

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Boola Boola

Clothes make the man, we're told. Though perhaps more important to the working man of later life, clothes still have their place in the life of a college man. Most of us like to think we're in step with style, as far as undernourished budgets will allow.

Fads are funny things, arising from who-knows-where to dominate wearing apparel. Several years back no one would have missed suede or leather jackets. Later on it was the ever-popular warm-up jacket in its endless varieties.

Now things have progressed to the stage where the car coat is bought long before the car. Ivy League styles dominate the West and and belts and buckles are no longer designed mainly to hold pants up.

What can we do with our outdated shirts with button-less collars, our useless trousers with only belt loops and our caps--naked without a jaunty buckle across the back?

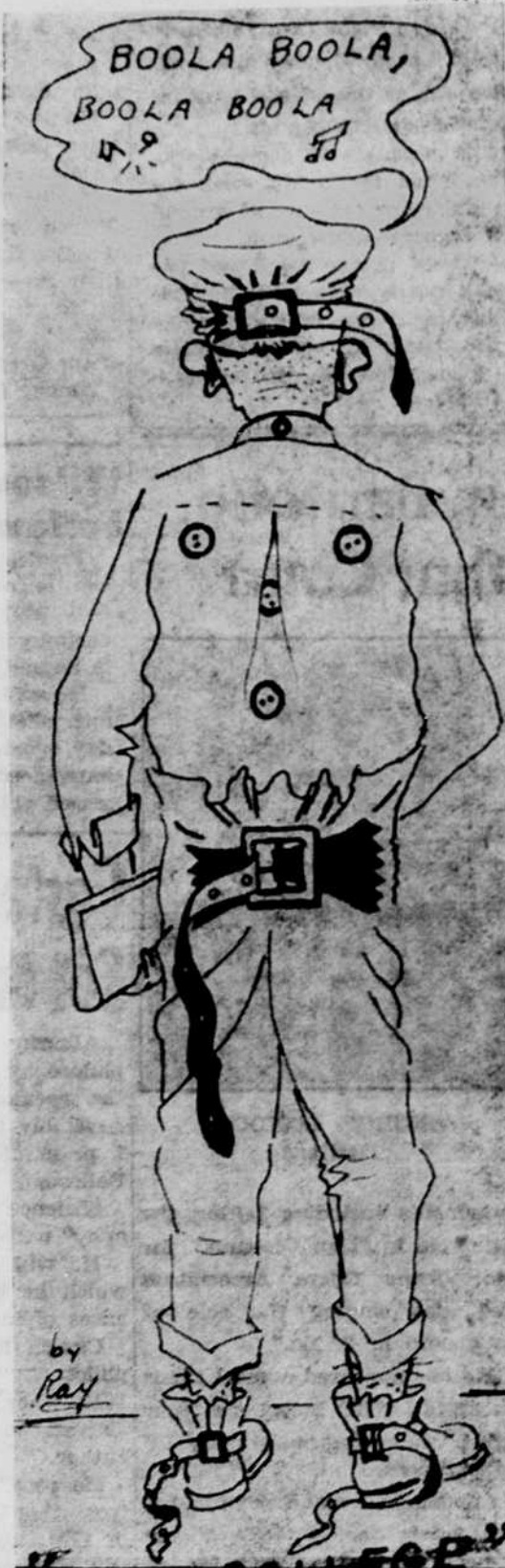
This latest fit parade has really made its mark around campus this past year, threatening to move in on the traditional territory of ASUO athletic sox and "borrowed" P.E. equipment.

Buckles have now begun to appear on the backs of shirt collars and even on shirt pockets. Originally starting with the narrow-shouldered suit and the crew-neck sweater, this craze has gotten away from the manufacturers.

Here's a pat on the back to the stout of heart that have stifled the urge to rush to the nearest campus store and divvy up that last check from home for a shirt--probably costing more because of the added button value.

But after all, guys, if this is the country club (as is rumored in certain agricultural areas in the northwest wilderness), we have to keep up appearances!

Where will it all end? We're not sure, though something else will probably come along to take up the slack. One advanced thinker summed it up thusly: "When they start replacing zippers with buckles . . . that'll be the day." (A.J.)



Ideas Go By

Students Ought to Ask, 'Why?'

(ACP)—Part of the challenge American students face is the responsibility to think and to question, intellectually, information and opinion. Technology News, Illinois Institute of Technology, Chicago, puts it this way:

WHY? When was the last time you challenged a statement your instructor professor made? Last week, last month or last year. If it is the latter, you are probably one of the easiest students to teach the instructor has. If you sit in your oaken chair absorbing the instructor's words and drawings like a sponge as the gospel truth, you probably will lose the knowledge just as fast when the pressure is put on you. Everyone will agree that no human is perfect. Deductive reasoning from that point leaves us that teachers are

human, therefore, they must be wrong once in a while. When the student lets some ideas or statements go by him without question, he is leaving himself open to accepting false and prejudice material.

Carl Sandberg, whose poetry is considered to have contained some wisdom, stated recently, "Much of the history of the world could be written in a book titled, 'Challenger's of Axioms'."

Many times the small three letter word, WHY has caused spectacular events; Einstein, Columbus, and Gilileo are just a few of the great people who asked themselves why and delved further to investigate.

You may say to yourself you are not out to discover new worlds. One can find though a richer, fuller life with a complete and better under-

standing of the things in our environment.

Campus Capers

(ACP) — Old newspapers, wood shavings, bits of cloth, leather, yarn, string and buttons hung from the ceiling of the University of New Mexico student union dining room, New Mexico Lobo reports, but no one complained.

The waste material had been fashioned into animals and "things" by students in art education. Articles were selected for exhibit for their clever use of common materials and amigination.

The union hopes to have exhibits from other school sections "to give students an idea of what is going on in other departments of the university," according to the union program director.

Almost?



The Skeptic Tank

College Offers Students Two Kinds of Education

By **BRIAN BOOTH**
Emerald Columnist

There were two roommates who were about as much alike as Papa Haydn and Fats Domino.

Chester looked upon college as an academic challenge and sought his education in the traditional manner ascribed to scholars.

Freddy knew life was a lark and that the best things happen while you're young and he was out to prove that in his four years at Oregon he could make Cellini and Casanova seem like puritans.

Chester was never known to miss a lecture and he could greet half the professors on campus by their first names. He put in a good three hours of study for each class hour and he became almost as much a part of the library as the Oregon Collection. It all paid off for Chester and on the honor roll his name appeared with the regularity of Oklahoma's football team in an AP poll.

Naturally Chester didn't have much spare time but he did manage to squeeze in a few activities to color up his record. One year he was vice chairman to the assistant to the Canoe Fete technical director and for a while he wrote classified ads for the Emerald every Tuesday and Thursday.

Needless to say Freddy didn't find much time to waste on studies and he even felt like a grind when on occasion he got around to buying a text. Freddy shone in other spheres though. He knew at least half the girls in the senior class at Eugene High and he was a familiar figure at fante games held in backrooms on Willamette St.

Freddy could tell you when nickel-beer night was at every tavern in Lane County and no party in town was deemed a success unless he was there with his ukulele and his repertoire of Songs That Mother Never Used to Sing.

Chester worried about the reckless ways of his roommate and tried to change him but Freddy would just laugh and head for a golf course or a

snooker table whenever Chester launched a serious discussion about the purpose of school.

One wintry evening preceding a big test for both roommates, Freddy laughed off Chester's pleas to stay home and study, and headed downtown in his sharpest suit. And while Chester was memorizing rainfall figures for the Middle Atlantic states, Freddy was holding forth at the Sahara Club showing an enchanted group his latest silverware trick.

As the night wore on, Freddy attached himself to a corporation executive who was charmed by the collegian's manner and his knowledge of horse racing. So around midnight while Chester was at his desk reading about rock formations in the Appalachians, Freddy was promising the businessman that he'd be sure to look him up when he got around to looking for a way to make a living if that time ever came.

That spring Freddy decided he'd had enough of school—fante players were few and far between and the shows were getting weaker—so he said goodbye to Chester and after a month at Santa Anita he looked up the executive who like to talk horse racing. The fellow was still infatuated with Freddy and he placed him in a top job in the public relations division of the company where some of the officials had been howling for a fourth for bridge.

Chester graduated magna cum carborundum the next year and read a paper on sociology at the graduation exercises. Everyone predicted success for Chester but the pressure of studies had worn down his frail frame and already his eyesight was failing. So he couldn't even meet the physical requirements of any good job offers.

Finally Freddy heard about the plight of his old roommate and used his growing influence in the company to land Chester a research job in the firm's statistical department. "He always was good with figures," Freddy told the personnel manager who had always looked up to him ever since Freddy had volunteered to help him with his backswing. Freddy was a hell of a golfer by now.

Moral: As someone has said, there are at least two kinds of education.

