

From Where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

Usually we are ones to maintain stoutly that college students are just as smart as anybody, no matter what people say, but sometimes this simple, almost touching faith is rudely jolted.

For instance the other day. We were walking across the campus and it was a lovely day. The sun was shining, the grass was green, the tulip trees (or magnolia trees, as some dolts stupidly maintain) were in blossom, and there were robins on the lawn contentedly massaging worms.

We were happy, the robins were happy—all God's chillun were happy. Well, maybe the worms weren't very happy. We don't know, though. We can't remember that they looked particularly unhappy, but then the facial expression of a worm is inscrutable beyond analysis.

But to get on—here we were, walking through sunshine and lightness, and what did we see? We saw, to our utter amazement, two students engaged in a startling pastime. They stood at some distance apart, waiting craftily until an unwary robin should wander between them. Then one of them would whip out with a golf ball, shy it expertly at the unfortunate bird, and the other would catch the ball as it bounced up.

Only the remarkable agility of the birds kept them from being slaughtered mercilessly, and needless to say, all of them got away. Our indignation knew no bounds, however, when the two happy youths maneuvered about so that WE stood between them. And let us tell you right now it is plenty uncomfortable to stand between two golf-ball-shying fiends intent on their game.

The only bright side of the event came out of our conviction that the whole incident might increase robin-worm understanding and bring about a better situation for the worms. Imagine slithering happily along the ground, intent on your own simple doings and satisfied with life, only to gaze up and encounter the beady eye of a robin fixing you coldly and hungrily.

How is the robin to know, on the other hand, that the worm might have better ideas of what to do with his time than stuffing the epiglottises of a family of little robins? You see how the thing works out? Never having been involved in a similar situation, the robin just wouldn't understand.

However, standing around having golf balls shied at you must engender the same helpless feeling the worm has, peering up at a lean and hungry robin—and maybe it will teach the robins a lesson!

Somehow this dissertation, which started out to be a scathing reflection on the mental level of students who would have the fiendish ingenuity to think of such a pastime, has drifted into a justification of their amusement and a reprimand to the robins. And as if that weren't bad enough, here we are now expounding the philosophy of worms.

Now how did that happen?

We relish the logical statement of LeRoy (Scotty) Scott, who confides that he likes fun, because fun is better. Good is all right, too, he maintains, because, reasonably enough, good is better too.

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A 'Colossal' Coming Attraction

EARL M. Pallett, secretary of the educational activities board, has announced that success or failure of "Peer Gynt" would determine the future of such large scale productions.

Up to the present the University theater has been the only outlet for Oregon students infected with the drama "bug." While the work of this group has been especially commendable, the opportunities it can extend to those interested in the drama are limited from both the spectator and the actor viewpoint because of physical conditions.

With the production of Peer Gynt, the field for participants has been widened greatly, and the lack of spectator facilities of the cracker-box auditorium in Johnson hall have been overcome as well. The cast is large—enabling many more would-be dramatists a chance to realize their longing to get behind the footlights. And gigantic McArthur court will provide seating space for every interested spectator.

MANY colleges throughout the country have won renown with campus productions, either of the "jamboree" type or of the more serious nature, such as Ibsen's spectacle will be. While at Oregon the revival

of Junior class "frolies" would be difficult, the production now under way has every indication of being a success.

The record of Director Horace Robinson is already studded with gems of dramatic achievement. Spectacle production is not new to him for during the summer his was one of the minds behind the Eugene Oregon Trail pageant, which won national recognition for a 600-foot stage and a cast of 3000. For Director Robinson building a stage to the roof of the "Igloo" will be a small-time job.

DRAMATIC rendition is also ably cared for with Walden Boyle, star of many Guild hall plays, directing and playing the lead. When the talent of the University symphony orchestra, veteran of many radio broadcasts, is added the promise of something colossal becomes more than a press agent's dream.

The first appearance before many Oregon students will be that of the Master Dance group which is providing the ballet numbers. While this organization and its connected department in women's physical education have been active, little opportunity is given students to view its recitals.

Thus attraction is piled on attraction. "Peer Gynt" should set a precedent.

In the Mail

BUDGET TROUBLE?

To the Editor:

Allow me to congratulate The Emerald on Tuesday's editorial regard Dr. Arthur J. Marder's impending "vacation," or perhaps "eviction" would be a better word. I am heartily in accord with its content and know that a substantial number of students feel as I do.

After all, history is to a person, not what happened, but what one can remember about what happened. When a professor can make his lectures as vivid and interesting as Dr. Marder can, memory works much better and history possesses the real and vibrant qualities of a living thing instead of a dead collection of facts. Dr. Marder possesses the valuable gift of making history live, he can put across a lecture that maintains almost continuous interest, he can make one like history. And now we hear that Dr. Marder will not be back next year! Budget trouble!

In the past Oregon has lost many good professors to other institutions of higher learning. The reason being almost always financial, other schools rewarding the men more in accord with their true worth. But this is not a case of that type. This is a case of the powers that be not being awake, of them allowing an exceptionally good professor to leave this school, and all because of a few paltry dollars. A professor who is admittedly needed on the faculty. This case lands right square in the laps of Professor Clark, Dean Gilbert, Dr. Erb, and The Budget; and between them they should be able to make whatever arrangements are necessary in order to prevent Oregon from losing one

of the brightest stars from her rather dim scholastic heavens. Dr. Marder should be retained on the faculty at all costs.

It is funny how funds seem unavailable to retain one professor yet at the same time seem available to convert a perfectly good study hall into a museum while students study on the main libe stairs. This one professor's simple needs would not require nearly as much as is paid to some of our highly-touted coaches, but pardon me, I forgot that athletics is much more important than scholastics!

Dr. Erb should go into this situation. At one time Dr. Erb left Oregon for Stanford and a higher salary. He must have been a good professor, otherwise Stanford would not have wanted him, and for this reason he should certainly appreciate the unquestioned ability of Dr. Marder and take the necessary steps to retain him on the faculty.

Yours truly,

Stuart Mockford

ONE OF THE BEST

To the Editor:

I'm glad to see The Emerald has at least called the attention to the fact that Professor Arthur Marder will not be on the campus next fall term unless something is done immediately.

It seems a shame that if the history department needs another professor, even if Dr. Noble is coming back, that such a scholar as Dr. Marder must be sent to some luckier school. Although money seems to be lacking for retaining of this popular professor, it seems that if the right individuals would be-

come interested, some way would be found to keep him here. Plenty of money has been available for new buildings and they are even now being landscaped. Why can't some of the effort being centered on obtaining funds for this work be shifted to keeping a good teacher to fill one of these buildings?

I've taken two courses from Dr. Marder and have never received anything higher than a C grade. In fact, I received more hours of D from him than any other professor in the University. And I studied, too. Regardless, I add my plea to others to save Dr. Marder. He's one of the best men at Oregon today.

Sincerely,

R.W.H.

AND STILL MORE

To the Editor:

Bravo for your editorial concerning Professor Marder this morning. The students like and want to keep Dr. Marder. In spite of a few ugly rumors to the effect that he exercises "autocracy in the classroom," and that once in his class there is no getting out in time for lunch, the fact is that nobody cares much. He has put color and life into a formidable mass of material. If there is anything in this trend toward student democracy, let this be considered a vote.

On the campus, as well as all over America, there is a rapidly growing interest in European and Far-Eastern affairs. And well there may be, for they are now home events. We have a professor returning from the Far East with fresh views and

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Polly's Folly

EVERY TIME I get stymied and can't think of anything with which to make a column—and you've no idea how often this happens, or have you?—I don't do like Pink and spill the clankings of my mind on paper. No, indeed. I go sit down by myself and out of my inner consciousness I spin an idea. Maybe it isn't such a hot idea but Descartes and some of the other boys have done it and look where they are.

My idea this evening is to tell you about some of my experiences with the road oiling crew with which I worked last summer. Of course, I can't toss in the spicier bits like the one about the grass widow who made hay out of us over in Fossil, but I can recount innocent little yarns like the following:

It was our fortune or misfortune to have as a foreman a big husky Scandinavian who stood six feet two in his bare feet, which was the way he preferred to stand. He was tough and to see him coming down the road sort of quartering into the wind with his hat cocked over one eye was a sight which always reminded me of H.M.S. Hood bearing down on a rowboat.

WELL, ONE DAY we were trying to lay road with our customary speed and dispatch but things weren't going so well . . . presently the foreman arrived on the scene, cast a glance at the grief, picked out the man he thought was responsible for it all and fired him. This gentleman got up from where he was sitting and stated mildly that he didn't mind being fired but goodness gracious how he did hate that long walk into town alone. It was, he said, hardly fair to make a man do that stretch all by himself.

A foreman has to be quick on the uptake or he is not foreman for long. Without a waste motion the Push strolled across the road and into the pit where the shovel was working, looked over the assemblage, and fired one of the less-likely-looking stick wielders. "Here," he said to ex-employee No. 1, "is company for your walk." And with that he strolled on back up the road whistling to himself.

TRICKS ON AN oiling crew are standard equipment and it was not at all unusual to find anywhere from three to half a dozen lighted cigarettes in one's pockets . . . it was common practice as well to hook up a bomb to the engine of a truck and then when it exploded—as it did when the motor started—the luckless gear-jammer would have two or three pails of water thrown on him, "to stop the fire."

Probably one of the better gags of the summer was the one somebody pulled on one of the drivers . . . he's still looking for the perpetrator. It was the custom for the truck drivers to drive all day without stopping for lunch—that is, they would eat a sandwich with one hand while steering with the other.

Somebody got to the lunches one day before the drivers picked them up and carefully removed all the meat from the sandwiches and replaced it with a thick coating of axle-grease mixed with a shot of No. 12 which is road oil. One of the gear-jammers grabbed his lunch on the run, took a huge bite of sandwich and got most of it down before he tasted

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