

Just Wait Until January

This is the last edition of the Emerald this term.

(Brief pause for cheers from staff workers, perfectionists, the PE school, and the Inter-Fraternity Council.)

With so many controversial issues under discussion it seems like kind of a shame to stop publication now.

But then with Christmas coming up perhaps it is best we stop talking about PE school purges, deferred living, deferred rushing (which incidentally is a good idea), and hardly-more-than-adequate dramatic productions. If we are to get in the feeling of love your brother, good will toward men, and peace on earth, it may be well that this is the last edition of the Emerald this term.

So have fun with your finals and Merry Christmas to one and all (Greeks and administration included).

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This week is so close to finals and there is so much happening, the Student Affairs Committee decided that there should be no late permission granted for Carmen Cavallero this evening.

Personally we feel that the students should be allowed to determine for themselves what events they should take advantage of; and if they prefer to see Carmen Cavallero rather than Dorothy Thompson, that's a choice they can best make themselves.

* * * *

We got a postcard the other day with the following query on it:

We can't help but wonder if the PE school will be next in line to require loyalty oaths?

Our Readers Speak--About George Spelvin

To the Editor of the Oregon Daily Emerald
Dear Editor

Re the critique of "Winterset."

For the benefit of the uninitiate, "George Spelvin" is a pseudonym used for an unnamed drama critic. It is doubtful that the Emerald's George qualifies. Rather, George seems to quite a few people an immature and frustrated thespian who may not have quite made the grade in last year's University Theater's productions.

For the future, Mr. Editor, in fairness to the actors and the next audiences, if a production is, in your opinion, to be panned, before you take the matter to print, why don't you wait a performance or two for the opening night jitters to become quiescent?

I believe that you owe Miss Pasquan and Mr. Erickson a sincere apology for this premature condemnation.

Further, I believe that you owe your readers the chance to consider the source. Perhaps George isn't as omniscient as he apparently feels he is.

Sincerely yours
Michael Madden

Mr. Spelvin at least attended a performance before passing judgment on the production of "Winterset," Mr. Madden. As far as we could determine, from information secured at the University Theater box office, you have not yet seen the play.

True, George Spelvin is a pseudonym. It is a familiar term in the theater, as any drama student could tell you, used in programs when an actor in a small part wishes to be unnamed. It is frequently used when the person plays two roles, or when a director plays a small role in his play.

As for Mr. Spelvin's qualifications, he has worked in the University Theater for the past two years and is still active in the Theater. He is a member of the advisory board of the theater, has participated in back stage, on stage, and box office phases of drama.

We feel that Mr. Spelvin is qualified to review the University Theater productions.

It is certainly your privilege to disagree with his opinions. But we do suggest you see the play, and know what you are speaking of, before you become too indignant.—
The Editor.

Our Readers Speak--Concerning PE Chemistry and Deferred Living

Chemistry Practices

To the Oregon Daily Emerald
Editor:

In the Oregon Daily Emerald of Thursday, you quoted Dr. Leighton, Dean of the School of Physical Education, "There were admittedly some poor practices in the teaching of chemistry," and "We set up tutoring classes in chemistry and one in physics, to help those students having difficulties." Since these were direct quotations I presume they are exact reproductions of his statements.

It is not clear from the quotations, who admitted the poor practices. Even though the statements were made in a conference which I thought was confidential, I am willing to admit publicly also that it was I who made the admission. The conference I refer to was held on October 27 prior to the P E meeting which has since become first page news. I do not agree with those who claim no controversial subject should be discussed in the Emerald. I consider these discussions a healthy indication of interest in improvement of the University.

Certainly there were some bad practices in Elementary Chemistry. There still are some bad practices in other courses in chemistry also. We recognize many of these and are doing our best to correct them. I presume there are some poor practices we don't even suspect. At least we are aware of many of our deficiencies.

Neither is it clear whom Dean

Leighton meant by "we" who set up tutoring classes in chemistry. The implication is that the School of Physical Education did. Perhaps it did, but partially as the result of our conference, the Department of Chemistry also set up a help session (not "tutoring" in the common usage of that word) to meet every Tuesday night. This was not done for physical education majors only. The sessions are open to anyone in Elementary Chemistry.

I do not blame the girls for wondering why chemistry and physics should be made a requirement in physical education. I often wonder about it myself. My only answer is that these courses are part of a liberal education. One year of chemistry does not make a student a professional chemist. We have other courses for that and Elementary Chemistry is not accepted as part of that program. I do not believe in special courses for special major interests. We don't have the staff nor the budget to permit giving them and, more important, I consider such courses educationally unsound. This is not a trade school.

An examination of the records of the P E majors taking Elementary Chemistry discloses that few of them have an adequate foundation in high school algebra. That is why chemistry is so hard for them. Elementary Chemistry is not a course in mathematics, but it cannot be taught without the use of numbers. The other students in the class, as

a rule, have a similarly poor grasp of arithmetic.

We do not believe these students should be prohibited from taking any chemistry just because they are weak in mathematics. That is the reason we have two beginning courses in chemistry, General Chemistry for science majors or students who have the prerequisites, and Elementary Chemistry for P E majors and others who do not expect to take a second year of chemistry.

We shall continue to strive to make Elementary Chemistry as valuable a one year course as possible but we shall not eliminate anything just because it is hard.

A. H. Kunz

We appreciate your letter Mr. Kunz, and are particularly interested in your statement to the effect that you consider discussions in the Emerald a healthy indication of interest in improvement of the University.

If we may be allowed to draw conclusions from recent actions, Dean Leighton apparently believes any discussion of administrative practices by students (in Emerald or in meetings with other students) is not only an unhealthy situation, but an indication of an improper attitude, also.

Dean Leighton informed the Emerald last week, that tutoring classes had been set up and instructed by "our own people," meaning, as we understood it, persons from the PE department.

A Merry Christmas Story

By BARBARA HEYWOOD

The radio played "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen" for the third time that evening, launched into the "Star Spangled Banner," said goodnight, and stopped. It was midnight.

Jim layed down his analytics textbook—he'd read two pages in the last hour—switched off the radio and looked broodingly around the apartment. He looked at the dirty dishes, at the clothes strewn over the unmade bed, at the feathers of lint on the hooked rug askew on the floor.

"Well, I'm a father now," he said aloud to Fred, the cat. "It's a hard life any way you look at it." He pressed with both fists against his aching temples and the cat stared at him, eyes glowing and round like a night animal.

Jim uncovered his eyes and glared back at the cat. If he didn't keep them open, or keep them away from the even lines of the book he saw Jean. He saw her, face lined with control on the ambulance stretcher, he saw her rolling her head back and forth pendulum-like on the pillow, or times when she was quiet looking at him with her blue eyes round and black—something like the cat's.

Wearily Jim went to the sink to stack the gummy dishes. "Damn the race," he said out loud. "Damn everybody. Especially damn babies. Especially damn babies that come early. And the night before my last final yet.

"And God bless the American Flag." He held up a plate and looked at it absordedly. He didn't realize he'd stopped working. On the plate he saw two business-like ambulance drivers. Then the picture shifted to the grey haired, neat, bleak face of Dr. Smith who taught Analytics 497 and shared honors with few for being the toughest professor in the University. Jim grunted and put the plate down with a bang.

"Would you take that final tomorrow or wouldn't you?" he asked Fred. "Unless I study some more, I'll flunk the final. If I flunk the final, I'll flunk the course. And if I flunk the course I won't graduate this term."

Fred yawned and turned around to curl up in a big wrinkle in the rug.

"It's sure quiet here," said Jim. "I wonder why the radiator rattles everytime but now."

He went back to the dishes, slamming them together and talking aloud to drive away the vacuum-like stillness. "Well," he said, "I quote Dr. Smith in our recent interview: 'Other men have earned their living, raised families, moved several times, repaired broken-down cars and still managed to turn in their papers, get A's in finals, and graduate.' I wonder if Jean's asleep now."

"Two hours short of graduation if I flunk." He'd stopped working again. "Heck with it. I'm going to bed."

He sat down on the edge of the bed and slowly undid three buttons on his shirt. Then his hands gradu-

ally lowered to his side. A tingling feeling of realization started somewhere inside and grew.

He jumped up and kicked the cat. "My God, Cat! Wake up! I'm a father now . . . Merry Christmas!" He sat down heavily and looked unbelievably around at nothing. "It's sure quiet in here."

Jim walked to his 8 o'clock final the next morning in the cold, blue semi-twilight. The colored Christmas lights still on in a few shop windows seemed as unreal as the last 24 hours.

He still couldn't concentrate. Sometimes he felt jubilant, sometimes just tired, and all the time flashes of last night stopped him and blanked everything else from his mind.

When he got to class and picked up his mimeographed final he could feel perspiration on his forehead and down his back.

I don't know it, don't know it. But if I think hard I can bluff . . . not bluff to a passing grade, though. When I get out of this I can go and see Jean. Won't graduate. Wish I'd stop hearing God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen. Head aches.

Jim sat for a while. Then he gave up. And when he did, he relaxed. An inspiration came to him. He wrote an explanation to the forever buzzing tune of God Rest Ye, Merry, and turned in his paper otherwise blank:

God Rest ye merry, Dr. Smith
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember sharper men than I
Have oft flunked out this way—
And note, too, that my son
Was born almost on Christmas day.
Oh tidings of comfort and joy . . .

That afternoon as Jim was putting finishing touches on a cleanup of the apartment, he heard a knock. Dr. Smith stood there. He smiled experimentally, took off his hat, and said: "Good afternoon, Mr. Johnson."

Jim invited him in. After inquiring after respective healths and tendering congratulations he said to Jim, "I thought you might be worrying about your examination this morning—yes, I've already looked it over. I considered it awhile and—now I don't want you to broadcast this—but in view of the circumstances, I think a can give you a passing grade if you will pledge yourself to write a paper and mail it back to me by the end of next term.

"And one other thing. Mrs. Smith says if you have no other engagement this evening, we would enjoy your company at dinner."

That off his chest, Dr. Smith told a joke—more or less. They both laughed loudly and with comradery. Then he left.

"Merry Christmas—to you and your little family," said Dr. Smith.

"Merry Christmas, sir," Jim answered with the first real smile in a long time.

We are sure chemistry students, whether PE majors or not, appreciate and will cooperate with your attempts to make elementary chemistry as valuable a one year course as possible. We are sure, too, that the conscientious student (and there are probably more of them than one might imagine) does not want anything of value eliminated simply because it may be difficult.—
The Editor.

Help Appreciated

Dear Emerald Editor,

This is not written in reference to last Saturday's editorial since the council believes that "ten times worse" is an individual controversy

between yourself and one council member.

In discussing the "Deferred Living Plan" the Inter-Fraternity Council agreed to accept the responsibility offered to it by the administration of devising the most expedient rushing system in relation to the student, dormitory, and fraternity.

In working out our problem the Inter-Fraternity Council will appreciate any advice proffered by the ASUO committee, your Emerald, or any other interested party. This will ameliorate the Council's decision to the best interests of the entire student-body.

Respectfully yours,
IFC



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