

Exodus

The traditional listening parties for away games will not be well-attended this weekend—there won't be anyone around to go to them.

A mass migration from this campus will take place Friday. It'll make the exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt look like a solitary caravan, for from all indications there won't be a soul left in Eugene. Everybody will be in Palo Alto, watching the Ducks do horrible things to the Stanford Indians.

Even some professors have caught the spirit. Tests scheduled for Friday have been postponed or make-ups scheduled. And even if some hard-headed so-and-so refuses to change his test, why, what's a flunk compared to the ecstasy of watching your team make it five victories in a row?

Every year Oregon manages to have a good representation at the Bay area games, but this year, as we all realize by now, is quite a bit different. This year, in addition to the usual enchantments of San Francisco's night life and Palo Alto's "beer gardens", the game stacks up as one of the most important on the schedule. And it's the first time in a long time that Oregon is rated a strong favorite going into a game with a Bay area team.

So out of Eugene pour the hopeful Web-foot rooters. By car, by train, by plane and by thumb—it doesn't matter how they get there. Just so they're sitting in that stadium at 1:30 Saturday afternoon.

On Schedule

The Middle East has operated on schedule this fall, injecting itself into the midst of the cold war as it did a year ago in the form of the Egypt-Israel incident. This season's offender is Syria, with Russia acting its usual role of accomplice.

Charges and counter-charges, threats of war and types of war and the familiar political devices got real workouts last week as tension mounted all around the Mediterranean. Even the possibility, if extreme, of nuclear action reared its ugly head.

An ever-present explanation for Russian agitation in the "uncommitted" areas of the world is the value to be gained, propaganda-wise, in a so-called little war, as in Korea. The conflicts are patterned in relatively isolated areas to draw out Western resources.

The Soviet Union's foreign policy—once described by Churchill as a riddle in a mystery, wrapped up in an enigma—continues to baffle Western observers. Do the Soviets plan to move further into the Mid-East oil lands or are they merely testing Western reaction as part of some periodic check-up?

Syria, the country directly involved, is probably the most innocent of all concerned. The country is barely along in mobilization stages, and hardly is ready for war with Turkey, as one rumor source had it.

Russia, another source suggests, may be using the Mid-East trouble as some sort of

minor rallying point to weld its people together—and consequently take their collective minds off the internal troubles climaxed with the demise of the popular Zhukov.

So in 1956 it was Nasser and his forces stirring up the world against the West. Thus far the Syrian issue has not necessitated armed intervention, but the situation will bear the usual quota of watching.

More than likely, the latest Russian move is an attempt to keep the world picture edgy. Their new hot spot is aimed at testing Western reaction in the area. Fortunately, a strong Turkey, resolute (as witness its recent election despite the threat of war) and a firm member of NATO, is close at hand to hold up a somewhat sagging Western end.

A Fable

The motherly, gentle old house-mother drew a black cloak about her, placed a conical velvet hat on her gray head, sang the Oregon fight-song backwards three times, and became a motherly gentle old witch. She had hurriedly excused herself from dinner after a glance at the calendar: it read October 31.

"Boil and bubble, toil and trouble—" she sang absently. "Social Pro and South Sea Bubble." Adding some odd parcels to the fuming cauldron before her, she continued "Eye of newt and heart of snake; Witches' brew is fun to make!"

A rap on the door came just as she was preparing to add a fragment of yellow wood from the Skinner's Butte "O". "Mrs. Hecate, it's almost time for our Hallowe'en party with the Mu Pi's," came a voice. "Are you about ready?" "Yes, dearie," she managed to croak. "But don't wait for me—I'll broom out of here in a minute."

Footsteps retreated and the old crone drew several chalk figures on the floor, and chanted: "Hair of skink and Devil's Grass; Grant us fifty in our pledge class."

The door-pounding resumed, and the witch heard a mixed babble in the living room: strident male voices, polite female tones, and a confused overtone of children's treble. "Hurry please, Mrs. Hecate—we're ready to dunk for apples, and some of the little kids are afraid," a voice said, and more faintly, "I can't imagine what's taking her so long—the chapter where she came from last year told us she always goes in for these Hallowe'en parties in a big way."

The old spectre gargled some of her steaming brew, gave the bristles of her numerous face-warts an added twist, grasped an extra-long plumber's-friend (in lieu of a broom), set her pointed hat at a rakish angle, and advanced into the noisy living room.

Fully two-thirds of the membership of Mu Pi fraternity collapsed in a state of nervous shock, induced "by an overdose of sheer fright", as the Emerald later reported.

The girls of Beta Omega Omega saw nothing out of the ordinary, and welcomed their housemother to the party.

Mrs. Hecate moved to another campus the following year, with her cauldron, cabalistic manuals, stock of rare herbs, etc., but it is whispered that in the darkness of the Hallowe'en night, you can still hear her as she hovers over the Oriental Art Museum:

Boil and bubble, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Fie on hapless mid-term cheaters,
Pox on greasy trick-or-treaters,
Grant me this, for I am Queen
of Webfoot-land, at Hallowe'en!

At Least He's Pre-Med



"BEFORE WE GO TO THE LAB - WE HAVE SOMEONE HERE WHO WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE MIX POTASSIUM PERMANGANATE WITH CONCENTRATED SULFURIC ACID."

James Marlow

Nichols, Retiring FBI Man, Is Dedicated Public Official

WASHINGTON (AP) — This country loses one of its best and most dedicated public servants Nov. 1 when Louis B. Nichols retires. He has been the No. 3 man in the FBI for years.

He joined the FBI 23 years ago. In that time very few people outside Washington ever heard of the husky, six-foot, dark-haired Nichols who at 41 is a man with an astonishing memory and endurance and a burning conscience.

He played the FBI up and himself down. But the FBI can thank him for much of the enormous goodwill it enjoys. In 15 years in Washington this writer has never known a government employee who worked so hard.

His routine, day in and day out, year after year, has been from 8:30 in the morning till 11 or 12 o'clock at night in the office, with usually 10 or 11 hours on Saturday and a shorter stint on Sunday.

Most of the time he ate lunch and dinner at his desk. His going is tough on the FBI. But I think it's a lifesaver for Nichols. Men around him worried constantly about his long hours. Now he is going into private business to make some money for his family.

A few years ago, during a vacation which was never spent far from a telephone, he built a cabin near the water about 100 miles from Washington so he and his two sons could fish. Since then he probably hasn't been there four times a year.

The three top men in the FBI are J. Edgar Hoover, director; Clyde Tolson, associate director; and Nichols, assistant to Hoover. When Hoover and Tolson were out of town, Nichols ran the FBI.

He was up to his neck in everything the FBI did. Besides being in charge of its records and communications, he was the man who, since the late 1930s, has handled its public relations.

Through those years, which covered World War II and the Korean War and the great public agitation over communism at home and abroad, Nichols was the one through whom the agency's work was made known

to the press and the world.

But he never let himself figure in any of the stories. Invariably Nichols reported to newsmen something like this: "J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, today announced so and so..." It was that way, day by day, that the FBI story was unfolded.

Although Nichols was not called the FBI's public relations man—there is no such designation in the agency—he was, in this writer's opinion, the best public relations man any government agency has had in our time.

His technique was simple: You could call him with a question. If he could answer, he would immediately; if he couldn't, he'd say so. He was utterly reliable. If it was possible, without revealing FBI secrets, to talk off the record for background, he'd do that, too.

Through all these years the public has had a picture—justly deserved — of the FBI as an extraordinarily government agency. It was Nichols who for years presented that picture.

Our Contemporaries

(ACP)—Besides study, what must you do if you are a foreign student in an American university? The Rocky Mountain Collegian at Colorado State university reviewed the foreign student's red tape responsibilities.

*Gain admittance to a college—and the foreign student's applications are much more detailed than the ones local students are given. Source of income is given great consideration.

*Once accepted by a school, the student must go to the American embassy in his country to apply for a visa. Again, requirements are strict, and the visa generally states "student status."

*Pay for transportation here. (Sometimes a government or organization takes care of this.)

*Go through customs at the border. Get an entry permit (if visa and passport are in order).

*Get money exchanged.

*After registering at school, see that a report so stating is sent to the nearest immigration office.

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