

Keep It In The Open

The recent action by University of California professors opposing the signing of non-Communist affidavits increases the pressure upon university administration all over the country. The California faculty senate, representing some 700 teachers, requested the board of regents to rescind its earlier action which made it mandatory for professors to sign loyalty oaths. The professors now want the signing of oaths, and a pledge of allegiance similar to that taken by elected officials of the state, placed on a voluntary basis, on the grounds that compulsory signing is a violation of their highly-prized academic freedom.

This is fine so far as it goes. However, the senate, in a resolution to the regents, stated, "We wholeheartedly concur in the university policy prohibiting the employment of persons whose commitments to organizations, Communist or other, prejudice impartial teaching or scholarship."

And by that statement the problem is created.

The good professors want the signings to be of a voluntary nature; yet they believe administrations have every right to refuse contracts to Communists and other party-liners. The theory is that Communists, and the unnamed others, are tied to a party line, and do not have free minds. They, therefore, cannot tolerate the free exchange of ideas that is the very backbone of academic freedom.

But just how are these "persons whose commitments prejudice their ability for impartial teaching" to be recognized?

If a card-carrying Communist is so tied to party doctrine that he is unable to tell the truth, is it likely that he will reveal his sympathies by refusing to sign a loyalty oath? And if the Communist professor does sign the oath, along with the good clean living Republican professors, what good are the oaths in the first place? It is, pardon the comparison, somewhat like passing out honesty oaths among a group of pickpockets, and asking only the honest members to sign their names.

Because of this, permitting oaths of any kind, sither voluntary of compulsory, will bring one result—examinations to determine if the oaths can be considered valid proofs of a professor's loyalty. These will be loyalty investigations, such as were conducted on the Washington campus, and along with them, witch-hunting.

The state of Oregon's educational institutions, with the exception of the unfortunate Oregon State incident, have so far avoided any open indications of instituting either investigations or pledges. There have been rumors of such, however. We sincerely hope that no such attempts will ever be made. Nothing can result from such actions except a black eye for the state.

This will mean, then, that Communists may maintain positions on college faculties. They will have an opportunity to spew forth their particular brand of truth. But there is no reason to believe that, even though they are secure in their positions, they will be able to do any great harm. For are not the principles of democracy being continually brought to the students, also? Are students not constantly being made aware of the great strides that democracy, with all its shortcomings, has made in raising the status of mankind, in establishing a dignity in man? If Communism offers more than this, it is indeed great.

In the free, wholesome, protected air of the universities of America the battle between the two ideologies must be allowed to slug it out, unhampered by oaths and investigations. It cannot be otherwise.—F.T.

No One Says A New Hello

It's a quaint custom of Latin American countries that boys and girls of mating age court by remote control.

How wedlock comes about, no North American ever has been able to fathom. This remote control business is alien to the United States in all instances but one: At American high school stag dances boys stand on one side of the floor nudging each other, and girls stand on the other side—and giggle. The unmeetable twain.

Because of this high school kinship with the south, we've never quite been able to explain the phenomenon of the University's annual "Hello" dance.

Here we have a group of freshmen men and women who have been off opposite sides of Drain high school's dance floor for only three months. The University sponsors a big stag dance—Hello dance. The freshmen come. They are supposed to look over the field and pick someone whose haircut or cashmere tells them that they would be immediate friends. Or, if they cling to high school customs, they are expected just to look over the field.

But wham! What nuclear, atomic thing has happened? As if entering Noah's ark, the freshmen come in pairs. As if carrying concealed magnets, they stay in pairs.

All of which indicates that the stag—at least at the University of Oregon Hello dance—has become an extinct animal.

Let's either abolish this anachronistic social gathering or re-christen it the Siamese Shimmy.—B.H.

Man of the World...

'Sage' Soph Advises Frosh

... by Bob Funk

The time has come, according to all the latest "How to Study" pamphlets, for Oregon's freshmen to settle down to a snappy year of comp themes, French verbs, push-ups, and Beowulf (he of the ancient Scylds, habitat being page 7 of the English lit book.) In fact, the general attitude of the faculty towards freshmen seems to be "you've arrived at the reservoir of knowledge, bub, start drinking." All of which is rather alarming.

How a freshman can imbibe knowledge without choking on the stuff is a real problem, con-

sidering that only last week most of them were ruddy-cheeked young things saying good-bye to maw, paw, and the pet razorback hawg in Coos Bay, Bend, K Falls, Portland, and other rustic points in the Oregon hinterland.

Can such an innocent, clothed only in naivete and maybe a cashmere sweater or two, be expected to unravel the mysteries of such a sinister place as Friendly Hall? Nope. Because there are seniors who still haven't learned that if you go in one door of Friendly you can't possibly see Dr. Ernst (just for instance) because Friendly Hall is cut into three different sections and Dr. Ernest is sure to be in one of the other two. There are two choices. Either run upstairs and descend upon the desired section from above, or go outside and choose from there. Obviously much too weighty a problem for the frosh mind.

The entering freshman may suffer from exhaustion until he (or she—women are people too, most of the time) discovers the use of the Side and other between-class sustenance stations. Proper use of the Side includes a quick jaunt from class, a cup of coffee among good fellows, and a brisk trot back to the next class. However, more experienced persons have been known to convince themselves that the next class is of no importance, that they are going to die without just one more cup of coffee (some have), or that this is Thursday, and whaddaya know, no more classes today. This works out fine for people who like to attend different colleges each year.

And so, as the sun sinks slowly (this is known as alliteration) behind the Delta Gamma house, let us all wish the freshman, as Mr. DuShane would say, a happy and profitable year. Which is just another way of saying have a heck of a good time, but finish the year with a GPA above a two-point.

'ritin' at Random...

'Barefoot Boy' A Freshman Must

... by Jo Gilbert

One week of college life; one week of registration; one week of evenings free—enjoy it while you may for it'll soon be over. Then cometh study hours, activities, classes, quick gulps of black coffee at the Side, dances, and all that goes with the liberal education of Oregon's youth. All the time there are obstacles placed before a goal of just relaxing and enjoying life.

But if you frosh are wondering what it'll all be like, take an evening off while you can, dig up a copy of Max Shulman's BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK, and treat yourself to some entertainment better than any of John Ford's extravaganzas—even better than Howard Hughes' Jane Russell. The "old dawgs" will find it worth their while re-reading it, for, like good whiskey, it improves with age.

If you've never heard of the (in)famous saga of Asa Hearthrug, freshmen at the University of Minnesota, you should drop dead, for this simple tale is probably the most penetrating, witty, and honestly funny book ever written about the fabulous collegiate way of life. The amazing thing about BAREFOOT BOY is that when examined under bright lights, the stuff is all so true.

I think one of the best parts of the entire book is the description of the Minnesota Daily offices which, without strain upon anyone's imagination, could be applied to the Emerald "shack." But Asa's entry into politics; his initiation into the Alpha Cholera fraternity; Bruce Proletariat's discourse on Marx and Veblen—these are classics. But Shulman tells it much better than I.

Free Lancin'...

Road to Success Via Pinball, Sox

... by Bill Lance

Before you turn away—the objective of this column is not to present some stuffy issue, but to entertain and describe the lighter sides of campus life.

Traditionally first columns are slanted toward incoming freshmen and I am not one to break traditions.

One of the most valuable assets for any socially ambitious Freshman—next to a friend with a flashy convertible—is to cultivate an expert game of pinball. Unlike an unnamed college of lower morals, here at Oregon stress is placed upon sports involving less bodily contact and more finesse!

Co-eds, bless them all, not being endowed with the natural athletic ability of boys, are expected to express themselves in other ways. They should channel their personalities into the one thing they can do best—whether it be a soulful blinking of the eyes, the artistic smoking of a cigarette, or learning to knit a pair of argyle socks.

All college students are expected to be well-read. The one true sign of erudition is an ability to discuss the more classic works of literature fluently and freely. Selective reading of the highest caliber are to be found on the bookstands of any of the local drugstores. Such all-time classics as "God's Little Acre," "Forever Amber," and "Tobacco Road," may be procured in pocket-sized editions which are easily smuggled into the classroom.

Another phase of campus life not to be dwelt lightly upon is the one of traditions. All Freshmen are expected to abide by certain rules laid down in the past by the upper classmen. The return of the millrace will give added splash to enforcement of traditions this year. However don't obey any order blindly because it is presented in the guise of "tradition." Wily upper-classmen have been known to secure loans, shoe shines, the loan of automobiles and sundry other favors on the pretext that it is traditional.

Many freshmen make their initial error in starting off their college careers by paying too little attention to the academic side of things. The importance of an interested, receptive countenance in class is too often ignored. Every freshman should strive to achieve an expression that is, if not receptive, at least impressive. Ingratiate your professor by letting him see that you are not bored by his lecture.

In spite of a promise to the contrary, this column has already jumped off the deep end with a great deal of weighty and ponderous advice for new students. This had to be so, for it is the paramount duty of any columnist to consider the public need. But there is one thing about advice; it can usually be had free and in copious quantities. So future editions of "Free Lancin'" will be devoted more to producing chuckles and less to such lofty ejaculations which are, perhaps, a trifle copious for the freshman's diminutive comprehension.