

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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College Morals—Last of Series

A Generation Seeks Deep Roots

This is the eighth in a series of articles on the college students of 1950—their outlook on life, their moral codes and behavior, their changing standards. The series originally ran in the New York Post.

By Max Lerner

I have said in this series that the college students of today are not a lost generation, but a generation in search. They are not throwing all the rules out of the window. But what they are looking for is not the old and shopworn rigid code, but a set of deeply-rooted principles to live by.

When the postwar generation after World War I threw over the "eternal verities" of their fathers and grandfathers, they embraced an ethical relativism—that is, the idea that there are no standards of conduct which apply for human beings as such, but that all standards shift from culture and from generation to generation, and the ethics that is best is one that suits you best.

The present generation is not making that mistake again. Obviously this does not apply to all the students and on every campus. There are still students who have not recovered from the revelation that the old moral codes are hypocritical, and their conclusion is that anything goes that they can get away with. But these are few. The students who

do any thinking at all are groping for directions of behavior which is different from the old ones but which nevertheless will serve as a guide.

This is, then a search—a search for new codes more adequate than the old ones.

It comes partly from the students' awareness of the gap between the codes they have been taught and the operative social behavior they see around them.

When parents lament over the morals of the young it would be a good idea for them to turn the mirror on their own generation. The code bans drinking, to excess, but alcoholism is rampant. The code bans gambling, but the fact is that gambling is one of our big industries running into billions of dollars. The code bans extra-marital intercourse and sexual promiscuity, but the studies in the Kinsey volume show that the sexual behavior of the adult American male is not something to be held up as an example to the teenagers.

Can we complain then if the young people see the distance between what we tell them to do and what we do ourselves, what we profess to be and what they actually observe around them?

On another count also we must shoulder a good portion of the responsibility. We profess to believe in education, and say that the success of democracy depends upon it. But evidently we

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The Word

By Stan Turnbull

"Daddy, tell me a thtory about the girlth at the Univeristy of Oregon," lithped — lisped — my five-year old son. His two front teeth were missing where I'd knocked them out after he backed over his younger sister with the family car.

"Well, son, it was back in 1951 when the University finally had to step in and stop all the "Queen" contests; there were so many contests that the coeds didn't have time for studying."

My son cut in sharply, "What's studying?" I shut him up with a sharp left to the jaw. What's studying, indeed!

"Anyway, it was great while it lasted . . . for a long time they only had about 150 queens a year — Last Day to Register for Classes — Queen, Sweetheart of Alpha Phi Omega (service fraternity ex-Boy Scouts), Moonlight Girl of Tappa Nu Keg, Dream Girl of If Poppa Nu, Nightmare Girl of Sigma Phi Nothing, Little Colonel with her court of Little Captains, Little First and Second Lieutenants, Little Sergeants and Little PFC's . . . Things were simple in those days.

"Then they started in on a new wave of Queens, blind to the fact that eventually the meaning of the thing would be lost. There was Miss Keep Minors From Drinking Beer, Miss Moderation-in Senior-Rides, Miss Campus Chest, Miss "I Want Blood" (for the blood donation drive) . . . it began to get confusing.

"Then one day it happened—the Alpha Alfalfa house had some trouble with their plumbing and it gave them a great idea for a new queen, Miss Plumber's Helper. Boy, was she . . ."

(At this point a frying pan hurled with deadly accuracy from the kitchen by the trusty right arm of ex-Miss Campus Weightlifter cut off the discussion, and about time.)

The Second Cup

For the interesting and inspiring thing about America, gentlemen, is that she asks nothing for herself except what she has a right to ask for humanity itself —Wilson.

Jack Faust

From The Vatican--An Ostrich Edict

When a body fears for its own strength, it sometimes takes desperate steps which weaken that very strength.

Such is the latest move announced from the Vatican. This move is a decree from the Roman Catholic Church—approved by the Pope—prohibiting priests to belong to or attend meetings of Rotary or similar luncheon groups throughout the United States and the world.

With this decree goes a warning to Catholic laymen to be on guard toward organizations of a "secret, seditious or suspected" nature, or that "seek to draw away from the legitimate vigilance of the church." The laymen are discouraged, but not forbidden from being members of Rotary or similar organizations.

In recent years the powerful Catholic church has been rightfully frightened by the rise of Communism, or any other "ism" which would seek to usurp the church's power.

But if the officials at the Vatican think they can hold the church supreme by burying the priests' heads in the sand, they follow a strange line of reasoning. The king whose castle is threatened by an ideology cannot fight that ideology by withdrawing behind the castle walls.

A non-Catholic is amazed by the great strength and uncompromising edicts which come from the Vatican. But more than that, a non-Catholic wonders why the holy body has so little faith in its priests—so little faith that it cannot allow them to continue their active part in America's civic life.

A Marching Dime Gathers No Moss

Money seems to be a commodity everybody is asking of the public these days.

If you haven't felt the pinch yet—you will.

But, simply speaking, what could be more useful and worthwhile than—

The 1951 March of Dimes.

It's for infantile paralysis patients.

Maybe you think you know what the illness is. It's defined as a specific acute disease, chiefly in infants and children, often producing permanent deformities . . . also called acute anterior poliomyelitis.

But unless you've had it you probably don't know.

We hope you never do.

If you feel the same way, the best means for protecting you and me and everybody else is by contributing to the dimes campaign.

Only a little from us—multiplied by so many—can do so very much.

Let us at the University show that we will take care of our share and see that the—

Dime Marches On.—T.K.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

goes to the Student Union board for making SU facilities available to living organizations for campus dances. It's a move in the right direction, further utilizing the possibilities of the big student nerve-center.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to officials who cut short Friday's Oregon Frosh-O.S.C. Rook basketball game in Corvallis to clear the way for the Oregon State-Washington game. Let the yearlings play the full time, commercial interests, etc. to the contrary.

Letters

The Campus Answers

Controversy or Pablum?
Emerald Editor:

It seems necessary that some attention be directed toward the type of "thinking" displayed in the letter recently sent to you by William A. Mansfield. That the letter seems to be a product of serious and deliberate concern on the part of Mansfield would seem to make examination even more imperative.

To this writer an analysis of the Mansfield argument reveals a serious naivete concerning the processes whereby one receives "mental stimulation and reaction." A university paper should afford some avenue for the expression of subject matter of a more profound nature than the usual who-had-what tea, the constant recital of how many class officers failed GPA minimum requirements, how "tradition" is the most important factor at Oregon etc. We get far too much of that juvenile trash at it is.

The "Emerald" editorial staff is to be commended for any efforts on its part to make a serious and intelligent examination of controversial issues. Would to God that we don't see your page adopting the Mansfield thesis—i.e., "the function of your page is to inform and to write opinions on which there is no, or little, serious controversy." What, pray tell, could you write about? And, if written, who would want to read the innocuous claptrap.

I challenge Mr. Mansfield to constructively suggest just five subjects about which the editorial staff could write an opinion about which there would be "little, or no, controversy."

True, as Mr. Mansfield suggests, you "are working for the students at the University of Oregon." It is to be hoped that we merit more than the pablum diet suggested by the law student.

Marko L. Haggard

Who's Colorblind
Emerald Editor:

For an entire term I have been reading the "Campus Critic," and marvelling at the self-sacrificing valor of a man of steel, who sits through countless movies which he cannot stomach, solely that we readers may drool in ecstasy at his pseudo-intellectual disdain of the silver screen.

While gleefully wiping my lips

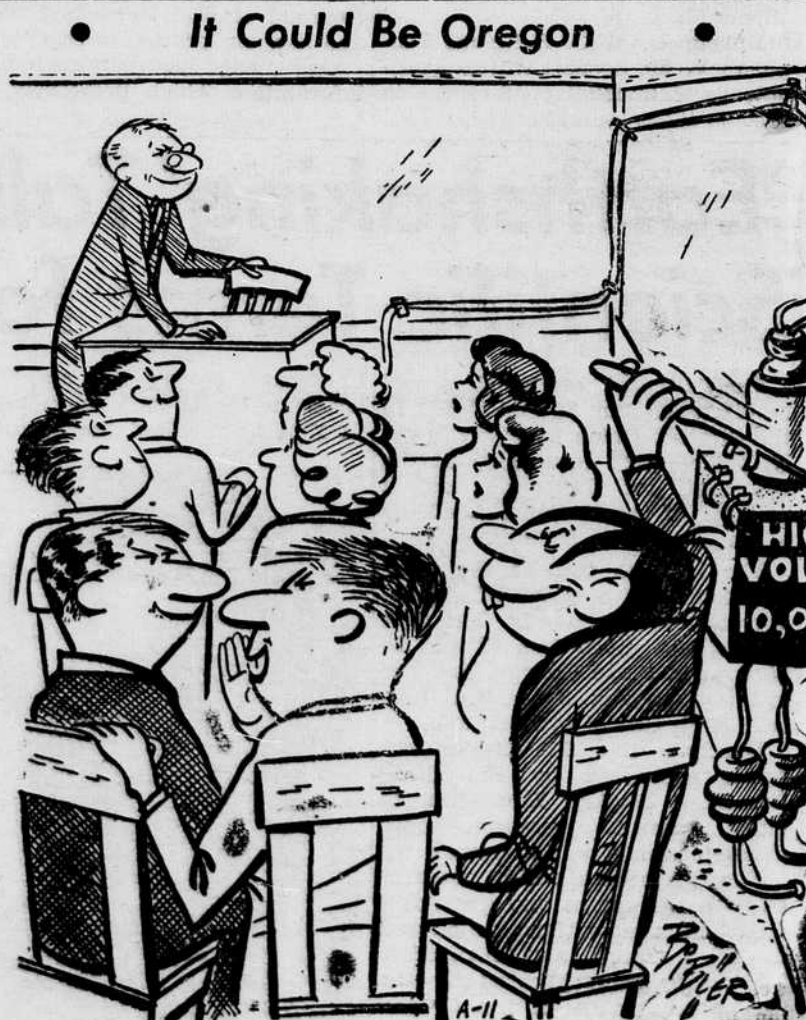
after reading his damnations, I often permit myself to doubt in the Deity; Does he really SEE all those pictures? My faith tottered even more when he panned movies which had not yet come to town, and I thought he might have set up a critical code, for evaluating cinemas unseen: Foreign . . . good!—Musical . . . baaaaad!

Then I began to read Friday's column, in which my hero panned a foreign film. My faith rose . . . he does see them!

But, alas, I read his description of "West Point Story," which he called "a technicolor musical . . . bad . . ." I sat broken-hearted, my idol had fallen.

"West Point Story" was black and white. I know, Mr. Smith, I saw it.

Jack Faust



"Worthal says to keep your eye on Professor Snarf. He says he has his chair wired for an electric shock."