

Voter Problem

There's a quantitative aspect to this whole amendment election today that seems to have been forgotten in the fuss about the qualitative nature of the proposal. This is the voter problem.

In two of the past three elections on amendments to the ASUO Constitution, the result of the election has been declared invalid because not enough students cared to vote. In the third one student officials succeeded in attracting the necessary one-third of the student body to vote and to make the election valid. But luring the necessary number of voters took three days of election and the polls officials violated a number of regulations in getting enough students to vote. That election result was also declared invalid.

We did not approve of the three-day attempts of election officers last spring in which the polls were literally carried to student living organizations. And we don't necessarily condone the "vote or don't eat" methods used in many living groups. Willful abstention from voting is a democratic privilege as much as exercise of the voting right.

But we would urge all with opinions on either side of the issue to cast their votes today. The confusion-over election changes proposed in this amendment has gone too long without a definite yes or no settlement. The amendment deserves either adoption or rejection in a manner that is clear-cut enough to settle it. This can only be done through on election turnout that will make the result a representative and definite yes or no.

New Symptom

The latest craze to sweep the collegiate world (or so a TV network release would have us believe) is Russian Roulette. Says the blurb, "Dedicated to playing a defanged version of the deadly game, the club has

been spreading its gospel to other colleges—already it's the craze of seven campuses."

In case anyone doesn't remember, Russian Roulette is a pleasant little game invented by the czarist playboys, who got a thrill out of putting a bullet into one of the six chambers of a revolver, spinning the cylinder, pointing the gun to their heads—and pulling the trigger. The modern version involves only a bulletless powder gun, but the basic idea of the "game" remains the same.

Now a television network has jumped on the "RR" bandwagon, hoping to use it pick up some publicity for a forthcoming adventure series. A contest is under way and new clubs are being formed as fast as the interest can be promoted.

This whole thing looks like another indication that our generation may be somewhat mentally unbalanced. Esquire magazine comments that these "sick" jokes (known as "Ivy League" jokes on this campus) which have been circulating this year are a sign of some kind of nation-wide psychosis in the younger generation.

We had doubted that theory until we heard about the Russian Roulette fad. But the fact that 3,000 students are charter members of a club dedicated to playing suicide is almost conclusive evidence.

If you haven't decided on a major yet, better give psychology a try. Looks as if we'll be needing you a few years hence.

Footnotes

Coincidence that the University Theatre and OSC Speech Dept. both opened their fall seasons with "Teahouse of the August Moon"? Nope, just demonstrates what we thought all along: Asiatic flu-oriented us.

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Oregon marching band directors have instructed bandmen to leave their cars at home and start walking to classes. Why? We hear you have to be in good condition to last three and a half hours in that Pasadena parade.



"NOW WE CAN GIVE THEM A REAL TEST MISS BARR—YESTERDAY WAS THEIR DEADLINE FOR WITHDRAWAL FROM CLASSES."

Dave Cass

A Fable for Collegians: Story of Carol's Conformity

This is the Story of Carol the Conformer, the saga of a darling girl's dilemma, or, How Carol Carrionated. Carol matriculated in the fall of 1957. As the college catalogue wasn't entirely clear as to what this process involved, she decided to be prepared for any contingency. Included in her luggage were two pounds of incense, four dragon's teeth, sixteen varieties of love potion, and *The Mystical Arts of Yoga*.

Consequently, she was quite upset when her bored advisor told her that matriculation was merely an obstacle course, and not an oriental maturation rite. In her disappointment with college she fled to her cubicle, not even coming down for dinner.

As you can see, Carol was an unusual girl. But she was also sweet, innocent, naive, and courteous. She thought that a blanket party was a modern form of the sewing bee, said "thank you" when the house-mother warned her against the evils of drink, and wiped her nose discreetly on dainty pink Kleenex.

Carol's two faults were that she didn't like socializing, that is, Carol didn't carouse, and that she didn't make friends easily. This isn't to say that she didn't go out. Being a model girl, her nights out weren't restricted.

She also went to the library twice a week and read Immanuel Kant and Arnold Toynbee. She went to classes. She attended all the lectures and concerts. But she did all this alone, except when she took her favorite teddybear along.

The problem was that Carol was a non-conformist. She said "Oh!" instead of "Your father's mustache." She hated trite conversation but liked to talk about the subtleties of existentialism. Her clothes consisted of comfortable skirts without buckles, study Oxford shoes, and socks long enough to keep her legs warm and her Kleenex in.

She thought that the SU was a bus terminal and the Side a converted opium den. Football and rallies bored her—she liked

much better to curl up with her favorite copy of *Distinguished Roman Poets of the Third Century*. Her hair was long and combed. Dance committees gave her a headache. All in all, Carol was a most untypical college girl.

After several weeks of school Carol realized that she wasn't getting an education. Something was missing. She wasn't exactly sure what it was, though. So, Carol applied herself, and watched, and listened, and took copious notes.

Slowly, Carol began to change. She ran her hair through a cotton gin to make it look natural. David Ellis' book, *Drinks for all Occasions* replaced Amy Vanderbilt on her desk. She bought three pairs of rock-and-roll saddles and twenty-five yards of skirt belting.

She learned how to throb and pulsate to the golden strains of "Whole Lot of Shakin' Goin' On." She went to class infrequently or not at all, employing her spare time to read Kinsey's books and in practicing the arts of sophistication. Library nights she spent one whole hour curling her eyelashes and two in selecting what clothes to wear, and then went to Maxie's instead.

She learned the whole campus dialect in one day, and on the next called one of her friends a greaser. She learned how to be suggestive, dumb, or sweetly attentive, as the occasion required. Carol conformed.

But Carol wasn't completely happy. Every now and then she had pangs of conscience. This forced her to take up smoking and gossiping. Eventually, though, her conscience disappeared and Carol turned from a superb actress into a real college girl.

She was no longer embarrassed when her real self emerged at awkward moments, she no longer had a real self. She became Carol, Gamma Gamma Gamma, rather than Carol Sweething. She developed just the right amount of acceptable eccentricities and found an outlet for her suppressed desires in the norm of drunken behavior.

As her crowning achievement, she developed a conforming pseudo-real-self, for use in those few intimate relationships she found to be necessary or useful.

Top Students Successful in Life

"Straight-A" students in college can look forward to marital and financial success in later life, if they follow the pattern set by 61 honor graduates of New York University.

Ninety-five per cent of these alumni—all of whom graduated with summa cum laude honors between World Wars I and II—are married, and not one has been divorced or separated. Almost all have families.

About half (46 per cent) of the honor graduates earn more than \$15,000 a year. Twenty-one per cent earn more than \$25,000, and two of the alumni have annual incomes above \$50,000. (Seventeen of the 61 graduates are women.)

N. Y. University's "Alumni News" conducted the survey and reported the results in its November issue.

Summa cum laude, a Latin phrase, means "with the highest praise." Lesser honors awarded at NYU and other universities include magna cum laude, "with great praise," and cum laude, "with praise."

Among the 61 honor graduates are 14 physicians and 12 accountants. Seventeen teach in colleges, a number of them on a part-time basis. Others have occupations in the fields of banking, law, advertising, psychology, writing, and business. One alumnus is the president of a railroad.

After receiving their undergraduate degrees at NYU, 45 went on to at least one graduate or professional school. They attended 24 different institutions, and 13 earned Ph.D. degrees.

Politically, the group is equally divided among Republicans, Democrats, and independents. Their favorite hobbies are reading, gardening, and music, in that order, and their favorite spectator sports are baseball and football. For exercise they prefer to swim, though golf and tennis are popular also.

Thirty-four per cent of the graduates said that their outstanding academic records were probably of some help in obtaining jobs and promotions. Two alumni found their honors a burden; they said that prospective employers were frightened away.

Twenty-five per cent of the group were employed full-time while at NYU, and 43 per cent held part-time jobs. A number expressed appreciation for a program that enabled them to work while attending college.

Ranking high in what these alumni liked best about NYU was the educational experience itself. Others valued friendships made at college. Two enthusiastic alumni reported that they had met their wives at the University.

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