

--And See the Sea'

News Item: Atomic scientists are being asked to develop an atomic powered marine-engine for American naval vessels. Such an engine would enable U. S. ships to stay at sea for an indefinite length of time.

It looks like the navy would want to hush up news of this kind. If such reports are kept up naval enlistments are sure to drop.

Breathes there a sailor with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, "So, help me if we don't get a shore leave pretty soon I'm going to strangle the exec and the old man."

Consider also the plight of the poor women the sailors reportedly leave behind in every port. With indefinite times between sailing and arriving these unfortunates might be forced to take up exclusively with the army.

An event like that might cause naval enlistment figures to drop another notch. (Which, of course, would break the heart and spirit of the air force.)

All in all the best solution would be to keep such demoralizing news from the ears of all "old salts" and prospective "boots." (Tom Marquis.)

Bouquet to Dr. Schleicher

Nobody feels buddies with a man from Mars, for no one's ever met him.

It is equally difficult to do anything but idealize, be suspicious of, or indifferent toward persons from a country you know only from pictures in books.

To penetrate this wall of distrust Dr. Charles Schleicher of the political science department has organized a team of foreign students in the University to make a speaking tour of the state.

Starting in eastern Oregon they will tell clubs and class groups about life inside their native lands. The foreign students, in turn, will meet a larger segment of America than they could at the University.

If the University of Oregon trip is successful — and it should be — other universities in the state will send out teams.

A bouquet to Dr. Schleicher for his fine idea.

With the Legislators

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Washington

The nomination of Dean Acheson to be secretary of state won unanimous approval of the senate foreign relations committee yesterday after he indicted communism as "fatal" to freedom.

An excerpt from Acheson's secret testimony, released by committee Chairman Connally (D-Tex), is declared:

"It is my view that communism as a doctrine is economically fatal to a free society and to human rights and fundamental freedoms. Communism as an aggressive factor in world conquest is fatal to independent governments and free peoples."

Thus Acheson capped his public testimony Thursday in which he scornfully rejected the label of "appeaser" in his views toward Russia and pledged himself to clean out any disloyal persons in the state department.

Chairman Connally announced that all 13 members of the senate committee—eight Democrats and five Republicans—voted solidly for Acheson.

... and virtually unopposed confirmation is expected in the senate, probably next Tuesday.

Committee members questioned Acheson in a close-door session lasting two hours and 10 minutes. All members were sworn to secrecy, except for the single excerpt of his testimony given to members.

... the committee would say ... Acheson discussed "ultimate and delicate" questions of policy. Some members told reporters before they went into the long executive session that they

expected to find out just exactly where Acheson stands on the question of a mild or firm stand against the Soviets.

In general, the assumption was that Acheson gave the senators a comprehensive outline of his views on world problems—views which he will translate into action in taking over the No. 1 diplomatic post. He is slated to succeed the ailing Gen. George C. Marshall on Jan. 20, the day President Truman is inaugurated.

Porchlight Parade

By Ed Cauduro

Little Jack Frost hasn't gotten lost and it doesn't look as if he's going to for quite some time . . . seems he's had a decided effect on Cupid's capers though cuz most Ducks are turning to love to keep them warm with Danny boy getting in a lot of overtime . . . understand John L. is trying to get him under union contract. . . .

The AOPs report that many of the clan have traded their hearts for rings . . . Phyll Hoffman swapping with Theta Chi Bob Miller; Norma Parpala with hometown boy Don Suru; Pat Kepp with West Pointer Tom Dudley; Renee Cowell dittoing with Sig Nu Ray Gannett and Eli Sakrison likewise with Norm Bhorklund, a Cow-towner, bring it to a total of five. . . .

Even the Mortar Boards are in love . . . fainting at the mere mention of the name of Ralph Johnson . . . seems the gals voted him the man they would like most to marry . . . imagine being married to 12 Mortar Boards . . .

The Phi Psis dusted off their well worn crate Thursday night to hustle Jim Love over to the waiting arms of Gamma Phi Donna Rankin . . . Donna, tools in hand, went right to work and in no time had Jim out with the ensuing smooch melting the ice and snow all up and down the mill race. . . .

AXO Marylee MacFarland, a budding Kathleen Windsor, is giving me the exclusive rights to her memoirs about her vacation in Mexico . . . it will be a sequel to "Open the Door Richard" . . . the title: "Behind the Door With Richard" . . .

Two Pi K Phis didn't keep their pins long . . . hanging them right after initiation . . . Jim Shaw on Gamma Phi Jane Carson and Bill Higgins on Barbara Drosselmeyer . . . and those many trips to OAC really paid off for G Phu Kathleen Seekatz. She's now sporting Jim Clabby's KDR pin . . . another Gamma Phi Barbara Shultz is wearing an SAE pin . . . it's John Richmond's . . . natch . . . and then there's Alpha Phi Ann McGeorge, lucky Beta Dale Bruegger has her all sewed up and SAE Scot Kadderly dropped his badge to Theta Peg Dougherty. . . .

What strange fascination does Prof. Stovall have for Snowbelle The canine ex-Jr. Weekend princess caused quite a commotion in his Geomorthology class Friday morn which led to the immediate dismissal of the class. . . .

Two more left hands in the lime light belong to ADPi Peg McKillop, engaged to TKE Don Sweeney, and Marilyn Chaison of Portland who is blinding friends with the chunk of ice Beta prexy Sheldon Jones gave her. . . .

Would just like to mention that the top GPA contenders for last spring term, the TKEs and DGs, are spending much time in the libe these wintry days . . . too much sociology fall term maybe?

Don't be alarmed if you see Chi O Glenna Hurst chasing black dogs around the quad . . . the poor lass was a victim of a sneak thief that barks . . . the hound went off with her mittens . . . Beta Dick Waibel also has a missing possession . . . his gal friend's picture . . . last reports from that tong indicated that it was in a mighty peculiar hiding place . . . and then there's your reporter . . . lost my specks and will probably have to resort to braille for Tuesday's printing.

Raising Kane Columnist Kane Continues Assault Against America's 'Fairer Sex'

By Henry Kane

If a coed dresses well without looking like an anemic model in a fashion magazine ad it is because she is partially immune to the dictates of fashion or her long-suffering father has put a ceiling on her checking account.

This columnist was back East in the summer of 1947 when American women were first being assaulted with the masterpiece of the designer's calling, "the new look." Great was the outcry from the distraught women who moaned it would make obsolete their entire wardrobe. They swore they would not buy the monstrosities, but, vowing they would never consent, consented.

Flushed with the success of their easy conquest, the designers once more sortied from the upholstered sewers called night clubs and the garrets dignified by the name "salons." This time they were going to fasten their nightmares on American men.

A timid notice was planted in the New York newspapers saying that coming men's fashions would call for cuffs above the ankles, wrist-revealing coat sleeves, and suede shoes.

The reaction was instantaneous. With scorn and vituperation the newspapers assailed the fashion "experts" who had dared show their heads in broad daylight. The adjective employed are too derogatory for repetition in this or any other family newspaper. There was no more talk of a radical "new look" for men.

Thus four years after the end of the war the man-about-campus is still trying to wear out his army clothes with a conspicuous lack of success. The average man doesn't buy much these days with the exception of gaudy neckties and sweaters. Nor does he have to buy many pairs of socks because the girl-friend back home

and the campus girl-friend keep him supplied with argyles.

But the coed doesn't believe in men's dictum that the only purpose of clothing is to conceal one's nudity. She does her best to imitate the department store dummy down to its unnatural posture and vacuity of expression. The real reason she does this is not to dress for herself or to please her boy-friend, but to impress her fellow coeds.

In addition, our coeds take childish pride in displaying their fraternity pins in a conspicuous manner best designed to impress their envious girl-friends.

Foreign war brides brought to Eugene by their student-husbands feel right at home when they see coeds wearing the shawls and wool horse blankets coeds term coats are first cousins to an army enlisted man's long overcoat. And army coats were designed with extra depth and yardage to facilitate the carrying of glassware without detection.

These coats are as shapely as Mother Hubbard's and are almost identical to those worn by expectant mothers.

Skirts are almost as badly designed as coats. Coeds seem to like them decorated with vertical and horizontal patterns to emphasize the square aspect of the wearer.

When white saddle shoes are worn the purpose seems to be to show how many times the owner's feet have been trod upon since breakfast.

But men dress for comfort and to please themselves. They rarely wear a suit to class and a sweater takes the place of a shirt. Besides, if a man came to class at the beginning of the term wearing a suit, shirt, and tie, people would think he was the instructor.

"In MY Opinion" . . .

(READER EDITORIAL)

The American newspaper reader has one unique characteristic which proves beyond doubt, I suppose, that he is an American. He'll swallow anything. Just put it in print, and Mr. and Mrs. Average American will surely take it for the undeniable truth.

A few of the 'big boys' in the newspaper racket love to take advantage of this fact for their own financial improvement—and the average American gets equal pleasure out of being gullible to everything, no matter how preposterous, that appears on the editorial page of the Sunday paper.

It's a nice arrangement in some ways. The professional liar, the journalistic Judas, succeeds in feathering his nest; and the reader, poor boob, gets acres of anti-vivisection, flag-waving, pro-big business, imperialistic tripe to drop a tear on and to work his feeble mind over until the next issue comes out to feed him a fresh supply.

Many of our readers will remember that during the war years, the American citizen learned, through newspapers, movies, commentators and magazine articles, that all, repeat all, Japanese, Germans and Italians were heels, doomed to hell and unreconcilable to the principles of humanity and decency.

Said citizen learned at the same

time that British, French, and Chinese are gallant, chivalrous fellows, well meaning, though of an obvious inferior cut to that of our Americans—Nutrition, I guess.

And the American citizen was taught that the Russians, while strange, were really a wonderful people under it all—something of a diamond in the rough.

But what is happening to our fellow men? Our destined-to-endure-the-ages friendship with our former allies, the Russians, is already tottering on the brink of destruction. "Those little yellow dogs," the Japanese, have turned out to be a nation of progressive, modest people who were merely misruled and who are more than eager to be on good terms with their big brothers, the Americans.

The "Mad Dog of Europe" is proving to be just another good customer for the produce of American farms and factories.

Yes, in only three and a half years, America has executed a neat and very complete turn-about. At a cost in lives and dollars beyond human conception, we have learned exactly nothing. Our sources of information—newspapers, magazines, motion pictures, radio—and therefore our public opinion, have reversed themselves with amazing speed, and with no apparent effort.

How inconsistent can we be? —Vern Hammond

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per term and \$4.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

BILL YEATS, Editor VIRGIL TUCKER, Business Manager
Bob Reed, Managing Editor Tom McLaughlin, Ass't. Bus. Mgr.

Associate Editors: June Goetze, Boblee Brophy, Diana Dye, Barbara Heywood

Advertising Manager: Joan Minnaugh

UPPER NEWS STAFF

Stan Turnbull, News Editor Don Smith, Ass't Managing Editor
Gene Gillespie, Sports Editor Ann Goodman, Ass't. News Editor
Tom Marquis, Radio Editor

UPPER BUSINESS STAFF

Beth Miller, Circulation Mgr. Virginia Mahon, Assistant Adv. Mgr.
Eve Overbeck, Nat'l Adv. Mgr. Donna Brennan, Asst. Adv. Mgr.
Sally Waller, Assistant Adv. Mgr. Jack Schmeidt, Asst. Adv. Mgr.
Joan Minnaugh, Assistant Adv. Mgr.