

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Welcome to Oregon, Dad

Welcome to our campus world this weekend, Dad. We're awfully glad you could come down for your day at Oregon.

If it's your first visit as an Oregon Dad, there are a lot of things on campus you'll want to see. If you're an oldtimer in this Dad's Day business, you probably have a lot of favorite spots you want to see again. And if you spent your own undergraduate days at Oregon, well, there have certainly been a lot of changes down here.

The student committee working on Dad's Day has a full program for your enjoyment. You'll want to hear Gov. Patterson at the luncheon in the SU this noon and the University of Washington-Oregon basketball game on tap tonight in Mac court promises to be a good clash for you sports fans.

Maybe you'll just seek a quiet spot for a cup of coffee and a long chat. Most anyone on campus has his favorite spot for coffee because we traditionally get a lot of talking and "soshing" done over a cup of coffee.

Most living organizations are holding open house for you and there'll be special dinners. We hope you'll have time for a tour of our campus and at least a look in at the Student Union, central hub of most campus activities.

However you decide to spend the day, Dad, we're very glad you're here. Have a good time and we hope you like it so well that you'll be back for a second look next year and another look the year after.—(E.S.)

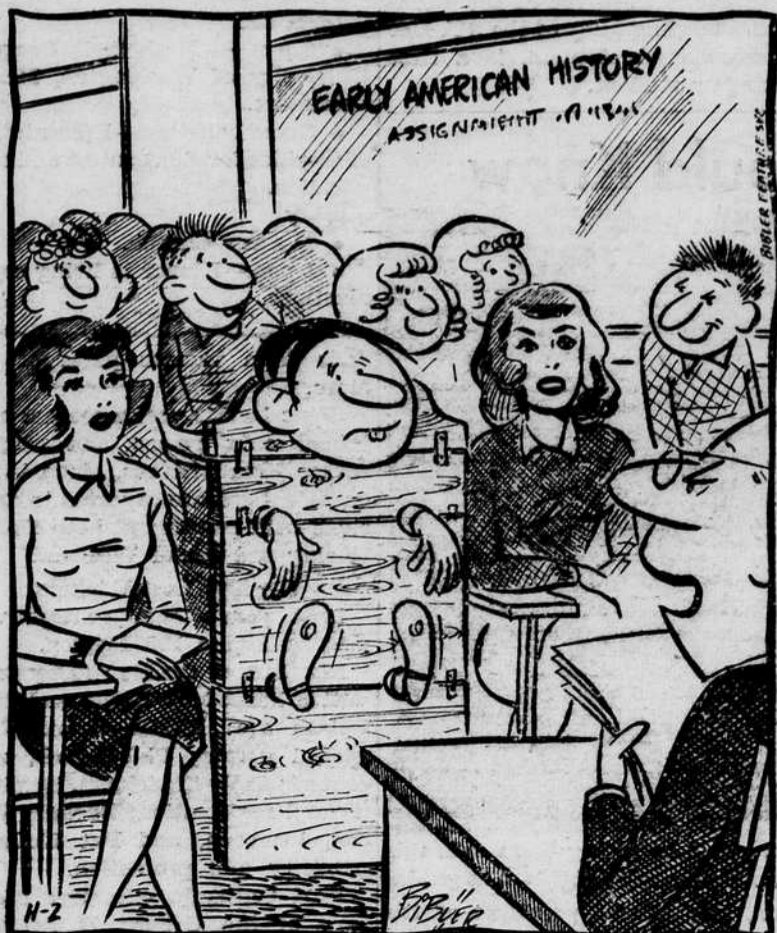
No Closed Shop, Please

From a Student Union point of view, the proposal to select members of the SU board by the board itself is logical enough. But from an overall campus viewpoint, the present system of having a joint SU board-ASUO senate screening committee make the final selection is a better system.

No one could argue that the SU board doesn't have the right to select its own members, but cooperation with the senate on this selection helps make the activity of the board less set off from student participation. We feel that the sentiments voiced by Director of Student Affairs Donald M. DuShane at the board meeting Wednesday, and expressed by the senate at its meeting Thursday, are justified.

The SU board, like the senate, is an agent of student interest. Its perpetuation plan is designed to eliminate "politics," but it isn't well for the board to shut itself off from contact with the students through the student-elected body.

Progressive Education



—A Day at the Zoo— Some Meaningless Glub Writ to Honor Ol' Waldo

by Bob Funk
Emerald Columnist

(Ed. note: The above headline, we believe students will agree, is an unfair appraisal of the following column. However, it represents something of a milestone in Emerald history, in that it is the first headline over Bob Funk's column, in the four-and-a-half years that he has been column writing for the Emerald, that was written by Funk himself.

To begin with, we should like to dedicate this column to Waldo, The Light of the Campus, whom, according to Monday's Emerald, must go.

This departure will mean the end of our most golden era. With Waldo go all love, poetry, happiness, and color. There is damned little left to live for. With the Millrace stagnant, and Waldo gone, it is only a matter of time until the whole structure of University society sighs and quietly caves in.

" 'Twas the Eve of St. Gladys, and all through the college/ Not a creature was stirring, not even a knowledge."



They were sitting on the dormitory bed, reading English literature. It was hardly the sort of thing they would usually have been caught dead doing; but there was a test tomorrow.

Harry thumbed through his notes. "January 11," he read. "The opening lines are fraught with Byzantine symbolism, somewhat mitigated by the fact that the poet's wife had just left on a date with his best friend."

"I don't get it," said Herbert. "It don't make no sense."

"Then it'll probably be on the test," said Harry wisely; "we'd better memorize it." He read on in his notes. "The fifteenth stanza describes the trials of gentle Joyce, who prettily contrives to get her uncle's property by killing of all the other heirs."

After some rather involved exploration in the lit book, Herbert found the fifteenth stanza and began reading about the trials of Joyce:

"Then she, clad in Harvard crimson,/ Sealed her cousin in a vault;/ Said "When the will comes up for probate, I'll be taker by default." (*Footnote: having killed her uncle's heir, the property passes to her by intestacy, there being no other heirs.)"

Harry was reading his notes. "This part of the poem is tinged with melancholy, perhaps brought about by the fact that the poet's wife never did return from the date. In 1876 she sent him a colored postcard from Cannes."

"I still don't get it," complained Herbert. "There ain't no real plot or nothing." It was his cross in life that the course in English lit did not embrace L'il Abner.

"The glorious tale continues unfolding," Harry revealed from his notes, "with an image-satiated description of the old castle and its colorful inhabitants."

Herbert took charge of the glorious unfolding. "Lois Ruth, the Doberman-Pinscher, canopied with autumn leaves/Sitting on the rustic drawbridge, eats a fly and damned near heaves."

Harry did not have anything about this part in his notes. "This part probably doesn't mean anything," he decided. Herbert agreed, rather too readily.

"The climax of the poem," Harry read, "is usually thought to occur in the thirtieth stanza. Some scholars say that the climax could not possibly occur there because the thirtieth stanza was not part of the original poem and was added much later by Robert Louis Stevenson. Robert Louis Stevenson replied that it most certainly WAS NOT added by him, and to leave his name out of the whole nasty mess. A third school of thought is that the poem has no climax; that the poem is a study in anti-climax, if anything. This is obviously an anti-intellectual viewpoint, to be lamented."

Herbert had lapsed into an uneasy napping state, and did not hear this last—which was just as well, since he was rather out of sorts. He awoke just in time to begin on the conclusion of the poem.

"Sung with sylvan summer softness,/ Sad my song has seamed, and long;/ (Footnote: scholars, who have disagreed on many things in this poem, have all agreed that this statement by the poet is nothing short of an Absolute Truth.) Now about the ruined castle, beauteous ghost of Joyce doth pass,/ De we hear it murmur, sweetly, words like 'What the hell, alas?'"

Harry had something about this in his notes. It was a picture, deftly done in ink, of Marilyn Monroe. To her right was a small battleship, to her left a place where the pen had leaked all over, and below her there stretched an inviting blank space, which was, perhaps, the most symbolic thing of all.

"I don't get nothing," said Herbert. Harry said that he didn't get nothing, either. They went out for coffee; after all, man cannot live by literature alone.

—Campus Comment—

Mind Drifts Back to Days Before Student Union at UO

By Sam Frear
Emerald Columnist

Beginning in today's Emerald a new column, "Campus Comment," written by Sam Frear. A junior in Far Eastern Studies, Frear is at Oregon for a second time, serving a stint in the army since the last time he was here.

The Emerald's new columnist first enrolled at Oregon in 1948, majoring in liberal arts. In November, 1949, he joined the army and spent two years in Tokyo, in General McArthur's general headquarters.

Discharged in 1953, Frear returned to Oregon last spring term. His home is in Park Ridge, New Jersey.

The fishbowl was deserted. A few couples were scattered here and there in the red leather booths. The juke box was silent. Through the department store windows we could see the murky Oregon day; slow quiet rain. I shivered.



"You know," my companion said, "this place reminds me of the crematorium at Forest Lawn."

"Yeah," I agreed, "or other times it's like post time at Churchill Downs."

We sat in silence again and I let my mind drift back to the Pre-SU days at Oregon,

College Capers...

From Coast to Coast

By Tina Fisk
Emerald Exchange Editor

Clashes in the sky is a new feature offered to geography and geology students at the Sorbonne University in France. First there's a lecture on the ground and then a flight over the area being studied. While up in the air the students listen to the professor's lecture through ear-phones in order to eliminate the noise of the plane's motor.

Oregon isn't the only campus that has been hit by a burglary epidemic. . . This school year two fraternities at Georgia Tech were looted of \$260 by an armed hold-up man.

University of British Columbia students in Vancouver have joined Toronto and Cambridge students in denouncing Senator Joseph McCarthy. Students at Victoria College in Toronto burned an effigy of the senator.

The University of North Carolina's humor magazine, Tarnation, has added a new definition to the old cliché — "wayofflife." They call it "a rather nebulous term, encompassing everything, meaning nothing, and liberally-sprinkled through speeches by orientation counselors and politicians."

Another definition comes from the Cavalier Daily at the University of Virginia. Says the Daily: "We've been sitting around this university, man and boy, for over five years, and we have finally decided that an education is the process of deadening one end in order to liven up the other."

There's an item telling about the prof at the University of Iowa who invented a grading machine. It consists of a mechanical computer which is loaded before the test with both questions and answers. Student papers are then fed into the machine and sorted into neat piles of A's, B's, etc.

the "good old days" that already seemed to belong to a distant past.

Across from Straub there had been a place called "The Bird," where, on rainy winter evenings, we would sit in a scarred booth before the fireplace and sip coffee. Smoke clinging to the ceiling, the low jangle of pinball machines and ever-present crowds gave the place a "collegiate" air. All this and palatable coffee . . .

The campus hangout was "The Side." That was before Oregon provincialism set in and you could cut your afternoon classes to wander over there and have a cool beer. On weekend evenings there was always a party in the back room, and after rallies or athletic contests there was a party all over the place—win or lose.

Perhaps the beer accounted for "The Side's" cordiality, for now the woodwork seems darker, the lights dimmer, and the laughter more subdued. But the atmosphere is substantially the same, and besides, you can get a nickel cop of coffee without sweating out creeping lines.

The "Campus Coffee Shop" was called Taylor's. Tradition had it rumored that it was a "men only" place. But then, traditions are never well observed at Oregon. That's a tradition. "Rennel's Rendezvous," now closed, served cheap meals for off-campus students and provided a place for English professors to play pinball practically unobserved.

(Please turn to page three)