

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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SU Mud Flats Turn Grassy Green

The day has passed when visiting newspaper columnists from Oregon State can remark about the "sea of mud" surrounding the Student Union, as one did several months ago.

The fact that spring has sprung has never been so vividly pictured as it was the other day when it was discovered that the "grass has riz."

The arrival of the grass around the Student Union came unexpectedly one morning when students found a sort of milk-dewed green appearance on the former mud flats.

There were no shouts of joy among the students, but probably a warm feeling partly accounted for by the good weather, and by the fact that here at last is the final touch—the artist's final dab of paint to finish a beautiful picture.

It may take a long time for the trees to grow to the size portrayed on the architect's drawings, and it will take several more weeks for the grass to grow into green carpet.

Nevertheless the past weekend has brought nature's own dedication to the Erb Memorial Union.—K.M.

Thumbnails--Ridgway, Van Fleet

A rugged, tight-lipped, 6 foot lieutenant general from Ft. Monroe, Va., who likes to wear a live grenade on his shoulder and a 59-year-old army veteran with almost 40 years of military experience step in to fill the gaps created by the firing of Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

The big, balding Virginian—Matthew Bunker Ridgway—has risen in approximately the last 100 days from relative obscurity to one of the most responsible positions in the world as successor to MacArthur. The man to whom he turns over his 8th army command, Lt. Gen. James Alward Van Fleet, has a long and highly distinguished military past.

Ridgway, now 56 years old, was graduated from West Point in 1917, two years after Van Fleet had received his diploma there. Ridgway then underwent thorough seasoning in various capacities in the army; he married 13 years after leaving West Point. His experience in the East is not negligible—in 1932-'33 he served as technical advisor to the governor general of the Philippines. By 1945 he had attained the rank of major general. Recipient of the distinguished service cross, the Victory medal, the Second Nicaraguan Campaign (Navy) medal, and the officer order of the Southern Cross (from Brazil), Ridgway has climbed up through the ranks. He took charge of the 8th Army when Lt. Gen. Walton H. Walker was killed, and was forced to convert what developed into a disheartening retreat into an aggressive Ridgway offensive.

Known as a soldier's soldier, many wonder how well he will serve in his new post behind a desk in Tokyo. But he's handled big jobs before and, moreover, he has a deep-seated military background, having been born on a military reservation as the son of an army colonel.

Van Fleet, a native of Coytesville, N. J., has a chestful of citations and awards that reflect the brilliance of his army career. He holds the distinguished service cross, the distinguished service medal, the silver star, the Legion of Merit, Bronze Star Army commendation ribbon, the district unit citation, the combat infantryman's badge, the Legion of Honor (from France), the Purple Heart, and many others.

The lieutenant general, who now makes his home in Auburndale, Fla., received an honorary LL.D. from the University of Florida in 1946. His two daughters are both married to lieutenant colonels and his son attended West Point. Van Fleet became a major general in 1945. His appointment as head of the 8th army gives that group its third command in less than four months.—T.K.

THE DAILY 'E'...

to General Chairman Bobbie Howard, her committees, and all the amateur entertainers who took so much time, idea and effort to put over the all-campus Vodvil Saturday night.

THE OREGON LEMON...

to poor planning which resulted in as much and more than half-hour waits at ticket windows leading into the Vodvil. Only two windows were open.

Letters The Campus Answers

Pro Rotarians Emerald Editor

Students seem to be a little put out that the Rotarians were invited to OUR Student Union.

Undoubtedly, accommodations for the Rotarians could have been made better, so that the student interests wouldn't have been subordinated for three horrible days. The entire SU bar could have been opened, with extra help under the administrative payroll. Perhaps the parking arrangements could have been better.

At any rate, the administration okeyed the Rotarian convention because Eugene hotels couldn't handle it. Seems like a poor excuse for three whole days of unadulterated misery... but let's open our eyes.

First of all, the SU was not financed only by students. Contributions for the building came from many sources... alums, philanthropists, and maybe a few of these people were Rotarians, too. Secondly, this is a state university. The taxpayers money supports the University.

Can't we be big enough to share the SU?

Marge Elliott



This is a column on—hold on to your hats, kiddies—sex.

Yep. There isn't a person in the world who hasn't wanted to have such a column thrown in his face and there isn't a writer worth his salt who hasn't schemed ways to write one.

But there's a purpose to this column, believe it or not. Sex has been slighted here the last few months. All the good work accomplished by Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, Steinbeck, Bromfield and the rest in advancing this most noble of man's aims has been almost destroyed by a flock of petty politicians, publicity hounds, and minor criminals.

Just what in history has remained with us that we quote and listen to again and again? Romeo and Juliet, David Copperfield, Carmen, the sonnets of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poetry of Bobbie Burns. (And then there's God's Little Acre.)

Look into your life. Figure carefully all those things that have made a profound influence upon it. That's right. It hasn't been the packing of the Supreme Court, the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, or the balking of the 80th Congress. It all began when you looked across the room as a six-year-old and saw that little cutie in the pink dress with the golden pigtails.

There was that unforgettable night of the high school prom, the lazy days at the beach, basking on the hot sand under a warm sun. Or the evenings on the front porch—casual conversations, or portentous silence that had more importance than anything else in the world at the moment and for a long time afterwards.

So you see, we're all getting excited over the wrong things these days. We've spent a quarter of the last week up in arms about Dugout Doug. We alternately cuss and praise Letter-Writin' Harry. We wear ourselves out trying to keep up with the latest



Campus Critic Spring Tonic on Stage Of University Theater

By Don Smith

In "Finian's Rainbow" the University Theater has found a production uniquely suited to spring-term tastes. The hilarious musical comedy, which relies upon burlesque and smack-in-the-face humor for its laughs, gets a loud, braash production by the college thespians. Comedy scenes are overplayed marvelously to everyone's satisfaction; and the entire play, directed by Horace W. Robinson, is robust, rollicking, and rhythmical.

Music, by E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saisy, includes their songs "How Are Things in Glocca Morra," "Old Devil Moon," and "If This Isn't Love;" and other delightful melodies that, not being love songs, never made the hit parade, but are fine tunes in the context of the play.

Performances are scheduled for every night this week, and some tickets are still available for each performance. Theater business manager Virginia Hall recommends, however, that stu-

dents make reservations tomorrow for the night they wish to attend the show—they're likely to be disappointed.

The music gets a treatment by an orchestra directed by Edmund A. Cykler; and the lack of the bounce of a professional musical-comedy orchestra, a light-hearted touch that fits admirably into the mood of the production.

Singing leads do well, particularly Gordon Howe and Woody, whose voice is clear. Glenna Hurd is a and charming Shara, whom much of the singing in the act fall. Miss Hurd hit her stride in the song bringing more life and to her part.

The most unobtrusive of the lively cast is Miss Jane Bowen, who as Silent Suzie is pure

She talks beautifully in feet, as she gracefully sings effortlessly down around Rainbow Valley.

Comedy is wonderfully by Faber DeChaine as and in smaller roles by son as the Senator, and Chambers as the senator. Chambers and Nelson, aid of Michael Hennes handled the most hilarious in the laugh-packed

Ken Hathaway is a sical and fleckle Og, chaun. He is particularly when singing "When Is Near the Girl I Love," a song on the fickleness of

Dancing in the musical peak in the "If This Bill number, when wading Bowen becomes enthused cause of love. The dancer, in this and other creates beautiful madonous gayety with her feet

"Necessity" is one of the ter group song numbers, chorus of six girls.

The vim, vigor, and with which the cast brings their character "Finian's Rainbow" a spring tonic.

In A Smog Look Under Headlines And You Will Find Sex with Norm Anderson

draft policy.

Harry may come and Harry may go (God willing), Doug came and went. And so shall all other momentary distractions. Placed in their proper perspective, they'll take the rumble seat to that time-honored institution, way of life, manner of living, sex, alternately known as love, spring fever, romance and a host of synonyms.

Maybe we don't—and we don't speak quite so bluntly of that little three-letter word, but it's there all the time. Here it is that one time of the year when it becomes most prominent. And what do we do? Lose it under the blackness of a headline. Give it a chance. It's won out over better people than you and me.

It Could Be Oregon



"Can't you type your lecture notes after class?"