

Want a Soviet Pen Pal?

Here's a fine way for Scullins and Zilches to channel their lust for quill and scroll.

The National Council of American-Soviet Friendship announces a letter exchange between American and Soviet students. It is designed to "increase understanding and friendship."

Although the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship is sometimes described as being the color of roses that are not pink, white or yellow, giving it the benefit of the doubt could be interested and beneficial in this case—when and if the letters arrive from the Soviet Union.

(Incidentally, a professor on this campus who is a sponsor of the Council emphatically denied that it is a Communist front organization. He said that its purpose is just what its name implies. It has been smeared, he said, because officials in this country do not want love wasted between the two countries in the event of another war.)

Here's how the project works:

The American student writes his letter and sends it to Soviet-American Friendship headquarters. He notes on the envelope that he would like to correspond with a medical student, political science student (!) or what have you.

The council forwards the letter to the Soviet Union, and later, it is said, the correspondence can be carried on without the intermediary. Letters are in English.

The address is Student Division of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16.

If anyone has enough of the Columbus spirit to go through with this, the Emerald would be interested in the result.—B.H.

Porchlight Parade

By Ed Cauduro

With many coeds using "Hamlet" as an excuse for late permission together with the balmy spring nights there should be all kinds of new developments . . . but I guess the bug is slow to bite and the winter term rut is mighty deep. . . .

Engagement announcements are rolling in from all directions . . . Alpha Gam June Hershberger is showing everyone her ring from Pi Kap Dutch Reich . . . Kappa Andre Manerud is now planning her wedding with Phi Psi Dave Kempston . . . and DG Sally Grefe is dittoing with Sig John Jones. . . .

Wonder why the gals who collect frat pins like they collect charms don't use Balfour for their provider instead of the harassed college Joes. . . .

Understand Delt Norm Morrison is dickering for a patent on a newly concocted drink that is reported to be more stimulating than coke . . . chief ingredient is shaving lotion. . . .

A casual combo that bears watching is the Thet Casey Jones and ATO Carl Reusser two-some . . . No place like home (spelled Theta) eh, Carl. . . .

The latest cry of revolt ringing around the quad comes from off-campus women . . . who will

be required to live in one of the girls' dorms in the future . . . Wonder what is causing so much strain and embarrassment between the Theta Chis and Chi Os.

A pinning of last week that we lost in the shuffle was that of Rebecca Von Raiden of Susie Campbell to Beta Dick Waibel. . . . Sunday will be Heidi Sachse's lucky day cuz she's leaving for L.A. where she will be married to Bert Moore, Old Oregon editor for last year . . . When the 1949 Oregana comes off the presses way behind schedule the cause can all be traced to the past few days since Roy Paul Nelson is on the quad again, and Editor Trudi Chernis is going around in a starry-eyed daze oblivious of her surroundings. . . .

Zeta Hall's Beth Miller and Phi Psi Virg Tucker are free-lancing again . . . also DG Joan Hodges and Sig Nu Bill Marker have chilled. . . .

Speculation is reaching an all time high as to when AXO Jean Miller will be getting an SAE pin . . . Jack Young's match . . . also in the same vein wonder when Detta Daniels of Hen hall and Pi K Phi Barney Barnes are going to be pinned . . . this mooning will soon lose its glamour. . . .

Just heard someone say "Picnic" . . . gotta go. . . .

Traditions Are Fine, But-- Down With This Seat Segregation!

To the Editor:

Hats off to your editorial! You expressed thoughts which I have had in mind for a long time. Up to now I have kept quiet because I have felt I might be poking my nose in some place where it did not belong.

Traditions are a fine thing, every college and university should have them—good ones. But when traditions become detrimental to the reputation of their school and its student body, and foster the degeneracy of a school's spirit, it is best that they be abolished.

I have attended athletic contests all over the country, but never before have I encountered segregation of the sexes at athletic contests. One second thought, I take that back, I do remember a similar situation at a school back in the midwest. The school was a junior high school and the boys sat in different sections than the girls, but I attributed that to adolescent bashfulness. That was

a few years ago and I will admit that the adolescent has changed considerably in regard to boy-girl relationships!

Hazing the officials is another sore spot, not so much the fact as the vulgarity with which it is employed. Tender ears have no presence in the men's section at Mac court. Giving release to pent up excitement through cheering and screams—that is forgivable, even commendable, it is part of the game; but to heap barbarous abuse on the officials and our opponents because we do not agree with a decision—that is disgusting and cowardly.

I am in full accord with your suggestion for the abolishment of the boy-girl seating segregation at the University athletic contests. I believe it would help to check the more repulsive type of banter by the men and might conceivably help to unite our spirits into more plausible manifestations.

Birger L. Johnson

Raising Kane

Is Hol'w'd Hack Today's Shakespeare?

By Hank Kane

One summer day in Ashland a young boy watched open-mouthed the rehearsals for the Shakespearean Festival's production of "Hamlet."

After the performance he rushed home and excitedly told what he had seen—"ghosts, duels, murders, and pretty ladies—like in the movies, only better."



His discovery that Shakespeare is exciting was imitated by those who saw the film production of "Hamlet" this past week and were surprised at the humor, profanity, and earthiness in this tragedy.

There has been a tendency to decry the usual run of Hollywood pictures and call for more "artistic" films like "Hamlet."

What is overlooked is that Shakespeare's plays were the Elizabethan equivalent of popular Hollywood Westerns and whodonits, and were looked down as such by the intellectuals who preferred the classic Greek and Roman dramas.

It doesn't call for too much imagination to think of the young Shakespeare crying in his English beer because he was obliged to write what he considered hack plays to live instead of the elegant sonnets with which he had begun his writing career.

Hollywood screen writers probably say much the same thing as they toil in the California gold mines called the motion picture industry.

But let us consider the unlikely possibility that the works of a prolific creator of Hollywood Westerns like "Duel in the Sun" is considered by later generations to be sufficiently classic to be studied in surveys of literature and produced by television as the

flowering of America literary genius.

Twenty-fifth century critics will pontificate how the title role of "Tex," considered the greatest American classic, is the highest aspiration of any actor, the significance of the reliance on the extinct horse, and the symbology of the quick draw and the six-shooter.

Why the hero never kisses the heroine will be the subject of as much debate as the centuries-old controversy over whether Hamlet was insane or pretending insanity to disguise his purpose.

Atomic Age audiences will be tense during the gunfights, as archaic to them as swords are to us, and feel a lump in their collective throat as the hero rides off into the sunset to the tune of "I'm heading for the last roundup."

But think of the difficulties involved in training an actress to act as woodenly as Jane Russell?

From Our Mailbag

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

Any dispute between contesting parties, vis-a-vis, public or private, always attracts general interest, no less on a college campus than elsewhere, I aver.

Certainly, the dismissal of certain University of Washington professors for Communist Party affiliations and the subsequent wrangle in the Emerald "From Our Mail Bag" relative to the rightness or wrongness not only of the dismissals but of other quite broad, if vague, references to the dirty "capitalists," on the one hand, and to low-down "Communists," on the other, would bear my theory out.

However that may be, and regardless of the amount of heat generated by discussion of such all-inclusive topics—which I consider to be a healthy indication that we are still a free nation—the dogmatists of both the Left and the Right, plus many others with minds too devoid of convictions to know the membership requirements of either of these "infallible" divinities, just plain do not follow their own common sense.

Man is democratic; he is a tyrant. Man is kind; he is also a hard-knuckled, uncompromising

flintheart. He is modest; he is ostentatious. Man is well-mannered; he is a repulsive rowdy also. He gives to charity; he also plunders and destroys all that is fine and beautiful.

In short, every man is good, but he is also bad; he is today what he may not and probably will not be tomorrow. Each of us believes certain things, we are proud of our convictions; and we think that we know our needs and limitations; but always we face new circumstances tomorrow or next year which condition us both to repudiate our old modes of behavior and to accept new ones, for better or for worse. This is, I think, John Dewey's conception of cause and effect, which, of course, the hierarchies of the Left and Right would have us common guys and gals ignore.

The totalitarian forces all over the world would like to see nothing better than a division of tomorrow's leaders, today's college students, into two hostile extremist camps, vituperating each other with ambiguous, stinging names.

The totalitarians could then slip in almost unobserved. Remember the little man with a mustache who once croaked: "Divide, then conquer." That could happen to

us, but not if we stand united.

After all, you and I and the next fellow are humans. Let's not let little differences, mistakes, or issues break us up into irreconcilable factions. We've all gotta' be pals.

Benjamin A. Benedict

Church Groups Set Joint Meetings

"Our Chinese Neighbors" will be the topic of Mrs. David Campbell when she speaks to the joint meeting of Westminster and Canterbury Club Sunday evening at Westminster house. Mrs. Campbell will speak in defense of Chiang Kai-shek.

The meeting will begin at 5:15 p. m. when supper will be served. The worship service, which will precede the speaker, will be led by Carl Seibel and Micky Campbell. Everyone is welcome.

Under the Weather

Patients in the infirmary now total eight, which is the lowest for a number of weeks. Still confined are William Morse, Emelie Jackull, Doloris Thiel, Jean Lichty, Stan Turnbull, Eddie Savoie, Howard Monroe and Lois Glenn.

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