

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

Seniors With a Purpose

There are senior classes and there are senior classes. Sometimes they have a purpose in life, and sometimes they don't. The present one seems to, for the time being at least. The purpose, namely, is restoration of the Millrace.

City council backing, that long-sought-after goal for students interested in Millrace restoration, has finally been realized. But the task of raising funds remains, and no small part of that burden rests on University students currently in school.

Saturday night's dance could have been called the Senior Ball, as is the usual custom for the event put on each year by that class. But its purpose is donation of funds for the Millrace, so its name has been, appropriately enough, changed to the Millrace Benefit dance.

An attempt has been made to suit this dance to student desires. Past Senior Balls have been formal occasions, and attendance dropped. There was complaint that a formal all-campus dance coming, as it always does, in the midst of formal house dances, was just too much trouble.

True, there is not a "big-name" band scheduled for the function, but such bands are the exception rather than the rule at campus functions here.

The senior class has made the first effort. It has promised to turn all profits over to the Millrace. It seems that attending the Senior Ball would be an easy way for freshmen, sophomores and juniors to donate money to the Millrace.

Undoubtedly, if they don't do it this way they will be asked to in many more direct ways.

Besides, it might be fun to see who else was patriotic enough to attend. It can't be that bad. Nearly everyone likes to dance.

—(A.R.)

Can You Spare a Dime

Fund-raising projects, notoriously painful things, have taken a sudden bright turn for the better. Associated Women Students are sponsoring a setup whereby Saturday-night daters may have an extra hour before closing hours, all for the price of only 60 cents.

And the money thereby collected for AWS will finance scholarships for needy women students.

Now, there is something inherently amusing in the idea of paying money to stay out late. It might provide all kinds of contests

in women's living organizations to see who was kept out the latest, thus adding the most money to the AWS fund.

It also might mean cutting down on after-dance sandwiches and milkshakes, to save the extra money for staying out late. But we understand this project has been tried successfully at many universities throughout the country, and it raises the AWS fund nicely.

Women's living organizations should cooperate with the function by being fair enough to synchronize their clocks, for once, Saturday night.

It would be terrible for fraternity brothers to gather back at their house, only to learn that one man had to pay a couple of pennies more, when he took his date in at the same time as the others.

Men's living organizations really should elect an all-house cheapskate and an all-house good guy, according to how bravely they yawned through the extra hour to provide money for AWS scholarships.

But, really, there shouldn't be too many problems. From time to time there has been much student pressure for 2 a.m. closing hours, and for the second time this year, there is an opportunity to stay out until the later hour.

Only this time there's a small price attached. Buddy, can you spare a dime?

—(A.R.)

Footnotes

We wonder how many living organizations misunderstood the request last weekend made by the infirmary: namely, for students planning to enter overnight to phone before coming. Seems several people misunderstood this and thought infirmary hours in the afternoon had been discontinued. Such is decidedly not the case.

* * * *

Fashion note: It is interesting to see just how many women on campus are brave (or timid) enough to chance making their legs appear larger, just for the sake of warmth. Something like one-third of the female campus population are sporting knee-length knitted socks. The others are freezing, if slightly more attractive.

* * * *

Haven't heard any complaints about the library being too warm recently. We even suspect some people have been cutting through there for a few minutes' warmth on the way home or to classes. Good to hear the library has some use besides being a haven for the term-paper and thesis writers.

Penny Late Night



"Look carefully, girls—no one saw him leave with the others."

THE LOOKING GLASS

Sinatra Seeks Tension Relief Beyond the Pale

By Bob Davis

Emerald Columnist

The contrivances which man has sought to lessen human suffering are incalculable. Most are within the bounds of social approval and physical well being. "The Man With the Golden Arm" is the portrayal of a person who has searched for relief from overpowering tensions outside these boundaries.

Frank Sinatra, whose talents seem to know no limits, creates the unforgettable character of Frankie Machine, a weak man who "has rolled all his pains into one big hurt" and tried to extinguish it with narcotics. Frankie is known in his squalid haunts as a highly skilled card dealer. In a raid he was jailed and there "kicked the habit." His search for a return to a normal life is the subject of the film.

The return is most difficult. His wife Zosh, confined to a wheel chair in a psychosomatic attempt to make him her servant, makes demands which deter Frankie from rebuilding his life through a musical career. Financial obligations force him back into his old paths of life which doctors have told him will likely lead to a recurrence of the habit. In his weakness he succumbs with the idea that he will soon be able to get a job with a big name band.

A strong man may have been able to shake these forces pulling him down, but Frankie is

not strong. He has few allies. Sparrow, a shabby facsimile of the old village half-wit, gives him the encouragement that only a close friend can give. Arnold Stang, who was so funny on the old Henry Morgan radio show, gives Sparrow an outstanding characterization.

It takes a girl, however, to give Frankie the strength to finally straighten out his twisted life. Kim Novak, as his girl Molly, turns in a performance which can only be termed a resounding rebuttal to the actress she was merely supposed to answer—Marilyn Monroe. In fact, there is not a weak link in the whole cast. A stronger chain of principals is not to be found in any film.

Otto Preminger, the director and producer who has such a knack for making controversial pictures, has not spared the audience of any of the seamy details which sadly accompany dope addiction. The camera probes side by side with the needle that finally finds its mark in Frankie's golden arm. Sinatra gives such human portrayal of helplessness and agony that some may be moved to a mild attack of physical nausea.

In any case, "The Man with the Golden Arm" will leave indelible impressions on the mind which will not nor should not ever be erased. Such is the stuff which makes a great picture and "The Man with the Golden Arm" is a truly great motion picture.

Letters to the Editor

Emerald Editor:

It has often been said that ridicule is a potent weapon, and the truth of this statement has many times been proved during the course of history. The latest attempt to use this weapon seems to be the editorial appearing in the February 14th issue under the somewhat unimaginative heading "Old Soldiers Never Die." This article deals with the attempts at formation of a veteran's organization on this campus, and shows what seems to be a lively prejudice against the idea. Having served four years in the navy and two years in the army, respectively, we would like to advance a few ideas that the author of this trifle might not have considered.

It seems to us that the question is not so much why the veterans should organize as why they should not, and what sort of axe the person writing this article and others like him have to grind.

Could it be a fear of what a well-organized group on this

campus could accomplish in different activities, student politics included? It seems to us that it would be interesting to discover what a tightly knit organization could do, given the chance. There doesn't appear to be any competition in the field.

It is quite obvious that "J.C.R." has never had any close association with the services, otherwise this person would discover that the bond between men who have served their country amounts to a lot more than meeting at Emerald hall on the first of every month to sign for their checks. Has "J.C.R." ever lost sleep on all night guard duty, been sent thousands of miles away from home on one or two days notice, or dodged shell fragments in Korea? We'd like to know, because a good percentage of the students on this campus have.

You won't find any professional veterans at this institution, "J.C.R.," we're here to get an education. Since most of us aren't in a position to write home for money, the government helps us out a little.

We're not asking for a hand-out, but we find it's a little hard to work a full eight hours after classes to keep ourselves and our families eating. A lot of us do, you know. If you can find a way to go to school and support two people on \$135 a month, please let us know.

In conclusion, "J.C.R.," we would like to say that if there is ever an initiation of non-veterans at the downtown recruiting office, we hereby extend you an invitation to pledge. To cover either possibility, applications are now being accepted for the Wacs, Waves and Wafs at the same office. Are you interested? Learn at first hand about veterans and veterans' problems, then we will listen to what you have to say.

Donald M. Hibbard

Charles L. Humphreys

Graduate Students in Music

Editor's Note: If four years of "close association" are enough, then J.C.R. is already "initiated," although he would sooner forget about it and feels no particular bond with anybody.

oregon Daily EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald is published five days a week during the school year, except Feb. 13, Feb. 23 and 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.

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