

Oregon Daily EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD is published Feb. 4 thru 8, 11 thru 15, 18 thru 22, 25 thru 29, March 10, Apr. 2 thru 4, 7 thru 11, 14 thru 18, 21 thru 25, 28 thru May 2, May 6 thru 10, 12 thru 16, 19 thru 22, and May 26 by the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year, \$2 per term.

Opinions expressed page on the editorial 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.

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Needless Confusion

The old conflict of "activities" vs. academic education rises again.

(You'll find a letter to the editor on this page declaiming the scheduling of the Eisenhower parade and Arnold Toynbee's lecture simultaneously.)

Toynbee spoke at 8 p.m. Tuesday. The rally was scheduled for 8:30 p.m.

Now we don't really think the rally planners thought their event more important than Toynbee's lecture. How could they be intelligent University students and reason that way? We just don't think they thought—about the timing on Toynbee's lecture.

We're not belittling the mock convention, which we think can be an excellent educational experience. We do place Toynbee's speech far above the rally in importance, of course.

Francis Gillmore, "Operation Politics" chairman assured us it was an oversight in planning and that the rallies would be held early enough so students could still attend the lectures.

However, this incident points up a definite need on this campus—for some central schedule board for ALL activities concerning a fair-sized portion of the student body. The dates would be posted as far ahead as possible, and anyone planning a new event could simply take a look at this board before doing so.

It would save many persons a great deal of confusion. And "activities" could not so easily interfere with "education."

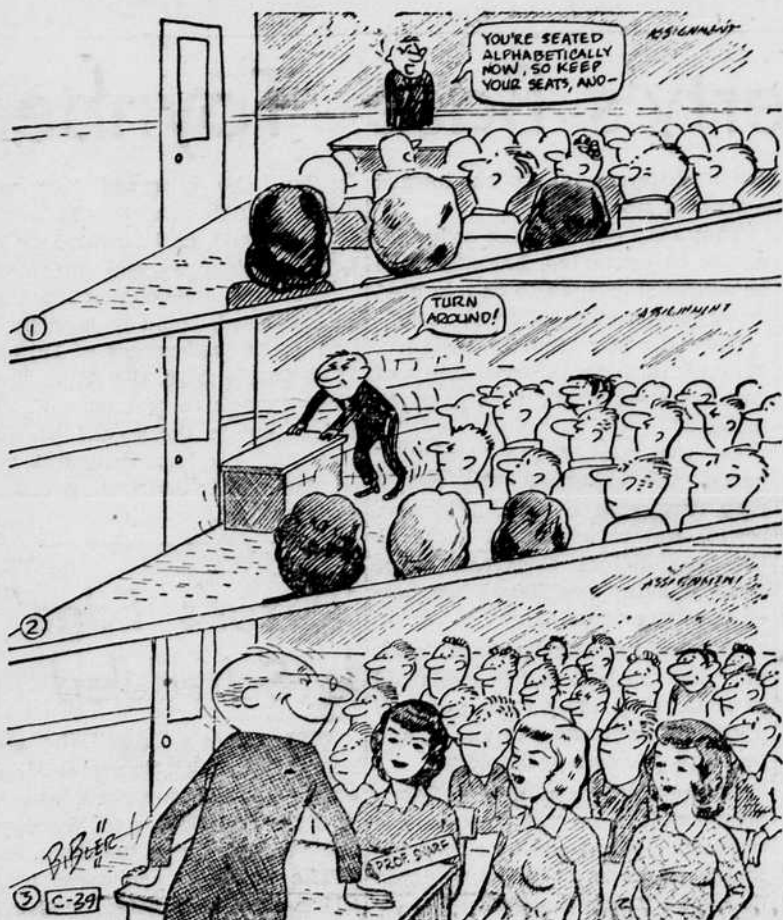
Good Work for a Worthy Cause

Today might be a good time to revive the Oregon Daily "E" and bestow it on Jo Sloan and her World Student Fund committee and to every student and faculty member who helped meet and top the 1952 goal of \$2,000.

Adding receipts from contributions, the Vodvil, auction, and Ugly Man contest, the drive should clear approximately \$2,300—a healthy growth from last year's \$2,000 and the \$1,700 given in 1950. A special commendation should go to Carson Hall, whose residents alone gave \$500.

Although much of the money was raised by encouraging competition in the Ugly Man contest and in providing entertainment through the Vodvil, we hope the students appreciate the worthwhile project behind them—the tangible means by which we help students in other lands.—M. B.

The Professor Is Wise



Let's Grow Up

Emerald Editor:

The front page of Tuesday's Emerald could start a minor revolution on this campus. God only knows that it should!

Column five announced the lecture to be given by Mr. Toynbee, undoubtedly one of the great men of our century. Column one was devoted to the torchlight parade which the "Eisenhower" houses would stage to publicize their candidate, hoping to win something or other for the "mock political convention." It was briefly stated that another such parade would be held on Thursday night, when Mr. Toynbee would present his second lecture.

It is no secret that certain of the houses involved in the parades are putting considerable pressure on their members in order to insure full attendance at their little games. The fact that hoop-de-do will prevent those members from hearing Mr. Toynbee is passed over with excellent, sophomoric sophistication.

Isn't it about time that somebody grew up around here?

I, for one, would like to know what goes on with activities on this campus. Each year that I have been around here someone has come up with some bright new thought for diluting what should be a pretty serious business: getting a University caliber education. The theory seems to be that as long as you tie a worthy purpose in with the foolishness everything is strictly legal and educative—and thus we have WSSF behind the Vodvil, and so on.

If any candidate in the current ASUO political squabble (a more or less superior sort of stupidity) will promise to investigate the number and worthiness of "activities" on this campus, with axe in hand, he will get my vote. And I would like to hear from each and every student who sponsors or attends the parades his justification for missing one of the most important experiences in his entire life.

Michael Callahan

Against Our Stand

Emerald Editor:

I cannot hope to state all my objections to your timely editorial (timely in that it discourages rebuttal). I wish to mention only two things.

Your assumption that a non-Greek could not be an effective administrator on this campus. I wonder if your Greek affiliation makes you a little un-objective and I am surprised that you make no attempt to support your stand. You, who insist that the only thing that is important is the individual, would have a very hard time supporting this position.

I was under the impression that we were electing a student body president not an AGS reformer, nor do I see that a clean up of AGS would result in a clean up of "the entire political scene."

If AGS is so bad that it necessitates so much consideration how can you support a candidate representing and running for that party?

Toby McCarroll

The editorial in question was written by the one non-Greek member of the Emerald editorial staff. This member is an independent student and thus was writing from an independent rather than a Greek bias when he implied that a non-Greek president would be administratively hampered. He has seen the Greeks band together, whatever the issue. He expects them

-- Letters to the Editor --

to continue banding together to prevent legislation favored by a president who does not belong to a Greek living organization.

It is not our hope to perpetuate the AGS. But most Greek students, AGS or no, would hold together. It is Pat Dignan's endeavor to educate the Greek students; to convince them that they are, first, individuals and, then, members of living organizations.

We believe that a clean-up of the AGS would result in a considerable clean-up of "the entire political scene," for it is traditionally and consistently the scene of the dirtiest of our dirty campus politics.—Don Dewey.

Reasoning Wrong

Emerald Editor:

On reading your editorial on Pat Dignan and Helen Jackson I was especially struck with the reasoning portrayed in the next to last paragraph. I quote, "Dignan promises less, but there is more chance that he will be able to 'produce.' Dignan has not been closely connected with the powers behind the AGS, but he would have definite control over the party if he were elected president. As vice-president, under Miss Jackson, he would only be an AGS figure-head and would not be able to encourage reform

within the Greek bloc."

Let me analyze what this says. Because Dignan does not have the imagination to come up with some new ideas for campus reform it is assumed that he will be a better leader. I do not grant that assumption. Especially as the first bold print paragraph admits that Miss Jackson is his superior in speaking ability and would be an excellent representative of the student body. His qualifications of experience in campus administration are also admittedly superior.

The next assumption is that Dignan would magically assume better control of AGS by being ASUO president. I would like to point out that Dignan would still be titular head of AGS with as much power within that party as ASUO vice-president. He is merely a candidate that pleases some of the AGS leaders. The inter-party fight would still go on. Extra duties would not aid Dignan at all.

Doug Ambers

We cannot agree that Dignan's power over AGS would be as strong if he were vice-president. We made no assumption that Dignan would be a better leader because he has no ideas. His platform contains ideas.—Editor

A Day at the Zoo

The Moral: Don't Be Too Popular Or You May Die in Your Cups

By Bob Funk

Life had become horribly boring for her. It was getting so she was resorting to going to class, there being nothing else to do that was new.

What was there beyond this, anyway? She had achieved—wow, had she ever achieved! They had to build two new fireplaces in the sorority just to provide mantels for her cups. There was the cup she had won her freshman year—Best in the Show. And her sophomore cup—Purple Hyacinth of Tri Gau frat club. Her junior cup (her mother had given it to her. It was for drinking out of).

And now: a golden mug for Ugliest Pan on Campus (or a golden pan for Ugliest Mug on Campus—she could never remember which. It held three quarts, was topped by a figure of Venus standing on the shoulders of Diana standing on the shoulders of Minerva who was scratching herself, and bore the inscription "Universitas Oregonensis: Mens Agitat Womens.")

What was there to achieve after all this? She had thought rather tentatively of developing her mind or winning a letter in something or joining TNE. She had also thought of getting married. But would you marry someone with a pin in the shape of a cross, or one of those diamond-shaped ones? Could you really be happy with a boy who had only five cashmeres?

Sometimes she envisioned herself posed dramatically on a hill-top in Korea, clad in a shimmering white nurse's uniform with an off-the-shoulders top and an orchid corsage. In one hand there was a bottle of plasma, which was connected by a long tube to Farley Granger, Humphrey Bogart and Sir Laurence Olivier, whose collective lives she

was saving. In her other hand she held a cup which Herbert Hoover, President (insert name in November), Douglas MacArthur, Wayne Morse and President Newburn had just awarded her for carrying Mercy into the Thick of the Fray. There was a look of inexpressible dignity and compassion on her face. She was trying not to sneeze.

At other times she imagined herself on the top of a piano at the Copaca—well, that big night club in New York. She was almost wearing a black evening gown and Marlene Dietrich's legs were sticking out of it, although everyone thought they were hers. She was singing "Bill" in a voice which sounded very much like Helen Morgan's. Everyone was crying. In one hand she held a cocktail which was really only juice because for all that she was really such a nice girl.

In the other hand she was holding a tasteful bouquet of roses, gardenias, water lilies and sagebrush, which had just been presented to her by the Duke of Windsor, Ford Rockefeller Astor Vanderbilt DuPont LLV, Albert Einstein (he was down for the weekend), William Saroyan and Cornelia Otis Skinner.

You could never imagine all the things she imagined herself. It would take all of the editorial page and part of Duck Tracks. What is there in life, she thought, for one who has achieved so much? The more she thought about this, the more melancholy she became. She had never taken a psych course and didn't know which way to turn. As you can imagine this led to trouble.

One dramatic evening her sorority sister found her sequin hairpin floating on top of the Sneak Dat of Alder Street cup, which was full of rain water. They dragged the trophy for three hours, and at last brought up the lovely suicide's body.

The whole matter was hushed up considerably, however. The sorority didn't want the whole campus to know, after all, that the girl had died in her cups.



BOB FUNK