



Where Has It Gone?

"By the Great Horn Spoon," said the frightened, sore-eyed student to his myopic friend, "where has this term gone to?"

"Shut up," said the friend, "can't you see I'm studying?"

Where has this term gone to?

Well, sir, it's gone to probably the most distinguished, impressive series of lectures ever to appear at Oregon in a term's period.

It's gone to an Oregon basketball team that definitely had a promising "new look", but not enough to make it a contender in the PCC's last hoop-year.

It's gone to an ASUO amendment that finally got passed, past the traditional morass of ASUO apathy; and maybe there are some new vistas opening up for the Senate and its subsidiaries, as a result.

Where has this term gone, to?

Well, sir, it's gone to a growing realization by University students that their college activities must be largely in terms of

their college education—that after all, the University is in business primarily to educate, and to educate in a distinguished manner. (All this in the face of Mr. Ellison who writes for SatEvePost.)

It's gone to a heart-warming display of concern on the part of students and student leaders about the financial future of higher education in Oregon—may this bear fruit.

It's gone to a more-or-less average winter term routine of fuzzy-mindedness in eight o'clock classes, overflowing rain gutters, soggy umbrellas and all-campus yearning for the vernal excesses of the coming term.

No doubt you can think of plenty of other places where this term has gone to, and can offer pat reasons for the speed of its going. But even on the perilous brink of Final Week, with a couple of new collective grey hairs earned over today's "term-inator" edition of The Emerald, we can hardly wait to see where spring term will "go to."

Judiciary: Say No

The proponents of the so-called women's "judiciary board" are apparently having some second thoughts about their proposal.

The plan—which would bring certain women's discipline cases before a predominantly student board—ran into stiff opposition when Heads of Houses took it to the women's living organizations for straw votes.

Now the drum beaters for the board are going to consult with other campuses on similar boards and "iron out the kinks" in the proposal.

Supposedly, the women's living organizations of the campus will be asked to vote again on the proposal. If they are, they'd be wise to turn it down flat. There's no justifiable need for such a board.

The tentative proposal calls for no special qualifications for members of such a board—they're chosen by alphabetical order, a pretty shoddy method for dealing with often-touchy discipline problems. The proponents of such a board have suggested it could be started on a "trial basis"—without understanding that you just don't play around with discipline cases on a "trial basis"

Most appalling is the apparent approval of the Dean of Women's office, which continues to play the old "the girls make the rules, let them enforce them" record. But, even though the girls supposedly "make their own rules," this does not give the Dean of Women the right to let co-eds of little training in counseling go ahead and play around with discipline cases.

It looks as though neither Heads of Houses, the Student-Faculty Discipline committee or the Office of Student Affairs

is going to take a negative stand where a negative stand is needed. That leaves only the women themselves—and if they're smart, they'll turn down the women's "judiciary board."

Budget Hopes

University officials are "still hopeful" the legislature will appropriate a substantial sum for Oregon's future building needs.

The University, through President O. Meredith Wilson, has discussed preliminary plans for a first addition to the Science Building with the State Board of Higher Education. Seemingly, there is some confidence that the University will be able at least to get started on some of its badly-needed building.

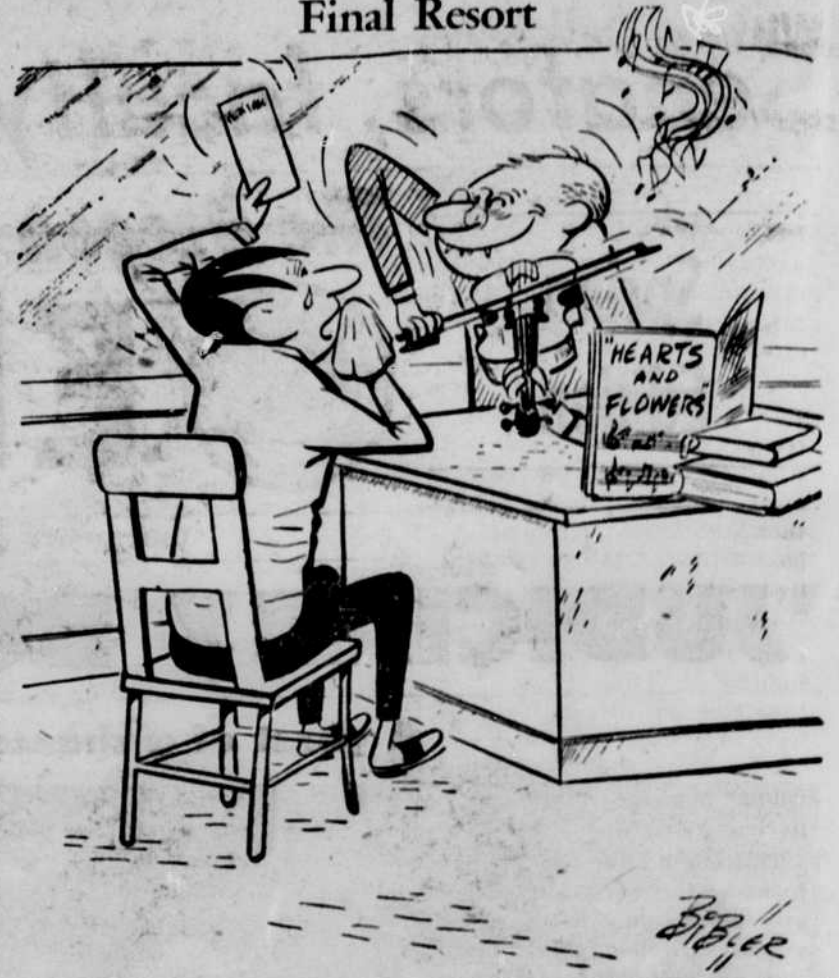
Gov. Mark Hatfield has asked the legislature for \$14 million for state building—about \$9 million of that for colleges. Senate President Walter Pearson (D-Portland) was quoted last week as predicting the legislature would approve a general fund budget of \$290 million—plus another \$15 million for new institution and college buildings.

Pearson's statement is reassuring. It would give the impression that there's some bipartisan agreement on the needs of higher education.

The legislature cannot be criticized for proceeding carefully on a general fund budget, and, more specifically, the building appropriation requests of higher education. On the other hand, it is hoped that vital needs of higher education are not ignored simply to avoid raising taxes and "please the voters."

Bad education would be worse economy.

Final Resort



John Lengel

Greyflannels, Prepster Join Boho Ranks, Try Fried Shoes

"Look, I don't mean to mow your lawn for you, but give me time to get a haircut," the young man in horn rims was saying.

"Excuse me, but an apple a day keeps the doctor away," said the other fellow.

The young adman and the high school freshman had one thing in common: they were both defecting to the beatnik movement. Now the only problem was to be accepted. They were being interviewed by a trio of seasoned beats (bohos for FACETS readers), to see if they met standards.

At this point the veteran existentialist would intervene and say that such an interview would never come about. All that is required is that one lead an authentic life where the only thing certain is death. But the laymen reader sees this plainly isn't commercial—and doesn't make good copy.

Both men, or the man and the boy, or the guy and the kid, were freshly attired in faded jeans, disciple shoes, and turtle neck sweaters. They were being critically surveyed by the poorly-tailored trio.

The leader chairing the group mumbled, "man, we are from swing in the kingdom of far out. Fried Shoes. Crisco in a thimble. You are waltztime. Your gorilla isn't dragging. Like we don't know. Your chorus is in the wrong tempo. Things must be cool, like a draft so we swing in that draft, see man?"

"Let's throw it down the well, sweetie, and see if it makes a splash," countered the ex-adman.

"Idle hands are the devil's workshop," added the AWOL frosh.

"No man. Greasy coke bottle. Man, you have talent, but you can't swing the language. If you were to trade metaphor for drink, you would never make it out of the abyss of sobriety. Lethal cacti."

"She was on the morning side of the mountain and I was on the twilight side of the hill," offered the hornrims.

"Man, you I do not like, to quote Damon Runyon."

"Continued on the next page," the frosh huskily said.

"That's a start," said the chief beat mechanically, "now you try it." He shot a glance at

the former mail room employee at the San Francisco office of BBD&O.

"Tennis anyone, uh, I could write a book. When the Saints go marching in, uh, marchin on. Let's get on both sides of the net and rally together. Let's bend the tree a little further. Put it in a saucer and see if anyone laps it up." He was on his knees.

"No, no, no, no, uh, man." "Sweaty tennis shoes pounding on a gym floor," confidently cooed the high schooler.

"The kid's got it. Man, what do you think," Mr. Beatnik said to his lieutenants.

They nodded and scratched. "The polish comes later man," they said.

"Go inside and get a bagle."

"Gee, thanks."

"Now man watch that. Like picket ships."

"Purple onions," mumbled the frosh, turned beat.

"That's better," he said as the neobeat shuffled through the door. "As for you."

"Run it up the flagpole and see if anyone salutes."

"Man if you don't juggle your chorus, you may just as well dissolve from stage center. Frayed endings. Pig in a polk (his sidekicks caught this and looked up. He quickly caught his mistake and regained his composure), Baked linoleum" (the other two beats lowered their eyelids—he hadn't been detected).

"How about this? Put it on the tee and take some practice swings?"

"Look man, hurry up! There's three GRAY LINE tours coming through here in ten minutes."

"Tar in a potato sack."

"That's it. Let's get going. Come on, you too, you're in."

"Masked scarecrows. Base. Uhhhh thank you."

"Think nothing of it."

"Okay."

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Without Dulles and Adams, Ike Displays New Vigor, Talks Sharply in Conference

By JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (AP)—President Eisenhower, who in recent weeks has had to depend more on himself than at any time since entering the White House in 1953, sounds more emphatic, blunter.

This showed at his news conference Wednesday. At his meetings with congressional leaders last weekend he reportedly was very much in charge.

The two men he leaned on most are now out of the picture.

Sherman Adams, Eisenhower's chief of staff in the White House until he resigned last summer, was a great cushion against the burdens of the presidency.

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, now ill with cancer, had an extraordinary relationship with the President. He was Eisenhower's eyes and ears in foreign policy and much of the time his spokesman.

Now far more of the presidential load has landed on Eisenhower's shoulders, along with its many irritations. And Eisenhower is responding with a show of vigor.

In times past, if you attended one of his news conferences and didn't have to concentrate on taking notes, your mind was apt to wander as Eisenhower rambled through generalities that lacked a sharp edge.

Not Wednesday. He still got

wound up in long, involved sentences which often scrambled subject and predicate, but he

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Letter to the Editor

Emerald Editor:

I have often wondered, when confronted with those piles of personal daily schedules in the Co-Op, what sort of self-discipline it must take to plan one's days in hourly allotments and to faithfully follow such a plan.

Surely skillful planning and foresight are required to ar-

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