

Parents' Weekend?

During a discussion of activities in the senate meeting two weeks ago, the subject of a "parents' weekend" (to replace Dads' and Moms' Weekends) was brought up. The idea behind such a switch is obvious: it would "streamline" the over-crowded activity slate that now confronts students.

But if the senate undertakes any "streamlining," this is not the place to start. Dads' and Moms' Weekends are large-scale, solid activities—performed not only for students, but for the parents, too. The activities that should be dropped are the "busy" little time-consumers such as smarty parties, mystie sales, heart hops, etc.

A "parents' weekend" would be a mistake. In the first place, the Moms' Club would be against such a move. The mothers and fathers like the idea of having their sons and daughters to themselves on the two separate weekends.

Here's another point: a "parents' weekend" would probably be held during winter term. That would mean a drop in parents' attendance at Junior Weekend activities (including the Canoe Fete), and also a serious drop in income needed to operate the event.

"Parents' weekend" has been discussed before and dismissed by the senate. We suggest they forget the idea and concentrate on re-evaluating the insignificant activities.

Time Flies

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky;

Ten minutes till—now I can die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring, happy bells, this class is through!"

Something has been missing in Oregon's classrooms, but we were late for three consecutive classes before we realized what was absent. You know what we mean: those raucous class-bells were mute for two weeks—now they're apparently functioning again. As with the senate, it took their temporary absence to open our eyes.

A distinguished Oregon alumnus back on campus was once asked what sound he best remembered from his undergraduate days. "The murmur of the Millrace? 'Mighty Oregon' sung at Homecoming?"

"Nope, none of those," replied the Old Grad. "I'll never forget the sound of the three o'clock class-bells ringing just as I finished the second part of a five-part B-Law final. Oh well, a fifth year never hurt anyone—but tell me, do those bells still ring at ten till and on the hour?"

Don't worry, Old Timer, those bells are still issuing their unmusical clamors down these hallowed halls—and we're still behaving like maze-solving mice who respond only to a series of bells, from eight to five every day.

Maybe our generation is the age of "bell-

stimuli": from age six on up we've been conditioned to follow the commands of a variety of signals—warning bells, one-minute bells, class-bells, tardy bells, dinner bells, hell's bells . . .

Truly, "the man who makes IBM clocks rules the academic world."

After two weeks of comparative silence, we've decided that several signals would be better than the present ones. A record of Miss Monitor chanting the hour would be quite satisfactory, for instance, or maybe a tape of the launching of Jupiter-C could be used for variety. Anything but that malevolent, nerve-wracking clatter.

We think this: a class-bell's only utility is to end a class that should have ended fifty minutes prior. Our comrades in the clock-watching business will agree that the preliminary click just before the buzzer sounds (listen next time) is sweet music at certain times, a death-sentence at others (as the Old Grad pointed out).

But the bells, oblivious to bored (or struggling) students and test-takers alike, keep on ringing—tempus fugit.

Criticism and Art

"Art in Progress", the theme of this year's Festival of Arts, takes on more meaning with each event. Philosophy professor Bertram Jessup, in his foreward to the calendar of events for the festival, explains the theme as pointing out that, in art, there is "something going on as well as something done."

Art isn't just a picture on a museum wall or the performance of a symphony or a book on the library shelf. It's "an expression of experience," to quote Jessup again. It is a progressing, almost painful attempt to record life, either literally or with a personal interpretation.

We have seen something of this process in lectures by Gilbert Seldes, Junichiro Sekino and Tom Hardy. We will learn more at tonight's Browsing Room lecture by David J. McCosh, professor of art at Oregon.

Thursday night, we (the public) will be called upon to exercise the control we have over art: our criticism. Pilar Lorengar, a newly-discovered lyric soprano, will include in her program a musical premiere of several Basque songs by Pablo Soroazabal. What we and the thousands of others like us think of Miss Lorengar and these songs will decide her worth and their worth—at least as far as the contemporary scene is concerned.

Later in the year, we will have the opportunity to see a new play and a new opera, as well as more displays of art and sculpture. For most of us, these college years will contain our only close contact with the world of creative art. It is a good time to develop the critical faculty, without which no nation can produce great art.

Point of View



Jack Wilson

Sponsorship of Mass Media Prime Virtue of Advertising

This is Advertising Recognition Week. It is a week set up to allow those of us who haven't been paying attention to realize the fine and wonderful things advertising is doing for us (and, possibly to sell more advertising).

What advertising does, mostly, is to stimulate people into buying things. And if that isn't fine and wonderful, I'd like to know what is. Where would we be if no one bought anything? Right back to trading posts instead of one-cent sales, that's where.

So we have to admit that advertising does good works. How? Well, that's a difficult question. John Wanamaker used to say that he knew he was wasting his money on half of his advertising—but he could never figure out which half.

Advertising comes in all shapes and descriptions — newspaper, magazine, billboard, radio, TV, point-of-sale, etc., and no one really knows for sure which kind is the most effective.

Right now, I think it's probably television advertising that is most effective, largely because of the hypnotic power the glass ele still has over us. And when some over-eager Madison Avenue type decides to start using the "subconscious" effect of a word flashed on screen too briefly for the conscious mind to comprehend, television will become the greatest sales medium ever known.

(This is as good a time as any to dispose of that phrase, "Madison Avenue." After seeing Gregory Peck's gray-flannelled slap at advertising, many of us are worried about the apparent lack of taste and ethics in the advertising industry.)

(It's a good thing to worry about, but the charge applies equally well to many other aspects of our society. Super-organization has taken over some phases of advertising, just as it has some phases of college athletics, education—yes, and even journalism. This Madison Avenue stereotype is a symptom of the times, not a sign that advertising is immoral.)

At any rate, advertising is effective. It sells the product. Which, in turn, allows it to perform its greatest service: the subsidization of the communications media.

Since radio, television and publications are expensive, someone must foot the bill. The advertiser is probably the best someone, in the long run.

Government sponsorship is too close to socialism and absolute control on the public's thought processes to suit Americans. And if the public had to bear the full cost of their newspapers and radio programs, there would soon be few of both.

Rather than "Advertising Recognition," this should be "Advertiser Recognition" Week. For it is to the advertisers, large and small, that we owe our thanks for a free and flourishing system of communications.

Letters to the Editor

Emerald Editor:

Why all the uproar over the recent absences in the Senate? It seems as if some of the Senators are getting upset over nothing. The Senate seems to be more of a social gathering where some of the members can get up and make speeches. If the Senate is so vital to the students, it should be interesting enough to hold the members' attention. Instead, some of the students feel justified in missing the meetings in favor of other activities, maybe even studying. What this campus needs is a student government that really does something.

E. K. Moss
Junior in Chemistry

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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ALLEN JOHNSON, Editor
GARY CAPPS, Business Manager

Our Contemporaries

College Athletics Not 'Amateur' Sports

(Editor's Note: The following editorial is reprinted from the University of New Mexico newspaper, the Lobo.)

We quote from the Denver Post. "Seven members of a faculty committee at Ohio State University called on the rest of the faculty to back them up in recommending to the administration that it should honestly be admitted that policies on amateurism in college athletics should be scuttled."

Here is what a non-resident athlete with a full scholarship ride gets at UNM:

Tuition—\$210

Room and board—\$670

Books and fees—\$75

(approximately)

Optional job—\$15 a month

This totals \$1090 a year, plus incidentals such as Sunday meals at University expense and vacation meals while in training. So the athlete at New Mexico gets \$1100 in cash and services a year. That means \$4400 for his college career. That's a lot of money for an amateur.

It must also be realized that UNM is pretty clean in its athletic doings. When some of the major colleges get socked by the NCAA, the count must be above \$4400 for four years.

This is not to say that there

should not be athletic scholarships. But the University has 100 scholarships in operation now. Multiply that by \$1100 and add \$2,500,000 for the new gym, and then add full-time coaching salaries and then figure this total for one year, and one becomes impressed with UNM's financial concern for athletics.

But we wish only to quibble over semantics. There is no "amateurism" in college athletics. Just as a student on an academic scholarship may properly be called a professional student, so an athlete is professional.

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