

# + EMERALD EDITORIALS +

## Of Good Joes and Candidates

Tomorrow is the deadline for aspiring young campus politicians to file petitions for freshman class office.

Many of the petitioners will be extremely activity-minded people, fresh from the razzle-dazzle and glory of high school fame, and expecting large numbers of votes on the basis of their "good joe" qualities.

Some of the petitioners will be quiet, studious people, with serious ambitions to lead their class wisely. But they will not know how to campaign effectively against their more flashy rivals.

Others will be less enthusiastic than either of the above types. They will be pushed into running by ambitious living organizations. They will be pumped full of facts from older, wiser campus politicians and they will have answers to any question put to them concerning the running of the freshman class or of the whole campus.

There may be some candidates running for the experience of it, just to find out what makes public opinion on this campus. These latter may possibly get more out of it than anyone, and might even, if they study the campus mind seriously enough, be elected.

It would be unfortunate indeed if this year's freshman class chose as its leaders the extra-flashy off-on-a-tangent type people whose ideas are not well-grounded in fact or serious ambition.

It would also be unfortunate if older politicians completely ran the freshman elections.

Ideally, the class officers should be just individual enough to be able to make their own decisions, and just gregarious enough to listen carefully to past experiences from their elders.

Time, and freshman voters, will tell.

—(A.R.)

## Mis-Directed Millrace

We're normally very sympathetic with the city in its efforts to keep Eugene streets neat, tidy, and in reasonably good repair.

We did not complain when one of our associate editors drove his car into an eight-inch hole in the middle of a residen-

tial street and ruined the tire. The associate editor could have been a lousy driver.

We did not complain when three coeds were well-dusted by a city street-sweeper last spring. After all, it's the city's job to keep the streets clean, even if the dust has to be deposited on the sidewalk.

But after swimming home the other night, our patience is ended. We will admit that the current situation has some advantages. If the Millrace runs dry, one can always drain 13th street into it. Crew enthusiasts who complain about lack of facilities can now row to their heart's content on Lake Sigma Chi.

Frosh coeds who flunk swimming tests can improve their form on the way to their houses on Tuesday nights. We know of one student who is training for the 1956 Olympics by broad-jumping the lake in front of his house every day.

But for the rest of us, when we cross a street, the only fun we get is wading up to our knees in muddy water, dead leaves, and occasional fish looking for a short cut to the Astoria Salmon derby.

However, we do wish to deny one rumor based on this problem. It is not true that Florence Chadwick will train here this winter on the various lakes along Alder, Kincaid and 13th. The water gets too choppy in a high wind.

## Footnotes

One of the California high schools has addressed its papers to "Oregon Daily Emerald, University of Oregon, Moscow, Oregon." We wonder if they are also sending papers to Eugene, Idaho.

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The AWS cabinet must have a corner on the market. All of the five junior and senior members of the cabinet have been nominated for Homecoming queen.

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This year's freshmen men must be easily frustrated. Panty raids used to be a standard practice during spring term.

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It took two-thirds of the season, but it finally happened. Oregon has a mascot that looks like a duck.

\* \* \*

Majorettes were originally supposed to twirl batons for entertainment. Now they just turn handstands.

## Taffy Pull

By Bob Fudge



## GULLIVER'S TRIFLES

# Psychological Queen Picked at Halloween

By Ken Kesey  
Emerald Columnist

It was Halloween eve and a fine night to be a psychology major, thought Ima Sychase as she sat at the IFC (Inter-Freudian - Council) banquet. About her sat the great, unkept geniuses of the psychology school, and their well kept women; it was an honor just to be there within that intricate, well-adjusted flux of perfect personalities. Ima let her memory tiptoe back over the event that had won her the invitation.

She had been spending a free hour in Dr. Faraway's (whom the students had dubbed Dr. Cross-Country because of his vague distantness) general psychology class that morning, when an irate student had leaped to his feet.

"Quit mumbling, Cross-Country! How do you expect us eager little scholars to take notes on the honey of wisdom that drips from your genius' lips if you alla time mumble?" the impetuously neurotic student had yelled sarcastically.

"Sid' own 'n shuddup," the great doctor eloquently declared.

"You're crazy, you old coot!" the boy said. Even now, as she sat at the banquet, Ima felt her adrenaline spew as she thought of the boy's impudence.

She had shouted angrily at the boy. "Dr. Cross-Coun . . . I mean, Dr. Faraway is the greatest psychologist in the world!"

"And so may the Bible be the greatest book in the world," the boy retorted, "but it doesn't do anyone any good if it's written with a mastodon's tusk dipped in mud; ya gotta be able to read it! Dr. Cross-Country

may be a great man but what we need is a great teacher!"

This irrational statement had so infuriated Ima that she had rushed to the boy, given him a hypo to calm him, and had carried his limp body to the testing lab where the poor mal-adjusted kid could get a few things adjusted. And when she returned to the class the great doctor had actually smiled and said, "Plee sattend th' bankit t'nigh—gotta surprise f'ya." Ima had felt like shouting. So she had shouted; one does not hold one's emotions back and stay well-adjusted—one let's 'em rip loose.

Ima nibbled at her soufflé of worn-out white mice and dwelt in her reverie until the toast-master tinked his glass and introduced a small, frizzled man in tweed stockings and beard, the dean of psychology school.

"Colleagues," he started, "it is my honor to make an award tonight. An award to a girl who, over the years, has climbed out of the pit of neurotics that-surrounds us, and into the realm of the well-adjusted. When I first met her she was harangued by an exquisite Oedipus complex, an inferiority complex, hydrophobia, triskadeckaphobia, phobiaphobia, and had a marvelous fixation on her cocker spaniel. Well, she still has these little maladies, but in the last few years, by adjusting herself and not holding back, she has learned to live very comfortably with them and even occasionally enjoy one."

Beneath the table everyone had kicked off their shoes and they were tangling their toes with each other as the dean spoke.

"In view of this feat," he (Please turn to page seven)

## THE LOOKING GLASS

# Victorian, Advanced Ideas Provide Rollicking Play Conflict

By Sally Jo Grieg  
Emerald Columnist

Liam O'Brien's "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker" offers a much more entertaining evening than its name implies. It can hardly be classified with the average life-with-father type play.

Mr. Pennypacker's remarkably advanced ideas on marriage and family versus the Victorian concepts provide two hours of rollicking situations which aren't completely resolved even as the play ends.

Much of the success of the play is due to the scenery which enables the audience to see the interior and exterior of the Pennypacker home at the same time. It seems authentically nineteenth century with its lumpy furniture and swinging garden gate.

Most of the action takes place in the parlor, but many of the funniest scenes are on the front porch and under the street light. The lively background music and costuming also help to create the mood of the play.

In the title role, Roger Gross portrays the knicker-clad Mr. Pennypacker, an energetic and youthful father of sixteen children. Neither family pressure nor social customs can cool the lovable but eccentric Mr. Pennypacker's enthusiasm for progress.

Jane Cotton is perfect as the understanding but sometimes bewildered mother and wife of the Pennypacker household. One of the best scenes is one between Mr. and Mrs. Pennypacker, where the latter tearfully laments to her husband, "I knew you were a free-thinker, but didn't think you were a free-doer."

Responsible for keeping the play moving at a fast pace is Grandpa Pennypacker, played by Bruce Holt. The explosive old man adds much humor to the play and is undoubtedly the audience's favorite.

It is quite ironic for Mr. Pennypacker with his theories of Darwinism and selective breeding that his eldest daughter Kate, Sonia Dalton, should

become engaged to Wilbur Field, a ministers son. William McElfish plays Wilbur as the stiff lover, but shows him most effectively in an uninhibited moment when Wilbur drunkenly reproaches Mr. Pennypacker.

The rest of the household is adequately acted. Joyce Niederlinghaus and Tom Leonard are especially good in their respective scenes as ballet teacher and aspiring Shakespearean actor.

Dave Sherman is very convincing as the uneasy Philadelphia son. Equally meritorious are performances of the child actors, John Gale, Thorton Gale, Joel Kavarsky and Becky Nobles.

Virginia Gobble is amusing in her fainting spells as the prudish spinster aunt, but seems to lose sight of her character by the end of the play.

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker was directed by Daniel Krempel, who also designed the setting. The play was first produced and performed at the Producers Theatre on Dec. 30, 1955.



The Oregon Daily Emerald is published five days a week during the school year, except during 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 per term. Opinions expressed on the editorial page 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.