

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

This Is It

That's you stepping up to the platform—somewhat self-consciously in the unfamiliar cap and gown—to receive the insignificant slip of paper which certifies that one Bachelor of Arts degree is being awarded in token of work completed at the University of Oregon. You are now a college graduate.

So this is commencement! So this is what it feels like to leave Oregon! So this is what it is to realize that you are no longer a college boy but a fully-educated man out on his own! And all you can think of is "Will I trip on my way back to the seat?"

Seated once more, you watch without seeing the long line of similarly black-clad graduates receiving their slips of paper. And you think of the kaleidoscopic events that have marked your years at Oregon.

Sipping coke in the Student Union and trying rather unsuccessfully how to learn to play bridge. The torchlit rally promoting some forgotten girl for some forgotten title. A giddy house dance which briefly followed an interminable cocktail party. Stuffing napkins into chicken-wire on the house's float until you thought you would never be able to stand up straight again. The uproarious picnic along the river when you fell in the water.

"They had to carry Harry to the ferry; they had to carry Harry to the shore..."

The monotonous drone of the professor talking about the marginal propensity to consume. Trying to appear inconspicuous when the caustic English professor asked some sarcastic question. A seminar in which you learned only that you were horribly unprepared for that midterm the next day. The campus enveloped in fog as you unwillingly walked toward the dim and hulking fortress that is the library.

Getting soaked by endless rain squalls in the ten minutes between class, and spending the whole 50 minute lecture period trying to dry out. The sun beating fiercely through windows still water-specked from the morning shower as you attempted to concentrate on what the professor was saying about T. S. Eliot. That term paper which couldn't be due tomorrow, and you not even started on it. The sick, empty feeling in your stomach as you read the first question on the final.

"Now what was that analogy he drew between the immediate post-Civil War era and the decade following the First World War?"

The ridiculous farce of a committee meeting when no one seemed to know what was going on. Fraternity initiation, and could you ever live through it. The afternoon you took up tennis and gave it up when you could hardly get out of bed the next morning. An exchange dinner when you didn't even learn the name of the girl sitting next to you. The thrill of being tapped for an honorary. Endless chapter meetings.

"No further old business; no new business. Do I hear a motion to adjourn?"

These have been your years at Oregon. And they have been good ones; but God how the time has flown. Can this serious young man listening intently to the commencement speaker be the same green boy of four years ago? There is a physical resemblance, of course. But there has been a greater inward change, and that is more important.

They call it maturity—this change that distinguishes the incoming freshman from the graduating senior. And you hope you've reached maturity in the past four years. For that is what commencement signifies.

"And so young men and women of the class of 1955, as you go forth to face the challenges of the world..."

Waiting for the draft to catch up with you. Getting married at the end of the summer. Going into business with Dad. Starting a new job in a new town. Working toward a master's degree. Sure you have plans. But you'll have to carry them out on your own from here on in.

It's an uncertain world you face now. There's doubt, fear, hesitation, concern in your mind. Third World War? Another depression? A family to support?

But you're glad you have this college education behind you. Glad you spent these college years at Oregon. Oh, you won't be prepared for everything that comes along. Life is full of mysteries that will never be solved, challenges never met, surprises never expected. Yet, as a college graduate, you will be better prepared for them, more able to cope with the problems you know will arise. You are among the fortunate few who have had the advantage of a college education.

You're leaving Oregon now. And how many years will it be before you return? The disjointed memories which serve only to distract now will then come crowding in to cheer, amuse, maybe even hurt. These have been your years at Oregon—and you'll never forget them.

—Joe Gardner

A Big Year

It was a big year on the Oregon campus, any way you look at it.

As we sit here doing our last piece of writing for the Emerald, we recall many things, but first and foremost we think of what a great year 1954-55 has been.

Go clear back to Fall term. The Journalism school moved from the shacks into its gleaming new home. In a different realm, students got a slice of the control of the Student Union and Educational Activities money with the establishment of the budget board.

In still a different realm—We beat the Aggies on the football field! One of the outstanding impressions of 1954-55 to us was the Shaw to Powell pass that proved the turning point as Oregon whipped Oregon State for the first time since 1948.

Winter term the new McArthur court opened. And it was back about that time that people started talking about reviving Oregon's greatest tradition—The Canoe Fete on the Millrace.

This, too, with the help of friends and the faculty, became a reality, despite the efforts of Oregon's weather to dampen the occasion.

Spurred on by the success of the Canoe Fete, students have started what looks like the most concerted drive yet to restore the Millrace. Plans for canoes, a boathouse, and the almost-forsaken dream of a restored 'Race are going full steam.

Certainly this isn't the whole story of 1954-55. But it's a big part of the story and, any way you look at it, the story of '54-'55 is the story of a big year for the University of Oregon campus.

A DAY AT THE ZOO

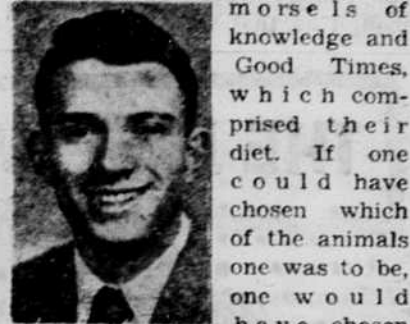
An Emerald Classic: 'The Sinner's Graduation'

(Ed Note: "The Sinner's Graduation," paying a sort of tribute to those strange people around the quad who are soon to leave for the big outside world, was written in the Spring of 1953. It now makes its third of what we hope will be many appearances in the Emerald. Time has come around, and the author is now a "Sinner," himself.)

BY BOB FUNK
Emerald Columnist

Once in a damp but otherwise rather pleasant forest located somewhat south of Highway 99, there lived an assortment of animals, including a large, furry animal called an Administration; a small uncombed animal classified as an Undergraduate, and a strange belligerent animal known as the Sinner. The Sinner had originally been known as the Senior; time and reputation had altered the word.

These three animals lived in a more or less neighborly fashion, grubbing about under stones and logs for small morsels of knowledge and Good Times, which comprised their diet. If one could have chosen which of the animals one was to be, one would have chosen to be the Administration. The Administration was the largest and furriest, and was usually thought of as Boss. Certainly one would never have chosen to be the Undergraduate; not if one had ever seen the Undergraduate, even from a distance.



And probably one would not have chosen to be the Sinner. The sinner was a great problem to everyone, everyone being the other two animals. At first, everyone tried not to notice the strange way the Sinner was acting, outrageous as it was. To begin with, the Sinner was refusing to do its Part. Just what one's Part was in this forest no one quite knew, but everyone did agree that one should do one's Part. One morning the Sinner refused to get up at seven. At

ten, it said a bad word to the Undergraduate, who attempted to rouse it.

At one p.m., it shambled over to where the Administration and the Undergraduate were just finishing off a really nice snack of Knowledge and Good Times which they had gathered, and complained about there not being anything to eat.

"The early bird gets the Knowledge" remonstrated the Administration, gently.

"Early to bed and early to rise," began the Undergraduate obnoxiously but before it could finish the Sinner took its paw and shoved it into the Undergraduate's mouth. It was quite impolite.

Later that week the Sinner had some shattering experience with the opposite sex, and the Undergraduate and the Administration began to find empty brown bottles strewn about, labeled "Heart-balm." On Saturday night the Sinner sat up all night, carousing, surrounded by bottles of Heart-balm, singing what only the Sinner could have thought was a song.

Finally, it became Too Much for everyone. The Undergraduate and the Administration had a board meeting and the Administration, as chairman of the board, appointed itself a Standing Committee to Investigate the Unfortunate Behavior of the Sinner, and Report tomorrow. There was another board meeting Tomorrow, which was as it happened the next day.

When the meeting got as far as Committee Reports, the Administration rose grandly. The Undergraduate clapped.

"I have been considering this matter very seriously," said the Administration.

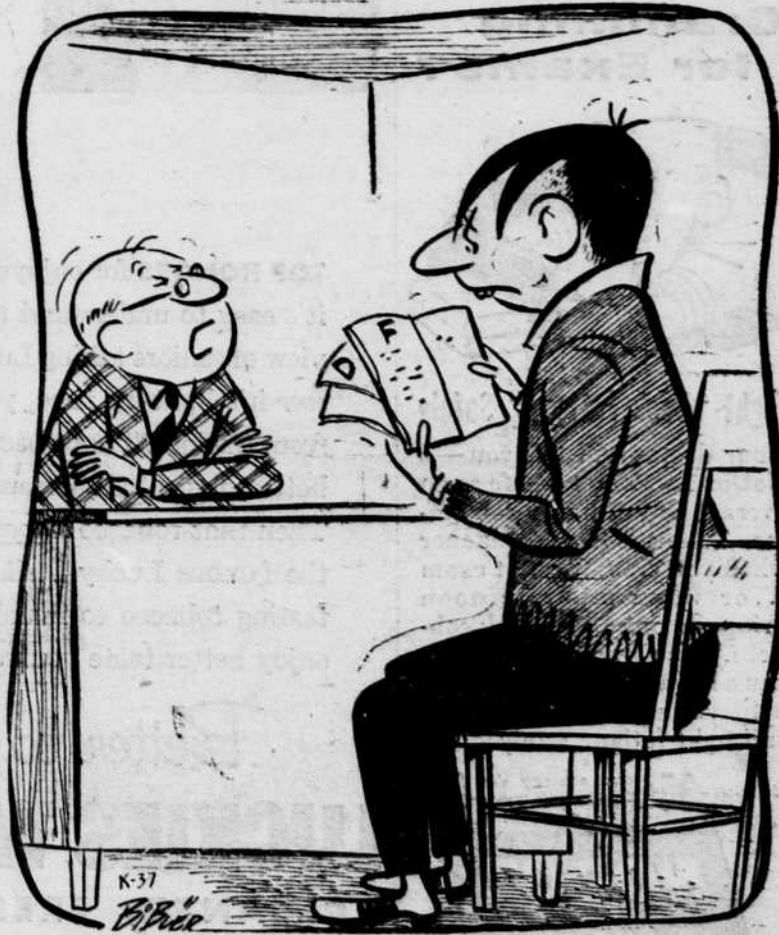
"Hear Hear!" shouted the Undergraduate enthusiastically.

"And I recommend to this body that it is time to get rid of—er, encourage the Sinner to go Elsewhere." And at this time the Undergraduate gave the Administration a Standing Ovation, which fairly shook the forest.

"Therefore, as chairman of this committee I move that the Sinner be given a Diploma, in lieu of an invitation to Green Pastures." And after the Undergraduate refused to get up at seven. At

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Spring Term Grades



"I thought perhaps you didn't know—there are three higher possible grades besides 'D' and 'F'."