

# + EMERALD EDITORIALS +

## It's That Time

It's that time of the term. Time for moaning and groaning about how far behind we are, how we swore we'd never get behind again, how mean that nasty old comp teacher is, how little time there is for studying, how noisy it is in the dorm. But let's think back a bit.

What were we doing a month ago at this time? Shooting the breeze with the fellows? Taking off for a mid-week show? Cutting class to listen to the hi-fi at The Side? Just goofing off in general? We really deserve sympathy then, don't we? Now that all of our term papers are due, we're in a final round of mid-terms, and final week is only two weeks away. And suddenly comes the dawn. We see it in big red letters on the mirror when we get up in the morning. It's written on every professor's face. It hangs over campus coffee spots: Grade point average.

After a term here no one needs to be told the importance of obtaining and maintaining a high GPA. Additional privileges: honorees, offices—many are the things dependent either wholly or partially upon the almighty GPA. And a high GPA winter term doesn't necessarily follow a high GPA fall term.

The answer? The best possible use of the time remaining and the hope that good study habits learned may carry over to spring term. And good luck in pushing that D-plus over to a C-minus. — (S.R.)

## New Smear Word

The Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States has become a smear term.

That was one of the main points made by the 1955 Eric W. Allen Memorial Speaker, Irving Dilliard, in his address on campus a little over a week ago. As editor of the editorial page of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, one of the nation's outstanding newspapers, Dilliard has been in a good position to observe this phenomenon.

Primarily through Congressional investigations, but also in court trials in recent years, we've added the terms "Fifth Amendment Pinko" and "Fifth Amendment Commie" to our colloquial language.

A citizen who invokes the fifth amendment when questioned is pictured as at least suspect, probably worse.

It's been a long time for many of us since we took a course in civics or U.S. History,

but it might be a good thing to pause for a minute and reread the "infamous" fifth article of the Bill of Rights:

**"No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be put twice in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any case to be witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."**

It sounds pretty basic, doesn't it? But this article, or parts of it, are being used today as smear terms, to cast aspersions on persons merely because they refuse to testify against themselves.

There are those whose purposes would best be served if such obstacles as the Fifth Amendment were removed from their paths. One way to accomplish this would be to discredit the obstacles one by one as they arise.

Just as basic as the Fifth Amendment is the First Amendment—and the rest of the Bill of Rights.

Maybe when a demagogue begins to say that those who claim freedom of speech or religion are subversive, the American people will begin to realize that as their constitution is made a mockery, so are the basic rights which it contains.

## It's Aging

We've been disillusioned! The Student Union is aging.

We thought that the SU would always stay the way it was when it was dedicated in 1951. However, deterioration has set in.

Some of the chairs in the Fishbowl are wearing out. The middle door which leads to the turnaround is "out of order." Also, the doormats are near the point of disintegration.

Maybe the building will last forever, but many of the parts are already getting to the place where they detract from the building's beauty.—(P.K.)

## Footnotes

Why not a plan for a speaker system for the SU jukebox so that the music can be heard throughout the Fishbowl instead of blasting at one area?

## INTERPRETING THE NEWS

# Dulles May Face Showdown With Red Chinese Armed Power

By JOHN M. HIGHTOWER  
Of the Associated Press

WASHINGTON (AP)—Secretary of State Dulles returns from Asia this week to face an almost certain test of his newly completed system of anti-Communist alliances. This will be some kind of military showdown with Red China.

Officials here believe the crucial contest, which appears to be developing now, will be regarded by friendly Asian peoples as a measure of US willingness to stand by them when the risk is great.

At the same time the British may think the risks are more than the United States should take for the stakes immediately involved. This could put additional strains on the alliance.

The critical area, authorities agree, is Nationalist China's offshore island line anchored by Quemoy and Matsu. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek's abandonment of Nanchishan three days ago is expected to speed up Communist operations against the

Quemoy-Matsu sector.

Evidence that critical developments are to be expected soon is found by State and Defense Department officials in (1) the high volume of Red Chinese propaganda about moving on Formosa, and (2) new military dispositions opposite Quemoy which have brought the island's air strip and other installations under Communist artillery fire.

In a speech in New York immediately before he left for the Bangkok conference ten days ago Dulles said that "a great danger in Asia" is the fear of many non-Communist peoples that the United States would not stand behind them. That fear, he said, has already "mounted to the danger point."

He added that the whole area of Asia would become indefensible if the free peoples living there felt that the Western Allies would retreat whenever Communism threatens the peace.

Dulles clearly applies this reasoning to the problem of the Nationalist-held coastal islands. It

is this concept, widely shared by other officials here, that gives the expected Quemoy-Matsu showdown greater significance than would be involved simply in the Formosa problem.

Yet, it appears that Dulles and his advisers will have to take into account the extremely strong desire of the British to avoid a military showdown with Red China and especially a showdown over the coastal islands, which the British consider properly belong to the Chinese Reds.

Dulles and British Foreign Secretary Eden discussed at Bangkok last week whether any steps could be taken to dissuade the Chinese Communists from violent action. In this the British at least hope for some cooperation from Moscow.

The Russians are happy to see trouble between the United States and Britain but both London and Washington experts think the Russians want the Red Chinese to avoid any action which could lead to a big war.



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

## THE BULL SESSION

I wonder if they still make bull sessions the way they used to. Well do I remember the bull sessions of my own undergraduate days. How cogent they were! How informative! How the good talk crackled and our young hearts leaped and the hours sped by as swiftly as minutes!

Our discussions were always led by Jack Femur. (Good old Jack! I hear he's in the extruded aluminum game now.) We would sit cross-legged in a circle around Jack and he would fill his pipe with his own private blend — burley, latakia, and shredded coconut. The rest of us preferred tobacco, so we would light up Philip Morris. This is a procedure I recommend without qualification to everyone who prefers tobacco because Philip Morris has the tobacco that tobacco-preferrers prefer the most — mild vintage leaf with a clean, cool flavor that soothes and steadies, that gladdens and enlivens and refreshes.

Jack would puff on his pipe and we would puff on our Philip Morris and the bull-session would begin its meandering journey. The talk would touch on every subject known to man, on every conceivable thing beneath the sun, but no matter how far the conversation wandered, it would always return to "Topic A." I refer, of course, to gardening.

But, as I say, the discussion would cover many subjects before it came to the inevitable gardening. Jack would open each session with a provocative question of a general nature, like: "What's the most important thing a man can get out of college?"

"Girls," Harold Clavicle would reply promptly. (Good old Harold! I hear he's in the frozen lobster tail game now.)

"No, I don't think so," Ben Fibula would say. "I think education is the most important thing you get out of college." (Good old Ben! He's still in school.)

"Listen, guys, I've got a question," Clyde Ilium would say. "If you could spend a week either with Ava Gardner or with Albert Einstein, which would you choose?" (Good old Clyde! I hear he's in the unclaimed freight game now.)

"Albert Einstein, of course," Will Mandible would say. (Good old Will! I hear he's in the jack handle game now.)

"What?" Cleanth Patella would cry, astonished. "You would rather spend a week with Albert Einstein than with Ava Gardner?" (Good old Cleanth! I hear he's in the unclaimed freight game with Clyde Ilium.)

"Natch!" Will Mandible would answer. "But why?" Sol Sacrum would ask. (Good old Sol! I hear he's a parking meter in Deal, New Jersey.)

"Because," Will Mandible would cry, "if I spent a week with Albert Einstein, maybe I would get so smart that I would be able to figure out a way to spend more than a week with Ava Gardner!"

Well sir, we laughed until our little uvulas were sore and then we went on to a host of other topics. "Do you think it's important to join a fraternity?" Murray Tarsus would ask. (Good old Murray! I hear he's in the mica game now.)

"Only if you are a boy," Bob Turbinate would answer. (Good old Bob! I hear he's in the sheared raccoon game now. [The raccoon, incidentally, was invented by Milton Raccoon, whose career should be a source of guidance and inspiration to us all. Mr. Raccoon arrived in this country in 1907, penniless and not speaking a word of English. Today he is the Mayor of four of our principal cities.]

But to get back to the bull session—"What's the best thing to do when the girl you are dancing with insists on leading?" Eric Ulna would ask. (Good old Eric! I hear he's in the flutter valve game now.)

"Hit her with a folded newspaper," George Vertebra would answer. "Never hit a girl with your hand. They learn to associate the hand with food, and you must not confuse them." (Good old George! I hear he's in the folded newspaper game now.)

And so it went—the talk ranging the worlds of the arts and the sciences and the social graces, until we would climb, spent but happy, into our little hammocks . . . I wonder if they still make bull sessions the way they used to.

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oregon Daily EMERALD

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