

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

It's Spring

It's spring term again. You can tell by the weather.

You can also tell by looking at the students. The mid-year tiredness is still there, but people are becoming more hopeful, for this is that legendary term when one lets everything go and has a good time.

Anyway, that's what we've been hearing for all these years. Actually, you have to work just as hard to get grades, there are tons of activities, and the weather usually isn't good enough to permit picnics (definition: a type of party to which everyone but Oregon students takes food) down by the river.

For the campus politicians, it's the busiest time of the year. Junior Weekend, the year's biggest single activity, also takes much time. Duck Preview also occurs.

And whoever started the legend about spring term forgot to tell the instructors that this is the party time of the year when there should be no assignments.

But spring term is largely in the mind. Everyone will talk himself into thinking that this is the term when we have fun, so we probably will.

It's Spring term.

May The Best Win

The death rattle of the Senior Ball was drowned out last term by the blare of victory trumpets marking the highly successful Military Ball. But in 1952, the last Military Ball was such a flop that the student affairs banned it from the all-campus social calendar. What does this prove?

We think it proves that it takes more than tradition to make a dance a success. First it takes enthusiasm, and promotion. And in the case of the Military Ball the novelty and the free band probably helped. The Senior Ball had none of these assets.

Let's take a quick look at the status of the Senior Ball at present. The senate has gone on record as favoring its discontinuation. This does little more than give next year's class a kind of excuse to not have the dance. We favor stronger action. Let the Senior Ball be banned by the student affairs committee.

Then to get back in the social lineup, the backers of a future Senior Ball would have to petition the student affairs committee for reinstatement. They would have to show both planning and enthusiasm. And after this effort, it seems like they would do their utmost to make the dance a success. This is basically what happened in the case of the Military Ball.

Now let's carry this line of reasoning one step further. Why not put all the dances in hock. Using winter term as an example—the student affairs committee could decree that there would be one all-campus dance. Then

all interested groups, seniors, ROTC students, etc., could petition the committee for the honor of putting on winter term's one all-campus dance.

This gets at the basic campus problem—TOO MANY ACTIVITIES! We would start with the presupposition that we would have ONE all-campus dance (including the Military Ball) and then let the best dance plan win.

It is our suspicion that the Senior Ball was more of a flop than usual because students were saving up to go to the Military Ball. With our plan the ONE competitively selected dance would have no competition to vie for the activity spotlight.

We have made the point of referring to the Military Ball as an all-campus dance. It is a farce to try to disguise this dance as a departmental affair when more than 1000 Oregon males are in the "department." It's like saying "Let's have a dance for everybody who takes P.E." If the Military Ball comes back next year (and if it's as good as this year's, it should) we strongly feel that a spade should be called a spade and the Military Ball should be called an all-campus dance.

Of course, there's always the chance that the Military Ball won't be a success every time. Maybe the novelty effect will wear off, or there will be no free band, or the ROTC department will lack enthusiasm for promotion. In that case fine, put the Military Ball on ice for a while and bring in a different dance winter term. But let's not have more than one dance winter term and let's have that dance be the best.

We are interested only in cutting Oregon's activities to a reasonable number. We want the activities that remain to be the best. And we believe the plan of prelimiting the number of activity spaces for term and then fitting the best activities to those spaces may be the answer. We hope the senate and the student affairs committee will seriously consider this plan.—(D.L.)

Footnotes

We hope President Wilson doesn't decide to take up golf and establish a putting green on the quad. We'd hate to see a resolution in the ASUO or faculty senate calling for the abolition of the campus squirrels.

* * *

Speaking of squirrels, we naturally think of the former terror of the campus pampas—Waldo. We thought of Waldo while reading about the squirrel incident in Washington and again while sunning ourselves during spring vacation on the University of California campus—where the only unbusy people are the campus dogs. (This disjointed train of thought was only inserted so that we could mention Waldo and the squirrels, for the Emerald wouldn't be the Emerald without some mention of the ex-BDOC.)

A DAY AT THE ZOO

A Stirring, Tragic Tale of a Young Poet

By Bob Funk
Emerald Columnist

The violets are red,
I wish the hell I was in bed,
Drop dead.

Gordon Gathercoal Gordonson sat at his typewriter, tragically. I am a poet, he was thinking, and a poet in the middle of the night without a muse is tragic, he thought, tragic like—like a tree without any sap, no, that's no damned good; like a tree on a hillside—a blossoming tree on a hillside without the passionate wind to stir its branches and arouse love-fragrance from the little cups of color. That was better. He was like a blossoming tree. What a hell of a thing to think you are; he would be socially ostracized if anybody knew I thought I was a blossoming tree with love-aroma ready to be stirred out of little cups of color. Colour, the Henglish way.

He typed out DAM DAMN DAMUALL very rapidly on the typewriter. I got a naked bulb above me, I haven't shaved today, there is a half-eaten apple on the desk that smells like the good earth never, and it's half-past three. There is no reason why I shouldn't be poetical as all grape-juice.

Something itched. He reached inside his shirt to scratch himself, but the itch-place had shifted around and he never did find it. He tore a button off instead and said a cussword very loud. It sounded funny. A voice despondent in a midnight room, he said to himself, when nature Ne'er intended such a sound to find. Reception in the darkened ethers of the night When only love hath eyes, and truth is blind.

What a crock, he said to himself. It was a lot better if you could make up these little blurbs and then know them for what they were, little crocks of waste-matter distilled from rotten grapes. Rotten grapes? Green grapes? Neither way was any damned good. He wrote XY Z INCIDENT on his typewriter and then wrote

Little green grapes
Is like I'll green apes
Clinging to vines
In the summertines,
When the big blond sun
Spells F-U-N fun
In zeon lights
Through tropical nights
And I wish I knew a girl named

Mabel whose skin was like sable and who was ready, willing, and able, to set the table with peppermint leafs and aperitifs.

If you were any sort of a male, he thought to himself, you would not be trying to write this vomity poetry and would go to bed and dream about baseball season. If you were any sort of a male you would not have signed up for a course that requires you to write poems.

That is, if you were any sort of a male. Any sort of a whale. In a south-sea gale. Ah, cut it out. He thought he would call up that girl and ask her if she would like to go out and get some kissing on the mouth Saturday. He would say, hello, baby, I understand you have a strain of Latin blood, and since I am a good neighbor I would like to take you out to some secluded Ren-dess-vouse like Hendricks Park and kiss you more or less tentatively on the mouth. RSVE, Gordon Gathercoal Gordonson.

Only then he remembered that it was the middle of the night and that she was not a poet, but a BA major, and would be in bed.

Maybe he would call Pat up instead. Pat wouldn't think anything about it, because he'd been pinned to Pat once and was injured—that was the word, injured—to this sort of thing. She was pinned to somebody else, now, and he could call her up and say, Pat, are you really happy? I was just lying awake, Pat, thinking, is Pat really happy? And I thought, boy, you should call Pat up and tell her Happy Thanksgiving Merry Christmas Happy New Year Big Red Juicy Valentines Day and all those things you haven't told her because you're not pinned any more.

Only he guessed he wouldn't call. Maybe if he turned around and pretended he didn't really have to write three poems to turn in tomorrow whatever helped you write poems would be off guard, and then he could turn around and write three poems surprisingly, suddenly, succinctly, and then go to the hell to bed.

Instead, he bit off some of the smelly apple. It'll kill me, maybe, and then I can be buried in the Poets' Corner. He died at his typewriter, his left index finger on "&." They could paint "&" black on the typewriter and never use it again. The Gordon Gathercoal Gordonson Memorial "&."

"Hell," he said out loud. It sounded nice. Hell. You could say hell all you wanted to in the

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INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Confidence Can Mean Peace

By J. M. ROBERTS
Associated Press News Analyst

One little promise made in connection with French ratification of the Western European Union accords, if kept and projected into the future, could mean more to Europe than all of the alliances these nations have ever signed.

It came from a jubilant Chancellor Adenauer of Germany, "the German government," he said, "will do everything in its power to merit the confidence of the French people and to further developed French-German relations"

The treaties, the Chancellor said, will make a future German-French war impossible. In themselves, they won't. They never have. But if the two nations could

really establish confidence, that would.

Use Unity as Lever

The Chancellor spoke against the larger background of fast-moving American and European efforts to follow-up ratification of the treaties with a new approach to Russia, using their new-found unity as a lever.

Now that she has been beaten on the treaty issue—with ratification by the United States, Denmark and the Benelux countries expected to be routine—the West was hoping that Russia would at last get down to realistic negotiations on such issues as German reunification and an Austrian peace treaty.

Russia can still come into negotiations with the demand that the allies trade off prospective

German power for agreements which, if kept, would mean peace in Europe. She might keep the whole business up in the air for a long time by such tactics.

Won't Stay Disarmed

But in the long run she and the allies would both know that a nation such as Germany will not be kept disarmed indefinitely in an armed world. And the allies will know that no peace of indefinite duration can be made with a Russia which clings to the Communist doctrine of world dominion.

Nevertheless, new negotiations are no win prospect, even if, from the allied standpoint, their only result is to demonstrate again to the French and Germans that there can be no dragging of feet in implementation of the treaties.



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