

Eisenhower's Crucial Decision

An air of finality follows General Eisenhower's decision to keep Senator Nixon on the ticket, except for possible results of Democratic campaign speeches. The issue of Nixon's ticket position, at least, is closed.

Considering the scandal-touched record of the Democratic administration, Republican politicians may find answers to these future attacks, all of which may be chalked up as more meat for the political grinder.

But what does Ike's decision prove? Surely not that Nixon was entirely justified in accepting the fund. Nor that Republicans will rally unanimously to his side. What it does prove is that Ike believes Nixon honest and that retention of the California senator plus the emotional appeal of Nixon's TV speech will not cost him the election.

If reports of telegrams from supporters are numerically true, it may be that Nixon justified himself to the nation in his speech. But if he did so, it was on the basis of his expert delivery rather than his formation. He did not specify the speeches and trips for which he used the money. Instead he chattered about household finances and dogs in a folksy, front-parlor manner.

He did not suggest that Ike audit his expenses publicly along with Stevenson and Sparkman. His righteousness in keeping his wife off the Senate payroll is open to question. John Gunther states that employment of Senator's wives is a long-established custom. It is done for the same reason Nixon accepted the fund, because a Senate salary cannot cover the expenses of the office.

Gunther believes most wives earn the money, and that few senators who can afford to ignore the custom on ethical grounds do so only because they have sufficient outside income to do so. Do all maintain private funds?

Ike's support of Nixon does not necessarily mean that Ike himself was swayed or convinced by Nixon's dramatics. It shows only that the General thought it politically more expedient to retain Nixon than to switch candidates at this late date.—(H.J.)

Carson Hall in Need of New Traditions

We hear that the word has gone out from high Administration sources that it would be nice if female counselors in the dormitory program would think up a few traditions. Especially for Carson hall.

It is rather embarrassing, but it seems that Carson hall is caught utterly without traditions. As Mickey Spillane would say, Carson hall is Traditionless, Stark Traditionless.

When you are caught in a serious situation like this, there are two things you can do. First, you can take the coward's way out, look at the ultra-newness of the place, and say: "We should have traditions when we got hot and cold running water and an elevator and built-in metal furniture?"

Or you can approach the problem in the fine old American pioneering spirit. You can square your jaw and grit your teeth and put your nose to the grindstone, and say: "We are going to beat the bushes for traditions. We are going out and get some brand new traditions if it takes all winter. We shall never surrender."

That is the real American way. We always solve our problems like this. Take a few years back, nobody could find nearly enough antiques. So what happened? Some people got together and started turning them out in droves so the consumer would get the ultimate benefits of mass production economy.

It has got so now you can get an antique chair—something in a carefully battered pseudo Chippendale—almost as cheaply as you can buy a new one.

Back to Carson hall, and the sad plight of the ladies, here is a suggestion for a shiny new tradition you might wish to install.

How about requiring the last girl home each Saturday night to kiss the night watchman?

Of course, that's just an idea to stimulate the thinking segment of the student body.—(B.G.)

How to Combine Culture and Sleep



"First let me say that I appreciate the fact that most of you manage to make this 8 o'clock class"

Bob Funk

Chlorophyll Adds Nasty Green Tinge to Nearly Everything

We are becoming rather uneasy about chlorophyll. Previously, the only thing alarming about chlorophyll, chlorophyll, chlorophyll was that it is sort of hard to spell. Those were the days when it was most commonly encountered in grass or in a piece of lettuce under a slice of pineapple under a pile of cottage cheese (which was a salad).

Now chlorophyll is everything and in everything. Squeeze almost any tube of up-to-date toothpaste, and psshupp—chlorophyll. It used to be that you could be socially acceptable if your toothpaste contained at least one amazing new ingredient, a couple of wonder drugs, some mouthwash, a decay preventative and a little soap. Now it has to be green.

This might be all right if the chlorophyll people would confine themselves to toothpaste. They are not doing this, however. They are putting chlorophyll into chewing gum and candy and a lot of other things that it has no business being in. You can commend a lawn for containing lots of chlorophyll; it is ridiculous to have it in a candy bar.

Soon we will be slurping chlorophyll soup, eating chlorophyllburgers and drinking green milk. The chlorophyll people will console us with the fact that we would then be Safe from Social Slips (what even your best friend won't tell you, if you have a best friend, you smelly thing). What we would like the chlorophyll people to know is that it is none of their business what goes on inside the mouths of other persons.

Actually, the chief trouble with chlorophyll is its color. The chlorophyll advertisements assure us that Nature thought up this color, which is perfectly all right with us. It is not the sort of color, however, that one likes to see inside one's mouth early in the morning when one is trying to figure out who that person is in the mirror. Let's face it; as a color, the kindest thing that can be said about green is that it certainly is green.

If the chlorophyll - forever trend continues we can expect this sort of testimonial advertising within the next few years:

"Mrs. R. A. writes: 'I am a first grade teacher at Lower Heights School. As a lunch-hour refresher I have been in the habit of drinking two or three glasses of gin, straight. My naughty, tell-tale breath brought me frowns from our principal and a few little complaints from the PTA. Then I discovered marvelous new chlorophyll gin. It is nature's own green. Now I am able to pursue my teaching career with no impediments other than a slight list to starboard.'"

The College Crowd

Campus Headlines Elsewhere

By Rae Thomas

Oregon State students spent the entire spring term in the library, from the looks of the average GPAs. The men posted an average of 2.68, U of O men pulled a 2.601. And OSC women hit a high of 2.80, while women at the U of O had a 2.70. (Tch! Tch!)

Instead of having a plain little rally at the University of Kansas, it seems that everyone waits until dark, then dons his nightshirt, does a traditional "Snake Dance" down the street, and finally ends up by chanting yells at a bonfire. The dean of men, the dean of women, and the head of the State board of education don't have to do the snake dance. They get to ride in a car—but they, too, wear nightshirts.

Headlines above an announcement of an important student meeting at Gonzaga read—DON'T READ.

A For Rent ad in Daily Texan: "2100 sq. ft. YMCA Varsity Building. Three exposure south, east and west. Whole or divided." May get cold in winter . . .

Harlow Tucker, all-state basketball star from Walla Walla, isn't at OSC anymore. Two men had been following him around

Dear Reader:

The people who sell mailing lists must make a lot of money, selling lists of college papers.

Tuesday we received a Mennen Shave Foam. You merely squeeze the red cap and the shaving cream comes out in lumps the size of golf balls. There was no accompanying message. We kept wondering if the company sent one to last year's editor who was a woman.

Monday two mats and a four page publicity sheaf from the Republican national committee arrived. This material was followed the next day by one mat and a four page publicity sheet from the Democratic national committee. Apparently the Emerald is regarded as bi-partisan.

Also received this week were a bulletin from U.S. Steel, a pamphlet attacking compulsory unionism, a booklet called "Shackles of Gold" concerning money reform, and a temperance tract.

We conscientiously go through all the mail we receive. Some we file for future reference. Some is filed in the circular file beside our desk.

The common characteristic among all the literature received is its one-sidedness. The material is sent out to influence.

The newspaper is one of the foremost public communication medias. Companies, organizations and individuals are anxious to reach the audience held by newspapers.

The Emerald attempts to separate the wheat from the chaff. If editors decide to use publicity material they investigate the statements on the publicity blurb, and obtain the facts on the other side of the issue.

Such mail serves a purpose. It points out issues that otherwise might be overlooked. But to print it straight from the publicity release would be a disservice to the students and a violation of Emerald policy.

We can't help wondering what's going to be in today's mail.

Yours sincerely,
Larry Hobart

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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