

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Why the Independents Don't Vote

The Independent student is a much cussed and discussed creature. During campus election periods he is usually rated the Number One political enigma.

"If only the Independents would vote, they could control everything." That statement is frequently heard, and it brings up the important question: "Why don't they turn out for elections?"

Ask an Independent student why he doesn't vote and you'll probably get the almost universal answer: "I don't vote because I don't give a damn."



If I'd wanted to get involved in campus politics, I'd have pledged a house."

Interpreting their comments, you'll find that the probable cause—if you can name a single cause for any existing condition—for this apathy is the complete lack of issues. Most Independents will tell you that there is nothing at stake in these elections and that time spent at the polls is wasted.

Despite the current lessening of faculty supervision of student government, the dormitory opinion would seem to be that the students do not now, and will not ever, have enough self-government that they can be considered factors in the university administration.

It's true that some student government is necessary: There must be some means for selection of our Homecoming committees, our Dad's Day welcomers, our student court members. But there are so few non-organization individuals interested in this type of thing that it would be almost impossible to make this a get-out-the-vote talking point.

Not until a strictly Greek-Independent split comes up on an issue can we expect to see the majority of the Independents regularly taking part in elections. And such a split is most unlikely. In the first place, where do you get the issue to split on? Secondly, such a split would be both artificial and foolish.

Occasionally the Independent vote will throw some weight—for example, during the Military ball of 1950 when Hendricks hall's Little Colonel candidate controlled the Vets Dorm vote (partly by virtue of her position as a food dispenser in the Vets Commons)—but the occasions will very likely be most infrequent.—D.D.

A Lei of Orchids

Here's a lei of orchids for those responsible for "Island Interlude."

The Class of '52's Senior Ball has set a standard toward which all future senior classes should strive. While it is as yet unknown whether or not it made money, the dance was a tremendous social success.

If you weren't there we'd like to tell you that you missed some of the most dancable music we've heard in quite a while. You also missed an band leader who proved to the satisfaction of a good portion of the student body that you don't have to tell "off color" jokes to get a laugh.

We admire Mr. Jurgens for realizing that college men and women are quite capable of appreciating entertainment that's a little above the "night club level." We hope that in the future those who provide campus entertainment will follow his excellent example.—R. N.

Our Neighbors Editorialize . . .

It's quite possible that we're biased but in our opinion the Register-Guard ran a front page editorial last Friday. Of course, it looked like a news story. It read like an expose.

We're thinking of Donn Bonham's "attack" on the propaganda technique of the Marines. We daresay Bonham, editor of the Sweet Home New Era, was a little surprised to discover the theme of his speech was "lashing Marines' propaganda practices." We were.

We heard the speech. We thought he was talking about a lot of other things. There's no denying that he did say the things he was quoted as saying, but one would gather from the Guard's story that he said nothing else.

But it made an interesting story. Many times newspapermen seize the most interesting quote or two in a speech and build their whole story around those few quotes. It gets readership.

Sometimes it distorts the perspective a wee bit. Maybe that's important, too.—B. C.

Senior Ball Attire?



"Watch what you say to him now, Freda. A senior girl doesn't want to sound too eager on her second date."

The Atomic Age

Soviets Even Purge Paintings, Books, Theater; Condemn Jazz

By Phil Johnson

The Soviet masters of the nations of Eastern Europe are busily attempting to (1) destroy non-Russian national traditions and sense of national unity and (2) turn the arts into great propaganda arenas.

Anti-Russian passages in history books, fiction works, dictionaries and encyclopedias have been purged, even if they referred to events which occurred over 100 years previously.

Courses in the Russian language are compulsory in all schools, universities, government offices and collective farms of some Communist-dominated nations.

Russianization has gone so far in Bulgaria that the alphabet of that country has been changed by government decree to conform to Russian spelling.

Books may be rejected for "incorrect" methods of characterization, "decadent" style or dialogue "unrealistic from the point of view of the class war."

Well-known authors are equipped with Communist party-employed secretaries or assistants who guide the writer along party lines. This assistant plays such an important role that he is frequently classed as the co-author.

Heroes of novels are Communists; the villain is usually anti-Communist, anti-Russian or pro-American.

The theater also is suffering from suppression. As one observer commented, "The theater bills in the satellite capitals in the past year read like the announcements of lectures at the Marx-Lenin Institute in Moscow."

As for music, American jazz certainly has very little prestige with the Communist bosses, who have condemned it as "the lowest expression of the rottenness of bourgeois light music." Scantea, Rumanian Communist daily, stated that jazz, in the hands of the "American imperialists," is "one of the means of molding the beasts who kill the peaceful Korean population and lynch Negroes in the United States of America."

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Sculptors also must toe the line. Last July, Rude Pravo, well-known Czechoslovakian Communist daily, severely criticized sculptors of Stalin busts because they "failed to make visual the utter simplicity of Stalin's appearance, the clear logic of every word he utters, his great serenity, and his steel-like firmness."

However, it must be agreed that Communism is the genuine workers' paradise, at least as far as artists are concerned, for there is never unemployment among canvas painters.

They are too busy repainting their old works. It's easy for a party functionary to strike out passages of history books as history changes from time to time (i.e., the official view changes), but only an artist can repaint a painting.

Since Saturday's hero may become Sunday's bum in Communist lands, artists must be prepared to alter his facial appearance from sternness and nobility to cowardice and treachery whenever history changes.

For example, a picture of a historic meeting might include the likeness of Comrade Tito at Comrade Stalin's right. Now this will never do. A new painting must be made, preferably without Comrade Tito.

This is ridiculous.

According to unofficial reports from Indonesia, officials of that nation are seriously considering a Russian offer to exchange manufactured goods for Indonesian natural rubber.

Although the pro-American attitude of the Indonesian government, according to the reports, interfered with previous development of rubber trade relations with Russia, the change in plans has been caused by falling prices of natural rubber and the slow delivery of American equipment.

Interesting comment by North Korean Minister of National Defense Choi Yong Kun:

"Not only the Korean people but all the conscientious people of the world have branded and are cursing the cannibal-like American and British aggressors as the most heinous enemies of the human race, surpassing the Hitlerite gangs."

A Day at the Zoo

The Class Struggle ... in Grade School

By Bob Funk

Occasionally we have times of regression. Today is one of those times. We woke up this morning thinking about Evelyn's Class.

Possibly Evelyn's Class has no significance to most people. Probably at this moment even Evelyn herself has finally given up thinking about the golden era when she had a class.



BOB FUNK

When we were in Miss George's first grade at Denny Blaine School, Sunnyside, Wash., Evelyn was the leader of the intellectual aristocracy. Evelyn was the nominal (and perhaps hereditary—who knows) leader of the first class called to the front of the room to recite. Evelyn and the other members of the intelligentsia (the first class contained only the Very Best Readers) would swish up to the two rows of reading chairs with more than a little dignity, leaving the rest of us behind to draw something in five colors).

The middle, or bourgeois, class, was called next. This was Dolores' class, of which we were not a member. Dolores was not too smart, but she was better looking than Evelyn. Dolores' class was the largest, and held the voting power of the room. It was the stalwart herd of Dolores' class, which, outraged by statements made by the heretical members of Evelyn's intelligentsia, voted Santa Claus in for another year.

The bottom class, or proletariat, was Ronald's class. No one in Ronald's class could read much. No one cared to read, for that matter. Ronald's class was usually sure fire in paints and pottery and sandbox, but not much for fundamental literature. Ronald could not even tell "Dick" from "Spot" in the reader.

However, Ronald was a fine leader of the proletariat. He was full of the spirit of revolution. One dramatic day Ronald bit off part of the thermometer which the school nurse had stuck in his mouth.

The first grade did other things besides read. Miss Emily Coulter came to school three times a week to teach us to sing "A Little Ducky Duddle," "Bounce, Bounce, Ball," "The Boy with the Big Brown Eyes" (not to be confused, probably, with "The Girl with the Flaxen Hair"), and to play various instruments in the Denny Blaine Rhythm Band.

In the rhythm band you were called by the name of whatever instrument you played. "Here, you Tambourines," Miss Coulter would say, "sit over here." As in reading, there was class structure in rhythm band. The masses played the sticks, which they rattled together savagely. A Bohemian group of people were the Birds, which meant that they blew on silver whistles.

The whistles would not work unless filled with water, and since the Birds were always drinking the water, their section played only briefly at the beginning of each music period.

We played the bells, a fairly select instrument (two players: a soloist and a peasant) which took no thought and could be played at any place in the piece.

The patrician among the instruments, however, was the Triangle. Evelyn herself, in Miss Coulter's manner of speaking, was the Triangle.

Sadly enough, Evelyn had her greatest triumph in the first grade. After that she more or less burned out. She retired by degrees to the intellectual background, until by the fourth grade only a few oldtimers could point her out as "Evelyn of Evelyn's Class and the Triangle." How mutable is glory.