

'Bombphobia' -- A Parable for Our Time

(From The Dartmouth)

There was a friend of ours who lived in a particularly densely populated section of Brooklyn. Now this man was intelligent and well-informed—so well informed that he came down with a disease common to our times: bombphobia. He would lie awake nights in his hot Brooklyn apartment and while he was not bordering on hysteria his thoughts would go something like this: "Well, if they come over and drop it, where

are they going to drop it? Where it will do the most damage, that's where, and that's here, right here . . ." and he would sweat away the remainder of the miserable night.

Finally, he could stand it no longer, so he moved to a large college. Life on the academic battle-ground was pleasing for a time. But finally, the phobia came to sit on our friend's shoulder in the night, and it said: "Where are they going to drop it?

Right where it will do the most damage, of course, and that's RIGHT HERE. Why sure, where the minds are congregated—or, at least where they think the minds are congregated."

So our friend who was a little haggard by now, packed his bags and moved up into the far reaches of Alaska. One day his nearest neighbor said, "We're going to have to move any day now."

"Why?" asked our friend, who was just beginning to

get used to the place.

"Great Heavens, man, do you want to get caught? When they invade, where do you think they'll come from? Right across the Strait, right through here, that's where they'll come.

So our friend packed his bags and moved. At last he came to the Great American Desert in the southwest part of the United States. "At last I have escaped," he said, "But has anyone else?"

And just at the moment

came a monstrous roar. Our friend never heard the accompanying explosion. . . .

But when the scientists came to study the crater made by this rocket they were testing, there was a young one among them who kept insisting that some sort of inhabitants had been where the rocket had fallen. There were, he insisted several pieces of evidence strewn about.

"Don't be silly," said other scientists, "Why would anyone be living in this desolate area?"

'Keep Your Place, Serf!' -- That's Etiquette

The fine old Anglo-Saxon custom whereby two people upon being introduced may consider the social barrier lowered to allow further acquaintance to blossom either through cheery smiles, hellos, or conversations, has long suffered from a quaint Oregon twist. At Oregon one introduction is not enough.

Disregarding the prolific Mlmbgms family that one meets at parties, students are daily introduced to new friends on or about the camp-

us. The new party may be the fourth that was rounded up for bridge, the "date" of the couple with whom you attended the all-campus dance, or the person who knows your companion as you stand in a doorway having a cigarette before class time—it makes no difference where or when, the pattern is always the same. At the first meeting everything is fine and personalities sparkle. But comes the dreaded aftermath—the second meeting. Woe unto

those who go forth unprepared with a warm hello for the new acquaintance. What is more chilling than an unanswered greeting coupled with a cold-eyed "Keep-your-place, serf!" stare!

But one must be broad-minded. In the hurry-blurry of campus life it is oftentimes hard to remember just who one has met.

Then there is introduction Number 2—to the same person, of course. The party making the introductions will

usually inquire, "Have you two met?" May the gates of perdition enfold you if you answer in the affirmative! Such a faux pax. The error will be glossed over and all will be warm and friendly again—until once more you meet on the street; and once more you may as well be exchanging greetings with an Egyptian mummy. And so it goes until the friendly party is either covered into a shrinking introvert or chooses to adopt the same "I've-never

seen-you-before-in-my-life!" tactics.

A study of the origin and meaning of this local practice would no doubt cause a psychology student to change his major. There seems to be no basic criteria such as GPA, color of hair, or social status upon which the judging of to speak or not to speak is done; nor does there seem to be any purpose to be accomplished. But like cockroaches, Virus X, and midterms, it's here.

Oh, well, there's always the eighth introduction.—M.E.T.

We're Lily White; They Do It So Much Better in Texas

There are people right here on this campus who think the cheating situation here is bad.

They just don't know. Oregon is lilly-white. Oregon students don't even know any good tricks. Down in Texas

they do it so much better.

Here's what happened at Texas A. and M., according to the Battalion, student daily:

An armed, masked bandit stuck a gun in the ribs of one of the college janitors and de-

manded keys to the Petroleum engineering building, ostensibly to help him in stealing copies of a final examination. The bandit fled before he got the keys.

Two days later burglars broke into two other campus

buildings by smashing windows, and succeeded in stealing seven sets of examinations (already written). These exams also covered petroleum engineering courses. Persons who attempted to steal economics quizzes were

foiled by a locked safe.

The logical conclusion may be that petroleum engineering at Texas A. & M. must be a mighty rough course.

Yes, sir, Oregon is lilly-white.

Writer Sees Need for UMT as Policy Instrument

To The Editor:

Your editorial in last Saturday's Emerald concerning General Holdridge's recent speech on universal military training inferred, to me at least, that a letter of dissent will be in order.

Along with the mothers of our younger generation, the general's voice sounded as a "shot in the dark" and many other veterans have voiced this same opinion. His words absolutely failed to convince me that pacifism and toleran-

ce should replace preparedness and aggressiveness as tools of national policy. The average veteran cannot help but believe a system of universal military training is essential, as such a belief is predicated on tears and blood that were a part of his conditioning.

I am going back to 1915 and quote General Leonard Wood's speech on **The Responsibility of Citizenship**: "The voluntary system of organizing a vast non-professional army has failed us in

the past and will fail us in the future. It is uncertain in operation, prevents organized preparation, tends to destroy that individual sense of obligation for military service which should be found in every citizen, costs excessively in life and property, and does not permit preparedness which must exist if we are to wage war successfully with any great power prepared for war."

General Wood's voice was considered by many as a "shot in the dark" but his persistent

appeals were to a large extent responsible for our present R.O.T.C. program—a program incidentally, that furnished some 100,000 trained officers during World War II.

Because of the conflict between the world powers today and because of their diverse ideologies, I am inclined to favor General Wood's belief that preparedness, through training, is an inherent responsibility of citizenship. And likewise, in contrast to General Holdridge's belief,

I favor preparedness as a tool of national policy.

Until such a time that the United Nations General Assembly and Security Council can settle the political and technical problems confronting them, and until such a time that we are guaranteed peace, we should maintain universal military training to insure us of the ability to marshal and to maneuver a unified army should the need for one arise.

Robert W. Sheets
Lt. Col. USAFR

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and final examination periods. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Ore. Member of the Associated Collegiate Press

BOB FRAZIER, Editor	BOB CHAPMAN, Business Manager
BILL YATES Managing Editor	JUNE GOETZE, BOBOLEE BROPHY Co-News Editors
DON FAIR Co-Sports Editor	FRED TAYLOR
WALT MCKINNEY Associates to Editor	EANNE SIMMONDS, MARYANN THIELEN Associates to Editor
PHYLLIS KOHLMEL, R HELEN SPERMAN Asst. Managing Editor	WINNY CARL Advertising Manager
DIANA DYE Assistant News Editors	JIM WALLACE
National Advertising Manager.....Marilyn Turner Circulation Manager.....Bill Jean Riethmiller	
Editorial Board: Harry Glickman, Johnny Kahananui, Bert Moore, Ted Goodwin, Bill Stratton, Jack Billings.	

Observations by Bob Reed

Science has developed a new breed of belligerent rabbits, and the Easter Bunny of the future may not only bring the eggs but throw them at you.

A gal can spend two hours getting dressed up, but when the hostess opens the door and finds her all involved in taking off her galoshes—well, what's the use?

Familiar scene in roundabout area—"I hate to dip into my capital", he said, putting a penny in the peanut machine.

"I wouldn't say anything against Lucinda," said Dora with a sniff, "but she's still got the first dime of mad money she ever carried."

What a prolific family the Mlmbgms must be; one is introduced to so many of them at parties.

"I'll drink the stuff", said Cousin Dillingwater, cracking a fifth of Old Busthead, a blend, "but I'll be damned if I'll put it in the car and let it chew up the radiator hose."

Ready for Broadway is a play called "A Street Car Named Desire". When the sixth one passes us on a cold evening we have thought of better names.

Hand painted neck-ties are available for \$27.50. This is an ideal investment for the man who can't find a suit at that price or stand the idea of taking money home.