

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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We're Not Impressed

If someone had waterbagged the Honorable Mr. Randolph Churchill from the balcony of the Igloo as he walked in last night we wouldn't have been a bit surprised.

Randy's attitude (when he wasn't being charming for the camera) was one of condescension. Did the supercilious lecturer expect a red velvet carpet to cushion every footstep? And incidentally, who overlooked the trumpet fanfare as he mounted the platform? Are we peasants who must stand in awe when England's 'ambassador of goodwill' enters our neck of the woods.

... Mr. Churchill's agents said he would be most pleased to attend the reception in his honor arranged by Sigma Phi Epsilon. Mr. Churchill's agents said we would find him a very charming guest. Evidently, someone didn't tell Randy about the press releases.

... Mr. Churchill didn't feel like giving fifteen minutes of his time to attend a reception. And he said so. And furthermore, the Sig Eps can go jump in the millrace—so can all the people who received engraved invitations.

Mr. Churchill agreed to meet a few students at the hotel before dinner; he was to be interviewed for the Emerald, too. But would Mr. Churchill show? Let the clods wait.

We are surprised that he even kept his dinner engagement with Dr. Newburn.

We're not impressed, Mr. Churchill. We agree with the Denver plumber.

Mr. Churchill:

We are not impressed with the temper tantrum you pulled when one of our photographers flashed your picture. We resent your treatment of our President Newburn, who is not at the beck and call of every visiting fireman who hits this town.

We were ashamed of the tongue-lashing you gave University students from Egypt who asked legitimate questions about your attitude toward Egyptian independence. Why bring in the old well-worn cliches about British blood which saved the world... just so the few old ladies in the audience who think drinking tea in the afternoon is a pleasant custom could jump up and clap their hands?

Frankly, Mr. Churchill, the propaganda you handed out just doesn't go. Some of us have read the history books. Some of us helped make a little of it "saving the world," too.

Modern World?

Wednesday evening the campus had an opportunity to hear a splendid Nineteenth century view of empire and allied subjects. It was an interesting and engagingly presented talk, but this is 1947.

Some who heard Mr. Churchill will agree that in essence, the British aren't really bad because we are bad too. Others will agree merely that it was an interesting talk and one that provokes thought.

The field of conjecture is as cosmic as the Empire itself. One can contemplate practically any problem known to humanity and find that problem in the British Empire. The solutions would possibly solve, temporarily, a few Anglo-American problems. On the constructive side he backed closer co-operation, Union Now, the Baruch plan.

Much of the time he was ducking the main question, British Empire in the Modern World, or any empire in the modern world. Empire is no longer a glorious term to the world's millions. But Britain is desperately in need of her empire.

Britain, or some British at any rate, are even more concerned about Russian expansion than we are. Without her Empire she would be hardly more secure than the Baltic states.

At the risk of over-simplification, we could say that Britain needs her empire to survive as a major power. Whether or not she should thus survive at the expense of the millions who make up the Empire is the big question.



Side Patter

By BOB WHITELEY

There's much pawing of the ground these sunshiney days by the male of the species. It's "Tops are coming down... skirts are going up" weather. The old Tau and Fiji meadows will be full of couples looking for that lost softball. Pledges will come home from the libe to find all their blankets missing, and will have to snooze on the springs until the "big boys" return from their outing. If your folks gripe about all the grass stains on the blankets... best write home and explain all about Oregon's best tradition... the joust in the meadows picnic. Spring term the girls go to bat literally... they chop at the ball, fan and fall down, thus with the possible exception of Theta's Sis Scott who will probably step up to the plate and park a fast ball in the middle of the McKenzie. Men groan as the gals catch the ball, making like an alligator's jaw with their hands. Sorority house cooks go mad fixing sandwiches and berled eggs. Beat up GI's plead... NO SPAM. Pressed luncheon meat or not... it's STILL SPAM... AND WE SAY TO HELL WITH IT. "The Ears" Dick Burns is already getting his rock-slipping arm in shape. The record is still 14 skips set in 1941 by Henry Kavanaugh who accidentally threw in the wrong direction. Don't get stuck with the wood scounging job after it's dark... you might fall in a hole. Law students go crazy at picnic time. Many are seen gibbering in the stacks on balmy afternoons. Many an eager freshman has become obviously confused during picnics, and hung his pin in the middle of the "U" on a U. S. army blanket instead of his new love's plaid shirt. You don't need a range finder, George... but don't mistakenly pin your blanket instead of your girl. It's humiliatin.' The freshie girls might have gone to some whizzer picnics at Carmel, Roseburg or Fossil... but you ain't seen nuthin' till you've taken off for the McKenzie. P.S. Study up on the local plant life before you take off... especially remember Toxicodendron Radicans.

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