

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS + A DAY AT THE ZOO

A Real Greek Week

The most recent issue of the report of the Interfraternity Research and Advisory council carries a description of what we consider a real Greek Week.

The report, submitted by Dean J. T. Palmer of Mississippi Southern college, stresses the fact that the objectives of the college's first Greek Week were "both serious and social."

Included in the activities of the four-day observance were: open houses by both fraternities and sororities; Greek Vespers; a Greek supper at which the national president of Lambda Chi Alpha delivered the principal address; workshops for the advisers, presidents, secretaries, treasurers and pledge masters of fraternities and sororities, and finally, a Greek dance for members and pledges of the campus houses.

This appears to us to be a much more purposeful undertaking than the Greek Week proposed for the Oregon campus by the Inter-Fraternity council.

Self-improvement, an honest presentation to outside groups of Greek living, and serious study, as well as social activity were evident in the program.

We do not oppose a Greek Week for this campus as such. We agree with Panhellenic council, however, when that group says that the preliminary report of the IFC committee left much to be desired.

The proposed plan emphasized the social side of the fraternity system without paying any more than token attention to the more serious, and we believe more attractive side of fraternity living.

Panhellenic took the first step when it vetoed the hollow phrase, "To elevate the Greek houses and put them a little apart from the rest of the campus..."

But the cut-down, slightly modified Greek Week emerged from Panhellenic basically unchanged. The affair would, by the current proposal be a one-day rather than a two-day project, but it still has only social activities on its schedule.

We wonder if, when the proposed all-Greek celebration is concluded, a member of the University administration will be moved to say, as Mississippi Southern's Dean Palmer did:

"The administration, advisers, members and pledges all feel that it (Greek Week) was highly successful. We are already planning our Greek Week for next year."

We have our doubts.

As It Should Be

A belief that it is good to look back and see where we have come from, to look around us and see what we are doing and to look forward to see where we are going—this is the underlying principle of the University's second biennial Festival of Arts program.

Through the presentation of works in various arts—visual, dance, music, literature and aesthetics, theater and motion picture—the committee hopes to create an interest in America's cultural heritage. We don't expect all University students to find the same things in the events of the Festival, for it would not speak well of our University if they did.

In any educational institution, especially in America, students must be encouraged to develop their own ideas and attitudes. A possibility for such a development is being presented with the Festival of Arts, with its presentation of a wide diversity of events and conviction.

No one is expected to agree with all of the opinions presented. Rather, opposition and disagreement are expected, in accord with the great American tradition of toleration of the views of others. We hope that the events planned do arouse some opposition, for it would be indicative of true consideration of the art.

And that is as it should be in a University. —(S.R.)

What's Happened?

Isn't it unusual that someone hasn't started the yearly blast against fraternities and sororities about their clauses?

Each year, someone takes it upon himself to lash out at Greek letter organizations telling how the University gets a bad name due to the groups' restrictive membership clauses.

Next some group writes in praising themselves for "abolishing the clause. This impresses no one other than the letter writer and his fraternity brothers.

More letters come into the Emerald editor. We are not sure whether these are written by sincere persons or ones who wish to see their name in print.

Never do sororities and fraternities attempt to justify the existence of a clause. They must, of necessity, sit back and let the barrage of attacks continue.

We wonder when the Emerald will receive this year's first letter. It might be that NAACP and people with similar views have decided that they can't get every fraternity and sorority's clause removed. — (P.K.)

Young Magoo Finds Referee's Life Trying

By Bob Funk Emerald Columnist

The room neatly marked REF-EREEES was strangely similar to a bank vault. It had three layers of bullet resistant steel and a door with a combination and a time lock that opened at ten till eight. Inside, the referee sat at his dressing table. A small spotlight on the table was shining directly into his eyes.



He turned away from the spot momentarily. "I can't see anything but some pink whoojees and some little yellow things jumping up and down when I look away from the light" he told his fellow referee.

"You'd better stare into it some more, though," the second referee said. "Don't forget the Idaho game, when the effect wore off and you could see the players all during the last three minutes. I was never so embarrassed—"

"I did NOT EVER see the players," the first referee said indignantly. "Only dim blobs. You're forgetting that my mother was a Magoo."

For a moment there was silence as the referees concentrated upon looking into the spotlight. Then there was a barking; the time lock opened the door, and two seeing-eye dogs came in and escorted the referees to a Loomis armored car, which in turn drove them onto the basketball court.

"I can hear a ball dribbling," the second referee said. "The mother was a Magoo."

teams must be on the floor. And I'll bet I get more fouls than you do tonight. You're getting soft, you don't have the old fire any more. I even caught you reading the rules book the other day."

"Just tell me where the baskets are," snarled the other, "I'm not washed up." A klaxon sounded; play commenced, and the referees ran up and down the floor, only bumping into the stands once or twice. A member of the visiting team had cornered one of the home guards and was rather effectively strangling him; another of the home team lay dead as a result of an unidentified gunshot; still another was being tossed up in a blanket.

The referees padded up and down the floor. Just then the star of the home team coughed, and failed to cover his mouth. Whistles blew; lights flashed; referee number one stood enraged in the center of the floor.

"The basket is good, and two foul shots," he said.

"Past," the second referee said, "nobody made a basket.

"Who's getting soft?" said his cohort.

Seconds later a member of VISITORS had climbed up into the first balcony and was dropping baskets from there. A forword from VISITORS was driving down the floor in a jeep with a hook and ladder attachment.

A member of the home team said "Gosh."

Whistles blew; lights flashed; the crowd roared. There was something about the roar that indicated that the home crowd was not aware that the referee's mother was a Magoo.

Side Show



INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Newest Power Shift in USSR Could Mean Tough Foreign Policy

By J. M. Roberts Associated Press News Analyst

In October 1941 there was a shift in the Japanese cabinet which the world quickly assessed as meaning extension of the European war to the Pacific. It did.

The shift of Russia back to the tough line now creates a similar feeling, though not quite so intense.

The fall of Malenkov, who walked more softly than Stalin, the full emergence of tough man Khrushchev, the appointment of Bulganin as Khrushchev's front man, and the appearance of Molotov on the same Supreme Soviet program with violent new threat against the United States, all tie into a very disturbing picture.

Here we have something of a triumvirate, it may be some

time before its impact on international affairs can be fully evaluated. But one thing is sure. Its members are belligerent toward the West.

This is so true that, in the brief interim between Malenkov's resignation and Bulganin's appointment, there was some hope among Western observers that Molotov would get the job, in the thought that he, because of his greater contacts with the West, at least understood better than the others the extreme dangers of a warlike attitude.

But after Bulganin had been introduced to the Soviet in his new role by Khrushchev, Molotov took the floor and made one of the most dangerous statements ever to come out of the Kremlin:

"In case of eventual war, world civilization will not perish but what will be destroyed is the rotten social system with

its blood-saturated imperialism which is being rejected by oppressed peoples."

If that is the Russian belief—that she can win and come out strong enough to be master in the ruins—then the world has arrived at a point of extreme danger, and hopes of peace must depend on a faith which becomes very hard to sustain.

Perhaps the most immediate effect of these events of this fateful Tuesday was a Soviet attempt to solidify its position beside Red China in the Formosa dispute.

There was every indication, from Molotov's speech and from the records of the new-smaller group of men who rule Russia, that instead of acting as a restraining influence as the West had hoped for a time, Moscow would now present with Peiping an even more intransigent axis.



The Oregon Daily Emerald is published five days a week during the school year except examination and vacation periods, by the Student Publications Board of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 a term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial pages are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or the University. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor; initialed editorials by members of the editorial board.

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