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'Nels' Takes Over

Lyle M. Nelson is back on the campus in what looks like a top-drawer job. He is director of information for the University and for the state system of higher education. That's a big order for a man who graduated in 1941—when many students on the campus today were freshmen and sophomores. But "Nels" can handle it.

From the talk around town it would appear that he is in for the Number 1 headache job on the campus. Nels, it seems, is to be a combination wailing-wall and father confessor for all the malcontents, for all the persons bearing crosses. In between times he is supposed to "give the school a good name." That's a lot of job and heretofore, with nobody to do the dirty work, the school has been the worse for it. This was pointed out in the Emerald fall term, and has been repeated several times since.

Lyle Nelson is an easy-going sort of guy, who doesn't "pull rank" or throw his weight around. He is also a guy who gets things done. Persons who remember his regime as editor of the Emerald will recall that he accomplished a great deal, made a lot of friends, maintained a few well-chosen enemies, and generally besported himself in a most creditable manner. Later, as editor of Old Oregon and acting director of the University news bureau, he learned more about the University and the state system, and again spread good will.

He'll do his job well without The Emerald's blessing, of course, but The Emerald wishes him luck nonetheless. He will serve a long-standing need.

Investment in the Future

The series of public lectures conducted this week under the joint sponsorship of the E. C. Brown trust fund and the general extension division constitute a recognition of the widespread contemporary need for education for marriage. It is a recognition of the inadequacy of most young people for marriage and parenthood, and indirectly, it is perhaps a recognition of the tidal wave of neurotic modern unhappiness which psychiatrists trace to the inadequacy of the last generation of parents to fit their children for adaptability to the changing environment.

The old romantic ideas that everything is getting better and better, that progress is inevitable and consequently that humanity will become happier, healthier, and saner have been junked completely. We all realize the material progress: automatic dishwashers, robot-like record changes, and more efficient bombs. But we also know that humanity is undergoing an epidemic of insecurity and unhappiness. Organized movements based on hatred, hostility and violence such as communism, anarchism, nihilism, anti-Semitism, pseudo-biologic racism, ad nauseum, are the most common expressions of human unhappiness.

And most of these, psychiatrists are discovering, were started and are carried on by unhappy people with psychotic or neurotic complexes developed in unhappy homes. That, of course, is only one tentative answer.

But the point is that any serious endeavor to educate men and women to recognize their responsibilities to the future generations before they marry and beget children is a step in what we presume is the right direction. Education for marriage should not be limited only to occasional public lectures, but must eventually be made part of the compulsory public educational program. The ability to rear well-adjusted citizens is not instinctual; any oaf can have children. Intelligent parents must be trained if future generations are to be able to cope with the problems we are cooking up for them.

The Red Menace

We are terribly disappointed in Representative William B. Morse of Prineville, who told the legislative ways and means committee in Salem last week that "something should be done about Communistic activity at the University of Oregon."

Ever since we read his statement as reported so faithfully by the Associated Press we've been keeping an eye open for some of these Reds. Thus far we haven't unearthed a single bomb. There is one professor who cuts his grass with a sickle. When we observed this act, we stopped and discussed the matter with him, but he denied any affiliation with the Party.

We heard about a suspect over in the economics department, but it turned out that he voted for William McKinley in the last four presidential elections. So that lets him out.

Maybe Representative Morse is confused by the "liberalism" of some of the Oregon professors. For example the professor who admitted to a class of 60 just the other day that he was all for the public school system—government ownership or no. There was another one—a lit professor this time—who ventured the opinion that some Russians are people. Another did his undergraduate work at the University of Idaho—at Moscow.

Representative Morse charges very interesting things. We suggest he come to the University for a couple of days. We suggest he drop in on a few classes and listen to the theories of Adam Smith expounded by some of those dangerous forces.



Side Patter
By BOB WHITELY

Spring term at the "U" . . . the gals all are looking forward to it . . . the freshman gals that is . . . the older girls like S. Timmens and G. Grenfell have purchased their new track shoes. The glammer lasses from that hunk of land south of Cal-Ore have laid in their Spring term supply of Sun Tan Make-up and coyly whisper "I got it at Balboa" . . . and the Oregonians wisely brought back their rubbers. Look at this stinking weather! The boom was lowered none too gently as to grades, and such courses as Love and Marriage, Choral Union, Music Appreciation and Camp Cookery will no doubt have an overflowing attendance this spring. The Blue Ox wasn't the only one who got his nose wet at Timberline . . . the jolly SAE's gamboled in the snow . . . (it says here in fine print) at Sun Valley. Bob Wallace skied down the wrong hill and

finished first in local grammar-school race, barely nosing out a 7 year-old on barrel staves. The girls went thru the "Oh you're back . . . tell me ALL about it" etc. etc. . . who did you go out with . . . what did you do . . . and then hide in the third floor closet to discuss the adventures further. The fraternity houses went thru the age-old routine. . . What did YOU make? . . . with various snide answers. The law school took a low blow on the hieroglyphics they hand out on little cards . . . and Rights and Lands is a thing of the hideous past. Pins were hung and de-hung . . . there was a lot of hugin' going on over the vacation, and some did a little chaulkin' to boot. The blackboard is improving. With this beautiful spring weather, the Sandy River Smelt

have obviously been confused and misguided, because there's something swimming around those Amazon mad-made lakes. The Law School's Jack Hoffman at least came back with a giant carp for his fishing efforts. The fool thing probably got stuck in the grass and he picked it up. From the looks of Ted Hallock's picture, it appears that the cameraman snapped it just as someone fanned his pants with a blow torch. Headline in yesterday's Emerald. Bronson has "Pasture" Lead . . . that could be kicked around with dire results. Miss J. Williams should be commended on her statement that mixer dances give the off-campus students "something to do on Saturday nights" . . . Those lonely Saturday nights in front of a roaring fire-place with your love and a glass of Seven-Up are boring . . . we need a dance or two. All anyone can say . . . next to what did you make (grades) is . . . wot hellish weather to start my spring campaign. It's back to the sun-porch for the pre-Mortar Board softening up process. Also . . . back to the Side for John and Jim's delicious coffee

Pd. Adv.

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