

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD published Monday through Friday during the college year except Oct. 30; Dec. 5 through Jan. 3; Mar. 6 through 28; May 7; Nov. 22 through 27; and after May 24, with issues on Nov. 4 and May 12, by the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 per term. Opinions expressed on the editorial page are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or of the University. Initialed editorials are written by the associate editors. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor.

**ANITA HOLMES, Editor** **DON THOMPSON, Business Manager**  
**LORNA LARSON, Managing Editor**  
**SHIRLEY HILLARD, BARBARA WILLIAMS, Assts. to Business Manager**  
News Editor: Gretchen Grondahl  
Sports Editor: John Barton  
Wire Editor: Dave Cromwell  
Feature Editor: Norman Anderson  
Asst. News Editors: Marjorie Bush, Bill Frye, Larry Hobart.  
Asst. Managing Editors: Norman Anderson, Phil Bottens, Gene Rose.  
KEN METZLER, DON SMITH, TOM KING, Associate Editors

## American-1951-Looks at Himself

I looked into a mirror the other morning, and saw a man who had almost lost confidence in his country. It was me—yes, me—the delivery man, the cleaning lady, the waitress. It was I, the dentist, the educator, the administrator.

Somewhere along the way, I had lost faith in this America. I didn't lose it in one fat lump, but bit by bit in irregular pieces.

There was the time the young fellow told me his plans for moving to New Zealand, a new promised land just around the curve of the world. Why, it sounded much better than anything I had here—maybe I'd just go, too.

That was a small incident, but it was new to me because I had never even considered home outside these 48 states.

Then there was that meeting of my civic club. We all gave a vote of support to the officer who declared that we would not allow speakers with leftist leanings in our town.

I voted with the majority because I feared that the people would begin believing that the Communists were right and the others were wrong. You see—that was nothing but lack of faith in my people (and a bit of conceit on my part to think that I was any judge of what they should hear.)

\*\*\*\*\*

Something happened again later when I talked with that chap down the street. He had been boning up on Marxism and Leninism and Stalinism, he said, and he was sure that this thing he called capitalism was eating itself to death. Before long the working class would rise up in revolt, he said, and soon after we'd live in the utopia called communism.

He gave me all kinds of reasons, reinforced with more reasons, and arguments, and counter-arguments. After two or three talks with him, I found myself wondering if, by golly, this dirty capitalist system weren't gobbling itself up, and if a revolution wouldn't do us good.

Was that me harboring such thoughts? Was that the man who had always tingled when he saluted the American flag and all for which it stood? Was that the man who had firmly believed in our political, economic, and social system as it had been established and developed?

Yes, it was the same man. And I was an illustration of that paragraph by Oscar Handlin in the January Atlantic magazine:

"If Emerson's America was the country of young men because it believed in progress and had faith in itself, has our America ceased to be the country of young men because it has lost confidence and no longer believes in itself?"

\*\*\*\*\*

But now, wait a minute before making any condemnations for lack of confidence. I must not look at America with faith-blinded eyes, but I should realize her faults and work to correct them as Americans before me have always done. And I must think of all sides of the questions facing her and me.

Remember what Pascal said about "thought makes the whole dignity of man; therefore endeavor to think well, that is the only morality."

And now I have thought and reviewed and introspected, and I know that never again do I want to lose even a smidgin of faith in my country and my people. Call it nationalism. Call it flag-waving. Call it what you will, but let me throw my arms around this land and love her. She needs me now.

**THE DAILY 'E'...**  
to Skull and Dagger, sophomore men's honorary, for considering a change in its membership plan. The constitution now limits a living organization to one member.

**THE OREGON LEMON...**  
to Webfoots of today who were Beavers yesterday and who plan to cheer for Oregon State tonight.



### Campus Critic

## Mr. Stewart, Mrs. Hull And a Pookah--Harvey

By Don Smith

Trying to put the finger on the charm of a movie like "Harvey," playing through Tuesday at the Heilig, is a bit difficult. But the film about a man who has as his pal a six-foot four rabbit, will appeal to almost everyone, except the most hard-boiled cynic.

The man, Elwood P. Dowd has decided that one must either be very smart, or very very pleasant. Elwood thinks being pleasant is pleasanter.

Elwood's sister disagrees. Having a brother who is considered eccentric is quite unnerving; particularly when he insists on introducing Harvey to people who cannot see Harvey.

In an attempt to have Elwood put into a rest home, the sister gets placed in the home herself; while Elwood, and Harvey, go free. This experience, understandably, further unnerves the

sister. From this point in the film, the sister attempts to sue the rest home, and the rest home attempts to catch Elwood.

Two romances develop, Harvey becomes visible to one or two more persons, and the film continues its delightful and whimsical way to its thoroughly satisfactory ending.

James Stewart is a perfectly understandable and personable Elwood. But it is Josephine Hull as his sister who carries this comedy to the heights.

If you see this picture, attend without having a hundred and one troubles on your mind; be able to sit back and relax, and forget the world's problems. Just be able to admire Elwood—and don't think until you're out of the theater, that, unfortunately, you can't afford a pookah like Harvey.



### Re: Rash

By Bob Funk

The weather in the latter part of January, as we remember it, is not supposed to be like this. It is affecting the people-at-the-place-we-live in a most un-January like way.

There is a small group of persons, in fact, that wants to stay up all night every night to enjoy how nice it is. These persons, in the company of the dog-from-the-place-we-live-in, customarily spend the dimmest and darkest hour of the night running out on to the back porch or out onto the front porch or out on the fire escape to see if it is really spring.

We don't know if it is really spring, of course. We have not seen any robins, or any crocuses, or such; however, there is something in the air. Besides Weyerhauser.

\*\*\*

What we liked about Oregon yesterday was the ROTC band practicing on the Gerlinger athletic field. We were late for several things because we stopped to listen. The other persons listening were all in uniform—Colonel Maerdian, Major Hibner, and Jens Jensen, the campus cop. It made it sort of festive.

Another thing we liked yesterday (wow, was it ever a good day!) was what was happening on top of the new science building. You can see it rather well (the top) from the Oregon offices in the SU, and yesterday it looked like they were getting ready to add another story.

They have been adding stories for a long time now, and we suspect that it is going to be sort of a skyscraper deal.

\*\*\*

And we did not like Mr. Fidman's reference to Corvallis (yesterday's Emerald) as a lost place. There are lots of good things about Corvallis if you go over there with the right attitude. A righteous statements if we ever made one.

### Letters

## The Campus Answers

### Activities, Amen Emerald Editor

Activities—good, bad, or mediocre—a question that faces the campus today.

This problem, shown in the noticeable slump of interest in activities, will be attested to by many presidents of organizations and committee chairmen. It is evident nearly every time petitions are called for, either for major offices or committee work. Deadlines are frequently extended to persuade more students to participate and make a wise choice of leader possible.

Freshmen and sophomores seem especially slow in becoming interested and active in campus life. Although the ASUO Executive Council has stated its desire to "spread-out" activities to all students, it is still the same names which appear in new positions.

This general apathy toward work which not only serves the University, but the individual as well, may well be a reflection of the uncertainty caused by an insecure world.

It is the belief of Phi Theta Upsilon that a healthy interest in campus life and participation in organized projects can help offset this uncertainty and disinterested attitude by directing mispent energy and confusion into more productive channels. Life should remain as near normal as possible in spite of the world situation.

It is the desire of Phi Theta to encourage activities and especially to urge new people to enter them. Students who by-pass this part of college life are not gaining the full benefits offered by a university education.

For in spite of the biting criticisms leveled against them, activities do have their place, and a vital one, in campus life. We are not referring to the activities for glory variety, but to those which afford opportunities to meet new people, to serve the University, and above all to provide means for personal development and satisfaction.

Members of Phi Theta Upsilon Junior Women's Service Honorary

### A Male Masterplot Emerald Editor:

So some of the girls on the campus are hoarding men? (Emerald, Jan. 25). That seems to be quite an accomplishment in light of the fact that there are two men for each girl on the campus.

It seems that these so-called hoarders are going to some limits to counteract the unbalance and should be congratulated and not condemned. A lot of slackers (female) can be seen in groups in various spots both on and off the campus—a sad neglect of duty.

Perhaps there is subtle reason for the cry of "hoarders" viz., some male or males are trying to create an easy date situation for themselves by making a shortage scare. So don't get panicky, girls, just remember that it's still men two to one.

Jim Wymore

### It Could Be Oregon



"Boy! What a player—He sure breaks up their defense with that dribble."