

Let's Sell Oregon

To sell the University of Oregon to "outsiders," for whatever good purpose, has virtually become a necessity, even in the upcoming days of really limited enrollment.

The importance of good external relations for the University as a seat of knowledge, a source of intellectual stimulation, a center of realistic "social learning," and even as a beauty spot and showplace for the city and state is undeniable.

But to exhibit these things to off-campus observers would seem to require a lot more internal work before meaning can be inherent in all student and faculty claims for the University.

What we mean is simply this: a sincere, interested student (who should, we hope, become a sincere, interested alumnus) should be able to reflect pride, knowledge and devotion concerning the University.

We'd venture to estimate that few undergraduates could list the seven professional schools on campus without quick reference to a handbook. And their deans? No chance there.

What about the history of the University? Its really deep-seated traditions and accomplishments through the years? What about its advantages as compared to other state and regional institutions of higher learning? What about its future?

All these questions sound academic and far-removed from the workaday world of

the typical student. But to anyone who fully appreciates the opportunities and advantages offered by the University, they are relevant.

What's to be done? What magic panacea could be used to break the apathy barrier? By what means will an uninterested group become aware of a job that needs to be done, not in one blow, but every day.

The student's main interest should be to learn; the professors to instruct and counsel. But both groups could realize benefits from re-oriented thinking, aimed at promoting their respective "giving and receiving" source—the University.

In doing so, on an internal basis which will be reflected quite easily to the "outside world," three vital goals will be a little bit closer to reality.

First, students at the University will have real pride in their school.

Second, faculty members will approach their work with an allied objective, that of improving the University by improving their own techniques, methods and professional standing.

Third, both groups will mirror these new attitudes and outlooks in their performances.

These goals, if properly realized, could result in a remarkably qualitative institution of higher learning, with active student interest leading toward equally eager alumni support and following.

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Spring?

Squirrels, to paraphrase Lew Lehr, is the cwaziest people.

Sunday, we walked between the Library and the Art Museum, and happened to glance up at the sheer south face of the Museum. Thirty feet up, on a negligible outcrop of brick, a large grey squirrel was perched, as motionless and unconcerned as if he were made out of the same stone as his precarious surroundings.

There were no squirrel-sized tree branches within fifteen feet, and except for the periodic outcroppings (considerably more than a squirrel-jump apart) the wall was as insurmountable as a soapy mirror.

But here was an ordinary-looking Oregon squirrel who obviously hadn't been informed of his predicament. As a small crowd gathered below, he suddenly straightened up on his ledge, and with his tail fanned out against the wall like a shelf bracket, he produced a nut in his forepaws and began to eat it in the hurried, pre-occupied manner of squirrels.

Small fragments of nut-shell cascaded down the wall and bounced into the grass at our feet. Somebody muttered "I'll be damned" at the humor of the situation: a squirrel sitting on a two-inch ledge eating a nut, thirty feet up a sheer wall.

We watched spellbound as the intent rodent spun the shrinking nut with his paws like a typewriter roller, its diameter decreasing with every rotation of nibbles.

At last the nut-fragment shower ceased. The squirrel, his cheek-pockets bulging, re-

sumed his crouch on the brick, and stared over us with wide, bead-like eyes.

He was in this position when the little crowd dispersed. But as we continued along the sidewalk, a faint noise made us look back. In the grass directly under the first squirrel was a second bush-tail, peering up, and chattering and thrashing her tail with obvious longing.

Maybe that's when we first decided it was Spring.

For Males Only

This campus has long been in need of a non-coeducational function—something to tell the girls that we don't really have to have them around all the time.

Not that The Emerald is on a hate-women campaign, but we do think that co-education has its disadvantages occasionally. Too often the planners of a show or assembly have to listen to the admonishment, "You can't do that! There'll be women in the audience."

And who can doubt that the presence of women on the campus contributes to a certain unnatural conservatism in dress and manners?

Tonight's Order of the O stag variety show is a step towards easing some of this tension.

Footnotes

Typo in unnamed Eugene daily gives international flavor to University's ROTC honorary, calling Army group "Persian Rifles."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Emerald Editor:

I hear over the radio that we are asked to contribute to a heart fund. I just wonder what they want to do with that money? They know what causes heart trouble just as well as they know what causes watch trouble. It's dirty. Did you ever put your hand inside of a stove pipe? Dirty, isn't it? How long do you think it would take that stuff to stop a watch on contact? Did you ever see an x-ray

picture of a smoker's lungs? Black as tar. And how long do you think it will take the blood to carry that soot into the heart?

Some 15 years ago I had printed 2,000 copies of the "Cigarette Peril" and circulated them all over town. They didn't do much good. But at least I can say, "I told you so, didn't I?" It may sound rather mean to "rub it in," but that is the only way to make it stick. You

can't fool a smart dog with a mirror. But you can easily fool a "smart" boy or gal with picture psychology. A painted gal with a fag makes them think that "everybody is doing it, so why not I?" But who is going to get that heart fund money? Will it go to the tobacco trust to advertise a new brand? Your heart will clean itself in a few months if you will quit smoking and drinking liquor.

Dorvin Dudick
Route 5

'Ride' Slowing Down?



"—SO I ASKED HIM WHY HE PUT ME ON TH' THIRD TEAM, AN' HE SAID: 'BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE A FOURTH.'"

Jack Wilson

Beauty is No Consideration In Selecting Queen Candidates

It was fifteen minutes after lockup, and the nominations committee was meeting in the basement. The committee chairman was trying to take off her makeup and get the meeting started at the same time:

"...and then there's Princess of Friendly Hall, and Sigma Sigma's Lily of the Valley, and Little Vice-Admiral of the Naval Reserve unit, and State Tournament Hostess, and—well, that should give you some idea of what we're up against."

A small voice came from the end of the table: "But why do we have to nominate somebody for ALL of them? Couldn't we just..." The voice faded away as the committee turned and glared at its owner.

The chairman, ignoring the interruption, continued. "Now, you all know the procedure. Who was going to rate the possibilities for us?" Somebody pushed a notebook at her. The chairman looked over the list for a moment, then scratched a name off the bottom of the page.

"That's very good, Sandra," she said, "but I think we CAN ignore that last one." (The owner of the small voice at the end of the table perked up a little.) "Sally won it last year, remember, and she didn't even get her name in The Emerald." (The small voice gave a muffled squeak.)

The chairman looked over her heading glasses at the committee members and cleared her throat. "Now remember, girls, the decisions you are about to make are important ones; I want you to be completely impartial and objective."

"All right. The first position is Lost Weekend Queen. We've got to have a good candidate for this one, girls. We haven't had a winner for years, and people are starting to talk. Of course, there isn't much doubt about who to..."

"Sure!" cried the small voice excitedly. "It has to be Elsie—she's just gorgeous, and..."

The chairman had been rapping the table with a pin curler. The owner of the small voice

looked around apprehensively at the disapproving faces. "No?" she said.

The chairman's voice took on a condescending tone: "My dear, haven't you learned yet that beauty isn't everything? Especially in a queen contest? Now, Elsie's a fine girl and we all love her, but where would she be in front of a screening committee? Nowhere, that's where she's be! Why, she doesn't have an activity to her name."

"Now, you take someone like Rosy (the committee nodded its collective heads vigorously), and apply a little makeup in the right places (the committee nodded even harder) — and you've got a winner!"

The committee stood and cheered.

The owner of the small voice, still not sure of what was happening, cheered with them.

Our Contemporaries

(ACP) — Quotes columnist Nancy Conneight in *Spring Times*, College of St. Mary of the Springs: "Committees are composed of the unaware, appointed by the unwilling, to do the unpleasant."

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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