

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

Emerald Policy

"Through these columns we shall endeavor to keep the students informed as to what is happening around them and to point out every possible avenue of advancement."

The above, the Emerald's first statement of policy, appeared in the campus paper February 12, 1900.

With the mid-term change in Emerald staffs being made, we feel that a statement, or a re-statement of the Emerald's editorial policy is in order.

The Emerald will continue to present the campus news in detail and the international highlights of the news. Through the editorial columns, we shall present comment (opinion, if you will) on the news, especially the campus news.

We shall print all the news about students or of interest to students, with good taste and news value as the only determining factors. One story will not be given preference over another in "play" for personal reasons on the part of the staff.

Letters to the editor are welcome, for they serve as a sounding board of student opinion. All we ask is that these letters be signed and either typed or legibly handwritten. Names will be withheld by request to the editor when there appears to be good reason.

Opinions in editorials are those of the writers, and are not intended to reflect the opinion of the ASUO or the University. Columns written as editorial features are also the opinions of the writer and not necessarily of the Oregon Daily Emerald.

The editorial policy of the Emerald is not a one-man decision—it is the work of the staff of students who spend considerable time and energy in the production of the paper with small, if any, reward.

We make mistakes, and when we do, we like to hear about them so that they can be corrected and measures can be taken to prevent repetition of those mistakes.

Fair Comment

A very old question about what organizations are subject to fair comment and privilege by the press was raised Thursday evening when the Inter-Fraternity council offered the Emerald's IFC reporter the alterna-

tive of considering some matters "off the record" or of leaving the meeting.

Unfortunately, the reporter took the latter alternative, and a brief misunderstanding ensued.

"Fair comment and criticism" is the phrase applied to meetings such as legislative sessions, or, on the campus level, the ASUO senate, or some activity which represents the student body and is of interest to the general campus.

The Inter-Fraternity council is not such a group, and has every right to bar the Emerald from its meetings—a thing which the group has "never had any desire to do," according to Ray Hawk, IFC adviser.

The trouble in this case was started at the IFC meeting two weeks ago, in which the matter of withdrawing IFC support from the WRA Carnival came up for discussion. Realization that the carnival was to be held only 24 hours hence resulted in the tabling of the motion and a request to the Emerald reporter to ignore the discussion of the matter when he wrote his story.

The story obviously had news value. It was printed, and the IFC took the step which it felt necessary to prevent a recurrence "for the welfare of the campus as a whole."

It is the duty of a newspaper to report significant news to its readers through its news columns. On occasion, the value of the news may appear to outweigh the objections to publication. Right or wrong, this was the consideration of the Emerald when it ran the story on the WRA Carnival.

Discussions of policy between the Emerald and the heads of the Inter-Fraternity council will undoubtedly follow. We are strongly in favor of the idea, for it will clear away the misunderstanding on both sides and, we hope, result in the cordial relations the two groups have enjoyed in the past.

Footnotes

If anyone is in the mood for hanging effigies, an ideal spot would be from the flagpole that extends from Gerlinger hall out over the drive. Only ropes have been flying from the pole for ages.

* * *

Now that the captain's chairs for the Eric W. Allen Seminar room have arrived, just one question remains unanswered. Who will dare to use them?

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Formosa Actions by Reds Show UN Membership Is Important Goal

By J. M. Roberts
Associated Press News Analyst

Red China's refusal to send representatives to the United Nations does not necessarily close the door on further negotiations to stop the fighting around Formosa.

It does establish United Nations membership as an important goal for the Peiping regime. Heretofore the value placed on membership has not been fully revealed. Until very recently the Reds had seemed to pay little attention to relations with the non-Communist world, even with Britain which had recognized them diplomatically. The demands for membership had come mostly from Russia and there was some speculation that she might have her tongue in her cheek.

Now the Reds say flatly that the U. N. means nothing as long as the Nationalists are members while the real rulers of the mainland are not.

The United States says flatly they will not be admitted until

they stop throwing their military weight around. That means not only an end to war-like moves against Formosa, but also to the type of thing they did in Indochina and might attempt elsewhere.

It seems now that some attempt must be made to negotiate with the Reds outside the United Nations. It also seems time for a reappraisal of the U. S. stand about membership.

That is not to say that the policy should be changed. But if the granting of membership has become an alternative to war, then its relationship to the entire picture takes on added significance. Many would call it appeasement. An argument against it can be well sustained by the fact that no appeasement is going to change the goals of the Communists. But if it meets even temporarily the problem of today's prospect of war nobody can afford to be intransigent about it.

This column suggested in

1949 that the problem might be met by renegotiation of two Chinas, an idea at which the U. N. delegates of the leading nations scoffed but which, faced with an actual war threat, they are now considering. Very serious difficulties would be involved, since the United States can hardly throw over the Nationalists by ousting them from the Security Council, and Peiping would not be satisfied with anything less than a seat there. There couldn't be two Chinas on the Security Council.

The most realistic next steps which the United States can take is to join with the British in obtaining the help of Soviet Russia. Some close observers feel that Moscow is concerned over the tough line that Peiping is taking, and that her intervention against war is quite possible. Without Russian military support, the Reds almost certainly would have to fall back into a less active attitude.

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On Campus with Max Shulman
(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

DECEMBER AND MAY: ACT I

Of all the creatures that inhabit the earth, none is so fair, so warm, so toothsome, as a coed.

This is a simple fact, well-known to every campus male, and, to most campus males, a source of rejoicing. But not to all. To some, the creamy brows and twinkling limbs of coeds are a bane and a burden. To whom? To professors, that's whom.

Professors, according to latest scientific advice, are human. Stick them and they bleed, pinch them and they hurt, ring a dinner bell and they salivate, confront them with a round young coed and their ears go back, even as yours and mine.

But, by and large, they contain themselves. After all, they are men of high principle and decorum, and besides, the board of regents has got stoolies all over. So, by and large, they contain themselves.

But not always. Every now and then a coed will come along who is just too gorgeous to resist, and a professor—his clutch worn out from years of struggle—will slip and fall. White though his hair, multitudinous though his degrees, Phi Beta Kappa though his key, he is as lovesick, moonstruck, and impaled as any freshman.

But he's far worse off than any freshman. After all, a freshman can thump his leg, put on his linen duster, and take out after the coed with mad abandon. But what can the poor smitten prof do? How, in his position, can he go courting a young girl undergraduate?

In this column and the next one, I am going to deal with this difficult question. I will relate to you, in the form of a two act play, an account of a professor's attempt to woo a coed.

The scene is a typical office in a typical liberal arts building on a typical campus. In this shabby setting, we find two men, Professors Twonkey and Phipps. They are lumpy and bent, in the manner of English lit professors.

PHIPPS: Twonkey, a terrible thing has happened to me. A terrible, ghastly thing! I've fallen in love with a coed.

TWONKEY: Now, now, that's not so terrible.

PHIPPS: Oh, but it is. Miss McPetridge—for that is her name—is a student, a girl of nineteen. How would her parents feel if they knew I was gawking at her and refusing my food and writing her name on frosty windowpanes with my fingernail?

TWONKEY: Come now, Phipps, no need to carry on so. You're not the first teacher to cast warm eyes at a coed, you know.

PHIPPS: You mean it's happened to you too?

TWONKEY: But of course. Many times.

PHIPPS: What did you do about it?

TWONKEY: Looked at their knees. It never fails, Phipps. No matter how pretty a girl is, her knees are bound to be knobby and bony and the least romantic of objects.

PHIPPS: Not Miss McPetridge's—for that is her name. They are soft and round and dimpled. Also pink.

TWONKEY: Really? Well, I'll tell you something, Phipps. If I ever found a girl with pink knees, I'd marry her.

PHIPPS: It is my fondest wish, but how can I, a professor of fifty, start a courtship with a girl of 19?

TWONKEY: Very simple. Ask her to come to your office for a conference late tomorrow afternoon. When she arrives, be urbane, be charming. Ask her to sit down. Give her a cigarette.

PHIPPS: A Philip Morris.

TWONKEY: But of course.

PHIPPS: I just wanted to be sure you mentioned the name. They're paying for this column.

TWONKEY: Give her a Philip Morris.

PHIPPS: That's right.

TWONKEY: Then light her Philip Morris and light one yourself. Say some frightfully witty things about English lit. Be gay. Be insouciant. Keep her laughing for an hour or so. Then look at your watch. Cry out in surprise that you had no idea it was this late. Insist on driving her home.

PHIPPS: Yes, yes?

TWONKEY: On the way home, drive past that movie house that shows French films. Stop your car, as though on a sudden impulse. Tell her that you've heard the movie was delightfully Gallic and naughty. Ask her if she'd like to see it.

PHIPPS: Yes, yes?

TWONKEY: After the movie, say to her in a joocular, offhand way that after such a fine French movie, the only logical thing would be a fine French dinner. Take her to a funny little place you know, with candles and checked tablecloths. Ply her with burgundy and Philip Morris. Be witty. Be gay. Be Gallic . . . How can a nineteen year old girl resist such blandishments?

PHIPPS: Twonkey, you're a genius! This will be like shooting fish in a barrel . . . But I wonder if it isn't taking unfair advantage of the poor little innocent.

TWONKEY: Nonsense, Phipps. All's fair in love and war.

PHIPPS: You're right, by George. I'll do it!

(So ends Act I. Next week, Act II)

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This column is brought to you by the makers of PHILIP MORRIS who think you would enjoy their cigarette.



oregon **Daily** EMERALD

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