

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

A DAY AT THE ZOO

Letter to the Gods

(Editor's Note: Laugh if you will at the editorial which follows, but the one Junior Weekend the Emerald did not run the "Letter to the Gods," it rained. So not wanting to arouse the wrath of the Gods, the Emerald offers the following prayer for good Junior Weekend weather. It was originally composed May 6, 1941, and it's worked ever since. Aaron "Buck" Buchwach is the author. The editor who defied tradition (and was rained on) was Jim Haycox, Spring 1953 editor.)

When the occasion demands, and in truth it has on numerous occasions, the Portland Oregonian and the Oregon Journal have resorted to their editorial columns in an attempt to influence weather conditions.

Now, there is no exact procedure for a journalist to follow when he is begging for rain for poor farmers gazing at the sky with parched throats, for verily, it takes a combination of subtle demanding, varied pleading, and good-natured hoping to achieve such desired results.

The Emerald, although of course it adolescently blushes when compared to such time-honored organs as the Oregonian and Journal, is driven to adopt such tactics, however, by Jupe Pluvius, that old gentleman who loves the Oregon country so well and so much that he delights in spraying it often and thoroughly... especially when asked to by the Portland papers.

But now, Mr. Pluvius, the Emerald asks you politely, but firmly, to shift your schedule in such a manner so as not to spoil our Junior Weekend... The farmers have had their misty blessings, and the Oregonian and the Journal have received their just due, and the city pavements, too, are washed clean by the sweet Oregon mist. What the University asks now is for you, Mr. Pluvius, to rest on your laurels for awhile, and visit someone else.

There is reason to believe that you intend to scare us a bit. In fact, you have. The rain clouds have washed our baseball teams hither and yon, our track meets have been held in semi-wintery weather, and our golf and tennis teams have been forced to completely abandon their frolicking.

But please, Mr. Pluvius, (or Jupe, for we know you but too well) don't come around with your clouds and your tricks. Our Moms will be down for the Weekend festivities, and forsooth—they will be attired in their springiest of spring outfits

and their hats will be of the kind to bring male smiles. But we want to take them to the campus luncheon to see the queen and her court of beautiful princesses crowned, and my goodness, how the raindrops do raise havoc with even a proud mother's finest apparel.

The Portland papers have more important advertisers, and have more influence, perchance, Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, but not even they will praise you with much more enthusiasm and open mouthed admiration if you will but take your vacation.

And if you have to take that storm, which is declared by some pessimistic meteorologists to be coming out of Newport way somewhere, perchance you could deposit it at Stanford, California, or even USC.

Just for the weekend, you understand. We want you as our permanent resident up here in Oregon, Jupe, to freshen our flowers, to clean our streets, and to keep our soil rich and red.

But not Junior Weekend, please.

Money and Us

We've heard a lot of talk about the state board's decision to raise tuition \$30 next year. Many people have said that the Emerald should lead a crusade against the increased tuition.

But stop and think about it for a minute. The State Board did not get anywhere near the appropriation it felt it needs to run the state's colleges for the next two years.

The money has to come from somewhere—and tuition was the logical source of the needed revenue.

We're unhappy as the next student about the increase, but we can't see where the state board had any alternative. Certainly the additional \$10 a term will be a hardship on many, but the state board and the legislature have an obligation to the entire state to maintain the best possible institutions of higher learning. And that requires funds.

We can't see where even the legislature had many alternatives—it faced staggering budget problems, and it's tax program still faces possible rejection by the people of the state.

The increase in tuition is unfortunate—but it's here, and the best thing we can do is try to live with it.

Footnotes

Why is it that the guys who work at Maxie's always go to the Paddock after closing and the guys who work at the Paddock always go to Ernie's?

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Cold War Entering New Chapter, But Hope for Agreement Not High

BY J. M. ROBERTS
AP News Analyst

World diplomatic developments have taken on a vastly changed aspect in the last few days.

1—Russia has stated that she wants to end the cold war. That must be taken with salt. Russia's concepts of what the cold war is and how it can be ended are probably worlds apart from the western concept. Otherwise that would mean what the world has so devoutly hoped for—that something would happen to change Russia, and that international communism as an entity would be dead. The day has not yet come.

What Premier Bulganin really meant is that Russia wants to change tactics for a while.

2—President Eisenhower and the North Atlantic Council both have lumped Asiatic and European peace together for the first time. The action of the NATO council in issuing a statement

about the far eastern situation was unusual, taking it far outside its normal field.

The President's statement suggested that the impending Big Four meeting, which suddenly took on a concrete aspect when he decided it was time for it, can become a world peace conference. He said he thought the top level meeting might last only a very few days, but that the foreign ministers could thereafter work for months if necessary on the issues which would be laid before them.

3—Russia has agreed to certain concessions to western opinion on disarmament. United Nations observers considered this significant, but pointed out that Russia still is sticking to the gimmick of the Security Council veto to prevent any future developments she doesn't like. This could vitiate any agreement, just as she has vitiated other agreements such as the one for establishment of free govern-

ments in Eastern Europe.

4—Red China's Chou En-Lai promised, in reply to a British suggestion, to amplify his recent suggestion at Bandung for talks with the United States.

In this connection, Russia should welcome the President's suggestion that the Big Four talks can range around the world. Moscow has been saying for five years that a conference on that subject should be held.

There is a growing feeling that, before anything concrete can be approached regarding the Far East, the Peiping regime will have to be represented in some way in the United Nations.

There is nothing to indicate that this is even the beginning of the end of the east-west struggle.

Hopes for fundamental agreements should not be allowed to get too high. But there is no denying that a new chapter in the conflict is opening.

Drowning Concludes Revived Canoe Fete

By Bob Funk
Emerald Columnist

One spring at a University you have never heard of because a Life photographer did NOT take pictures for a story entitled "Life Visits a Revived Canoe Fete at the University of (Blank)," there was a revived Canoe Fete.

Five million ten-dollar bleachers, six hundred thousand five-dollar bleachers, and a standing room only compound for faculty members and incorrigibles were constructed along a small trickle

of water (which drained from Joe's Kwik Karwarsh into a manhole) which happened to be swimming with Tradition. Everyone became sentimentally excited and went around humming "As I Sit and Dree-am at Eeev'ning." Persons with their shirts off became red building floats on barrels and sampans and fraternity dogs that looked as if they might float if properly coached.

One day after Joe's Karwarsh had been particularly busy and the water level was high, stars burst and history stood still, and the Canoe Fete was revived. It was very lovely and everyone cried. They cried partly for the past, and partly because they would never be back in the future due to the new University cover charge. As the night came down the pink and other-sentimental - coloured spotlights went on and music commenced.

First, a Pepsi-Cola bottle floated past with a note in it which said "Joe loves Millicent." It was not really supposed to start the parade, but it had been thrown in, rather inexplicably, by Carolyn "Pooh-Bah" Smith.

Then, as "Pomp and Circumstance" swelled out of the night, the President of the University, Oh Hoopedoop Iconslugger floated past on his back in full academic regalia (Dear Dr. Iconslugger: if this is called to your attention I sure hope you have a sense of humor). Dr. Iconslugger was followed, in silent dignity, by the Board of Deans, all of whom were extremely bouyant except one dean who kept sinking, rising, grasping, and then rather resignedly sinking again.

Next, last year's winners of the Koyl and Gerlinger cups floated past in those shimmering receptacles. They were propelled by spurts of water shot out of bottles significantly labelled EXCELSIOR.

Following in the excelsior spray was, quite inexplicably, Carolyn "Pooh-Bah" Smith, executing a crawl.

The music changed to "The Star Spangled Banner," and the Queen's float hove into view. Hove is rather a weak word to describe what the Queen's float did, actually. Supposedly, the Queen and her four princesses

were to sit on the float surrounded by little frilly crepe-paper things and light and admiration. However, two of the princesses were otherwise employed in propelling the float from the water behind; two others were bailing, and only the queen, Probably Maudlin Carr (Queen Probably the First) sat on her assigned throne. Beside her, somewhat uninvited, was the preceding year's queen, who was being just the slightest bit difficult about giving up the post. Next to them sat a member of the State Board of Education who liked girls. And next to him sat his wife, who knew he liked 'em. On the extreme left sat Carolyn "Pooh-Bah" Smith, which everyone found inexplicable.

It was obvious that the Queens float was the climax of the show. There was open sobbing in the stands as the float passed. Queen Probably waved a scented arm, and fifteen athletes and two department heads fainted. Suddenly, however, the Queen's barque lurched or slurched (whichever it was, it was sickening.)

"Something down here's punctured," muttered one of the bailing princesses. "I think we've got a flat in one of our pontoons.

For a time nothing much happened except that the bottom tier of crepe-paper disappeared. Then, in desperation, the occupants of the float were forced to jettison the last year's queen. She was followed by the state board member and his lady; the four princesses; and finally even Carolyn "Pooh-Bah" Smith. Queen Probably stood alone, still waving, still scented. Still the barque sank.

"The Star Spangled Banner" stopped. The Phi Belch fraternity quartet pre-empted the microphone, and made known the amusing fact that it was they who had punctured the pontoon. They sang what was aptly labelled "The Phi Belch Sinking Song," which was as follows:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one last drowning plea
From smiling, perfumed P. M. Carr

Who's slipping out to sea.
"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that, Armitage Park
The Dean will probably give us hell

When we have sunk this barque.

"And though from out this scene of crepe and light
The tide may bear her far;
We hope you'll always remember her amusing plight
When we have sunk Miss Carr."

And with that, Miss Carr disappeared under the wave, so to speak, and the next float came on.

There was more music, and more sobbing with pleasure, and more drowning; and everyone thought it was probably the most sensational public event ever produced. This feeling applied particularly, although rather inexplicably, to Carolyn "Pooh-Bah" Smith.



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