

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

On Reading

For the benefit of those who will not and/or cannot read what is printed in the Emerald for the 122nd time today (this means it has appeared 121 times this year), we shall quote from the masthead:

"Unsigned editorials are written by the editor; initialed editorials by members of the editorial board."

Since this is apparently time for clearing things up, we should make several more comments.

One of several letters to the editor appearing in today's Emerald would have people believe that Bud Hinkson, AGS nominee for the ASUO presidency, is quoted verbatim a passage concerning a replacement activity for Greek Week. This is not true—the words were the editorial writer's interpretation and rephrasing of Hinkson's remarks.

Until today's letter to the editor, the words in question were never represented as a direct quotation.

It apparently all goes back to reading.

One final comment—the same restrictions the Emerald places on its editorials will be placed on letters to the editor. No letters supporting any candidate will be printed in Wednesday's Emerald.

Outstanding Program

While the visits of J. Robert Oppenheimer and William Faulkner are still fresh in our memories, it might be well to look at the University's assembly program that has made these visits possible.

Actually the program is a composite of the work of a number of lecture committees. The University Assembly committee which sponsors the Tuesday afternoon programs really handles the workhorse load.

More than 15 speakers are brought to campus each year by this committee which operates with the relatively modest budget of \$2,250.

Speakers on limited and specialized topics are handled by the University Lectures committee at eight o'clock in the evening. The Failing Distinguished Lectures committee is called into action when a great deal of money (up to \$1,000) is required to draw a speaker to Eugene.

Dr. Oppenheimer spoke this year under the auspices of the Condon Lecture series. Under this program the state board of higher education brings one outstanding man of science to the state each year to speak in Eugene, Corvallis and Portland.

In addition to these established speaker programs, there are the special programs such as Charter Day and the Festival of Arts which bring outstanding men to campus.

Other speakers may be procured through the Northwest Conference. This is an agreement by which universities in the Northwest exchange their most outstanding men for speaking engagements.

The whole program adds up to the most outstanding university speakers program on the West Coast. The University of California can pay no more than \$50 for a speaker. And the University of Washington doesn't even have a fund for speakers.

One of the finest qualities of this program at Oregon is the way in which these great men are brought into contact with the student body. Besides their main speeches most speakers appear at coffee hour forums and some even visit classes.

The planning and operation of the various lecture committees that make up the University's speaker program is something we should all be proud of and something we should make a point to utilize. — (D.L.)

THE LOOKING GLASS

Second Feature More Impressive Than 'Strange Lady' Drama Film

By Len Calvert
Emerald Columnist

That "Strange Lady in Town" at the McDonald is a woman doctor practicing in Santa Fe, N. M., in 1880.

Starring Greer Garson as Julia Winslow Garth, M.D., physician and surgeon, the film tells of her trials and tribulations as the first woman doctor in the territory. And does she have troubles!

First she is opposed by Dr. O'Brien (Dana Andrews) who feels women should not be in medicine; then her wastrel brother (Cameron Mitchell) is arrested for selling stolen cattle to the Army and hitting a superior officer; then he and his gang rob a bank during which a popular Catholic father is killed. To top it all off, Miss Garson goes to plead with

her brother to give himself up to the howling mob.

In the end, she is being driven out of Santa Fe, because of her brother, but Dr. O'Brien rides to the rescue and she stays.

Filmed in color, "Strange Lady in Town" deals with Dr. Garth's problems with tongue in cheek humor and includes everything from Elizabeth Barret Browning's "How Do I Love Thee" to one of the bloodiest screen fights seen recently.

A human, interesting story has been turned into a high class Western by Warner Brothers. One gets the feeling that a little of all the ingredients of the usual Western have been jammed into this picture for effect, making it cluttered. It's not a very deep picture.

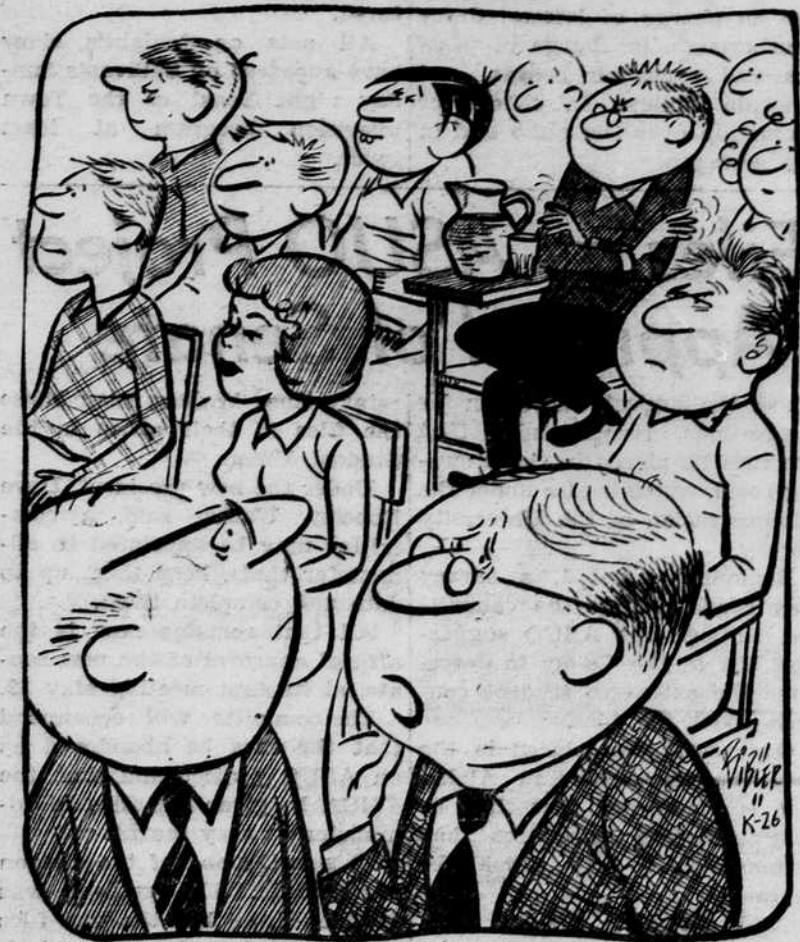
Perhaps this is why the co-feature "Sleeping Tiger" leaves a greater impression on the viewer than the main attraction. A psychological English movie, the film is distinguished by fine acting and some tremendous background music.

Starring Dick Bogarde as a crazy, mixed-up young hoodlum; Alexis Smith, as the psychiatrist's wife, and Alexander Knox, as the psychiatrist who tries to help the youth, the film is hampered slightly by a few breaks in an otherwise smooth-flowing and believable dialogue.

Briefly, the plot is that Knox takes Bogarde into his home for six months in an effort to cure the boy, rather than sending him to jail. While in Knox's home, Miss Smith falls in love with the

(Continued on page seven)

Grad Student



"I've got one student that I dread to see put up his hand."

—Paid Advertisement—

On Campus with Max Shulman

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

LOVE IN REVERSE

They were at the campus swimming pool. She was standing on the diving board—lithe, young, vibrant. He came swimming over. "Hey," he called, climbing up on the board, "was it you who made that dive a minute ago?"

She nodded—lithe, young, vibrant. "Whew!" he whistled. "That was some dive! A back jackknife two and a half twist full gainer swan. Where did you learn to dive like that?"

"I fell off the board," she explained. "Oh," he said. He looked at her—lithe, young, vibrant. "Let's go steady," he said.

"But I don't know anything about you," she said. "What's there to know?" he said. "I'm a typical American college man—young, healthy, and broke."

"That's good enough for me," she said, "for I am not interested in money. I am a girl of simple tastes—lithe, young, vibrant."

"Dad!" he whispered. "Crazy!" she breathed. Their lips met. Their arms twined. They fell off the board.

"If you only knew," he said later, as he applied artificial respiration, "how long I have been looking for a lithe, young, vibrant girl of simple tastes, for though my heart is large and full of love, my purse is lean and meagre. My cruel father sends me an allowance barely large enough to support life. So I have been looking high and low for a girl of simple tastes."

"Search no more," she said. "My tastes are simple; my wants are few. Just take me riding in a long, sleek, new yellow convertible, and I am content."

"Goodbye," he said and ran away as fast as his chubby little legs could carry him, for he knew this girl was not for the likes of him. He had neither convertible nor hardtop, nor the money to buy one, nor the means to get the money, short of picking up his stingy father by the ankles and shaking him till his wallet fell out. No, there was nothing for it except to forget this girl.

But lying on his pallet at the dormitory, he could not get her out of his mind and finally he knew that whatever the expense, he had to have her—lithe, young, vibrant.

So he sold a few things—his textbooks, his overcoat, his hi-Y pin, his roommate's truss—and soon he had accumulated a goodly sum. He went to a place that sold automobiles. "How much does it cost," he said, "to buy a yellow convertible automobile?"

The man told him. He collapsed in a gibbering heap.

After a while he stirred and shambled home. But on the way he passed a place with a big sign that said: RENT A CAR—DRIVE YOURSELF. Hope came into our hero's eyes. He went inside. "How much does it cost," he said, "to rent a yellow convertible automobile?"

"Ten dollars a day, plus seven cents a mile," said the man. "Done and done," said our hero, and soon he drove away in a long, sleek, new, yellow convertible.

"Oh, goody!" said the lithe, young, vibrant girl when she saw the car. "This suits my simple tastes to a T. Come, let us speed over rolling highways and through bosky dells."

And away they went. They drove north, they drove south, they drove fast, they drove slow, they drove east, they drove west, they drove and drove and drove and, finally, tired but happy, they parked high on a windswept hill.

"Philip Morris?" he said.

"Yum, yum!" she said.

They lit up. She snuggled against him. "You know," he said, "you are like a Philip Morris—mild and fresh and relaxing."

"But there is a big difference between me and Philip Morris," said she. "They're available in king-size and regular, and I am only available in regular."

They laughed. They kissed. He screamed.

"What is it, dear man?" cried she, alarmed.

"The speedometer," he said. "I just noticed. We put on 200 miles tonight, and this car costs seven cents a mile, and I have only \$14 left."

"But that's exactly enough," she said.

"Yes," he said, "but we still have to drive home, and that will put a lot more miles on the car. Where will I get the money to pay for that?"

"Gee, I don't know," said she.

"Me neither," he said glumly. He started the motor and backed out of the parking place.

"Hey, look!" said the girl. "The speedometer doesn't move when you're backing up."

He looked. It was true. Mileage only registered when the car was moving forward—not in reverse. "Eureka!" he said. "That's it!"

"Do you mean—" said she.

"Exactly!" said he. "I will drive home in reverse. Then no more miles will register and I'll have enough money to pay!"

"I think that's a George idea!" she cried, and she was right. Because today our hero is in the county jail where food, clothes, and lodging are provided free of charge, and his allowance is piling up fast. By the time his sentence is ended, he should have enough to take his girl out riding again.

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

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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