

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

An Open Letter

Dear Mr. DuShane:

You recently requested, through an article in the Emerald, any suggestions, comments or ideas that students might have about this year's registration procedure.

Accordingly, we would like to present our comments and make some suggestions for improvement in the future.

There is little doubt that the procedure this year was more efficient and easier on the student than any in the past three years. Generally, the student affairs lines in the Student Union caused no trouble, and the lines at the business office seemed shorter than usual.

The new system of letting only a few students into the room at one time to pick up their registration material was easier on both the students, who weren't being pushed from behind, and on the people passing out the material. It is not the fault of the system that everyone decided to be the first one in line early Wednesday morning. Many of them didn't have appointments with their advisers until later in the day. The lines in the various departments also showed some improvement.

However, we would like to suggest the following improvements in the system:

1. Further work in speeding up the lines in the departments. We would suggest two desks or tables, one for upper-division and one for lower division courses. Such a system produced excellent results in the English department.

We also have been told, although we don't know from first-hand experience, that the women's PE lines are traditionally slow. A breakdown of their lines by courses or section might be the solution.

2. The distribution of athletic cards from a table in Emerald hall, or in any available space in the Student Union. This is simply a matter of convenience to the student and would eliminate the trek up the hill to pick up a card.

3. Advisers should be on hand for appointments with their advisees as soon as the latter have picked up their material. Some advisers were out of town on Wednesday and forced the students to delay their registration one or two days.

Some Other Night

In case you don't have a date tonight or you aren't leaving for Portland—in fact, you have nothing to do on this Friday evening—you might stop in at the first Friday evening coffee hour forum.

This series of informal lectures begins tonight in the Student Union browsing room at 7:30 and will run throughout the year. This set of lectures has not been too well attended by students, although faculty members go to the lectures quite often.

Perhaps this is understandable, at least from the students' viewpoint.

Usually by the time Friday rolls around, students have had enough of lectures and books and desire an evening of freedom of such things. It would be a terribly interested student that would tear himself away from a spontaneous party to attend a dissertation.

It is not that we disagree with the idea of the informal coffee hour forum—we don't. We think the plan of giving students a chance to informally discuss subject topics with instructors is fine.

But in order to accomplish this purpose, perhaps some other night than Friday would be more desirable. —(A.H.)

James' Job



THE LOOKING GLASS

Vacationist, 2 Boys Star on Local Screen

It is the policy of this column to review the most recently released motion picture that will run for about a week after the review is printed. This week, however, policy must bow to a French vacationist and two lonely little boys who dominate the Mayflower screen in the best double bill a Eugene theatre is ever likely to show.

"Mr. Hulot's Holiday" is the story of a clumsy, bashful, socially inexperienced Frenchman who disrupts a staid seashore resort. Although it is a French film there is no humor lost through language barriers, simply because there is just a rarity of words spoken. The comedy is entirely visual. The picture abounds with brilliant comic scenes created by the antics of Jacques Tati, the French comedian whose pantomime and slap stick routines are reminiscent of Charlie Chaplin's capers.

In one scene he brings havoc to a card party by turning a man on a swivel chair just as he throws his hand down. The cards land on another card table, and he is turned back to the original group once Mr. Hulot is satisfied his lost ping-pong ball is not under the chair. The facial expressions on the card players' faces over the misplaced cards is unforgettably funny.

"Mr. Hulot's Holiday" is unlike any motion picture you are ever likely to see. It has no plot, no love interest, no dialogue, none of the ingredients usually found in films. It is full of whacky characters doing crazy things in separate unrelated situations.

The laughs start slowly but increase in tempo as the comic situations become more zany and imaginative. It is a picture that takes a refreshing look at humor and has refined the visual aspects of comedy to a point unsurpassed by films in recent years.

"The Little Kidnappers" is the second half of the bill, but can in no way be called inferior to the top billing. It is a sensitively portrayed story of two orphaned children who come to live with their grandparents in Canada. The two small brothers find themselves in a poor farming area of strict religious beliefs. Their grandfather denies them even a dog, so they found a substitute by "acquiring" an infant.

It seems almost impossible that the youngest boy, age five, could turn in such a convincing acting job at an age when few youngsters can concentrate on anything for more than a few seconds. The young lad seems to be having a great time before the camera, hardly being conscious of it except for the times when he makes the most delightful faces right into the lens.

These two pictures will leave this Sunday. They are in the "must-see" category. Incidentally, they are to be followed by some excellent new foreign films and some masterpieces of the long ago. There is every indication that the Mayflower theatre will consistently again show films of special merit and not, as last year, frequently sink to serving the function of a typical neighborhood movie house.

Letters to the Editor

Emerald Editor:

I am writing in response to an editorial which you published last week and a phenomenon which I encountered on the third floor of the Student Union last night. Your editorial dealt with popularity contests; the phenomenon I encountered was the first elimination of the Joe College and Betty Coed contests.

Let me say that I agree with your editorial panning popularity contests, and therefore disagree with the concept of having a "Joe College" and "Betty Coed."

I was a finalist in the Joe College contest three years ago. Actually, I suppose I deserved it. All during my sophomore year I lived up to the popular notion of what a Joe College should be. I have the low grades of that year to prove it. I was a hail-fellow-well-met, always eager to increase the number of my friendships. My case, however, may be abnormal. I hope it is.

What frustrates me most in this matter is the discrepancy I find in attempting to relate a per se popularity contest to an institution of higher education. As we are all aware, the idiom of the popularity contest is an extremely strong force in American society. Arthur Miller's Willy Loman, who admonished his son to be "well liked" has dramatized its effect more poignantly than I can. Willy Loman missed the true values of life. We have

all come to this campus ostensibly in quest of knowledge and truth. I am honestly curious as to how much this quest for popularity is mis-directing us.

While I wish the best of luck to all the Joe College and Betty Coed candidates, I also wish to ask them, "What are you engulfed in?"

Wilfred B. Swenson
Senior in Political Science

Emerald Editor:

Since, either by design (i.e. that means fear) or by inadvertency (that means the printer's error) you noodniks managed to leave off the initials of your lead editorial in today's issue. This, per se, is not a terrifically evil thing, when the editorial consists of some raving about how lousy the seating situation is at football games or how ludicrous you interpret the registration fiasco; but (that should read "BUT!") when it's about politics, it's in the damn shame category.

If you can find a single occasion in the glorious, magnificent history of "Our Beloved Country," when a single letter wasn't carried by the mails, when a kilowatt of federal power didn't go on the lines, or when a congressman missed a chance to make a speech, just because a president was riding the sick book, I will donate \$10 (Ft. Knox type) to your favorite charity. The Deification of Dwight Eisenhower has become so sickening lately, that

the "normal" in his administration is classified as miraculous. Since when is it so extraordinary for the government to run smoothly when one man is taken ill? Is it so unexpected that a vice-president should live up to that oath he takes when he floats into office on the coat-tails of a household name like the Hollywood-dream-type Eisenhower had in '52? If we had three earthquakes, an outbreak of the Black Plague, a second South secession, and if Marilyn Monroe had committed suicide, you might have a point; but you're right in that old GOP line when you praise them for doing nothing. Doing nothing is an art, when you're in their league.

If Nixon really wanted to do some good, he'd resign and let a man who's old enough to shave, such as Joe McCarthy, take over. Or better yet, Senator Knowland; there's nothing I'd rather give to Truth, Justice and Democracy, than my worthless life for Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist China. I say, "Throw the Bums in!"

John Paul Jones V

First Year Law Student

P.S. I'll give five-to-one that the stock market shakeup didn't bother one out of fifteen thousand people. Why don't you try a poll?

Post P.S. That editorial was so maudlin, it almost made me ill!

Editor's Note:

We refer Law Student Jones to the masthead.



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