

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

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8000 Eyes

The platforms of campus political parties have a way of becoming mere expediencies of the moment rather than a guide to be followed throughout the coming year.

We think the major reason is the element from which most campus activities suffer—lack of continuity and a constant turnover of personnel. The student body officers for next year have already been elected, student government shouldn't suffer from this ailment, but some of the men who drafted the platforms will be gone.

For this reason, we hope the Emerald and UIS, as the minority and thus the opposition party, will help to make certain that the AGS platform of this spring is carried out, or at least that good attempts are made to carry it out during the 1955-56 school year.

Frequently the Emerald has fallen down on its job—the job of reminding the senate and the ASUO of the promises made the preceding spring. This, we hope, won't happen next year.

Take a brief look at the things that AGS stated as its goals for the coming school year—and these in addition to the standard jobs such as running the various activity weekends:

1. Elimination of discrimination against Greek living organizations through the use of pledge fees by the office of student affairs;
2. Examination of the deferred living program;
3. Two o'clock closing hours on Saturday night;
4. Discontinuance of the all-campus primary;
5. Permanent continuance of the Canoe Fete and eventual restoration of the Mill-race;
6. Functional innovation in the legislative and executive branches of our student government;
7. Popular election of the yell king.

We've talked it over with the people we assume will be running the Emerald next year.

Their eyes will be on the campaign promises of this spring—and through them the eyes of the campus.

Never Again

It's a strange world. The people, us among them, who were hoping and praying that Oregon would finally have a sunny-spring term are now limping around muttering things like "Damned old sun," etc.

The good weather for which we've all hoped and prayed comes along and what happens? Everyone squints at the sun (much like a mole emerging from his hole) then eagerly disrobes and gallops to the beach, the roof, the lawn or some similarly horrible place and gets burned nearly to death by the strange stuff which has replaced the rain clouds in the sky.

The night after this overindulgence, we toss, turn, curse ourselves and the sun, and just generally feel miserable. Then, worse yet, we have to cover up with scratchy clothes—all clothes now seem scratchy—and pass through the sun again in order to reach class.

People who have always seemed like good fellows, and who are smart enough not to spend an entire day in the sun, begin to appear as fiends, slapping your burnt back, arms, legs, or something and saying nasty things like "Hello, red man," "look at the lobster," etc.

There's no escaping the consequences, either. You think to yourself, "I'm so sick from sunburn that I'd better stay in bed today." It doesn't work—you can't sleep, anyway, and just have to borrow someone's notes for the class you missed.

People begin to divide into rival camps—those who use baby oil, those who claim that only that gooeey ointment the infirm-ary dishes out can possibly offer any relief, those who take showers and those who don't and all kinds of degrees of sufferers and healers, each offering his own solution.

In conclusion—life is horrible, the sun is terrible, we'll NEVER stay in the sun too long again.

Not, at least, until tomorrow.

Footnotes

Pre-election remark by one of the leading candidates—"The primary is not responsible for this year's poor candidates."



THE GIFT HORSE

Many of our friends will soon be graduating. What kind of gifts should we give them?

Here is no simple question. It is never simple to find gifts for people who have everything, and college students, as everyone knows, are the most richly endowed of mortals. They've got beauty and truth. They've got rhythm. They've got stout hearts, willing hands, and a clear vision that dispels the miasmas of the future as the morning sun sears away the last wisps of a cool night's fog. They've got heaps and heaps of money, as who would not who has been receiving such a huge allowance over four years of schooling?

What can we give them that they don't already have?

One infallible gift for the person who has everything is, of course, a stethoscope. New models, featuring sequined earpieces and power steering, are now on display at your local surgical supply house. Accompanying each stethoscope is a gift card with this lovely poem:

*When you hear your heart beat,
When you hear it pound,
Remember me, your buddy,
William Henry Round.*

If, by some odd chance, your name does not happen to be William Henry Round (you're laughing, but it's possible), here is another dandy suggestion for the person who has everything—a gift certificate from the American Bar Association.

These certificates, good at your local lawyer's, come in three convenient sizes: small, medium, and large. The small certificate covers title searches and writs of estoppel. The medium size covers torts, claim jumping, and violations of the Smoot-Hawley Act. The large one covers kidnapping, murder, and barratry.

If, by some odd chance, you don't know what barratry is (you're laughing, but it's possible), it is arson at sea. This interesting crime is called after Cosmo "Bubbles" Barrat, a captain in the British navy during the last century, who was addicted to burning his ships. One man o' war after another fell victim to his incendiary bent. The Admiralty kept getting crosser and crosser, but every time they called in Captain Barrat for a scolding, he would roll his big blue eyes and tug his forelock and promise faithfully never to do it again. Oh, butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, that one!

So they would give him another ship, and he would soon reduce it to a scattering of charred spars. He burned more than 120,000 ships before he was finally discharged as "doubtful officer material."

After his separation from the navy, he moved to Vienna where he changed his name to Freud and invented Scrabble.

But I digress. I was listing gifts for the person who has everything, and here is another one. This gift, in fact, is not only for persons who have everything, it is also for persons who have nothing, for persons who have next to nothing, for persons who have next to everything, and for persons in between. I refer, of course, to Philip Morris cigarettes. Here is the cigarette for everybody—for everybody, that is, who likes a mild relaxing smoke of fine vintage tobacco in a handsome brown package that snaps open with the greatest of ease. For those, if such there be, who like dull, nondescript tobacco in a package that requires a burglar's kit to open, Philip Morris is definitely the wrong gift.

Among the newer gifts that warrant your attention is a revolutionary development in the enjoyment of recorded music. This is the Low-Fi Phonograph. The Low-Fi, product of years of patient research, has so little fidelity to the record you put on it that if, for example, you put *Stardust* on the turntable, *Melancholy Baby* will come out. This is an especially welcome gift for people who hate *Stardust*.

Finally there is Sigafos Shaving Cream, a brand new kind of cream that makes whiskers grow in instead of out. You just bite them off in the morning.

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To Max's suggestion to give PHILIP MORRIS for graduation, the makers of PHILIP MORRIS, who bring you this column, add a hearty amen.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Allied Confidence Is Boosted by Addition of Germany to West Fold

By J. M. ROBERTS
Associated Press News Analyst
The Western Allies, by incorporating Germany into their ranks, now face more confidently a long-term showdown with Russia over the future of Europe.

Thursday was a natural time for optimistic statements, and there is no dearth of them. Perhaps the most optimistic was that of Secretary Dulles,

who said Russian policy had failed.

If that should turn out to be true it will not be verified until after some tumultuous death throes.

In some way it appears more likely that a new battle for Germany is just beginning.

The one great concrete fact underlying the whole situation is that Germany is not yet re-armed. The position of strength from which the Allies have always hoped they might be able to reach negotiated settlements with Russia requires divisions, not merely the promise of divisions. It is hardly conceivable that Russia will play dead while they are being created.

Despite her heavy economic claims, Russia is paying a high political price for a neutralized Austria which can be used as bait and a stimulation of the German desire for re-unification.

A four-power conference on the future of Germany now is being worked out.

If the Russians come to that conference with a demand for neutralization, offering in return the withdrawal of troops from East Germany and free elections, the impact on German politics

will be terrific. Not only that, but serious differences are likely to develop among the Allies themselves.

Heretofore they have resisted Russian offers of a general European non-aggression pact, and to make disarmament agreements, recognizing the proposals as efforts to prevent German re-armament.

You have only to look back a few months, to the travail through which France passed in agreeing to a German military revival, to understand the temptation offered in that quarter by a neutralized Germany.

There will also be uncertainty, carefully nurtured by Moscow, as to whether Russia may actually be doing what everyone has hoped she would do—relax her pressures rather than continue the risk of war with the NATO powers.

All this points to upheaval, rather than any immediate hope of relaxed East-West tensions.

The time for really putting the pressure on the Russians will come when France and Germany have had a period in which to prove the workability of their new entente, and when those German divisions are in the field.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Thanks and Good Luck

Emerald Editor:

Congratulations and good luck to the new senate. May its refreshing enthusiasm not die "history's natural death."

I wish to thank my many new friends, whom I have met since my enrollment here last term, for their wholehearted support and encouragement in the recent election. Through these active student thinkers I have won far more than one can ever lose in any race.

Bob Biggs
Lobbyist



The Oregon Daily Emerald is published five days a week during the school year except examination and vacation periods, by the Student Publications Board of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 a term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial pages are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or the University. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor; initialed editorials by members of the editorial board.

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