

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

A DAY AT THE ZOO

Grumpfala's Boyfren' Turns To Pampas

By Bob Funk
Emerald Columnist

The thing I always remembered most about Grumpfala Sparkleschism was her teeth. They were beige. I mean, lots of people I knew in those days probably didn't use a toothpaste with radioactive seven for burning brilliance, but at least no one's teeth were beige.

I notice her for the first time when she sat next to me in English Lit, my freshman year. If you had ever seen Grumpfala Sparkleschism, you would understand that she is not the kind of person you are hot to have sitting next to you in English Lit.

"I think we have been seated alphabetically," I said, "and although I do not know what part of the alphabet you are in, I have a sort of divine intuition that you are not from my part of the alphabet."

"My last name begins with S," she said. At that time my last name began with S, too (I changed it the next term just to avoid a similar situation, so I had no very good defense. Grumpfala Sparkleschism settled heavily back into her chair, and since there was quite a lot of her left over some of it settled onto my chair, too—which was all right because at that time I was quite slim.

"You mine if I looka yer book?" Grumpfala said. "I ferret mine."

"No, go right ahead," I said. I was trained by my mother to say things like that. It got me into some pretty nasty situations.

Grumpfala turned out to be the kind of person who not only looks at a book, but who also hovers over it with alarming fervor, as if contemplating whether or not it would be good as roughage for lunch. Grumpfala lowered herself into or onto my book, and all that I could see was the back of her head, which was covered with hair. It was beige, to match her teeth.

"Pardon me," I said, "but now all I can see is the back of your head."

She turned and smiled beigely. "It's frenly sitting next to you," she said. "I was sort of scared I wasn't going to have a boyfren, in this class, but—"

Soon after this I managed to become involved in a horrible coughing spasm, and left the classroom almost immediately. I had no desire, some-

how, to become Grumpfala's English Lit boyfriend; to have her trail me to sophomore honors, to junior theory, and finally to overcome me in some insane moment and cause me to become Mr. Grumpfala Sparkleschism.

Every time I saw her coming toward me on campus, I either climbed a tree or threw myself prone into the gutter. It was a difficult life, but well worth the effort. I began to feel like eating meals again after a while.

One day I was standing in the middle of the squad talking to Melvine Surlgmitter, who was the most beautiful girl between the library and Fenton Hall. I was telling her that the day was nice and the sun was shining, when something galumphed up from behind.

"Hi, kid," a beige voice said. And then to Melvine, "This is my boy fren yer talkin to, kiddo, so be careful."

"Grumpfala," I frothed, enraged, "what's your so accursedly—BEIGE?"

"It's chocolate bars," she said cheerfully. "They stain yuh." And then she said to Melvine, "and just remember to keep away from my boy fren or I'll eave yer kisser in."

For some time after that everyone thought I was Grumpfala's boyfren, so to speak. I thought of slashing my wrists, but finally compromised by going to Brazil and living off the fat of the pampas or the mampas or whatever it was.

Some one wrote to me that they had seen Grumpfala's engagement picture in the Oregonian, that she had become slim and sleek and that I had really missed a bet there. I really believed that a lot, but I guess she really did get engaged, because she sent me my English Lit book, with part of her hair in Beowulf.

One thing I know, though; Grumpfala might have become slim and sleek and had her picture in the Oregonian, but her teeth are still beige.

It's those stinking chocolate bars.

Senate Agenda

The ASUO Senate will meet tonight at 6:30 in the Student Union.

Agenda for the meeting is as follows:

- Duck Preview chairman selections at 6:30.
- Committee reports — finance, test file and UN.
- Essay contest appointments.
- Dad's Day report.
- Senior Ball discussion.

Festival Progress

Oregon's Festival of Arts has passed the midway mark and it's getting time for those students who "just haven't gotten around to it yet," to get busy and take advantage of what's being offered before it's gone.

Still on exhibit are the miniature vehicles in the Student Union, the color block prints in the Museum of Art and the survey of Northwest sculpture in the Art and Architecture gallery. The Guggenheim collection of modern paintings comes to the Art and Architecture gallery March 11.

Several outstanding lecturers, including George Antheil, highly rated American composer, have yet to make their Festival contribution. To date the program has been varied and enlightening and what's "yet to come" looks equally inviting.

The big favorite of the Festival seems to be the Ivan Collins miniature vehicle exhibition. If there's anyone who has yet to give this fabulous exhibit a careful scrutinization, do. The best description we've heard on the miniatures is simply "there's just nothing else like it." And there isn't. Built to exact one-eighth scale, the vehicles are perfect in every detail—from the rusty cross-cut saw on the covered wagon to the tiny murals on the inside of the sightseeing bus.

Another big favorite was Peter Seeger, the folk song artist. It was really heartening to see Oregon's supposedly "too-sophisticated" student body join in with real enthusiasm to help Seeger sing his songs and ballads. No doubt about it, Seeger was tops!

Those who have planned the Festival are to be congratulated for bringing such outstanding artists to Oregon exclusively for this event. Not only Seeger, but also David Mark and Paul Draper came directly to the University for their part in the program and then returned immediately to New York. Ernest Scheyer came from Detroit specifically for his Festival lecture. And the Festival is the only engagement that's bringing Antheil from Los Angeles.

Our only regret concerning the Festival is that more students are not taking advantage of this silver-platter opportunity to absorb a little culture. As a spokesman for the Arts Festival committee explained, "The program is directed at the general student body, but too often it's only the exceptional student who takes advantage of the offerings."

In any event the Festival is a credit to the campus. We are pleased that the future calls for a continuation of the Festival series for the next two years. If the '56 and

'57 programs are as interesting and eventful as this year's program, we hope they can become an annual affair at our University. — (D.L.)

PSC Question

A state-wide press controversy has arisen over the actions of the state legislature in admitting Portland State as a full-fledged institution in the state system of higher education.

The controversy arises not from the need for such an institution, rather from plans for it and the effect of those plans upon the older institutions and the state board of higher education itself.

By limiting Portland State to non-campus type facilities, the politicians hoped to alleviate part of the dissatisfaction expressed by the other colleges. But hungry PSC hasn't wasted any time waiting for its elders to be served first. The result: more unhappiness from the college towns.

Granted PSC is expecting heavy enrollment increases, we still see no reason why it shouldn't take its place and wait its turn for service.

The bill to take the request for education funds to the voters is rank discrimination to downstate Oregon. With Portland State first on the priority list, its demands would be satisfied by funds from the state board. The rest of us, though, would have to await the action of the voters to see how our needs fare. And why would Portlanders vote an additional tax upon themselves after their college has already been taken care of? It is hardly fair to separate the requests of the different institutions.

Also of major concern now is the composition of the state board itself. In the past, residents of state system college and university towns have not been eligible to serve on the board. With the addition of Portland to the list, the number of persons eligible to serve on the board would be seriously limited.

We hope that the legislature will react favorably to the bill which would abolish such restrictions upon the selection of board members. — (S.R.)

Footnotes

The cigarette distributors have returned to the campus. The first one we've seen in ages wandered through the SU Tuesday night passing out Lucky Strikes and Pall Malls.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Chiang Believed Considering Withdrawal From Nanchishan

By SPENCER MOOSA of the Associated Press
TAPEI, Formosa AP — Signs multiplied Wednesday that Nationalist China might be forced to another painful decision—a pullout from Nanchishan, northernmost anchor of Chiang Kai-Shek's offshore island chain.

Official quarters suggested to foreign correspondents that it would be unwise to overestimate the capabilities of the defenders—perhaps 5,000 guerrillas and regulars.

And Nationalist officials suddenly stopped saying that all offshore islands—without exception—would be defended. They had been saying they would, constantly, since the Tachen Islands were evacuated earlier this month.

These strong hints of a possible evacuation of Nanchishan indicate the United States must

have given a flat "no" answer to Nationalist appeals for help if the Reds invade the tiny island.

The situation appears to be this; The United States, while under no openly announced commitment, might intervene against a Communist invasion of Quemoy of the Matsu Islands. But it does not regard Nationalist possession of Nanchishan as essential to the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores.

Without U.S. support, Nanchishan could be cut off by the Reds and subjected to air attacks against which the Nationalists could not hold out.

A withdrawal from Nanchishan would almost certainly be quite a different thing from the Tachen evacuation, which was protected by the U.S. 7th Fleet.

This one would be an all-Nationalist affair.

Nanchishan, 120 miles north of Formosa and 20 miles off the Red mainland, is the last island off the Chekiang coast still held by the Nationalists. Its abandonment would roll the civil war front back to the Matsu group, 100 miles northwest of Formosa and also 20 miles off the coast. The Matsus dominate the approaches to Foochow, capital of Fukien Province.

A common assumption here is that the United States wanted the Nationalists to withdraw from Nanchishan at the time of the Tachen evacuation.

But the Nationalists seem to have held out against this, while wrangling with Washington on the position of Quemoy and the Matsus.

A big question now facing the Nationalists is how to explain away an evacuation of Nanchishan, if such a pullout is ordered.



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