

# Why Study--Religion

Head of Religion Department

There are many reasons why the modern educated man should be informed about the field of religion, but the main reason is probably that religion is related to so many fields of study.

Religion is closely related to art and literature, to the social studies, history, anthropology, sociology, psychology and philosophy. Evidence of the relation between the natural sciences and religion is the increasing interest which the most eminent scientists today are taking in religious problems and the various expressions of religious faith by these scientists.

However, the problem of religion in higher education is particularly acute because of the crisis in which contemporary civilization is now involved. It is widely recognized that the great need today is not for more highly trained technologists but for more persons who understand what the purpose and destiny of our civilization should be.

Individuals and civilizations become creative to the extent that they have an integrated philosophy of life and are conscious of the goals toward which they are driving. Down

through the course of history the profound and far-reaching influence of religion upon culture and civilization has been evident.

But religion is no mere antiquarian and historical interest. Every man who is concerned about ultimate values, that which has to do with supreme loyalties, must be concerned about the great problems with which religion has dealt perennially.

Dr. H. N. Wieman has recently emphasized the intellectual and yet the practical nature of curricular courses in the department of religion. "The problem of religious thought is the problem of what is most important for human living; what should command the self-giving of religious faith by reason of its importance; what will carry human life to its highest possibilities of value when given first place; what will save from disintegration and destruction of human good when its required conditions are met."

Although the Department of Religion is a non-major department on the campus of the University, it recognizes its obligation to supplement the university curriculum by affording students the opportunity for disciplined and scientific study in this field.

# They Were Hellions

To show you that girls will be naughty girls this year and every year, we pass on this interview with one of the founders of Pi Beta Phi written up in a December 1936 Emerald. The good woman was 91 when she met the Emerald reporter—and she thought girls were slipping. She said:

"Modern cocktail drinking, cigarette smoking girls don't compare with the standard set by the 12 girls who started Phi Beta Phi. Why, I walked into one chapter house to find them gambling. They were playing for small stakes, it is true, but in my day, girls would never dare to think of doing such a thing."

She was additionally bothered by reports she had heard that modern coeds stand up to a bar and drink with men. She felt young men would be disgusted with such a girl—and she thought, too, that the 1936 college girl would be better off if she went back to the voluminous skirts of the Victorian era.

The clear eyed lady who still did her own housework at 91 took a definite stand against slapping paint on the face. "The only time I wore powder was when I was married, because I thought I should look white. But I found I was white enough with fright, so I didn't keep it on."

Those 1936 Oregon coeds must have been hellions!—B.H.

We heard recently of a new organization that was almost born on campus. The presidents of three honoraries sat together discussing the impossibility of holding meetings. None of the members could ever get together at the same time; they belonged to too many other clubs.

So the presidents decided to form a Society for Disappointed Presidents, which would meet for the sole purpose of being woeful. But when they tried to find a meeting time they couldn't. That's why there's not another club on the campus this morning.

## Wild Notes

### No Deferred Talent Around This Village

by Fred Young

This talent file should be one of the better ideas that has hit the village recently, and with nothing "deferred" about it either. There's the hope that every and anyone interested in performing around the campus and town will file a card with the Talent Committee and then allow them to receive the act so it can be catalogued accordingly.

Incidentally, to be included in any future campus show the act or single must be on file with the Talent committee. The fun starts this Monday night at the Gerlinger annex.

A very pretty King Cole thing heard recently, pleasantly combines originality with the intimate Cole voice for an Hawaiian "Nalani." Backed by his trio plus studio vocalers which lend this the "must be heard" quality not always located in the commercial Cole works.

A feeling that there's probably even a little more rhythm and originality in the "Daylight" than in the current fad "Mule Train." Maybe, after all, there's still hope for that ridiculous bebop. You have to listen closely to the "Mule" to get nothing, maybe when the listeners get that habit for bop they'll realize there's still a lot of music being played.

That's interesting to the purists: Bud Freeman and Mugsy Spanier, who headlined the Second Annual Dixieland Jamboree recently held in Los Angeles, proved disappointing to the two-beaters while Pete Dailey's Chicagoans never seemed to get in the spirit of their tunes.

One of the outstanding groups to appear on the show was the unknown Castle Jazzband of Portland which always improves with the audience, (6,600 attended the show) and has received limited attention due to the sparse marketing of their Castle records. Hear them on the weekends at the Creolized Hy-Mac in Portland.

# The Man Who Knows Says...

By Sister Mary Gilbert

Alas and alack and alumnus!

With Homecoming near, bringing a campus full of alums, there's a chance to air a pet peeve.

Pronunciation of the plural of the species has long plagued this weary mortal. Gender she could forget if only the King's English were not Latinized with such impunity.

Newspapers are supposed to educate. On this hopeful theory, the word for "a person formerly a member of a school or college class that has graduated" is herewith elucidated.

According to Webster, "alumnus" is a masculine noun. The plural is "alumni." But it's pronounced with a long "i" and not in the best scholastic Latin fashion—"alumnee."

Female of the species, taken singly, is an alumna. Multiplied by two or more, she becomes "alumnae." Final syllable sounds like the noise emitted when a mouse attends a sorority meeting: long "e," second vowel in the rally routine for first grade: "A-E-I-O-U

(Rah! Rah!)

Readers should be properly confused by now, and more discerning souls will revert to the easy solution—"alums." This is a simple way out, but not quite the scholarly approach.

Conflicting associations are probably at work. Careful Katies will not be quite so glib when next they speak of old grads.

But hesitation, in this case, marks the meticulous. It is the sign of scholastic scruples. And what better ailment could one have?

Badge of the scholar, this professional stammer doesn't mean the ultimate in human knowledge. But it does distinguish the man who knows from the man who knows he doesn't know.

"Alumn . . . us . . . ah . . . ee . . . I . . ." will soon be standard stutter on campus. But, in the event that the speech department may object, a handy little gadget to support a lagging memory may be devised if someone can tell this eager versifier what rhymes with alum—er—ah . . .

## Ritin' At Random

### The Jack of All Trades, Master of One--Fowler

by Jo Gilbert



May I be pardoned if this week I rob my own book shelves for a review? The reason is that this week I did some re-reading of an old favorite—and I am a great exponent of browsing through books. Else, why buy them?

One of my favorites is Gene Fowler—his writing has the comfort of an old shoe that you constantly wear. Possibly my affection for his work is a result of my interest in journalism and Fowler is a product of the FRONT PAGE era. And the guy can write and does it well. The English department may sneer at an author coming from a sensationalist school, but weren't Addison and Steele Hearstlings in their day? And Defoe who wasn't exactly appreciated by the best of society? So back to Gene Fowler.

The book is his autobiography—A SOLO

IN TOM-TOMS (Viking Press.) It is, in my humble estimation, not as good as the autobiographical novel, TRUMPET IN THE DUST, but Fowler would have a long, long way to travel to reach that peak, much less excell it. SOLO is good, well written, and full of the usual collection of anecdotes that fills any of his works. The man seems to have an inexhaustible store of fine stories—be good for a party.

The basic search in Fowler's life was that for a father, whom he finally met after he had left his home town, Denver, and was in New York. The father, as a result of a subtle feud with his wife's mother, the Granny who raised Fowler, walked out previous to the boy's birth and all because of a cuppa coffee. His mother married again (after a divorce) and

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