

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Foreign Policy Voters' Target

Interpreting the returns of Tuesday's election is more difficult than simply saying "it was a pat on the back for McCarthyism" as some insist.

To justly interpret the nationwide Republican victory, each state would have to be picked apart candidate for candidate. Without doing this, a few top factors can be pointed out.

America's position and policy in the Far East would logically seem to be the strongest single reason for the Republican vote. If Nov. 7 had come before the great show of strength by the North Koreans and Chinese Communists, many a vote might have gone the other way.

"Well, then, how could they vote for men like Taft and Nixon and Dirksen, whose foreign policy will be nothing but isolationism?"

In answer to that question, we should remember that the average voter doesn't wonder "what would you do in Korea if elected?"

He simply knows that a couple of days ago Truman told us the Korean road to victory was crowded with U. N. forces, and then almost before the echo of his speech had died down, the Commies struck back and a third world war war mentioned.

In off-year elections, the voter has repeatedly knocked the administration. Witness 1946 when a Republican majority moved into Congress.

"McCarthyism" should take some of the blame from the Democrats. However, Sumner Welles pointed out Thursday, while the people repudiated Tydings in Maryland, they returned McMahon in Connecticut.

Both were leaders in the sub-committee which McCarthy said "whitewashed" his accusations.

Whether this election will mean an administration defeat in '52—not even the armchair politicians can predict. And neither can they read the voter's mind to find the one big "why" this time.

Mr. Welles Comes to Oregon

Statesman, writer, and foreign policy expert Sumner Welles came to Oregon Thursday.

He discussed the Korea affair, Red China, the state department, and the election, and he wore, impeccably, a brown pin-stripe suit with a white shirt and black tie. In his right hand he held a lighted cigaret which he never puffed.

Mr. Welles parried most of the questions shot at him by the press with the dexterity to be expected of a man who was for seven years under secretary of state—and therefore used to giving answers with scrupulous discretion: he weighed them carefully, then answered in a husky Harvard accent.

He mentioned several matters which are of interest to the student who wraps himself up in world affairs.

And he mentioned another which is of interest to students who might be looking for a profession to enter after graduation: foreign service. He said opportunities in this field are better than ever for college students.

For those who might be so inclined—it is worth looking into.

All in all, Mr. Welles gave the University some small insight into national and world politics that it both well needs and indeed appreciates.

The University may consider itself fortunate to have had him as its guest—with the added hope that again, and more often, in the future it may serve as host to such men.—T.K.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

to the committee that arranged Sumner Welles' schedule in Eugene. His single day was very freely given to both students and faculty.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to Director of Men's Affairs Hawk for failing to punish Ted Goodwin, law student, who admitted Thursday that he waterbaggged the dean of men ten years ago.



Bostonians, Californians Called Regional Snobs

By Marge Scandling

HARPER'S article by Russell Lynes deals with the new snobism he believes common in the U. S., with portraits of the species . . . according to him the social snob, except for professionals such as head waiters and metropolitan hotel room clerks, has gone underground, and now snobs have come out in a variety of guises . . . including Regional Snobs, "commonly known in the East as Bostonians, in the West as Californians" . . . distinguished by a patronizing attitude toward any other place . . . New Yorkers, author says, are good examples of Regional Snobism of the Cultural Capital variety (anything or anybody of interest comes here) . . . at the other end of the regional scale is found is Small Town snob (I have lived here longer than anyone else).

Then there are the Art, Literary and Musical Snobs . . . the Art Snob recognizable "by the quick look he gives the pictures on your wall, quick but penetrating" . . . the Literary Snob, who has not only read the book you mention, but happily tells you about more obscure ones by the same author . . . the Musical Snob, who comes in two categories—the Classical Snobs, "identified at concerts because they keep their eyes closed . . . sometimes accompanied by a regular

movement of the hands in time with the music" . . . Jazz Snobs, who beat time not with their hands but their feet and collect records no one ever heard of.

PAGEANT article on football exposes college tactics in getting high school athletes to sign . . . common practice is flying players to the campus for games and royal entertainment, then spiring them home within 24 hours . . . before a detective can be put on the trail . . . but the laws prohibiting such practices have teeth, as proved when U. of Washington was fined \$2,000 for flying 18-year old Gene Conley to the campus a couple of years ago . . . irony of it was that he went to WSC.

New innovation being tried by AMERICAN magazine is an eight-page comic supplement in the back . . . message from the editor says it will feature a living American's life story each month . . . the staff, he says, looks upon the comic-strip technique "as a new and effective weapon in the battle for the preservation of freedom." Be interesting to see if there are any imitators . . . maybe someday Harper's and the Atlantic Monthly will feature comic supplements.



A Cisco Kid Stinker Among Local 'Smellers'

By Don Smith

Prospects of a dreary movie weekend in Eugene are brightened for those of us who don't get to go to Seattle by the Foreign Movie Club attractions at the Mayflower.

And this time there's no need to worry about getting cricks in the neck trying to read the titles because the films are in the English language.

"The Beachcomber," and "Jamaica Inn" are the two films, both with Charles Laughton. The latter film is directed by Alfred Hitchcock in his typical suspenseful fashion.

Both films are re-releases, having been made about ten years ago.

The rest of the films in town are ones that have obviously never heard the new Hollywood slogan, "Movies are better than ever."

"Two Flags West" is the mediocre shoot 'em up at the Mac, paired with a Cisco Kid stinker. The Lane offers two low grade jungle features.

The Mayflower is still struggling with "Peggy," and "The Desert Hawk."

The Rex has got Betty Grable and Dan Dailey in a worse-than-usual musical, "My Blue Heaven."

The Heilig has "Kill the Umpire," in which Bill Bendix tries hard against insufferable odds to make a go of it; and "Fortunes of Captain Hawk," which is neither bloody nor fortuitous.

You would think that Sunday would bring a change—and it does, not in quality, but in titles.

Sunday things brighten up a little with "The Robinson Story"

at the Rex, a film that is at least entertaining: "Three Secrets," a melodrama of unwed mothers, at the Mac; and "Toast of New Orleans," a musical that has a lousy plot, and unbelievable situations, but has on the credit side some excellent singing by Kathryn Grayson and Mario Lanza.



Re: Hash

By Bob Funk

We are going to have rush week next week. That is, if we don't take the comfortable way out and stifle ourselves with carbon monoxide first. Rush week is all right except that you don't get any sleep and have to talk all the time you should be shoving food into your mouth, and etc. etc. etc.

It is the conversations we enjoy most. Rush week conversations start out with the following:

(a) What is your name? This question is usually given a straight answer by the rushee.

(b) Where are you from? We find that some persons are from definite places, some not. Some we swear make up the names of the places they are from.

(c) What is your major? This question is only asked of persons who look as if they might have a major.

(d) What do you think of Oregon's prospects in basketball? No one ever gives a straight answer to this. There are lots of jokers going through rush week.

(e) Would you like to go out in the yard and exhaust yourself climbing trees (or insert some other athletic thing)? There are rushees who like to climb trees and others who want to sleep or to sit down and have a good cry.

(f) What do you think of rush week? This is sure a leading question. We have learned some pretty fine words that way. If the rushee thinks rush week is just real yippee you do not ask him back. You wouldn't want him.

(g) Would you like to pledge? The answer to this is either yes or no; the ones who say well-maybe-I-will-call-my-mother-first are the ones you are never going to see again. First clue: rushees don't have mothers.

Everyone who has ever gone through rush week says it is something you really ought to do.

We are going to say that, too, although we are directing our comment only to those of great physical and mental strength and several years of straight sleep.

