

Dr. Means' Goats

The life of a generous man sometimes becomes complicated. Let's take the case of Dr. Paul B. Means, head of the religion department as Example A.

A couple of years ago Dr. Means responded to a call from Heifers for Relief, a branch of Church World Service, for livestock to build up depleted herds in Europe and the Orient. Dr. Means offered to give two of his goats.

Then came a call from the secretary of the organization in Portland.

"Dr. Means, why don't you rustle up a few more goats around Lane county?"

Dr. Means is now a dealer in goats, large and small. He says he enjoys it.

He adds that goats are well meaning animals and don't eat tin cans as is popularly believed. Rather, they thrive well on the scrubby hillside vegetation of Japan. That's why they are the livestock best adapted to that country.

And the most needed there. In Okinawa, where most of this year's shipment of goats is destined, there were about 125,000 of the animals before the war. Now there are only 2000 goats.

It's to help fill this need that Dr. Means is again recruiting goat donors and sellers in Lane county.

Last year, through his efforts, the county contributed 50 of the 200 goats sent from Oregon—and that's pretty good, because Lane does not raise as many of the animals as counties to the south.

At his three acre ranch up on Floral Hill drive, Dr. Means now has seven goats and two on the way. Four or five of these will make the trip to Japan with other livestock gathered by the relief agency.

There they will be distributed through the agency of the army to hospitals, orphanages and other places in need of milk.

We salute Dr. Means for doing good work for a very good and practical cause.—B. H.

Deplorable--Simply Deplorable!

Bathing Cap Ruling Protested

We have been patient. We seldom feel constrained to write letters to editors.

We have borne without protest such enormities as the quartering of troops among us in 1944, the waste and ruin of our Millrace in 1945, taxation without representation in 1946, experiments with advance registration in 1947, and last year's plethora of administrative regulations too numerous to recount.

Monday, as has been our pleasure from time to time, we took ourselves to the men's pool. It was to be a welcome break from long hours in the musty library of Fenton hall, a period of frolic and detour which would refresh our minds and bodies. We were turned down.

We have been turned down at the men's pool before. There were such excuses as cleaning the pool, a tournament, team practice, no lifeguard, no water, and other more or less understandable reasons.

But Monday we were faced with a new regulation. To swim, one must have a swimming cap. One need not have a swimming

suit. Presumably one need not have clean feet. We were not told that our nose must not be runny. Presumably we may swim even though we are afflicted with Yaws, or some other loathsome disease (if we keep quiet about it), but we must have swimming caps.

A servant of the University, who hands out keys and towels, said the rule is a state law. Diligent search in the statutes fails to reveal such a law. However, it is a law. If it is, we submit that it ought to be repealed. Legislatures do curious things.

In OCLA 99-1701 we find that the State Board of Health has the power to "regulate" swimming pools.

If the state board has done this thing to us, then we protest.

We immediately suspected a conspiracy among the shopkeepers to move swimming caps. But that is not the case. The Co-op did happen to have a few in stock, at 59 cents, but denied any part in the plot.

We were told that it is an old rule. We are moderately old, as students go. One of our number

took swimming in the fall of 1940, then a required course for students entering from the sage brush country.

He did not have to wear a cap. He did not then know of any upperclassmen who recalled ever having to wear a cap. So for more than 10 years, the rule has been poorly enforced.

We submit that it is an unconscionable hardship to require the expenditure of 59 cents in order to swim. The Veterans' Administration has not approved such a tariff for inclusion in "books and tuition."

Is it discrimination? Is one to have 59 cent before he is entitled to equal protection of the laws?

Are we presumed to have dandruff, without an inspection?

Or if we do have dandruff, is that bad?

Respectfully,
Ted Goodwin
Herb Baker
Don Sanders
Don Dole

P.S. None of us is now, or ever has been, a member of any group advocating the overthrow of anything by force or violence.

Among the Stacks:

Here's a Penetrating Analysis Of Yesterday's GI Joes

By Jo Gilbert

The Best Is None Too Good by Ralph G. Martin. (Farrar, Straus & Company: \$3.75).

What is happening to the men and women who came back from the war? Ralph G. Martin toured the country attempting to discover the answer to that \$64 question.

The result? The Best Is None Too Good. In this he reports the situation as he found it, from Hood River, Oregon, to Athens, Tennessee. He tells of the veteran himself and of the community he came back to. He tells of both the good and the bad . . . and does it well.

The book is simply a series of stories of the veteran today, divided by a paragraph or two of conversation, impressions, or tales—the latter concerning the war.

The style is that of a reporter portraying people, sincerely, honestly, and objectively. He draws no conclusion nor does he point a moral. Martin reports the facts as he sees them and the conclusion is up to the reader.

Martin tells of the members of the 52-20 club, the ex-GI elected to Congress, the perfectly planned city of Richmond, the Lefargue clinic in Harlem, the disabled veterans at the American university, Peoria, Illinois' plan for the veteran, the troubles of student-veterans at the Uni-

versity of Missouri (rain leaked into their trailers—any sympathizers at Oregon?), the Chicago taxicab drivers and their march on Washington, Hodding Carter's fight for the Negro in Mississippi—these are but a few of the stories.

If the book sounds bitter in part to you, remember it's the people, the veterans, talking. It's their book.

This isn't a book you'd select for an evening's light reading, nor one that is easily forgotten.

It is a book that arouses some pride, some anger, some laughs, but more than that, it makes one wonder how the public can so quickly forget that it owes to these veterans. And also one wonders if this democracy that they fought for is always practiced at home.

You may think that Martin has drawn an unnecessarily dark picture; that he has used the darker pigment too much in painting his picture. But the American public is fickle and this may remind some that all isn't "just peachy keen."

If you have a few minutes, take a glimpse at The Best Is None Too Good. If you start reading, I believe you'll find it hard to stop.

(If you want to obtain the book, the Co-op might have it. I bought it at the 39-cent book sale there the other day.)

Footnotes Private Twilley and the Atlantic Pact

By Mike Callahan

The story of Henry Twilley and the Russian staff car isn't found in many of today's history books.

And yet, had it not been for Private Twilley's headache and the Red army colonel's fondness for bosomy blondes, the great "Atlantic Pact War" might never have started. . . .



It was bitter cold in Berlin late that evening of November 16, 1949, and private Henry Twilley swore long and lustily at the coal stove in his hut. Thick black smoke oozed from a dozen cracks in the stove and curled up around him. Time and again he was forced, coughing and sneezing, to open the door and let the chill night wind carry off the fumes.

Private Twilley, late of Denver, and a world traveler through the courtesy of his draft board, was homesick, bored, and tormented with a coal-smoke headache.

Henry was slouched glumly at the door to his hut, watching smoke drift out around him when a pair of headlights knifed through the dark and a big black car hurtled around the corner and screeched to halt beside him.

"Hey, Zhoe," a thick and unsteady voice hailed him from the inky darkness of the car's rear seat.

The words snapped through Henry's mood, and he dove back into the smoky hut. Three frantic, scrambling minutes later he reappeared, this time in proper uniform and with his rifle smartly on his shoulder. Private Twilley, representative of the United States army, strode to the car and came to attention.

"Sir?" he inquired in a frosty and impersonal voice, all the while damning the bitter wind and his own nagging headache.

The car door beside him creaked open and a hulking figure bundled in an army greatcoat lurched out.

"Zhoe," the man belched reekingly in Henry's face, "tovarisch Zhoe, whar ist Lutherstrasse?"

Before Henry could reply, the heavy Russian leaned close and nudged him slyly.

"I lost all night, tovarisch," he whispered, "and I gots beeg woman waiting on Lutherstrasse."

Private Twilley, with smoke and vodka fumes choking him, stared coldly back at the Soviet officer.

"The Russian zone," he began with a vague pointing gesture, "is three blocks that direction, sir, and I must insist that you return or—"

"Zones, pah; I'm in loff tonight!"

With that cutting shot, the Russian colonel turned his back on Twilley, climbed back into his car, and barked an order at the driver. The car ground its gears in response and moved off down the street.

For a moment, Henry stood there speechless, and the Private Twilley, goaded by a sick headache, took over and did his duty. Carefully he brought his rifle to his shoulder and shot out the Russian's tire.

At that instant all hell broke loose.

A Russian police jeep, hot on the trail of the wandering colo-

nel, raced around the corner behind Henry just in time to see him blow out the tire. Even as the officer in charge of the patrol urged his driver to greater speed, the drunken Russian colonel reeled out of the wreck of his car, leveling his pistol at Henry.

Instinct, born of countless hours of army drill, guided the muzzle of Henry's rifle to a line with the Russian's chest, and pulled the trigger. The same instant made him shoot the colonel's driver, as he stepped out of the car with a pistol in his hand.

Almost at the same instant that the amorous colonel died, Private Henry Twilley left the scene, cut down by a blaze of machine gun fire from the Russian police jeep.

Every schoolboy knows what happened next. They can recite by heart how an American patrol, drawn to the scene by the gunfire, engaged the Russian jeep, and how more Russian reinforcements raced to the street, and how a roving British patrol became involved.

By dawn, as every book has recorded, the pitched battle had blazed out of control north and south from besieged Berlin, with field commanders on both sides joining in one by one. And by the evening of November 17, one

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Pen Pals Wanted

University students, business school students, architecture, law and medical students—men and girls—are begging American college students to exchange letters with them, so that they can learn American ideas and points of view.

"I am a displaced person from Latvia," writes one boy. "I am learning to be a chemist and my favorite hobby is journalism. What has happened in the minds of American college boys since we were in our mental blackout?"

Students who would like to exchange ideas and discuss questions of the day (in English) with the new generation in Japan, with German students, Dutch, British, Greek, or others, are urged to write to:

Letters Abroad
United Nations Council of Philadelphia
1411 Walnut Street
Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

Simply give your age, whether you prefer to write a man or woman, and what your chief interests are. There is no charge, as this service is being extended by the United Nations council as a move towards greater world understanding.

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 post office, Eugene, Oregon.

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