

## + EMERALD EDITORIALS +

### Last Chance

Bought your Valentines yet? Better hurry, this is your last chance.

If you haven't bought a box of candy or paper heart for that special gal, fellows, you'd better get on the ball. This is one gift-giving occasion when having just one girl pays off. Only one Valentine is necessary instead of a dozen or so.

And you can get yourself in a lot of trouble with more than one Valentine. We know one poor guy who sent to three girls in one living organization. Hasn't been seen since.

Of course, there are always the comic-type Valentines. All kinds of comic Valentines—those for people you hate and people you just dislike mildly and sisters and brothers and great aunts twice removed.

Remember when we were kids and used to make our own Valentines. That was great fun. You'd smear glue and red hearts and paper lace all over the dining room rug and then decide to run away from home because mother just didn't understand your creative ability when she saw the mess.

Those were the days of Valentine boxes, too—and the prettiest girl in the room always got the most Valentines. This, we think was probably the forerunner of campus queen contests — (J.W.R.)

### Pairing Rules

Most houses have been surprised at one time or another when they read in the Emerald that they were paired with the Quadruple Etas or Phi Bracks for the All-Campus Riot, Beer Brawl, etc. (Sorry, Funk, for borrowing the names of your favorite sorority and fraternity.)

Some of these pairings have not conformed to a Student Affairs committee ruling of several years ago.

The only pairings which qualify under the committee's rule are those for Homecoming and Junior Weekend or those approved by a vote of the Interfraternity council, Interhall council and Heads of Houses.

We assume that the pairings for all-campus events have been made by persons who were not aware they were violating a ruling of the Student Affairs committee.

### INTERPRETING THE NEWS

## Russian Shift Seen as Source Of Strength for Western Unity

By J. M. ROBERTS

Associated Press News Analyst

The Russians have done it again.

For several days, since the fall of the Mendes-France cabinet in France, proponents of the Paris agreements on rearmament of Germany have feared for their success.

German opponents of the step had taken on new life. Chancellor Adenauer began an intense campaign for popular support, realizing that he was running a very close race.

The French internal situation was such that nobody knew what would happen. By any slight amendment the Council of the Republic, weak counterpart of the British House of Lords, in the French parliamentary system could send the proposals back to a widely divided Assembly which had passed them originally only under great pressure from Mendes-France.

The uncertainty has by no means been resolved. But Tuesday's shift in the Soviet government, emphasizing the "tough line" and accompanied by bombast and military threats against

the West, was immediately hailed by supporters of the Western alliance as having put the neutralists and the doubters on the spot.

I often wish that I had started making a list, at the beginning of the cold war, of the number of times that Russian actions have caused a stiffening of Western intent when it was wavering. The historians will do it some day. Their efforts to explain the psychology of it will be very interesting.

Actually, the sudden appearance of what seems to be increased military influence in the Russian government may not carry great international significance.

In Russia, as in the United States, the international situation has an impact on practically every movement and every policy. But this is true by varying degree, as measures pertain more to domestic or foreign affairs.

The present upheaval in Russia seems to be more of a domestic affair, although heavily involving the allocation of productive capacity for purposes of war or peace. War production has won.

That might be taken as an in-

The ruling, a wise one from our point of view, was to cut down the surprise pairings which tended to force houses to participate or to feel like heels. We hope the rule will be enforced in the future.—(P.K.)

### "Very Impressive"

"Very impressive" is the best way to describe the Army ROTC retreat held Thursday afternoon on 13th street.

It was well executed and certainly worth the time the cadets put in preparing it and the time people spent watching it.

It would make an interesting addition to campus life if the ROTC department could work out a schedule so the ceremony would be put on several times during the year, possibly once or twice a term.

Members of the drill team, the band, and the Army ROTC department are to be commended for their fine showing. (P. K.)

### A Good Idea

"The Role of Student Government on the University of Oregon Campus" has been chosen as the theme for an essay contest sponsored by the ASUO Senate.

We think the contest is a good idea. It should stimulate interest in student government and thinking about student government. More important, it will serve as a sounding board, not only for student opinion about what the role of the ASUO should be, but also for the amount of existing interest in student government and what can be done to stimulate more interest.

Student government cannot effectively operate without the support of students and an interest on the part of students. Under a liberal administration like Oregon's, the students have a chance to take a major share of the responsibility for their activities.

Occasions arise, however, when faculty members are forced to take over some phases of activity, not through any motive of imperialistic infringement upon student responsibility, but simply because the students will not take the lead.

We're looking forward to the results of this contest. They should be valuable for the new light which will be thrown on a frequently dark area.

dication that military leaders are emerging as a result of their own strength. The appointments of Zhukov and Bulganin and the prominence given General Konev before the Supreme Soviet add color to this interpretation.

There is always the angle, however, that the real motive lies in the need of Khrushchev to offer patronage in his rise to a position which appears to be almost identical with that Stalin assumed before, with a war developing, he stepped into unvarnished control.

If there is an actual increase in army power in Russia, it does not necessarily follow that an increase in war danger is a corollary. General staffs have a long record of restraining or opposing military adventures unless they are convinced of easy victory. No military staff can be convinced of easy victory in a general war today.

But the West has chosen to interpret the whole series of Russian events as threatening, in a military union to face the new Western alliance in line with her organization of the satellites.

And by that token they are required to permit no sins of omission among themselves.



On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

### THE TREEHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON

Spring is just around the corner, and with spring, as always, will come tree-sitting contests. This I applaud. Tree-sitting is healthful and jolly and as American as apple pie. Also it keeps you off the streets.

Tree-sitting is not, however, without its hazards, as you will presently see when I tell you the dread and chilling tale of Manuel Sigafoos and Ed Pancreas.

Manuel and Ed, friends and room-mates, were walking one day past the folk music room in the School of Dentistry and Fine Arts. Suddenly they stopped, for coming through the door of the folk music room was a clear and thrilling alto voice singing the lovely folk tune, *I Strangled My True-Love with Her Own Yellow Braids, and I'll Never Eat Her Sorghum Any More.*

When the last shimmering notes of the ballad had died away, Manuel and Ed rushed into the room, and there they thought their swelling hearts must burst asunder. For the singer was as beautiful as the song! Fair as the morn she was, doe-eyed and curvilinear.

"My name is Manuel Sigafoos," cried Manuel Sigafoos, "and I love you madly, wildly, tempestuously!"

"My name is Ed Pancreas," cried Ed Pancreas, "and I love you more than Manuel Sigafoos."

"My name is Ursula Thing," cried the girl, "and I've got a jim-dandy idea. Why don't you two have a contest, and I will go steady with the winner?"

"What kind of contest?" cried Manuel and Ed.

"A tree-sitting contest," cried Ursula Thing. "Natch!"

"Done and done," cried Manuel and Ed, and they clambered up adjoining aspens, taking with them the following necessities: food, water, clothing, medicaments, bedding, reading matter, and — most essential of all — plenty of Philip Morris cigarettes.

We who live on the ground, with all the attendant advantages, know how important Philip Morris cigarettes are. Think, then, how much more important they must be to the lonely tree dweller — how much more welcome their vintage tobaccos, how much more soothing their mild pure flavor, how much more comforting to know as one sits in leafy solitude that come wind or weather, come light or dark, Philip Morris will always remain the same dependable, reliable, flavorful friend.

Well supplied with Philip Morris, our heroes began their contest — Manuel with good heart, Ed with evil cunning. The shocking fact is that Ed intended to win the contest with a Machiavellian ruse. It seems that Ed, quite unbeknownst to Manuel, was one of three identical triplets. Each night while Manuel dozed on his bough, one of Ed's brothers — Fred or Jed — would sneak up the tree and replace him. Thus Ed was spending only one-third as much time in the tree as Manuel. "How can I lose?" said Ed with a crafty giggle to his brother Fred or Jed.

But Ed had a surprise coming. For Manuel, though he did not know it himself, was a druid! He had been abandoned as an infant at the hut of a poor and humble woodcutter named Winthrop Mayhew Sigafoos, who had raised the child as his own. So when Manuel got into the tree, he found to his surprise that he'd never felt so at home and happy in his life, and he had absolutely no intention of ever leaving.

After four or five years Ed and his brothers wearied of the contest and conceded. Ursula Thing came to Manuel's tree and called him to come down and pin her. He declined. Instead he asked her to join him in the tree. This she could not do, being subject to acromegaly (a morbid allergy to woodpeckers) so she ended up with Ed after all.

Only she made a mistake — a very natural mistake. It was Jed she ended up with, not Ed.

Ed, heartbroken at being tricked by his own brother, took up metallurgy to forget.

Crime does not pay.

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