

# A Familiar Story

The Student Union will open, "as expected!" Yes, everybody knew it was coming, that announcement Monday that the building would not be opened spring term. No one said so officially—in fact it was repeatedly denied—but through some sort of mental abacadaba it seems the student body knew the story—completion of the Student Union before the end of the term—much less Junior Weekend—just wasn't in the cards.

Actually, Student Union Director Dick Williams did have high hopes, but first one bug and then a whole family of them started creeping in. The high hopes became merely hopes—and then, finally, no hopes at all.

It seems that if it wasn't one thing it was another. When a shipment of window glass failed to arrive on schedule, the heat could not be turned on; and without the heat installation of the floors had to be postponed. The motorized doors for the ballroom did not arrive, and when 440 chairs did, they all had to be shipped back because of certain defacements. One complication piled upon and multiplied the other.

Thus, the 18 months originally allotted for construction have to be extended. The time-table has to be changed. But that isn't surprising. It was first hoped that it would be on exhibit for the high school students attending the state basketball tournament. Then it was to be ready for "Duck Preview." Then, certainly, it would be ready by Junior Weekend. The fact is it will be ready in time for none of the three events. And not a fourth—the end of spring term.

The blame for the delay cannot be placed on anyone. The fault lay in the fact that not enough time was allotted in the first place, enough to take into consideration innumerable delays.

Mr. Williams is making a wise move in not rushing the opening—although the senior class may not agree. The Student Union is a \$1,750,000 piece of bric-a-brac that must be treated in accordance with its price tag. By the very design of the building, it would be inadvisable to hold an opening with part of the building shut off. By the very nature of the building, the quality of work done on it must be considered first, and immediate conveniences second. It's the long haul that counts. That the decision is the correct one is seen when one considers the sad experience the University of Washington had when it opened its union too early.

Ergo, the delay is justified. It is justified as long as meticulous care is taken to insure a Student Union that will rank with the finest.

Ergo, the only mistake was to make promises of completion by spring in the beginning.

But it doesn't matter. The promises might have been fulfilled; only no one believed them anyway.

That's why the Student Union will be opened "as expected"—this summer, or fall.—T.K.

# By Students, for Students

There is a tendency, with so many drives on the campus, to slide over any one that its possible to slide over. Each drive may be worthy, but after the Red Cross, March of Dimes, Community Chest, and others, when WSSF comes around it doesn't have too much of a chance.

But WSSF is the only ASUO sponsored drive. This phrase ASUO sponsored—simply means that this drive has the backing of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. The other drives, while handled on the campus, were not backed by the ASUO as an organization.

This distinction may not be of too great an importance. But it does emphasize one thing—this drive, WSSF, is held by students for students. Other students in foreign countries will benefit by our donations at Oregon. They will get books and supplies and opportunities to learn that they might otherwise not receive.

So what we give here this week does help. It helps students who are striving for the same goals for which we are striving.

For a while, then, try to forget the other drives, and give what you can to WSSF.



The OREGON DAILY EMERALD, published daily during the college year except all Saturdays but Junior Weekend, Sunday, holidays, final examination periods, Monday preceding Junior weekend in May, and the last Thursday in May by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Opinions expressed in editorials are those of the writer, and do not claim to represent the opinions of the ASUO or of the University. Initial editorials are written by associate editors. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor.

Opinions expressed in an editorial page by-lined column are those of the columnist, and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the editor or his associates.

**DON A. SMITH, Editor** **JOAN MIMNAUGH, Business Manager**  
**ANNE GOODMAN, TOM KING, Associate Editors**  
**GLENN GILLESPIE, Managing Editor**

## Crotchety Old Vet

# Spring is the Time to Spray

by Steve Loy

Never having been a poison oak sufferer, I may not be truly inspired to promote the cause I am about to mention. A friend of mine in the commercial weed spraying business tells me that the cemetery on the University campus could be cleared of poison oak for \$75. To me, this would be a fine step in the direction of preventive medicine for the many poison oak sufferers on the campus. If the Student Health Service were to finance the whole project, they would very likely save that much in services the first year.



The dope to use is called 2-4-D. Being a farm boy, I have seen it in operation and

know how effective it can be. It fouls up the cellular structure within the plant and causes it to outgrow its roots system and its pants. Norm Conaway of Willamette Weed and Chemical Co. promises close to 90 per cent eradication with the first application of the stuff. He says now is the time to spray. The job would have to be done with a sprayer on a boom machine which a man carries. This makes it possible to spray only what weeds and plants are undesirable.

As long as we're at it, why not clean up the whole works? There is a tree down across the road that has been lying there since Feb. 13. Any one of the not-so-active honoraries could do the school a service by organizing a drive to collect enough cash to spray the cemetery, and by arranging for a clean-up day before Memorial Day. Maybe the senior class could clean the poison oak out of the cemetery for its parting gift. Such a project might be more practical than a sundial standing in the shade, or a marble bench that's too cold to sit on.

## Ritin' at Random

# You Can't Kick Your Wife Around

by Jo Gilbert

Peace and the racial question in the United States are the main concerns of today's world—at least, that's what Mrs. Paul Robeson reported Saturday night. Mrs. Robeson has just returned from Russia and China where she attended several Women's Conferences.



Russia is expanding constructively and the talk of war comes from the United States, she said. Whether or not you agree with that, her logic concerning the racial issue is pretty sound.

India, China, Africa, and other countries whose populations are composed of colored peoples feel a vital concern about America's treatment of colored, and for that matter

other minority groups. For these countries, Mrs. Robeson said, have been "the white man's burden" in the past and not very happy about it. And it well may be that the United States' actions in this instance could effect diplomacy. There she has a good point!

Mrs. Robeson did not pretend to be a world expert and spoke mainly on two things that interested her most—the racial question and the women's status in the countries she had visited. Women, she said, hold top positions in Russia and their attitude in Mao's New China is: "Women are voters, voters are citizens, citizens are equal." The Communists, she said, have redistributed the land, and with everyone getting an equal share, including the gals, you just can't kick your wife around very much.

There were about 150 people at Roosevelt Junior High School attending the lecture, and surprisingly enough, no hecklers. Those who disagreed with the gray-haired lady on the platform, paid attention to her speech and

(Please turn to page three)

## Offhand Observations

# Flying Saucers and Pink Elephants

by Bill Rogers

A few people are beginning to wonder if this flying saucer myth hasn't gone about far enough. The rest seem inclined to go right on believing everything they see in the papers or get over the back fence.

It's amusing the way these stories grow and grow. The other night a gentleman admitted that he too had seen flying saucers, but he said the saucers were about six inches in diameter and made of white porcelain. He saw them in 1946 at Norfolk, Virginia, when he accidentally



became involved in a brawl at a hashery.

The story was told only as a not-too-funny gag. But someone else overheard part of it and in ten minutes it had travelled across a room filled with about 75 people. By the time it got to the other end it was stretched out of all resemblance to it's former shape and the storyteller was getting some mighty funny glances.

One person who seemed to be slightly in his cups came up and asked for more details. It seemed that he too had seen a flying saucer but had never before admitted it to anybody. It turned out that his saucer was about six feet in diameter and was flying at an ungodly speed. He was firmly convinced he had actually seen a flying saucer. Others who heard his story were just as firmly convinced that further investigation would have disclosed he had also at one time or another seen pink elephants and flying snakes.

One Navy officer was so moved by seeing two of the gadgets race a German V-2 rocket at White Sands he wrote up a big fat story

(Please turn to page three)