

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

A DAY AT THE ZOO

Challenge to Greeks

Campbell Club has done it again. Last Friday night they walked off with another first when they picked up the trophy for King of Hearts. Let's look at the fabulous record that this band of independents has racked up in the past few months. Junior Weekend (some suggested it be changed to Independent Weekend after the last one)—Campbell Club walked off with a first in the float parade for the fourth year in a row and then turned around and picked up a first in singing, too.

Homecoming—Campbell Club beat out the fraternities for first in the sign contest (they were second the year before). **Beau Brummell Contest** — Campbell Club again. **Dad's Day** — Not only did Campbell Club win the Barbershop quartet contest, but it placed two quartets in the final six. **King of Hearts contest**—Campbell Club.

This last one is especially cutting to the fraternities. The smoothest man on campus, the King of Hearts, is traditionally thought of a fraternity man. But not this year. The 1955 idol of the Oregon co-ed is a Campbell Clubber. And so is Beau Brummell. Perhaps the fraternity man had better take a long look at himself in the mirror. What's wrong?

What is wrong with the fraternity system? The fraternities couldn't match the Campbell Club record (except in intramural sports) if they took all 21 of their records and placed them alongside that of Campbell Club. Even in grades these Independents are well up near the top.

Fall term, four fraternities bested them and last Spring term only two ranked above the independent club.

Fraternities on campus can take the Campbell Club challenge two ways.

They can sit around on their padded posteriors and make up excuses why Campbell

Club is making a better record than they are. "They have freshmen living in." Right, they have ten in their house now and had 15 last Spring term when they cleaned up at Junior Weekend.

"They have music majors, too." Right, and they probably helped considerably, both in the All-Campus Sing and the Barbershop Quartet contest, as well as in flying speeches for the various candidates.

"Architecture majors?" Yes, they have some of those, too, which probably helps in the sign and float contests.

Yes, if you work hard enough at it, it isn't too hard to explain Campbell Club's achievements. But how do you explain their out and out hustle? — Hustle probably motivated first by a knowledge that they can win if they try and second by the extreme pleasure they get by beating the fraternities at their own games.

It's 21 against 1, fraternities, and you're getting beaten. Sure you can have a Greek Week and exclude them, but why not meet the challenge head-on and beat them in open competition?

Maybe it's a good thing fraternities don't have to rush against Campbell Club.—(D.L.)

We Like "Ore."

Senator Richard L. Neuberger, the younger half of what Time magazine calls the "Morseburger," has asked that state agencies and newspapers join in his campaign to make "Oreg." the standard abbreviation for "Oregon."

Neuberger's request was based on the fact that the Government Printing office, the US Division of Geography, and the Board of Geographic Names prefers and uses "Oreg."

"Oreg." may be fine for purposes of standardization, but personally, we feel a great attachment for the good old "Ore." Look at the two side by side—"Ore." is much more aesthetically pleasing than the harsher, more guttural "Oreg."

Carbonated Orange Disastrous On Dates

By Bob Funk
Emerald Columnist

He finally wedged past the woman on the aisle without spilling more than half the popcorn on the man in the row ahead; he almost sat on somebody else's date, which he had mistaken for his own empty seat, and then there he was, sitting next to her again, distributing the carbonated orange and candy bars and Chooie-gooles.

"Is that you," he hissed into the darkness.

"Umm-hmm." You still couldn't be sure with an answer like that. He wished that his eyes would adjust.

"What happened while I was gone?"

"That other guy found him snooping around in the barn and they started fighting and then the Indian dropped on both of them from the loft and then she shot him."

"Shot who?"

"That other one," she said irritably.

For some seconds their only contact was her plunging her hand into the box of popcorn. His eyes were beginning to adjust—it was her, after all.

He wished she would finish her carbonated orange so he could hold her hand. He himself had chugalugged his, but she was a sipper, a born sipper, the kind you could never get to take more than one drink, even of carbonated orange, an evening.

The cup of orange went up to her mouth and then down again. Was there some left, or was she just faking? Couldn't she hold it in her other hand?

After a few minutes another course of action occurred to him. The problem was to start casually putting his arm up around the back of her seat. This proved to be nigh on impossible to do casually. He had done it before, but maybe it was the way this theater was set up. He got his elbow back in a very un-casual position, got his hand stuck in the crack between their seats, and in extricating it hit her with considerable force on the neck.

"Ow," she said. "What're you doing, anyway?"

"I'm sorry," he said, "I was stretching."

With this ground lost again he had to use the hand for eating popcorn, or at least the little unpopped kernels she had left at the bottom. He had

entirely discarded all thoughts of demonstrations of affection when there was a plop on the floor which sounded very much like her carbonated orange cup dropping.

Her left hand, a communique flashed about inside of him, is now free. It was also sticky, he discovered a few seconds later. She must have been playing with the carbonated orange. For some time they sat there, communicating stickily.

"I need my hand back," she said.

"What?"

"I need my hand back. I have to get a handkerchief out of my purse so I can blow my nose," he released the hand, which went in the other direction in search of the handkerchief.

While she is blowing her nose, he thought, I could sneakily get my arm up on the back of her seat and—no sooner was this daring plan conceived than it was carried out. She leaned forward to blow her nose, and he, the cavalier, the man of the world, placed his arm compromisingly along the top of the seat.

She leaned back. "Hey," she said.

"What?"

"Don't look now, but whoever's sitting behind us is practically crawling into our row. I can feel their hands or something."

"It's my arm," he said, hoping that this would appeal to her romantic, or at least to her charitable instincts.

"What's it doing up there?" she asked.

"If you don't know," he said, "there probably isn't any use having it up there anyway." He withdrew it, hitting the man behind him who hissed NECKERS! angrily to his wife.

"Do you want to hold my hand?" she asked.

"NO!" he said.

"Shh! We're in the movies!"

"I SAID NO," he said, "and I don't care if we are in the movies—" he felt himself rising to his feet, heard himself shouting, saw the people turning around. "—I do NOT want to hold your hand because it's got carbonated orange sticking all over it, and I DID want to put my arm around the back of your seat, and NOW all I want—"

Reports of what happened at this point differ widely, but it is agreed that he shoved the popcorn box down around her head and stamped off down the aisle, stepping upon peoples' feet and kicking their knees wherever possible.

"These kids," the man behind this now-empty seat said, "no morals at all."



INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Scientist Says 10 Cobalt Bombs Could Make Earth 'Uninhabitable'

By J. M. ROBERTS
Associated Press News Analyst

From one side of the earth comes word from Otto Hahn, one of the original atom splitters, that 10 cobalt-coated bombs would just about make the world uninhabitable, no matter where dropped.

Not much is known publicly about the so-called cobalt bomb, except that cobalt becomes extremely radioactive. It is being experimented with in the United States for the treatment of disease under the most extreme

shielding and safety precautions. Apparently, used in a bomb, it would be reduced to fine particles which would spread death-dealing radiation over a vast area—one bomb, one-tenth of the earth, according to Hahn.

From the other side of Hahn's endangered earth, and from Moscow, come political statements which, if believed by those who utter them, constitute a sinister frame of mind.

"Should the imperialists start a war of aggression, we, to-

gether with the whole world, will certainly wipe them out clean from the surface of the globe," says Mao Tze Tung. It was an echo of the same thought expressed by Russia's Foreign Minister Molotov at the recent meeting of the Supreme Soviet.

By imperialists, Mao means the Western powers which the Reds have long promised to conquer and rule.

As for his meaning in use of the word aggression, he has accused the United States of aggression for interposing naval force in the Formosa Straits in an effort to prevent the Communist and Nationalist Chinese from resuming full-scale warfare.

Expressions of belief by Mao and Molotov that the Communist sphere can survive an atomic war while the Democratic sphere cannot may be only bombast.

Too often repeated, however, it might mesmerize both the Communist leaders and their peoples.

Actually believed, it might tempt them into starting a world disaster.

The A-bomb, nor the H-bomb alone, is the be-all and end-all. That idea had to be dropped.

But if any nation is going to drop the idea that these developments absolutely demand the foreswearing of war, that nation is laying itself and the world open to incalculable terror.

Letters to the Editor

Canoe Fete

Emerald Editor:

The Canoe Fete Committee has been gratified with the fine support and spirit of cooperation displayed by the students, faculty and alumni of the University of Oregon toward the Canoe Fete and the bigger task of Mill-race restoration. Our group is conscious of its obligation and will continue, both as individuals and as committee, to help foster this attitude.

Staging of the Canoe Fete is a large task, made larger by our "wealth of inexperience." This causes false starts and changes in plans. These false starts and tentative plans have been the basis of several rumors which have been ei-

ther completely incorrect or have distorted the committee's plans. Every effort is being made to keep the students well informed on our progress and as decisions are made they will be announced.

In your editorial of February 15th, you stated that the Junior Class was backing the Canoe Fete with \$600. This is incorrect. All the Classes are underwriting the event for the total of \$600.

We wish to thank the Emerald for its editorial support and fine news coverage given the Canoe Fete.

Yours for Oregon's Finest Tradition,
Bob Schooling, Co-chairman
ASUO Canoe Fete Steering Committee



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