

# + EMERALD EDITORIALS +

## A Big Year

Today's Emerald is the first to be produced by the staff which will guide the campus daily through the remainder of the 1954-55 school year.

The middle-of-the-term transition requires some time, for most of the top staff members must get the feel of their new jobs. In this transition, there may be a few mistakes and a few oversights, but things will settle back down to normal in a few days.

We'll continue to present all the campus news and the significant national and world news in our news pages, and we'll comment on the news in the editorial columns.

It looks like a big year for the University with a revival of the traditional canoe fete for Junior Weekend, the campus' second biennial festival of arts, and many other significant events on the near horizon.

The Emerald will be right there with these activities, reporting the facts and presenting opinions. With at least a tentative return of eight-page papers, it should be a big year for the Emerald as well as for the rest of the campus.

We'll do our part to make it that way.

## Our Heritage

For the next 39 days the campus will be the scene of the University's second biennial festival of arts.

This year's theme is "The American Heritage," and an extensive collection of exhibits, displays and lectures portraying the theme will be presented. Under the headings of visual arts, dance, music, literature and aesthetics, theatre, and motion picture the Festival of Arts will panoramically present America's cultural heritage for the enjoyment of students, faculty and visitors.

Included in the six-weeks program will be the noted collection of miniature vehicles by Ivan Collins of the University Physical plant, several outstanding motion pictures, the Institute of Pacific Northwest Sculpture, the campus appearance of a successful American author and playwright, a University theater production, and the Guggenheim art collection.

These, however, are only a small part of the total.

Thirty-seven separate demonstrations, exhibits, and other events will be presented as a part of the Festival of Arts.

This year's renewal of the arts program was conceived by the committee in charge of the contemporary art festival held in 1952-53 in conjunction with the observance of the University's 75th Anniversary.

The committee in charge of the festival felt that the event should be continued, and recommended that similar event be held two years later. Harry K. Newburn, then president of the University approved the report and recommended it to President O. Meredith Wilson.

"President Wilson not only approved the recommendations, but gave us the go-ahead for a three-year plan," said Horace W. Robinson, chairman of the present Festival of Arts committee.

The purpose of the program, Robinson

said, is to "capture things of an artistic nature which we might not otherwise obtain." The concentration of exhibits under one theme provides a focus, or point of impact, he said.

This is an excellent time for students to view the non-scientific wealth of the American contribution to the world, and, through appreciation of the elaborate presentation, to better understand what our nation has done in the past and what it can expect to do in the future.

Too often students lose sight of the fact that our cultural heritage is constantly developing just as is our scientific and technical knowledge. An event such as the Festival of Arts can give us insight into our heritage and a perspective in which to view the rapidly changing world.

We hope that students will take time to participate in the program and to contemplate its central theme. Events such as this are an integral part of a college education—understanding and appreciating the American heritage: Our Heritage.

## RE Week

Religious evaluation week. It seems rather strange that in times as tenuous as these one week should have to be set aside for religious emphasis. Religion is not a one-week-a-year event, for necessity makes it more than that.

Nevertheless, we're glad to see the campus affairs spotlight shift to religion this week, more for evaluation and re-evaluation than anything else. Students have a tendency to become too preoccupied with their daily classes, meetings and dates. Too busy for religion, they say. Any further thought of religion appears to be precluded with the end of the first registration line. A pause for emphasis will help.

Perhaps this week will prove that this is not so, that religion is a part of campus life, of education, of the individual. It cannot prove this, however, without some soul-searching upon the part of students and their participation in the week's events.

Our nation is founded upon a heritage of religious freedom. To continue to exist requires use of this freedom to seek out and pursue beliefs—one's own. There can be no coercion, just as there can be no coercion to attend today's lectures. Religion, its acceptance—these are personal things. Dogma and ritual are not enough in themselves.

This week seven visiting theologians, representing different religious groups, will present a series of conferences and lectures on personal religion at work, with the general theme "Man, Religion and Society." Oregon's pseudo-sophisticates stand to benefit greatly from the look at the spiritual aspect of man the lecturers will present. Such should be an integral part of the college intellectual, and most certainly of any one who claims to be well-educated. Upon such foundations are universities built.

Activities scheduled for this week have been cut to a minimum. With a bit of grace from professors scheduling midterms, students should be able to participate actively in the program planned. And we hope that they will. — (S.R.)



## 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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This column is brought to you by the makers of PHILIP MORRIS who think you would enjoy their cigarette.



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# Letters to the Editor

## Dignity of Man Endorsed

Emerald Editor: We would like to congratulate Mr. Lewis on his fine editorial, "Hell Week Evaluation," which appeared in the Emerald on Friday, Jan. 28. Since 1899, Tau Kappa Epsilon nationally has in practice as well as in theory endorsed the dignity of man by substituting Hell Week for Hell Week. We hope that other fraternities here at the University

of Oregon will consider the merits of such a plan. There is nothing better than constructive work to unite an incoming class of initiates. We of Tau Kappa Epsilon have relegated the paddle to the wood pile where it belongs; we feel that horse play is all right for horses, but certainly not for people!

Beta Kappa Chapter  
Tau Kappa Epsilon

## Request for Funk Book

Emerald Editor: I have heard many students discussing the possibility of getting Bob Funk's "A Day at the Zoo" features combined into a book. These columns are something that most of us would like to keep, and it would be easier if they were in book form.

I am certain that a book of his features would really sell. What would be the possibilities of this idea?  
Jane Cotton