

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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—A Day at the Zoo—

All-Campus Revolution Dies Aborning

by Bob Funk

Emerald Columnist

Those who are convinced that they have callings from Heaven should first inquire if they, like Henny-Penny, have merely been hit by an acorn.

—Memoirs of a Life at Sea

(Synopsis of preceding installments: Fate, in the fascinating and somehow strangely disturbing form of Communist Spy ALICE MALICE, was stalking the campus of a university in the Far West. Alice had carefully nurtured the virile weed of revolt, and the campus was in a state of unrest, agitation. Senator DEUTERONOMY SQUIRM sped westward by rail to a destiny he wotted not — but he modestly thought he was probably going to Save the Nation, or maybe the World. He was accompanied by his collection of wax figures with pins stuck in them.

Dr. MARION CLARION of foreign languages, a frustrated idealist who had indigestion, degrees, and an unhappy childhood, had been caught in the web of revolution. So had beautiful JANET PLANET and clean-cut campus leader IGNACE RONGSISTER. The curtain rises for the last time.)

The night was wet and dark, and the wind was ill. Four figures crept stealthily out of the bushes near the faculty club. They were Dr. Clarion, Ignace Rongsister, and Janet Planet, led by Alice Malice. They were, history will tell, members of the Campus Cell for the All-Campus Revolution.

"I have a rendezvous with Death upon some—" "Baby," breathed Alice Malice (and although she breathed it, it was no less an interruption), "there is no time for loose talk. We must act, and act quickly. We will use the well-known Communist zig-zag system of destruction of the free and filthily capitalistic world."

"I only signed out for Max's," whined Janet Planet nervously. "I sure hope we kids don't get caught out here." Janet was lugging a large dynamite charge complete with fuse. She was known as Detonation Chairman.

"After this is over, baby, we'll do the catching ourselves," said Alice, "Possibly we'll do something about the housemother."

"We could get rid of her in one of those programs," Janet agreed, brightening.

Ignace was peering toward the now dark Administration Building. Dr. Clarion was peering at the Pioneer Father. This was to be the evening that the Pioneer Father would finally glimpse the Pioneer Mother over the smoking ruins of the Administration Building.

They knelt in the damp grass; Alice read an invocation from the Communist Manifesto; the world was turning, faster and faster. The All-Campus Revolution was about to begin.

Meanwhile, Senator Squirm

had arrived on campus. He had rather thoroughly investigated a downtown bar, and then made his way stealthily to the University. He thought the whole place smelled somehow Communist (he did not know about the plywood plant).

The place to look for Communists, The Senator told himself, was in bushes. For a time he made a fruitless search; the only things in back of bushes, he found, were buildings. No matter how you slid it around in your mind, a building could not be a Communist.

He had just about given up when lo, he spotted a Communist, a very tall Communist, standing in the very middle of some bushes.

"Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Party?" yelled Senator Squirm. The Communist did not answer.

"Aha! A constitutional safeguard man! A lousy fifth amendment man!" Senator Squirm shook with joy. "You may feel very tall tonight, Pinky, but tomorrow there will be a subpoena, and after that questions, and after that — OBLIVION."

The Communist did not respond. Senator Squirm stuck a pin in an all-purpose Communist wax figure and walked across the street. He stood facing the Administration Building; it was raining very hard, and it is terribly hard to think about how you are saving the Nation and maybe the World when rain is going down your neck.

Senator Squirm took shelter on the front porch of the building, waiting for the rain to let up. He amused himself by sticking a pin in a wax figure of his grandmother.

Dr. Clarion, Placement Chairman, trembled up the front steps of the Administration Building with the bundle of dynamite. It occurred to him that he had never blown up an Administration Building before; he thought of Ernest Hemingway and Pilar. He was so preoccupied that he almost ran into Senator Squirm. The meeting with Senator Squirm completely unnerved him.

"Excuse me," he blurted; and then — "Would you mind keeping my dynamite for me?" He thrust the bundle into the Senator's arms, and ran down the steps, breathing heavily.

Dynamite! Probably evidence, thought Senator Squirm. Where there was dynamite (there were Communists. In his excitement he stuck a pin meant for the wax mother into the non-wax dynamite.

In the bushes near the Faculty Club, the Campus Cell waited for the explosion. Dr. Clarion was speechless with shock; no one knew of his encounter with Squirm.

There was a flash of fire, and a sound of thunder; and instead of the Administration Building going up in little pieces, Senator Squirm shot skyward toward Kingdom Come, or wherever Investigators go.

It need hardly be said that this turn of events was a great disappointment to the Cell. Alice

Malice began pining away, and eventually turned to religion. Janet Planet married. Ignace Rongsister became President of the United States. Dr. Clarion got tenure.

As for the Communist Party in general, it found that without Senator Squirm it was no fun at all being Communist; and eventually it too lost its allure. It degenerated into a social organization which held Saturday-night dances.

The Pioneer Father never did see the Pioneer Mother. Psychology, however, says that expectation is often better than the real thing.

THE END

(and just barely in time, too)

Election Today

Today's election day. Sure, it's "only" the primary — the big show doesn't come till May 5.

The primary system being used today is a "first." Until this year the parties have run their own primaries. We like the new system. We think it is more democratic, and by eliminating double filing it gives more people a chance to participate in student government.

Today is a test of this new system. We'd like to see it a success.

It's well worth your while to vote today. There are some good races in both parties, battles between well matched and qualified candidates.

Think about your vote — don't waste it just because candidate X is a pal of yours. Consider the kind of job he will do for you in the senate. If he wins, he'll be representing you.

Be sure you understand the technique of marking your ballot. Don't waste your vote by marking x's instead of numbers in the preferential type ballots. If you don't understand, ask the voting booth attendant.

Polls are open until 6 p. m.—we've voted, have you?—(J.W.)

Rain Scares Sprinklers

Where are those sprinklers hiding? We've had three comparatively rainless days, with no sprinklers appearing to upset campus life and throw rainbows over the sidewalks.

Last week it was a different story. The only day of the week on which the sun really shone and the wet grounds of winter began to dry was the day the sprinklers came out. Furthermore, as the day went by and the sun ducked behind the raindrops, the sprinklers played just as merrily upon the walks, rain or no rain.

How have we been so fortunate as to enjoy two days of strolling from class to class without racing through streams of spray?

If by some strange turn of fate the weather remains clear and sunny for the rest of the week, which is doubtful, how long can the superintendent of sprinklers resist covering sidewalks, as well as lawns, with water?

We all know (or should know) that without water, artificially administered or otherwise, the lawns will look like the old brown pasture land. But, by golly, the sidewalks won't be any different, watered or unwatered. And neither will the students.

The least the men with the hoses can do is leave one or two walks in each direction free for pedestrian travel. Then we can look at it philosophically and put up with the spinning monsters when they come. —(R.M.)

We'll Say



"Then, again, some schools are quite open about subsidizing their athletes."

\$25 Award Offered In Poetry Contest

An award of \$25 will be presented to the winner of the Julia Burgess Poetry competition, sponsored by the English department. The undergraduate student who submits the best original poem will receive the annual prize.

There is no restriction as to the type of poetry submitted, but the manuscripts should be typewritten and double spaced and submitted in triplicate by May 7. Short poems should be turned in with a group of three to five selections. The name of the author should not appear on the manuscript but should be enclosed in a separate envelope with the title of the poem.

Interested students may contact the English department for further details.

French Club to Work On Staging of 'Knock'

The French club will meet Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. in the workshop of the University theater to help in the construction of sets for the French play "Knock."

Anyone who is interested in working with the publicity, staging, costumes and further arrangements for the production should call J. E. Guedenet, assistant professor of romance languages, in Friendly 202.

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO...

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Lt. T. M. Loyd and Aviation Cadet selection team 109 will be at the Student Union for today only. He will be available between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. to those desiring further information on career opportunities in the Air Force.

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