

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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LETTER TO MISS LARSON

Dear Lorna,

This is not the calmest night in the Emerald's career, but it is nonetheless a good one in which to write a letter to the new editor.

Every spring such a letter is written just before the daily ceases publication for the year. We have two more issues, you know, before another spring is salted away.

Let me tell you a little about the months you face.

Tonight is not typical, but neither is it unique in the editor's life. We've been on the telephone half the day walking on those sands which shift beneath a news story or editorial once it has reached print.

Those Delays Stories conflict. Answers are jumbled. Words are weasled. And we must wait before writing that editorial which almost writes itself.

You'll do lots of waiting next year. And no matter how long you consider or ponder a question, some will say your decision was wrong. Maybe that's the mark of a good editorial page—pleasing half the people half the time, but never all the people all the time.

You'll have freedom of decision as great as any editor in the country. But always that "for the good of the University" phrase will stick in the back of your mind. You'll hear it a jillion times next year, and every time you'll have to weigh it against another principle.

Should these Oregon students live in a cocoon? Should the college paper be little more than a bulletin board? Should you try and do some good either in the long or short range? Those are questions you'll face and ultimately answer in the months to come.

Administrative officials may ask you if the Emerald ever considers "the good of the University," but you'll have to remember that these officials have a job to do and they have no choice but the stand they take. You'll sometimes marvel at their cooperativeness, and sometimes become disgusted at their "no comment."

"Old Dawgs" You'll find firm friends to turn to when the going's rough... like "old dawg" Emerald editors still around and patient professors in the journalism school and personal friends you couldn't do without.

And if next year is at all like this one, you'll have an aggregation of the University's best making up your staff. There'll be no Greek-Independent line on the Emerald staff, and you'll be proud of it. If a man merits a promotion, he'll get it regardless of affiliation or non-affiliation.

You'll find a stick-together-spirit unknown to any other campus activity you've ever entered. And you'll have a good feeling of security when you enter that editorial office in the Shack.

Your being a woman won't make a bit of difference in that editorship... anyway, not that you'll ever notice. Maybe critics will be a little softer in their criticism, and maybe men will be a little more suspicious of you. They'll all get a kick out of referring to you as "lady editor."

Student government will be a little wary of you. But you'll be in a good position next year in the new Cabinet. You'll exercise no votes and won't have to worry about being a sore-head and writing about your pet projects which didn't win the Executive Council's approval.

You, Lorna Larson, have proven your ability. In the past three years you have become an integral part of this small publication. None of these things I've told you are new or startling, but maybe they'll help a little about the middle of winter term.

It's not easy to clean off the editor's desk and put a new name on the door, but it's with great confidence that I do it. Yours is a challenging job. You'll do it well.

THE DAILY 'E'...

to the cast and staff of "Anne of a Thousand Days," who amply displayed the result of many weeks preparation at the Friday night opening.

THE OREGON LEMON...

in a tall glass, please, with ice added.

Letters

The Campus Answers

As It Exists To the Editor:

It is high time that the Emerald, with its chorus of highly emotional letters-to-the-editor writers who filled the Emerald editorial pages last week with their unrealistic ravings, got their "heads" out of the clouds and looked at the Greek-racial problem as it exists, and not as they would have it in their Utopian society.

Having served as a fraternity president last year, I feel that I have had due opportunity to make the following observations:

(1) When a student enters a Greek social fraternity or sorority, he or she must accept the fact that they must subordinate some of their own desires for the general good of the chapter. The whole future of the chapter depends upon its good social reputation.

(2) By the very nature of the college fraternal system, it is obvious that it is definitely within the confines of "for the good of the chapter" that a member not act in a manner that would bring unfavorable attention to the group, from ANY other group, or a substantial portion thereof.

(3) It should be obvious, then,

even to the enlightened and crusading Emerald editor and "correspondents" that, alas, in our imperfect society, some people just don't completely approve of white-negro dating.

(4) It would appear, in conclusion, that the first to be aware of this fact would be the negro involved, and his actions in dating a white sorority girl can be considered a deliberate and poorly considered breach of the mores of the society in which he lives.

(Name withheld by request)

Things Getting Confused To the Editor:

In regard to "The Code of Prejudice at Oregon," it seems to me that after reading the responses in Friday's paper that perhaps the prejudice is getting confused with another question that faces the students of this university.

Is it the sorority's action as a whole that becomes most predominant in people's minds over a question so great as this?

I wonder if we are forgetting that people, no matter where they live, have attitudes and opinions that make them individual. Prejudice is not limited to sororities or any one particular

living organization—it exists all about us.

That is the startling evidence that has been brought to my mind. We are a group of college students, supposedly living in a situation where we are exposed to experiences that shall ultimately make us individuals of broad education and understanding. We are the expected leaders of our generation. We have excellent opportunities to learn to live with one another. This is the ideal and proverbial "college education."

But somewhere along the line we are forgetting the values necessary for experiencing real-life situations with other individuals. Just what is an education doing for us if we cannot get along with each other?

There are probably very few students who have not taken some course in the university which has proven in essence, "We of the HUMAN RACE are all more alike than we are different." And to think, we still carry with us such prejudices that are again shown to be invalid. That to me seems the great disaster of our educational career—the disaster that has been so pointedly brought out and should be food for thought for EVERY one of us.

Adeline Ehrlich

Campus Critic

Sororities, Ruth Roman, Westerns Crowd Sentiment in Last Column

By Don Smith



This being my last regular column before I go out into the cold, cruel world, I suppose I should make some sentimental observations about the last four years. But rather than take off on such a vein, which from me would be ludicrous, I think I shall stick to my guns and discuss "Take Care of My Little Girl," a film that criticizes the sorority system.

Twentieth Century Fox, producers of the film, has sent out ample publicity to colleges on this technicolor movie which "will be coming your way this summer."

The cast is one that has previously shown it has ability—Jeanne Crain, Jean Peters, and Betty Lynn being a few of the younger people who have made for themselves some reputation as actresses. Jean Negulesco is directing, and can usually be counted upon to turn out a distinguished job.

The story of the film, which you may see "picturized" in the May McCall's, traces the first few weeks of life for freshmen girls who rush and pledge sororities at college.

Its main target is cynicism and snobbery which it claims sororities encourage. The heroine of the film, Miss Crain, is a superb pledge—up to a point. She suffers pledging guff, absurd indignities, and snobbery, but her experiences disillusion her, and she turns in her pin.

The moral of this seems to be that sororities aren't all they're cracked up to be, and a few freshman girls are smarter nowadays than they used to be.

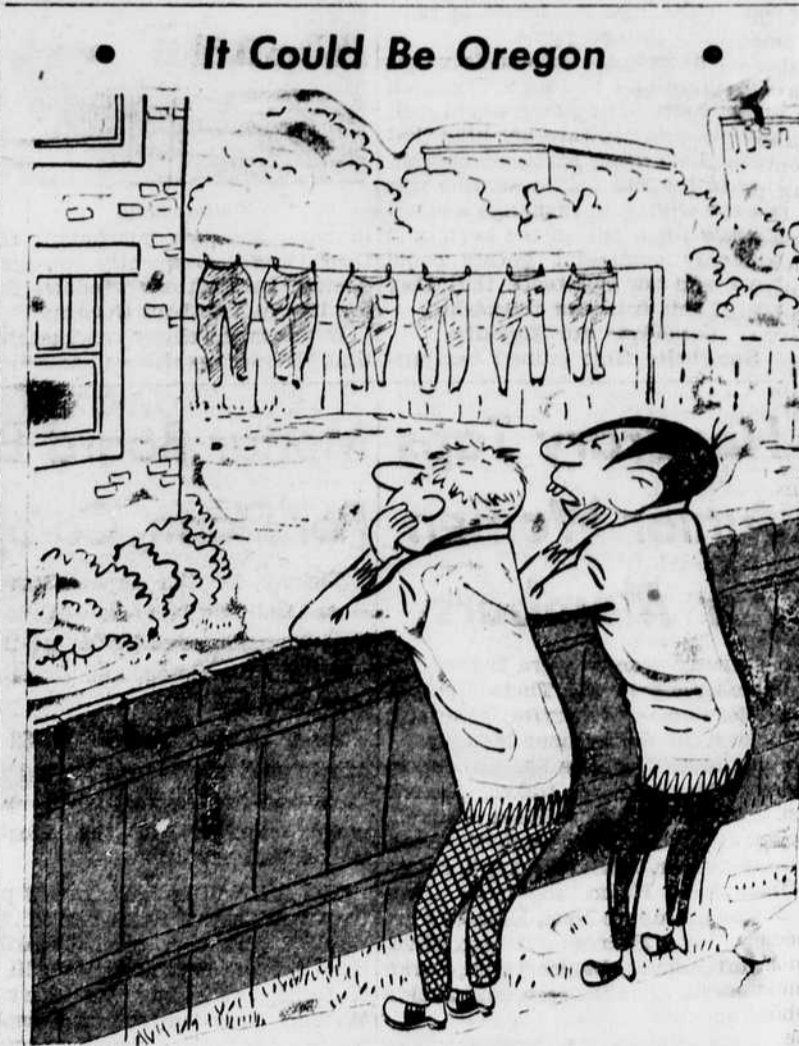
There is a film at the MacDonald that I would very much like to see—"Lightning Strikes Twice." In it, "Ruth Roman is all woman," the ads claim. I always thought she was pretty much of a woman in her previous films, and I'm quite eager to see

what happens in this latest of her movies. She has Mercedes McCambridge, the sharp political secretary of "All the King's Men," and Zachary Scott to help her out.

A gory production called "Only the Valiant," with Gregory Peck and Ward Bond, was at the Mac earlier this week. After a slow start reminiscent of the melodrama "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the movie about half-way through got into some vicious Indian battles.

A group of about eight men,

none of whom likes each other and all of whom have a desire to kill the Captain in charge of them, hold off several thousand Indians to protect a fort a few miles to the rear. After a few attempts by the men on the life of the Captain, after several Indian attacks, complete with arrows through bodies and battle axes in necks, it looks like everyone will be killed. But just in the nick of time, over the only hill in the vicinity, come the reinforcements—complete with gatling gun. After one more bloody slaughter, the film ends.



"Remember the good old days—before blue jeans, pedal pushers..."