

For All to See

The Executive Council meeting tonight will, as always, be open. But open in more ways than one.

Students will have a chance tonight to see with open eyes if the Council, or any member of the Council, can be run by any group which puts special interests above the student good.

From over 5,000 students, the Council tonight must select four for class representatives. Ten persons have petitioned for the jobs; it is not necessary that the four be chosen from amongst these ten.

There were many qualified persons who were going to petition for the Council positions. But they withdrew their petitions after not receiving the endorsement of AGS; frequently so they would not "embarrass" their house.

This action by AGS was in itself unusual. It gives the Council added reason for not limiting itself to picking new members from petitioners.

The two AGS candidates are not only endorsed by their party, but rather reliable rumor says, they are backed by a political group that selects candidates, gets them elected, and then tells those officers what to do. (Call it TNE, SmeeNE, NERTZ, or what you want; it is not the name, but the nature of the group that we attack.)

This group does not look for students that are of remarkable ability and intellect; students that are particularly alert and well-adapted to handling problems of other students. This group looks for a different type of individual.

First, they want a man who agrees with their "principles," who will do as he is told, who is smart enough to keep stooges in line, who is not reluctant to use whatever means necessary to obtain the "desired" end.

Secondly, they look for a man who is popular and a good vote-getter, who is from a "strong" house, who has a good personality, who is not particularly interested in the workings of student government, who will spend a great deal of time in another activity and therefore not be too aware of what is going on in politics, who will do as he is told nine tenths of the time because it is the easiest, quickest way even though it may not be the best.

It is this second type that we may pity. He is the almost-innocent guy who doesn't want public office but is forced into it, by group pressure and by natural pride. He is the guy whom the group think makes an ideal student body president (too busy with his major activity—usually a sport and almost never ever student government—to give them any trouble), because he unwittingly does as he is told.

The first type deserves whatever political beating he gets. He's the campus politician who knows all the ropes; and if he gets huag by one of them, that's his tough luck.

The nicest thing you can do to the second type is to help him stay clear of politics.

Tonight, the Executive Council will interview two candidates not only backed by AGS, but, people in the political know claim, backed by "the boys in the smoke-filled room."

We cannot predict who will be appointed by the Council this evening, as we could (and orally did) predict a week ago who the AGS endorsees would be.

We cannot predict the outcome of tonight's meeting, because we know that those students on the Council who will vote as they have been told to vote are not in the majority.

We hope they never shall be.



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Sophomore Wisdom

Perils of a Winter Day

by Bob Funk

The weather seems to be a horrible, diabolical scheme on someone's part to completely disrupt our smoothly running little life. Unfortunately, we are not among those who like to run out in the front yard and yell "oh, goody, it's snowing!" when it is (snowing). We are, probably, getting old.

And our nerves are far too shot at this time for us to enjoy a stroll down Alder Street when there is danger of a bombardment from the Theta fire escape or some such other innocent-looking place. It is not that we think the Thetas shouldn't bombard people from their fire escape—if we had a fire escape we'd bombard people too.

But it shouldn't happen to us. Somehow, we should be exempt.

Also, the late-at-night freezes are interfering with our trips down to the Pit and Harry's Snappy Service. It has been our custom to

walk down to these places (under the impression that a good trot before bed helps cure insomnia—which, like a car, we don't have, but might someday). What with all the ice on the sidewalks, and we not being the most graceful people in the world, there have been any number of lower-end near-tragedies recently.

One solution for traversing frozen streets is to get a sail and slide. This takes wind, however. Another is to walk sort of sideways, like a crab or some other such creature. For the most part, however, we are giving up our midnight snacks till better weather arrives.

The foulest blow which nature has dealt, however, was that horrible Friday morning when we swam home from Friendly Hall. We considered calling a taxi or the harbor patrol, but our spirit of adventure forced us out into the storm. Our opinion of adventure has dropped considerably since then.

On the Air

The Best Does Better, The Worse Worse

by Marty Weitzner

Work on the agenda of the Federal Communications Commission is piling up faster than an Oregon snowstorm. Right now the group is ensnarled over television, and no sooner will that problem be taken care of, than another almost as weighty will take its place.

As far as we are concerned, the television squabble doesn't mean much yet, because television hasn't come down from Seattle, or up from California. We see where it has caused some headaches up at the University of Washington because empty seats at Edmondson Pavillion were attributed to people who decided to sit home and view the game through television rather than travel through a lot of bad weather. If the newest of radio's babies does hit sports attendance, then the people down here in Oregon have something to think about.

How much nicer it would have been, to sit in a comfortable chair on Friday night, sip some spirits, and at the flip of a dial be spared the rigors of an Arctic night and the boredom of what looked like a high school basketball game up at Corvallis. On the other hand, we don't think that even a television set could have matched being at the first Oregon-Washington State fray. As they found out back East, the good sports events still draw, the rest justly suffer.

The Cinemah

For That 'Relaxation' Before Studying

by George Spelwin

Jane Wyman does considerably better in "The Lady Takes a Sailor" than she did in "Kiss in the Dark"; which is fortunate, both for the actress and for the audience.

The plot of the comedy, now showing at the McDonald, has its novelties which place it in the good entertainment class. It also has its cliches, but most of these are artfully rushed through with the greatest possible speed.

Most of the comedy is skillfully handled by Miss Wyman, Eve Arden, and Allyn Joslyn; and Dennis Morgan sticks around for romantic purposes.

Career woman Jennifer Smith (Jane Wyman) is noted for her honesty, upon which her business is founded. While boating one afternoon her sail boat is capsized by a sub operated by Morgan. Storm comes up; she spends the evening in the sub, and next morning is found on the beach by the coast-guard. Since the sub was a secret invention for the

After television, the FCC will review the case of low power radio stations. Chief operators of these small units were on college campuses, where radio instruction was implemented by training on a university outlet. At first the FCC blessed such proceedings, but now the whole thing seems to have hit them in the collective face.

No sooner did the school start broadcasting and trouble began. The Nu Nu Nus, living at the edge of the campus would complain that they weren't getting good reception. The station would step up its power. Next week the Sigma Sorors living somewhat off campus would complain that they too were hearing nothing. Up went the power. Finally it would come to where any local commercial station operated in fear of having its best program cut into by the college equivalent of, "Who was that lady I saw you out with last night?"

The commercial people rightfully complained, and now the FCC is contemplating killing the baby that they themselves suckled. Use of frequency modulation, which would stop all interference, has been boosted as the solution, but until an official answer is given a lot of people (including some up at Villard Hall) are anxiously waiting.

navy, Morgan disappeared. No one believes the woman's story, Morgan can't come to her aid since he is sworn to secrecy, and the lady is in deep trouble. She can prove her story if she could get her hands on some pictures she took in the sub; but Morgans got 'em and Wyman can't get 'em.

The story takes the familiar shape of boy gets girl (or vice versa); the comedy ranging from wisecracks to slapstick. Slapstick dominates and presents some of the loudest guffaws of the picture.

For high-powered drama there's Bette Davis in "Beyond the Forest" at the Rex. "Nobody's as good as Bette when she's bad," say the advertisements; and I believe them. Miss Davis plays a wicked, middle-aged woman who's bored with life in a small country town. She doesn't stop short of murder to get what she wants, but even murder can't get her out of the town.