

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

NFCL Finis

If the sentiment at Wednesday's district National Student association meeting at Reed college was any indication, the Northwest Federation of College Leaders is finally, officially, and once-and-for-all, dead.

The NFCL, which was the brainchild of former ASUO President Bob Summers, was, or would have been, an organization of student governments from the major Northwest schools, plus a number of smaller ones.

It was designed to replace the present Oregon Federation of Collegiate Leaders, of which Oregon is a member. Summers and many other leaders felt that OFCL, with its large number of small schools, was of no benefit to the University.

The small schools did not have comparable problems, and Oregon State was the only other large one. OSC and Oregon could confer much more easily by occasional meetings than by setting up a regional organization.

NFCL would have included Washington, Washington State, Idaho, and a number of slightly smaller schools, thus giving the University leaders a chance to compare notes with someone their own size.

However, the other schools weren't interested. Oregon State was in favor, Idaho and Washington State were far from enthusiastic, and Washington just plain wasn't interested. So the idea was allowed to drop.

At the Reed meeting, however, ASUO President Bud Hinkson asked delegate Frank Schaefer to evaluate the sentiment on NFCL. The result was another blow to the idea. The schools represented, all of them members of NSA, felt that the regional organization could offer them nothing that NSA couldn't.

So after three years, the organization that never really existed is finished.

Big Business

So there's snow. Now it's time for all that talking but no doing, which Sam Clemens brought up a half century ago.

The trouble is that if anybody tried to do anything about the weather instead of just talking, there would be nothing but more complaining.

Take the ASUO Senate for example. The senators unanimously went on record favoring a change in the weather for the Homecoming festivities — amended to read a change "for the better." But even then one member worried about "retaliatory measures"

which might be taken against the Senate if the better weather did not appear.

But what if you are going to change the weather? What about the freshman snowball fights or coeds' long stockings? Or ex-Marines running and sliding on the 13th St. ice? Or the skier who cuts across the quad every night on his way home?

How about the physical plant men who would be deprived of shoveling snow? Or the drivers of the cars that spin around in the middle of the street? Or the house managers that forgot to order more oil?

What about the coaches of football teams that may play big games inside field houses? Or all-star halfbacks who will slip and fall flat in the middle of 97-yard touchdown bursts? Or band members whose instruments freeze solid to their lips?

It's big business to change the weather. You'd better watch your step before pushing that button.—(C.H.M.)

Piggers United

Men: throw away those lists you got during orientation week! The new, Complete List is now available.

Those new numbers will be easier to find, too, for the 1955-56 Pigger's Guide, which goes on sale today, separates the men from the women. The names of the women are alphabetized first, followed by men's names which begin with the same letter.

Another addition this year, in recognition of the growing number of married students on campus, is the inclusion of information concerning the University housing projects within the living organizations section.

There is the usual information section, academic and final exams schedules, the Oregon songs and such traditional things as the poem "How A Pigger Came to Be."

So Pigger's unite! Plunk down your 60 cents. The 1955-56 Pigger's Guide is well worth it.—(S.R.)

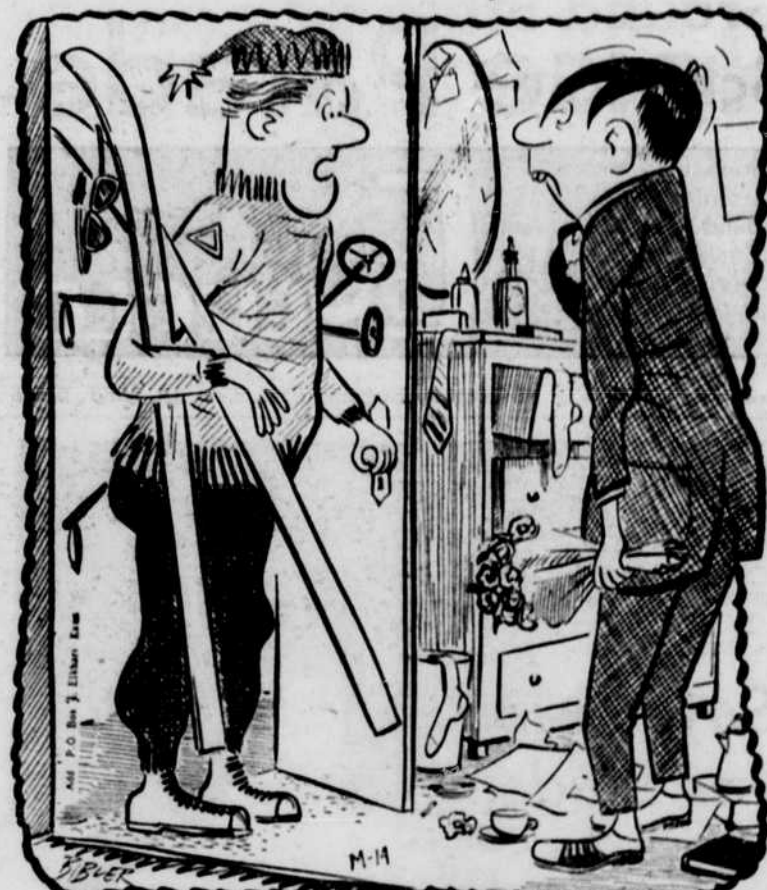
Footnotes

If only ———. Wonder just what the mathematical chances of ending a preferential system balloting with a tie are? If one more person had voted, if one more voter had marked his ballot further down... ad nauseam. Evidently those responsible for our system didn't think the chances were very good—they made no provisions for a tie vote.

* * *

We're waiting for the Order of the O to add a new tradition: do not walk on the snow.

S'no Bunny



"OF COURSE I SAID WE WERE GOING SNE-ING - IT'S PRONOUNCED THAT WAY."

THE LOOKING GLASS

Hit 'Desperate Hours' Termed Year's Best

By Bob Davis
Emerald Columnist

The problem of protecting a family from three desperate criminals, one of whom has lost almost all rationality, is handled with all the logic and courage we like to think is possessed by most average American fathers in Paramount's "Desperate Hours."

A hit as a book and a play, "The Desperate Hours" is a great success as a movie. Men who personify quality in Hollywood are in the key roles. William Wyler, directs, Fredric March is the father on the spot, and that old pro Humphrey Bogart is the convict leader who pushes him into that uncomfortable position of family protector.

March's acting has never been better. As Dan Hilliard he meets the desperadoes in the only way that he can; with his mind. Bogart claims that he can hear it go "click-click-click" and on the screen you can almost see the wheels turning. He faces the task of keeping the escaped convicts from violence until they can get some expected money and leave his home. Any police tip will mean death to one or all the family.

Hilliard is up to the situation of matching wits with the logical mind of leader Bogart, but is less fortunate with his crazed companion who is so insanely cold blooded that he tries to run

down animals on the road. The families' sense of loyalties and duties also get in his way, as does the comic book courage of his young son. On top of this he must argue with many of the civil protection agencies who want to burst into the house with all their lethal equipment rattling.

Tension constantly ascends, is slowed from its inexorable progress by a comical act or word, and then climbs higher into a final showdown that results when Hilliard gets police permission to meet the situation alone despite the objections of a county sheriff who needs a thundering and immediate capture to strengthen his election chances.

Nowhere in "The Desperate Hours" is there a word, an action, or a situation that one could challenge as false or unnatural. It is a candid shot of human reactions in a time of great stress. It is solved by a real person in a realistic way. The Hilliards' reactions could possibly be your own. The American father is finally put back into the proper perspective of courage and basic intelligence after the many roles of TV buffoon.

"The Desperate Hours" adds up to a tense, exciting experience with admirable direction and faultless performances by those who count. This is one of the year's best by almost every standard.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Impenetrable Wall Still Remains Between Russia, Western Powers

By J. M. Roberts
AP News Analyst

It will be interesting now to watch what the Russians do, or try to do, with their so-called "cooperation for peace" campaign.

Molotov killed it off at Geneva. But will Bulganin and Khrushchev bury it, or will they mummify it and try to keep it on display?

The just-ended meeting of foreign ministers has emphasized again that there is an impenetrable wall between Russia and the Western powers. Even the same words, as used by the two sides, mean different things, because they proceed from an entirely different basis of thought.

Even the mask of politeness, assumed by the parties before the summit meeting last summer, became a tattered thing as the foreign ministers neared the close of their sessions. Molotov's

expressions of xenophobia might have been taken from some of his early speeches in the United Nations 10 years ago.

When Dulles twitted the Soviet foreign minister for fearing subversion of the Soviet people through outside contacts, he was pulling the scab off a recent sore. Molotov had just recently confessed at home that he had been wrong in saying Russia was building up the Socialist system when, in fact, it was already built.

Dulles said he had assumed, apparently falsely, that socialism in Russia must be well enough established to withstand outside ideas. No vituperation could have been more bitter to Molotov.

No colder communique ever came out of such a conference than the one issued Wednesday. The only benefit of the meeting was a highly disturbing one.

The Allies had looked upon the conference as a test, hoping against hope that it would not prove what it did prove—that you can't do business with the Communists. The pretenses have fallen away.

The big question now is what effect the failure will have on Germany. Will the Germans begin to feel that, since the Allies cannot obtain reunification, they had best see what they can do for themselves in direct dealing with Russia?

Not while Adenauer is the boss. But Adenauer is an old man and a sick man, and his time is running short. A demagogue, rising to take his place, might lead the despairing Germans into an extremely dangerous adventure, as one did not so many years ago. And it might end in the same sort of catastrophe for the world.



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