

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

20 Days

Only 20 days until graduation. There are two more weeks of classes and then, for seniors, the last final week.

For some students this means only nine more days in class and three, four or five finals. For others it is more significant.

Those of us who have attended the University for four years have acquired a certain attachment to the campus, and although we will be happy to begin our first job, we will regret leaving friends and the sheltered atmosphere which has provided a certain security.

It seems a little early to become sentimental but the next 20 days will see many a senior looking back on the education he has received in his four years at Oregon, the opportunity to meet a variety of students and professors, and the many good times.

Some may leave at the end of the next 20 days having gained a little education and not much else. For most, however, it will have been four years of valuable experience, at a University where social life and activities have their proper place in relation to classes and studying. — (P.K.)

How and Why

The Emerald today enters its final week of publication, climaxing a full year of increased news coverage and service to the campus. Basic to this has been the allotment received from the Student Union and Educational Activities Fund Allocation board at the first of winter term.

The additional monies have made it possible for the campus daily to steer a more even course this year, after fluctuating back and forth with eight and four page papers for two and a half years. The increased space has meant more room for campus news and world affairs through Associate press. The latest addition has been a wirephoto service. It all adds up to an improved service to the campus—to you.

The Emerald is not alone in receiving benefits from the new budget board. The Oregonian, too, was able to improve its publication this year with the increased funds made available to it.

More basic than this is the principle of the budget board itself. It has given Oregon students a new voice in the spending of their own money in a realm previously under faculty control. And it exemplifies the willingness of the University administration to relinquish to the students what is rightfully theirs. With this increased power goes increased responsibility, and a more active par-

ticipation in campus activities through the very essential area of financing them.

The first year of this board has proved its worth. The careful consideration given the rifle team request and its referral back to the ASUO Senate show how conscientious the group has been this year. They ask for a demonstration of student interest in the projects for which funds are to be expended.

Such caution in granting requests bids well for the board, and the basic assumption underlying its establishment: Oregon students are mature and capable of deciding themselves, with some guidance, how the money which they pay shall be spent.—(S.R.)

Needed: One Dog

Have you ever walked across the campus at 6 in the morning? We don't suppose you have—rational people seldom do such things.

But one has to see the campus early in the morning to appreciate the growing squirrel threat. This brings us to the inevitable subject of Good Ol' Waldo—long since farmed out to Washington State, where he was more trouble than he was even at Oregon.

Actually, in his less vicious moments, Waldo was valuable. Not only had he become a genuine campus tradition, but he kept the squirrels in the trees, in the bushes, or somewhere out of sight.

But since he's been gone the little Monsters have acquired unheard of courage. It's getting to the point where persons who cross the campus in the quiet of the early morning are in danger of being rushed by a pack of vicious squirrels.

We'd hoped that some of the other dogs would follow the Waldo Tradition — but it looks like the current canine generation is content with disrupting basketball games, strolling across football fields, and begging at the SU.

Footnotes

Having spent a large portion of the weekend on the highways, we've come to the conclusion that the best summer job a person could get would be to join the kids who walk along the sides of the highways picking up beer bottles and redeeming them.

* * *

The traditionally well-placed sprinklers were doing one of the best jobs of watering Oregon students in recent years on Friday afternoon.

* * *

How can Maxie's tea room be so crowded on these beautiful sunshiny Friday afternoons? Students are strange critters.



SUMMER IS ICUMEN IN

Sumer is icumen in; Lhude sing cuccu!

Thus, as every schoolboy knows, begins T. S. Eliot's immortal *Hiawatha*. And no wonder "The Boy Orator of the Platte" (as T. S. Eliot is commonly called) was moved to pen such light-hearted lines! For summer (or the "vernal equinox" as it is frequently referred to) is the happiest season of the year, mild and balmy and contented-making.

Which brings us, of course, to Philip Morris Cigarettes. They, too, are mild and balmy and contented-making. But that is not all. They are also genial, placid, and amiable. But that is still not all. They are, moreover, smooth, pacific, and lenient. But hold! There is more. They are, in addition, tranquillizing, clement, and dulcet.

Indeed the list could go on and on, until every adjective is exhausted that would describe the mildness of Philip Morris, the subtlety of their blending, the delicacy of their flavor. What more perfect companion could be found to a summer's day? What more apt complement to a summer's night?

If you have been pleased with Philip Morris through the winter and spring—as who has not who has a taste bud left in his head?—you will find your pleasure compounded, your enjoyment trebled, when you smoke Philip Morris in the warm and joyous months before you.

My own plans for the summer (except that I will smoke Philip Morris through all my waking hours) are still vague. I have been invited to attend a writers conference, but I don't think I'll accept. I've been attending writers conferences for years, and I always have a perfectly rotten time. The trouble is that Alexandre Dumas and Harriet Beecher Stowe are always there. Not that I have anything against these two swell kids; it's just that it breaks my heart to see them. They're *so* in love—so terribly devoted and so hopelessly! Dumas will never divorce Jane Eyre while she is with Peary at the North Pole, and Miss Stowe has long since despaired of getting her release from the Pittsburgh Pirates. So hand in hand, brave and forlorn, they go from writers conference to writers conference while Dumas works on his monumental *Stover at Yale*.

No, thank you, I'll do without writers conferences this summer. I think instead I'll try to improve my fishing. As Izaak Walton once said, "No man is born an artist or an angler." I often turn to the works of Walton (or "The Fordham Flash" as he is familiarly called) when I am searching for a choice aphorism. In fact, I told him so when we met some years ago at a writers conference. Walton was accompanied, as always, by Henrik Ibsen (or "The Pearl of the Pacific" as he is known as). They—Ibsen ("The Pearl of the Pacific") and Walton ("The Fordham Flash")—were collaborating on *Mister Roberts* at the time, but they fell to quarreling and abandoned the project and the world, as a consequence, was deprived of a truly robust and entertaining comedy.

It is not uncommon, I must say, for writers to fall into dispute. They are, after all, a sensitive and high-strung lot. I'll never forget what William Makepeace Thackeray (or "The Body" as he was universally called) once said to me. "You show me a good writer," said Thackeray, "and I'll steal his wife."

Well, as I was saying, I think I'll give writers conferences a miss this summer, and I recommend that you do the same. Why don't you just take it easy? Swim and fish and sail and smoke and read and sleep and tan your lithe young limbs. I want the best for you because—if I may get a little misty in this, my final column of the year—I think you should know that it's been real kicks for me, delivering this nonsense to you each week.

And in conclusion let me state what Jane Austen (or "Old 54-40 or Fight" as she is called the world over) once said to me. "Nothing is so precious as friendship," she said, "and the richest man in the world is the one with the most money."

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INTERPRETING THE NEWS

More Liberal US Trade Policy Could Relax World's Tensions

By J. M. ROBERTS
AP News Analyst

President Eisenhower's revelation that America's economic policy toward Communist countries is under review reopens a matter which has troubled the Western Allies for years.

None of the other free countries has been as rigid as the United States about holding back from any sort of trade which would increase the military potential of the Red bloc.

On occasion the other Allies have raised loud voices against restrictions insisted upon by the United States, which she was able to enforce for a time because she was helping to support them.

Now the American economic aid program for the Western countries is being cut down or

has ended, and her voice in such matters is neither so loud nor so insistent. Not long ago the list of restricted commodities was greatly reduced.

Other considerations, such as the value of trade as a bargaining point, have brought the President to a position which is more or less traditional in international affairs—that trade is an important diplomatic weapon.

It is true that trade which aids an enemy economically also increases his war potential. Every Allied move in recent years has been made against the essential background of keeping the free world's economy sound, in the knowledge that, without it, a stable defense system is impossible.

On the other hand, the need for economic expansion is the traditional cause of war, and no na-

tion will keep its guns holstered in the face of economic strangulation.

Economic strangulation of the Red bloc is impossible. Its territory and its undeveloped resources are too great. But even partial strangulation has its effect on national attitudes.

The President indicated the United States was prepared to take a more liberal view of how trade could benefit the United States and her allies, in the balance against how much it might help the Communist sphere.

And there is always the possibility, mentioned frequently in this column, that mutually profitable trade might be one of the levers by which the Reds can be pried away from the idea that they can live safely only in a world conquered by communism.



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