

# + EMERALD EDITORIALS +

## Counterrevolution

Last Tuesday 10 campus veterans threw off their shackles, united, and started what amounted to a small revolution.

Thursday night, 16 other veterans, meeting in Barrister Inn, staged a coup that amounts to a counterrevolution.

We sense in the formation of the second group some strong satire—the group is called "Veterans' Committee of More Than Ten."

It too proposes to work for veterans—but it also plans to give credit where credit is due.

We've met the president of the first Veterans' Committee, and he is sincere in seeking solutions to some serious problems confronting veterans. We also see in the first group some self-seekers, loosely bandying about the name "veteran" much as experienced politicians use the "founding fathers," "our boys," and other weasel words.

We don't know when the second group will meet again, and what will come of it—but it looks like veterans will be in the news for some weeks, and maybe some months, to come here on the campus.

## The Oregon Picnic

Most every college in the country annually sets aside some period devoted specifically to frolic... gay abandon... light heartedness, etc. At Dartmouth they call it the Winter Carnival, and at Cornell it's Spring Weekend.

But at Oregon this period of fun and frolic is known simply as spring term. And the heart and soul of spring term is the Oregon picnic.

This Oregon picnic, in our opinion, is something special. It's distinctive. It's got a flavor and an aura of its own that sets it off as the epitome of picnics.

Its essence is its casualness. Like thistle-down in the breeze, the Oregon picnic represents complete surrender to the path of least resistance. It's a rare picnic at Oregon that's actually planned... usually they just result.

Another characteristic of the Oregon picnic is its utter flexibility. It can happen during the day in the sun or at night under the moon. And ran and storm can't even stop a good Oregon picnic. Oregon picnics are completely flexible in numbers of participants, usually ranging from two to 200.

There seem to be a few basic rules, how-

ever, that should be followed for a proper Oregon picnic. Usually, there is a representation from each sex. Some body of water—river, lake or ocean—is usually considered standard equipment. The water is usually bordered by some stretch of rocky or sandy area known as beach. It is in this area that a picnicker spreads his standard equipment blanket. A beverage is usually included on the list of standard equipment items. Finally, if warmth is needed, a fire is added.

Picnic extras include singing, swimming, eating, ukuleles, and maybe an open convertible or a canoe. Season to taste.

And that's it—the Oregon Picnic. A virtue is its complete lack of specific aim. It's a passive affair seeking little more than good cheer and boon companionship (and sometimes a suntan).

Two things, however, occasionally mar Oregon's picnic season each spring. One is over-indulgence and another is lack of discretion. The over-indulger goes whole hog on picnics and just dismisses the scholastic side of school. The usual cure for this type of attitude is the army — where they go on maneuvers instead of picnics.

The over-indulgers usually just hurt themselves, but those lacking discretion both hurt themselves and smear their school.

Because age requirements for a picnic and age requirements for the beverage often consumed at picnics do not coincide, picnickers sometimes find themselves engaged in practices frowned upon both by the school and the state police. Lack of discretion as to where the picnic is held, how much noise is made, who is invited, etc., can result in arrests, fines and social probation or expulsion, any of which could considerably dampen spring term.

But strangers (especially high school seniors) invited to picnics are the worst example of lack of discretion. A picnic requires a certain development of maturity and understanding of Oregon tradition before it is taken in the right perspective.

Strangers are apt to place undue emphasis on the picnic. And from such evaluations come terms like "country club," which do not paint a true picture of University life, but do frighten away some potential Oregon students who believe them.

In conclusion—picnics at Oregon are the greatest! But the whole picnic concept can be dirtied and misconstrued by immature Oregon students who refuse to practice moderation and discretion.

So have fun... but use your head.—(D.L.)

## INTERPRETING THE NEWS

# Segregation, Nationalism Pose Major South African Problems.

By J. M. ROBERTS  
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There's another member of the British Commonwealth besides India which is constantly flying in the face of Western public opinion.

That's South Africa.

South Africa has now withdrawn from the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) because its committee reports and publications are critical of the government's racial policies.

In fact, the council has walked in very softly regarding South Africa, never having done a real job on the subject. It once set up a special committee to do the job, but South Africa refused entry for it, and since then the shooting has been desultory.

One of the embarrassments, of course, has been that the United States also withholds approval from United Nations proposals which would permit other countries to inject their voices into her own racial problems.

But the United States is making a determined effort, which all the world can see, to eliminate racial discriminations. The South African government is making a determined effort to increase them.

In both cases the South African government has merely stated that what it was doing was its own business.

Thus, in the seven years since the rise of the Nationalists to power, the world has seen the development of a new nationalistic state which more and more isolates itself from world opinion and uses racial discrimination as one of its chief political weapons.

It is currently involved in forcible removal of black residents from white cities. It claims they will be better off in the new segregated towns, which with regard to kitchens and bathrooms may be true, but which ignores any care for the human spirit.

It also ignores certain economic problems which business men

are beginning to point out—that it interferes with the distribution of native labor and may make business and industrial operations increasingly difficult. The government merely replies that it is not going to let that happen, but does now say how.

Since many of the economic problems involved strike more closely at the British interests in the country, the latter are now wondering whether or not they have been led down the garden path by their interest in white supremacy. They are wondering if the Africaners, or Boers, didn't actually win the war more than 50 years ago.

One thing that disturbs them is the determination of the government to turn the country into a republic with the obvious corollary of withdrawal from the British Commonwealth. That would most surely bring expropriation of British diamond, gold, wood pulp and other important business interests, and further isolate a nationalistic South Africa.



## SCIENCE MADE SIMPLE: NO. 2

Though this column is intended solely as a vehicle for well-tempered drollery, the makers of Philip Morris have agreed to let me use this space from time to time for a short lesson in science. They are the most decent and obliging of men, the makers of Philip Morris, as one would guess from sampling their product. Only from bounteous hearts could come such a pleasurable cigarette—so felicitously blended, so gratifying to the taste, so soothing to the psyche. And, as though bringing you the most agreeable cigarette on the market were not enough, the makers of Philip Morris have enclosed their wares in the Snap-Open Pack, an ingeniously contrived wrapping that yields up its treasure without loss of time or cuticle. And, finally, this paragon of cigarettes, wrapped in the paragon of packages, can be had in king-size or regular, as your taste dictates. Who can resist such a winning combination? Not I.

A few weeks ago in this column we had a brief lesson in chemistry. Today we take up another attractive science—medicine.

Medicine was invented in 1066 by a Greek named Hippocrates. He soon attracted around him a group of devoted disciples whom he called "doctors". The reason he called them "doctors" was that they sat around a dock all day. Some fished, some just dozed in the noonday sun. In truth, there was little else for them to do, because disease was not invented until 1492.

After that doctors became very busy, but, it must be reported, their knowledge of medicine was lamentably meagre. They knew only one treatment—a change of climate. For example, a French doctor would send all his patients to Switzerland; a Swiss doctor, on the other hand, would send all his patients to France. By 1789 the entire population of France was living in Switzerland, and vice versa. This later became known as the Black Tom Explosion.

Not until 1924 did medicine, as we know it, come into being. In that year in the little Bavarian village of Pogo-Pogo an elderly physician named Winko Sigafos discovered the hot water bottle. He was, of course, burned as a witch, but his son Lydia, disguised as a linotype, smuggled the hot water bottle out of the country. He called on Florence Nightingale in London but was told by her housekeeper, with some asperity, that Miss Nightingale had died in 1910. Lydia muttered something and, disguised as a feather boa, made his way to America, where he invented the blood stream.

Medicine, as it is taught at your very own college, can be divided roughly into two classifications. There is internal medicine, which is the treatment of internes, and external medicine, which is the treatment of externes.

Diseases also fall into two broad categories—chronic and acute. Chronic disease, is of course, inflammation of the chron, which can be mighty painful, believe you me! Last summer my cousin Haskell was stricken with a chron attack while out picking up tinfoil, and it was months before the wretched boy could straighten up. In fact, even after he was cured, Haskell continued to walk around bent over double. This went on for some weeks before Dr. Caligari, the lovable old country practitioner who treats Haskell, discovered that Haskell had his pants buttoned to his vest.

Two years ago Haskell had Addison's disease. (Addison, curiously enough, had Haskell's.) Poor Haskell catches everything that comes along. Lovable old Dr. Caligari once said to him, "Son, I guess you are what they call a natural born catcher."

"The joke is on you, Doc," replied Haskell. "I am a third baseman." He thereupon fell into such a fit of giggling that the doctor had to put him under sedation, where he is to this day.

But I digress. We were discussing medicine. I have now told you all I can; the rest is up to you. Go over to your medical school and poke around. Bring popcorn and watch an operation. Fiddle with the X-ray machines. Contribute to the bone bank... And, remember, medicine can be fun!

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The makers of PHILIP MORRIS, who bring you this column, have nursed their flavorful tobaccos to bring you the most pleasurable smoke obtainable.



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