

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Who Isn't Interested?

Campus living organizations have been visited during the past two weeks by wandering minstrels from the ASUO senate. Our elected representatives have been addressing us on the subject of ASUO activities.

The speeches are part of a senate education program, planned and promoted by ASUO President Bob Summers and by Jerry Beall, campus public relations chairman. The idea is a sound one. Its execution, unfortunately, has failed to live up to its potentialities.

Announcement of the speech assignments, made by Summers at a recent senate meeting, came as a surprise to most senate members despite the fact he had told them earlier in the term of his plan to make the senate known to students. Immediate reaction among senators ranged from indifference to indignation. They were being asked to do more than they had bargained for in seeking their places on the legislative body.

It takes a great deal of ingenuity and leadership to sit up on the third floor of the Student Union one evening a week and play campus wheel. It takes a lot of thought and study to spend three hours discussing a subject and then consign it to committee oblivion. But go out and meet your constituents? Discuss your activities with the electorate? Why, it's unheard of.

Some of the speakers displayed this attitude in giving their speeches. Practically no attempt was made on the part of the speakers to present interesting talks. Some have demonstrated so little concern for the program that they have yet to fulfill speaking engagements which were supposed to have been completed before the Thanksgiving holiday.

Preparation for the speeches was inadequate, in our opinion. Senators should not have to be briefed on ASUO activities (as they were); they could be told how to make an interesting talk of the material they were to use (and they apparently weren't told).

Topic for discussion by the senators was limited to what the senate does. Too little stress was placed on how the ASUO affects student life at the University and how students can participate in the ASUO.

The education program, off to a rather slow start, will be followed through next term with questionnaires sent to the living organizations visited this term by senate members. The senate should not be too disappointed if it finds the results of the questionnaires disappointing.

We would like to see this education program continued. There is a great need for expanded student interest in the ASUO senate and its functions. All we ask is that the senators show a little more interest themselves the next time they ask for time to be heard.

False Alarm



"Hey, come back! It's only Ed's sister with his laundry."

Campus Briefs

James Kezer, University assistant professor of biology, will speak on "Crater Lake and Mt. Rainier as Seen by a Ranger Naturalist" at a meeting of the Eugene Natural History society. The meeting will be held Dec. 4 at 8 p.m. in 207 Chapman. The public is invited to attend.

There will be a meeting of Religious Evaluation week chairmen Thursday at noon and Friday at 4 p.m., according to Bob Hastings, general chairman.

Deadline for Religious Notes news is 5 p.m. today. Items for the column should be turned in to the Emerald office, 301 Allen.

Phi Beta, women's speech and music honorary, will hold a tea Thursday at 4 p.m. in Gerlinger hall for all persons interested in music and speech. There will be guest speakers, and refreshments will be served.

A Movie Committee meeting will be held this evening at 6:30 p.m. on the third floor of the SU, announced JoAnne Rogers, chairman of the committee.

Members of Alpha Phi Omega are to meet in the Student Union tonight at 8, according to Travis Cavens, president of the group.

Infirmity patients Tuesday, according to hospital records were: Mignon Schrader, Diane Raoul-Duval, Margaret Berg-saeng, Edith Jane Lunday, Kenneth Gilmore, Donald Rehffuss and Ben Kahalakulu.

SU Currents

"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," a fantasy of terror, will be shown free tonight in 138 Commonwealth at 7 and 9.

This movie is noted as a famous film because of its impressionistic sets and tale of horror.

Concentrating on the portrayal of the world through a madman's eyes, it uses every device of pattern, light and shade to divorce its scenes from the normal world.

Today's Staff

Makeup Editor: Anne Ritchey.
News Desk: Bob Robinson, Mary Alice Allen, Anne Hill.
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The Student Union general publicity committee will meet today at 4 p.m. in the SU, according to Dick Gray, chairman.

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On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

DECEMBER AND MAY: ACT I

Of all the creatures that inhabit the earth, none is so fair, so warm, so toothsome, as a coed.

This is a simple fact, well-known to every campus male, and, to most campus males, a source of rejoicing. But not to all. To some, the creamy brows and twinkling limbs of coeds are a bane and a burden. To whom? To professors, that's whom.

Professors, according to latest scientific advice, are human. Stick them and they bleed, pinch them and they hurt, ring a dinner bell and they salivate, confront them with a round young coed and their ears go back, even as yours and mine.

But, by and large, they contain themselves. After all, they are men of high principle and decorum, and besides, the board of regents has got stoolies all over. So, by and large, they contain themselves.

But not always. Every now and then a coed will come along who is just too gorgeous to resist, and a professor — his clutch worn out from years of struggle — will slip and fall. White though his hair, multitudinous though his degrees, Phi Beta Kappa though his key, he is as lovesick, moonstruck, and impaled as any freshman.

But he's far worse off than any freshman. After all, a freshman can thump his leg, put on his linen duster, and take out after the coed with mad abandon. But what can the poor smitten prof do? How, in his position, can he go courting a young girl undergraduate?

In this column and the next one, I am going to deal with this difficult question. I will relate to you, in the form of a two act play, an account of a professor's attempt to woo a coed.

The scene is a typical office in a typical liberal arts building on a typical campus. In this shabby setting, we find two men, Professors Twonkey and Phipps. They are lumpy and bent, in the manner of English lit professors.

PHIPPS: Twonkey, a terrible thing has happened to me. A terrible, ghastly thing! I've fallen in love with a coed.

TWONKEY: Now, now, that's not so terrible.

PHIPPS: Oh, but it is. Miss McFetridge — for that is her name — is a student, a girl of nineteen. How would her parents feel if they knew I was gawking at her and refusing my food and writing her name on frosty windowpanes with my fingernail?

TWONKEY: Come now, Phipps, no need to carry on so. You're not the first teacher to cast warm eyes at a coed, you know.

PHIPPS: You mean it's happened to you too?

TWONKEY: But of course. Many times.

PHIPPS: What did you do about it?

TWONKEY: Looked at their knees. It never fails, Phipps. No matter how pretty a girl is, her knees are bound to be knobby and bony and the least romantic of objects.

PHIPPS: Not Miss McFetridge's — for that is her name. They are soft and round and dimpled. Also pink.

TWONKEY: Really? Well, I'll tell you something, Phipps. If I ever found a girl with pink knees, I'd marry her.

PHIPPS: It is my fondest wish, but how can I, a professor of fifty, start a courtship with a girl of 19?

TWONKEY: Very simple. Ask her to come to your office for a conference late tomorrow afternoon. When she arrives, be urbane, be charming. Ask her to sit down. Give her a cigarette.

PHIPPS: A Philip Morris.

TWONKEY: But of course.

PHIPPS: I just wanted to be sure you mentioned the name. They're paying for this column.

TWONKEY: Give her a Philip Morris.

PHIPPS: That's right.

TWONKEY: Then light her Philip Morris and light one yourself. Say some frightfully witty things about English lit. Be gay. Be insouciant. Keep her laughing for an hour or so. Then look at your watch. Cry out in surprise that you had no idea it was this late. Insist on driving her home.

PHIPPS: Yes, yes?

TWONKEY: On the way home, drive past that movie house that shows French films. Stop your car, as though on a sudden impulse. Tell her that you've heard the movie was delightfully Gallic and naughty. Ask her if she'd like to see it.

PHIPPS: Yes, yes?

TWONKEY: After the movie, say to her in a jocular, offhand way that after such a fine French movie, the only logical thing would be a fine French dinner. Take her to a funny little place you know, with candles and checked tablecloths. Ply her with burgundy and Philip Morris. Be witty. Be gay. Be Gallic . . . How can a nineteen year old girl resist such blandishments?

PHIPPS: Twonkey, you're a genius! This will be like shooting fish in a barrel . . . But I wonder if it isn't taking unfair advantage of the poor little innocent.

TWONKEY: Nonsense, Phipps. All's fair in love and war.

PHIPPS: You're right, by George. I'll do it!

(So ends Act I. Next week, Act II)

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