

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

Many Moods

The campus has many moods. One for each season of the year; one for each hour of the day.

Fall, and the trees are ablaze — orange, brown, yellow and the red vine creeping up the side of Fenton hall. Winter, and the ground is damp, soggy. The old campus looks like a graveyard with the newly-turned, rich brown earth marking where plants have been buried for flowering in the spring. Spring itself, and the wind dances through treetops. And then summer. The hot red sun burns mercilessly down out of a leaden sky. And the days are oh so long and warm.

Dawn on the campus. The pink glow of the sun yet to rise. Last bits of night fog running for shelter near the ground into every crack and cranny.

Morning comes to the campus, and with it a buzz of activity. Brightly clad women in red yellow slickers go chattering off to class. Students in packs hurrying to the inevitable eight o'clocks, forming and reforming in knotted groups as they stop to chat between classes.

Noon, and the campus is deserted, as the Student Union chimes peal their lonely message.

Afternoon is like the morning, only less busy, less hurried. Then sunset, and the circular red orb of the sun, sinking in the west, points long accusing fingers down the mall at the coppered windows facing the SU terrace.

Night on the campus. The library is ablaze with lights, and an occasional window from one of the other buildings winks out at the darkness.

Midnight. The fog steals in, changing shape and form of familiar objects to dread spectres. Tiny orbs of brightness, the lights along the walks are all but lost in the swirling mist. A light rain may gently wash the pavement, or big drops make a staccato pound on the metal roofs of the quonset huts.

And then it's home to wait for another pink dawn.

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A Question of Finance

Two of the proponents of the literary magazine stopped us the other day and launched into quite an argument over our recent editorial in which we questioned the interest, appeal and ways of financing the publication.

They contend that such a magazine would have as much appeal and interest as forensics which receives a portion of the student activities fee. So went part of their argument on why they should get a portion of the student fees to put out the magazine.

Interest and appeal seem to be no problem to them. They state that it exists and that settles the problem to their satisfaction. Until they can prove that students are really interested and that the magazine has sufficient appeal to students, we will remain unconvinced.

In the matter of finances they have plans but we question these more than interest and appeal. They plan to sell the publication to parents during Junior weekend. This is only one of their methods of promoting finances but the one they emphasized. Whether such a plan would raise enough money to pay for printing and other costs is questionable.

In any case they will have to have considerable financial backing at the outset and the student publications' board seems to be the only source.

With the financial bind on campus publications we can hardly see how they would be able to convince the pub board that they deserve funds which have already been allocated to the Emerald or Oregona.

Let's see some feasible plans from the literary magazine group on how to make the publication interesting and a financial success. — (P.K.)



A GUIDE FOR THE DATELESS

With the cost of dating rising higher and higher (seems the only pleasure that costs the same these days is Philip Morris), it is no wonder that so many of us men are turning to discuss throwing. Naturally, we would prefer nuzzling warm coeds to flinging cold discs, but who's got that kind of money? Prices being what they are, the average man today has a simple choice: dating or eating.

Unless the average man happens to be Finster Sigafos.

Let me tell you how Finster Sigafos, a man no smarter, no richer, than you or I, solved his dating problem. Finster came to college with the normal ambition of any average man: he wanted to find the prettiest coed on campus and make her his. He looked long and carefully, and at last he found her — a tall job named Kretchma Inskip, with hair like beaten gold.

He asked her for a date. She accepted. He appeared at her sorority house that night, smiling, eager, and carrying a bouquet of modestly priced flowers.

"Now then," said Kretchma, tossing the sleazy flora to a pledge, "where are we going tonight?"

Finster was a man short on cash, but long on ideas. He had prepared several attractive plans for this evening. "How would you like to go out to the Ag campus and see the milking machine?" he asked.

"Ick," she replied.

"Well then, how about running over to the dental school to fool with the drills?"

"Bah," she replied.

"Well, what would you like to do?" he asked.

"Come," said she, "to a funny little place I know just outside of town."

And away they went.

The place was Millionaires Roost, a simple country inn made of solid ivory. It was filled with beautiful ladies in backless gowns, handsome men in dickeys. Waiters scurried about bearing costly eats on flaming swords. Original Rembrandts adorned the walls. Philip Morris trays adorned the cigarette girls. Chained to each table was a gypsy violinist.

Finster and Kretchma were seated. "I," said Kretchma to the waiter, "will start with shrimps remoulade. Then I will have lobster and capon in madeira sauce with asparagus spears. For dessert I will have loads of out-of-season fruit."

"And you, Sir?" said the waiter to Finster.

"Just bring me a pack of Philip Morris," replied Finster, "for if ever a man needed the soothing, steady, beneficent aromas of mild vintage tobaccos, it is me now."

So, smoking the best of all possible cigarettes, Finster watched Kretchma ingest her meal and calculated that every time her fetching young adam's apple rose and fell, he was out another 97¢. Then he took her home.

It was while saying goodnight that Finster got his brilliant idea. "Listen!" he cried excitedly. "I just had a wonderful notion. Next time we go out, let's go Dutch treat!"

By way of reply, Kretchma slashed him across the face with her house mother and stormed into the house.

"Well, the heck with her," said Finster to himself. "She is just a gold digger and I am well rid of her. I am sure there are many girls just as beautiful as Kretchma who will understand the justice of my position. For after all, girls get as much money from home as men, so what could be more fair than sharing expenses on a date?"

With good heart and high hopes, Finster began a search for a girl who would appreciate the equity of Dutch treat, and you will be pleased to hear that he soon found one.

Today Finster goes everywhere and shares expenses fifty-fifty with Mary Alice Hematoma, a lovely three legged girl with sideburns.

This column is brought to you for your enjoyment by the makers of PHILIP MORRIS. And speaking of enjoyment, try a pack today.

Eisenhower Will Ask Congress For Military Aid to Formosa

By JOHN M. HIGHTOWER Of the Associated Press

WASHINGTON (AP)—President Eisenhower will ask Congress Monday for authority to use American armed forces in the defense of Formosa and its military approaches.

The wording of a resolution, prepared for quick introduction in House and Senate following the President's request, is broad enough to cover:

1. The use of American naval and aircraft-warships and transports—in evacuating the division of 12,000 or more Nationalist troops from the Red-menaced Tachen Islands.

2. The use of American warships and planes, if the President should later decide this is necessary, in helping Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek's forces defend the key approach islands of Quemoy and Matsu, which face the Communist harbors of Amoy and Poochow.

This in effect would set up two defense lines—one outer line of Nationalist-held islands including Quemoy and Matsu for which the United States might or might not fight, depending on conditions at the moment, and a primary inner line which this country would be committed to defend under a treaty now awaiting Senate ratification.

The inner line runs roughly down the middle of the Formosa Strait. That is the line drawn by former President Truman back in June, 1950 when he assigned the U.S. 7th Fleet to prevent

the Reds from seizing Formosa. Foreign Minister George Yeh while the United States was engaged in Korea. The defense pact signed by the United States to the defense Secretary of State Dulles and

last month will confirm that line, when it is ratified, by committing the United States to the defense

(Continued on page three)

Sample Letter for Dad

Want to write and remind you of the weekend we're planning for you. Of course, it Dads' Weekend—February 4, 5, and 6. Lots of special events are planned this year which I want to take you to.

The weekend begins Friday with the Oregon-Washington basketball game at MacArthur court. This starts at 8 p.m. so I will look for you sometime late Friday afternoon. After the game we'll go to the barbershop quartet contest to be held at the Student Union. "Sweet Adeline" and other old favorites might really bring back some sweet memories. Afterwards, let's go and have coffee at one of our favorite hideaways—Taylor's or the Side.

Saturday morning, you'll have time to rest up a bit and look around the campus before the student-father luncheon which begins at 11:45. The luncheon is really going to be terrific this year with President Wilson as the main speaker. There will also be other V.I.P.'s speaking plus the best in student entertainment. After the luncheon is the Dads' meeting where you can get together with all your old cronies and meet some new. After this meeting—more free time—how about a steak?

Saturday night we'll get to see the Webfoots trounce Washington again, (we hope). There's an S.U. fishbowl mixer after the game and maybe we could go down and watch the kids dance.

Sunday will be our last day together and after church, there will be a dinner for you at my living organization. That's all for this special weekend.

Since the whole campus is looking forward to these "dates with dad"—won't you too?

Your studious income tax deduction,

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