OREGON DAILY EMERALD

Thursday, January 12, 1950

Of No Great Concern

Hob Deuel and Will Urban got the AGS endorsements for the Executive Council reps yesterday afternoon. Nobody was surprised. At least if they were, they shouldn't admit it.

On the surface it appears they were elected by a very democratic procedure. However-exactly how many AGS house representatives voted for the person they thought could best represent AGS students on the council? And how many reps voted for the person they were told to vote for?

AGS hopes that no individuals from AGS house will now petition for either of the two vacated AGS positions on the Council. In effect, AGS would apparently like to say to the Council-here are the two people we endorse, accept them or accept no one.

Fortunately, we doubt if the Council can be so treated.

We hope the council will never allow itself to be intimidated by any group.

AGS has acknowledged that the Council is the authority which will select the new reps. This admission and the party's actions are not consistent.

With this in mind, the Council may give the party's endorsements their proper weight-which is not too heavy a one.

Diverse Things

"Knowledge brings happiness." Or so the greater part of the senior class learned yesterday when it opened the mail. The mysterious "personal" letters received by seniors only from New York were not offers of positions on Wall Street but detailed advertising blurbs from the publisher of a sex manual that probably pre-dates Comstock.

This is an annual occurrence on campus and we recommend it be celebrated yearly by a great senior bonfire at some wellchaperoned spot . . .

After this year any student who wants to get through the University without getting an activity point or two will have to set up housekeeping in the heating tunnels. The opening of the Student Union will bring work to hundreds of now idle students.

At a meeting of the Board yesterday some of the committees necessary to keep the SU functioning were outlined. They ranged from art gallery to "trouble shooting" committees. (The later is a group of persons standing ready to help the director in case of an atomic event.)

The board worked on methods to "mix the campus population" and remove charges of favoritism in the choice of workers. It was tentatively decided that the board would take petitions, interview candidates, and then list each applicant according to the talents he manifests. The lists are then turned over to committee chairmen who take the persons who will function best, by reason of ability, in their divisions. Chairmen are appointed by the board, but it is hoped that leaders will naturally show themselves in the course of events at the Student Union.-B.H.

This Settles It!

This writer sees more than just a slight note of doom in the recent announcement from London that British scientists are experimenting with plastic material, seeking the ideal cloth to mask the human body from dangerous radio-active rays result-

Ritin' at Random Mrs. Gilbert is Dissillusioned **About Campus Politics** by Jo Gillert

The political pot is simmering! The AGS (formerly the ASA and commonly known as the Greek Bloc) is happily pushing candidates to the fore to fill vacant ASUO positions. The USA with the usual pledge "we ain't supporting nobody - the best man should have the job." What parties get the positions on the council is supposed to indicate which way the wind is blowing-political hot air, that is.

After this selection is over then will cometh the frosh election-and spring term the lid will be off.

To you frosh who haven't been around, you'll be able to see something of how actual parties work, and probably become rather cynical about the whole thing. To most seniors, it ends up with the parting remark: "Politics? Smalitics!"

Actually you can learn from the coming fracas to judge the whole thing in its proper light. The offices aren't the important thing; it's the experience gained by students in learning to judge values and gaining an idea of the wherefore of politics.

There is no sense in knocking one's self out

Some Observations

and losing perspective on the whole row-the parties make purity pledges and exaggerate the importance of their jobs. Actually the class presidents put on dances and the council okays athletes' letters, and vote in replacements. It could be a great thing if the students could rise up and ask to be treated as adults, and their own decisions, but that will never come to pass. That is as improbable as a University institution being run for the sole benefit of the students. So why dream?

All the parties are for the Millrace, the Student Union, and bigger and better dances. That's it! There may be a lot of fancy language, but that basis is that. What more can they do? It isn't their fault-it's the system!

So to hell with the parties. Vote and support the individual who you think wants the job and is a peachy dancer. But for the luvva Mike, don't exaggerate the whole thing. Don't lose the true picture of it.

For that matter doesn't anyone want to join me in the ASS (Association of Student Sots?) The platform-beer in the Student Union. That makes more sense than any other platform I've ever heard around here.

Coeds and the Younger Generation by Bill Rozers

In the co-op the other day two coeds were watching a particularly salty-looking male. As their beady little eyes followed him about one remarked to the other on the dirtiness of his pants and appearance in general. The two girls were dressed in standard coed fashion. Both were wearing wooden clogs, bobby socks, shapeless tweed coats down to their ankles, and loud bandannas topped by louder rain hats. Enough said.

In case you were planning a mid-winter dip in the polluted waters of the mill race better look before you leap. It's dry again.

History has treated no branch of literature so shabbily as that found upon the walls of rest rooms. Rest room poetry brings to mind a shameful picture, that of lewd, indecent phrases scratched indelibly into paint. And in the background of this picture there is always the semi literature, sneaky purveyor of pernography. The time has come for defense of some of this literature - too often poetry showing true genius has gained only anonymity and dust upon the walls of rest rooms. It is with a real sense of gratification and

discovery that the casual reader sometimes comes upon nuggets such as the following, found neatly penned upon the wall of the gent's rest room in the chem building:

> Nils gave Dutch an order The benzine drum to rinse Dutch lit a match And peeked inside He hasn't benzine since. Little Johnny is no more For what he thought was H2O Was H2SO4.

One of the Order of the "O" men was rather seriously taken aback at last Saturday night's basketball game. He happened to be on policing duty and saw a small boy seating himself in a restricted section.

"Hey, kid, you can't sit there," said the let-



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ing from atomic blasts.

The potential horrors of atomic war have seemed bad enough up to now. Now we're threatened with "atomic suits."

Worst of all, one fashion designer has predicted that such security consciousness would mean the end of low necklines, short sleves, and short hem-lines in women's clothes.

Is anything more neded to demonstrate the need of a peaceful solution?-Stan Turnbull.



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The Cinemah

terman.

"The hell I can't!" was the astonishing reply. And sit there he did.

The best comment heard to date on the 1950 Studebaker is "It looks like some kind of a secret weapon."

'The Heiress'-- A Tragedy Minus Gloom by George Spelvin

There is always something relaxing about sitting down in a theater and watching a movie that is really good. A movie in which every member of the cast can and does act well; in which the director has successfully blended all the essentials and turned out an entertaining picture. A movie like "The Heiress," which is now playing at the Mc-Donald.

When Hollywood does turn out a good film, it's a shame the local theater managers can't arrange to let that film stand on its own, rather than throw it in with a worse-thansecond-rate Western, like "Deputy Marshall," the Mac's co-feature. I can't imagine many persons enjoying both these films.

Olivia de Havilland is being touted for another academy award, and she might well receive it; but her performance is equalled by Ralph Richardson as her father, and by Miriam Hopkins as Aunt Livinia. Montgomery Clift does all right, but the company is rather fast for him.

Miss Hopkins, who returns to Hollywood from the stage from time to time, successfully takes hold of every scene she's in, but it's a battle to see who tops who when she appears with Miss de Havilland.

Both women successfully capture the spirit of New York society during the 1850s. Miss Hopkins plays a thoroughly charming and

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