're not all candidates yourselves. And set your values of leadership high. It takes more than a four-year letterman's sweater to win an election down here.

Have a good time with the election, but don't forget the valuable experience it offers in leadership and training. It's not too early in life now to get into the habit of civic responsibility, both in public service, and in just plain turning out to vote on election day. (S.V.)

Footnotes

Comparison proves, we think, that Oregon rooters DO have school spirit. The thousands of Cal students in their well-organized white shirt sections Saturday sounded slightly sick along side the much smaller group of UO supporters across the way. Of course, we WERE winning . . . and that DOES seem to make a difference.

Frosh, Beware!

by Bourne



Say, Bumpington, you're not entering into the Spirit of this very well.

Gulliver's Trifles

To Cut or Not to Cut, That Is the Column

By KEN KESEY
Emerald Columnist

The white sheet of paper waits blankly in my cursed typewriter. It nauseates me. I vomit over the keys. My column is due, the terrible deadline rears its beastly head.

What do I write this week? Who do I cut? Already about me the litter of corpses stack higher, ex-friends bleeding from vicious stabs. Punctured traditions. Exploded faiths. Where does the knife fall this week?

I ponder. Who is vulnerable? Ah, An idea! My fingers splash into theretch-clogged keys.

Major Adolf Hod poured a jigger from his hollow swagger stick (I write) and welcomed the mewling group of freshmen into the ROTC office. "Gung Ho!" he roared, and pulled a folded flag from his swagger stick to wipe his dribbling chin. The freshmen cheered and wept at this show of patriotism and . . .

No! Stop! I can't chop down on the RO boys; if the Russians continue to display a rather vigorous desire to curb Hungary's appetite for freedom those RO boys will probably be my boss in a few months. Who then? Who?

Professor Zitt (I write) strides into his classroom and beneath one arm he carries a Survey of English Lit text and beneath the other a bottle of distilled water. The professor drinks nothing but distilled water, especially while standing before a dozing dozen and venerating the mighty Milton. "Now tell me, students," he glowers, "why did so many of you list a Mr. Lincoln as the greatest American in history when the obvious answer is William James?" He tips the bottle and . . .

No. Not the faculty. They have holes in their shoes. Who? The deadline rears closer!

Outside my apartment a boy

and girl go by. They are students. I recognize the style; the boy has a belt in back and the girl has it in front. I shall lam-poon love:

Elsa Glitmusse snuggled beneath Sam Didnub's arm. Lovingly, tenderly she braided his soft golden hair. He sighed. "Oh sweet Elsa, my darling, please don't braid my soft, golden hair—the braids pull so when I lift my arm." Elsa swooned beneath her lover's arm, her passionate, panting ringing in his ears: "Sam, why be half safe . . . ?"

No, no, no! Not love. I'm not angry at love. My muse lags; I reach for it but it illudes me. I tear out the paper. Flick in the column. Maybe, — and the thought is odd to taste, warm to the mind—maybe, just maybe, there are days when people seem good and real and true—and there is no one to cut.

Campus Capers

Rushes have sorority counselors to help them through rush week at Michigan State:

"Each sorority house on campus has designated one girl to act as counselor during Fall and Winter rush activities. The counselors will disaffiliate with their particular house so that they will be free and unbiased to help all rushees."

The Connecticut Daily Campus reports this one: It seems there's been a boom in the sale of mustache wax lately. Since that item hasn't been overly popular since the days of Teddy Roosevelt, manufacturers started checking back and traced the increased sales to the least expected place, the college campus. America's clean-shaven college youth are now buying the product, but not for the purpose for which it was originally intended. Undergraduates, after adopting the crew cut, couldn't make their hair bristle. Then, some wise fellow remembered great grandpa, and found that nothing will stiffen a crewcut better than good, old-fashioned mustache wax. Result: New life for the makers of mustache wax.