

For Those Who Stay Behind

If you're departing today for Palo Alto via plane, train, bus, auto, unicycle or thumb-power, read no further. But if you plan to remain wistfully at home this Saturday afternoon, one ear nailed to a blaring loudspeaker, one eye on a neglected textbook, and heart-in-mouth, then be consoled—maybe we "stay-at-homes" can stage an all-campus listening party.

An estimated 1000-plus Webfoots will actually be on hand tomorrow when their determined football players play Stanford for the lion's share of the PCC-Rose Bowl market. They'll witness a nearly "perfect" match between the Coast's strongest defensive team (guess who) and an upstart offensive-minded outfit that can pass or run with equal aplomb.

This lucky one-sixth of the Oregon student body will see the nation's eleventh-best team (guess who) throw everything it owns against Chuck Taylor's lower-ranked but unpredictable and dangerous Indians. You can't ask for more from any team, regardless of the outcome.

"Stanford is the best we've faced this year," was Len Casanova's comment earlier this week. And you couldn't find an

Oregon team-member who would deny that tomorrow's game has BIG written all over it. It's this big: a Webfoot victory tomorrow would leave no Rose Bowl candidate unbeaten by Oregon. You take it from there.

"I'm well aware of that," you say, "but I have three mid-terms Monday, two dollars to my name, and Asiatic flu—what am I supposed to do Saturday?"

Well, you can:

- Listen to the thump of toe against football as Jack Morris kicks his first extra point of the game.

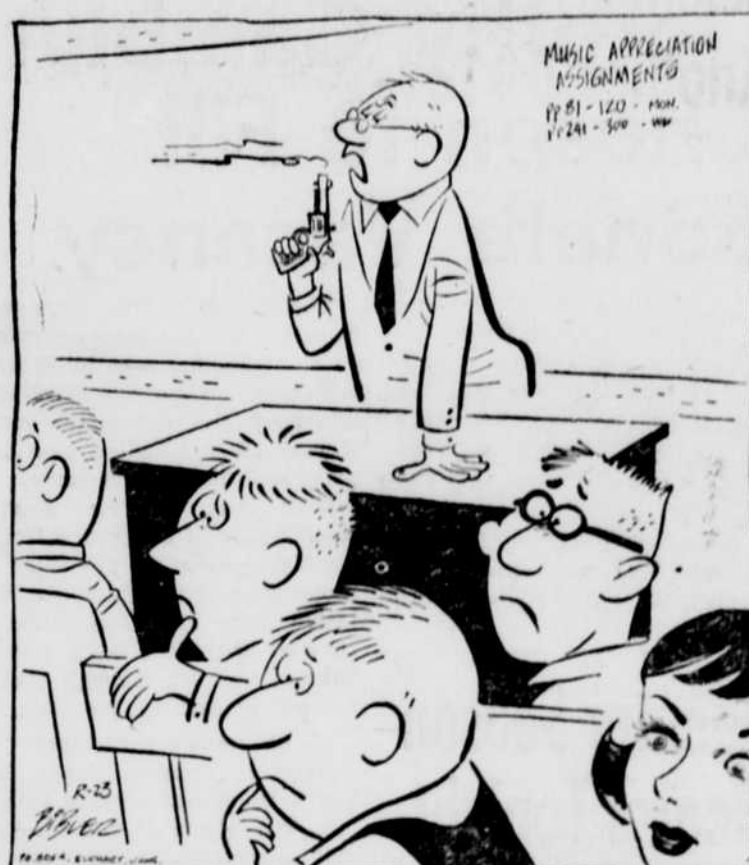
- Listen for the crash of bodies as Harry Mondale and Jerry Kershner upend Chuck Shea, Stanford's hot-shot, Oregon-born halfback.

- Listen to the rapidly fading footsteps of Jim Shanley, off on a side-line gallop, or to Ron Stover's grunt as he collects a Jack Crabtree pass.

These are sounds you're bound to hear from your radio tomorrow, during a game being played far away at Stanford Stadium. Then listen to yourself, your room-mate and the rest of the Oregon campus, when that victory bell begins to toll.

Darn those midterms!

Turn Off the Bubble Machine



"NOW—I HOPE THAT WILL BE THE LAST WE HEAR ABOUT MR. LAWRENCE WELK AND MR. GUY LOMBARDO."

Wynn Dahlgren

Solution to Beer Problem Not Found in Police Action

The subject today is beer—or, as the Madison Avenue motivational researchers prefer, the beverage of moderation. Long recognized in college song and fable, beer is the working man's and the college student's drink.

At Oregon State, partly because so many OSC students were racking up their cars in the fast trip to Albany for a six-pack, a Class-A license was given to a small grocery in Philomath. In one month, gross sales in the store skyrocketed from \$5,000 to \$50,000.

Shisler's Grocery has the reputation of being the largest dispenser of Olympia, south of the brewery. It is extremely doubtful if three stores close to the campus would stay open until eleven p.m. were it not for substantial beer sale to U. of O. students.

Obviously, beer is here to stay. The 64 dollar question is, need the problems connected with beer and college students always be with us? The Office of Student Affairs, the IFC, the student senate—all the responsible university groups—have to face drinking and intoxicated students as the most constant and recurring problem of them all.

The many and varied consequences of drinking by university social living groups need not be outlined here—suffice to say, they are well known to all.

The ideals and purposes of a university and a university education are in direct opposition to immaturity and juvenility on the part of these social living groups. Those who believe in the university ideal logically oppose and resist any valid factor that aids and abets immaturity and juvenility.

The above mentioned consequences of drinking directly contradict and contravene the university ideal and bring it into disrepute both inside and outside the university community.

What can be done to bulwark the university ideal at Oregon? Social probation for living groups and disciplinary action for individuals is definitely not the answer. The Office of Student Affairs is not, nor should it be, organized as a gestapo to police the campus.

The answer is obvious. It is

the responsibility of the "peer group"—the opinion makers—in social living groups, not to attempt to legislate or enforce morality, but to emphasize that that their group does not violate the state law or university regulations. Recurrent headlines in the Emerald stress the fact that leaders in many social living groups have renounced this responsibility.

Article 2, paragraph 4, of the Faculty Discipline Code states, "Traffic in or possession of liquor at any University sponsored activity or University controlled building is prohibited." The University considers itself to have control over all university living quarters regardless of who owns them.

It is a serious offense under Oregon law to supply beer to anyone under the age of 21. An educated guess would be that two-thirds of all beer sold to university students who are members of campus living organizations, is drunk by students legally unable to buy it. One fraternity (until recently when the auditors of their house books took a dim view of it) had a credit account at a local grocery for beer, for members who were legally unable to buy it.

There are fraternities, sororities and co-ops at Oregon where the opinion makers inculcate in freshmen and new members a respect for university regulations and the law of the state. It would probably take a college generation for this practice to become widespread.

It is a disservice to each year's freshman class for university "peer groups" to openly advocate and support flagrant law violations.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Where-'O'-Where

This 'O' stealing business has turned into a farce for the young daredevils from the North. It's now known that Oregon Staters were the culprits, but the people who run things up there seem to have taken the attitude of "What'll we do with the blessed thing?"

They can't burn it—school officials would frown on such an activity. To chop it up or throw it in the river would be pointless. So there they sit with a forty-foot wooden 'O'; and maybe they've accomplished something by stealing it. If it satisfies their egos to keep it, why, fine. Just so we eventually get it back.

As for retaliation on our part—that'd be plain foolishness. There has already been a rash of green paint on the OSC campus, and more vandalism to repay vandalism is just plain childish.

Let Oregon State keep the 'O' for a while. We'll take it out of their hides on the football field.

We're Old-fashioned

There was a time when the thought of fall brought to mind falling leaves, frost on the windows, pumpkins and Halloween. But that's all been changed. With the onslaught of fall, newspapers and magazines are now full of other talk. Gone are the articles celebrating the beauties of fall. Gone are the warnings of the coming winter. In their places are picture stories of the modern beauties of the fall season—the automobiles.

This year (as in every other recent year) the most modern, gadgeted, chrome-plated streamlined automobiles ever are appearing to shame that gleaming road monster you bought or yearned for last year.

One wonders, when viewing the new models, where the current trends in car design will lead. Every year automobiles are getting wider, longer, lower, heavier and more powerful. Every year they are sporting new gadgets, requiring more maintenance, delivering poorer fuel mileage and costing more to buy.

The logical conclusions of all this are

ludicrous. Soon cars will be entirely chrome-plated, three inches high and cover four acres. The driver will need only think his car into action.

Frankly, we're still skeptical of the self-starter. And think what would happen if the superheterodyne window closer wires crossed with the hydrofloat load leveler.

We'd rather think about leaves and frost pumpkins in the fall.

Omen?

Raccoon coats are back. Two were observed in the stands at the football game Saturday, and department stores have been featuring genuine used Roaring Twenties raccoon coats all fall.

The re-appearance of these huge, moth-eaten relics from the Stutz Bearcat era on college students could be chalked up to a desire of some students to be different and so stand out in a football crowd. This explanation, however, ignores the ominous forebodings represented by raccoon coats.

The real significance is this: Raccoon coats clearly indicate that we are headed for a 1930's-style depression. While students consciously bought raccoons coats to be "different," they were really motivated—almost instinctively—by a desire for something they can retreat into when the bottom falls out.

The signs are clear. Raccoon coats were popular just before the Great Depression. We cannot ignore this lesson from our past.

The Emerald advises taking what money you have and immediately burying it under a flat rock in the back yard.

Footnotes

The third floor of Carson Hall, whose windows carried Gene Nudelman's name, offered some odd advice last Saturday night. Only two rooms were lit behind the campaign sign and "Vote Nude" appeared like a giant neon sign. Apparently no one at the Whiskerino took the advice.

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Russia talks of launching larger satellites into outer space. Hungary, watch out.