

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

Wrong Foundations

Perhaps we haven't made ourselves clear. Maybe we should print a diagram instead of an editorial.

The problem in campus politics is not which one of the two existing parties should have the most candidates in office. The problem is that the two existing parties are based on the wrong foundations.

Campus political races here are highly personal contests. Many of the students know all the candidates running for an office. Nearly all the politicians will admit that students vote for the personality rather than the issue. There haven't even been any serious issues in the past few years, save possibly the all-campus primary in 1954.

For that reason, we contend that the parties should be based on the candidates, who are the only real issues, instead of creating artificial divisions.

We do not necessarily believe that a two-party system is bad, as the AGS president suggested recently. It's the only logical organization if there are only two candidates for ASUO president, as there were last spring. But, by the same token, if there are more than two candidates, each should be free to form his own party.

The AGS president says this would create chaos by putting five or six candidates for president in the general election, because "there would be no form of primary election." He said it; we didn't.

Such a flexible system as we have suggested could still provide for a run-off election. Indeed, a large number of candidates might even make such an election mandatory. The AGS president has put words into our mouth, or our presses, to be more exact.

He also says that in the past, the Greeks who have been elected to top offices have made the fraternity system proud of their accomplishments. This is certainly true. But we can't see that the luster of a great job performed by a Greek officer would be tarnished if he were elected by a coalition party. The fact that some Independents voted for a Greek candidate, or vice versa, shouldn't destroy that candidate's virtue.

Old Soldiers Never Die

University veterans—at least some of them—have come to the conclusion that they have something in common—they all served a stretch, and they all receive G. I. bill checks. So they intend to organize, draw up a constitution, and campaign for something—they aren't sure what yet.

But their first attempt at organizing didn't

succeed. The organizers behind the plan had promised that they wouldn't organize unless at least 100 veterans showed up for muster. When everyone had sounded off it was discovered that only 75 were present. So they didn't organize, but instead formed an informal committee of 25 to consider further action.

The only weaknesses in the veteran's plans seems to be that they don't have any reason for organizing—not that they need any, however.

But here are some suggestions they might consider when they hold their next meeting. First, they could plan a Veteran's week, during which time they could initiate all their non-veteran pledges at the downtown recruiting stations. Second, they might schedule a series of desserts and firesides, which would give them a chance to show off battle scars and discuss candidates for Joe Veteran, The Sweetheart of the Veterans' Organization, and Commanding General of Veterans' weekend.

Then as a final gesture, they might purchase an abandoned fraternity house and turn it into an old soldier's home.—(J.C.R.)

Operation Deep Freeze

Apparently Oregon has passed through the coldest part of its usually-mild winter and we now feel more like sympathizing with people in the really chilly parts of the world. We can't imagine a better example than the 76-men-plus dogs crew wintering in Antarctica.

Support ships of Admiral Byrd's latest expedition to the bottom of the world, "Operation Deep Freeze," had to leave not long ago. It began to get so cold that even the ocean was freezing up.

Left behind were the crew, plus 7,000 tons of supplies to sustain the Antarctic camp for six months. Their job is generally to see how easy it is to set up permanent bases there as part of survival tests in all parts of the world.

Mean while, the penguins, the exclusive permanent population of the cold continent, wonder what is going on. After all, these little dinner-jacketed birds have had sole possession of Antarctica for thousands of years, and they don't appreciate uninvited guests. But they are willing to share the land, which is a more hospitable attitude than shown by other countries.

Antarctica, cold as it is, may be the continent of the future, a future many years away but nevertheless inevitable. We wish the men-plus-dogs of "Operation Deep Freeze" success in just staying warm, and hope they make friends with the penguins, our best ally in Antarctica.—(J.C.)

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Eden, Eisenhower Appear More Confident in Discussing Mid-East

By J. M. Roberts
AP News Analyst

Since their conference in Washington, President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Eden are using more confident tones in discussing the preventions of war in the Middle East.

Nevertheless, no word has come from the tri-power conference in Washington about what can be done.

The President says for himself that he will do everything he can "constitutionally."

Considering precedents set by other Presidents, and the absence of limitations in the Constitution, that covers a lot of ground. Just how much has never been tested. Eisenhower has repeatedly made it plain that he never intends to infringe

the specific delegation to Congress of the right to initiate war.

Political and economic pressure appear to be the chief methods of deterring Israel and the Arab states being considered now, with considerable sentiment in the United Nations for Eden's idea of increased truce teams in disputed border areas.

The idea that the Western powers should interpose armed forces between the Israelis and the Arabs has, however, never been entirely discarded.

There are numerous precedents for this type of action. Such an action is now being carried on through the fleet in the Formosa Strait. It was begun by the Truman administration.

The situation is a little different now, however, in that, whereas the Formosa procedure was adopted against an avowed

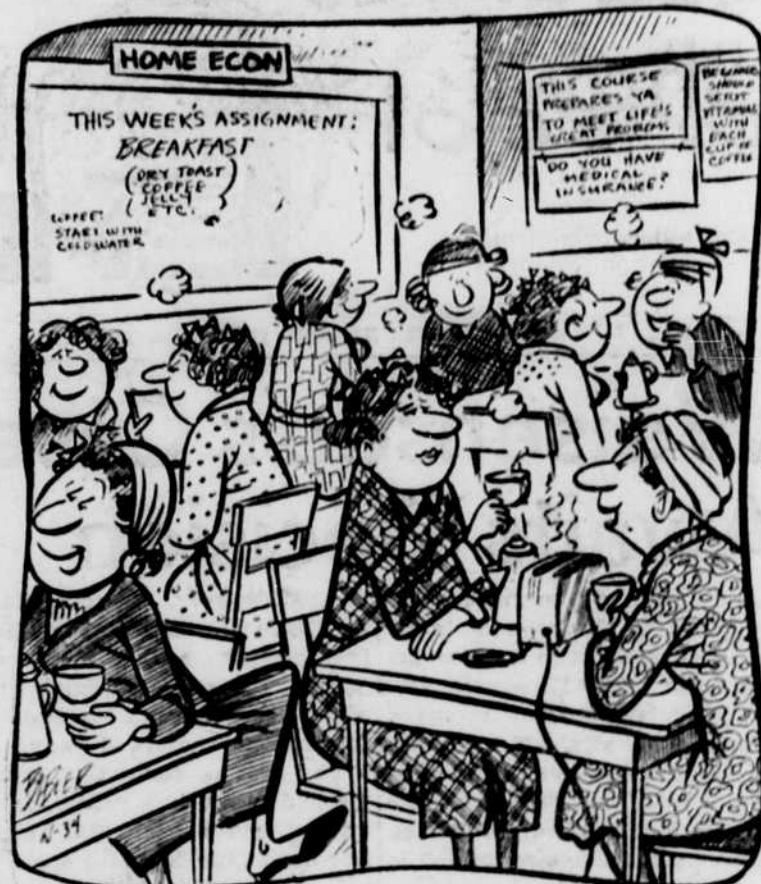
enemy, Red China, the Middle East involves two groups with which the United States wishes to be friends.

The Arabs, at least, would consider armed interposition as directed primarily against them.

One aspect of the situation which must be considered is that the Arabs are insulted whenever the big powers take actions or make decisions regarding the Middle East without consulting them. They feel it throws off on their standing as states.

For the moment, the most likely outcome of the Big Three Conferences in Washington promises to be a direct appeal to the states involved to settle their differences—or at least observe the truce—before any other action necessary becomes necessary.

Practical Preparation



"I LIKE THIS COURSE - IT'S SO PRACTICAL."

GULLIVER'S TRIFLES

Southerners Oppose New Cottonpicker

By Ken Kesey
Emerald Columnist

(This story in no way reflects the beliefs of its writer. I thought only that a tale of the other side of the pertinent situation might be of interest to my readers—my readers being the nearsighted people who read half way through the column thinking it some idiot's letter-to-the-editor, then realizing his mistake, finishes on pure inertia. Thus the tale).

A traveling salesman, perhaps the same fellow we find frolicking all through undying literature, stops his truck in front of a farmhouse in the deep south.

"Howdy, cousin," he says to the abundantly boned southerner sitting on the porch.

"Don't reckon as how ah want none o' whatever youall's a-sellin'," says the farmer.

"Ah, ah, cousin, we must be open-minded about this. I am about to honor you by selling you the very first of my invention. Oh yes, a might honor."

The farmer warms up. One eye opens like the sun coming through the clouds. "What youall sellin'?"

"Cottonpickers, cousin."

"Ah done got me a cotton-picker."

"Well don't I know it! But this is a cottonpicker beyond all cottonpickers. This new invention will do the work twice as fast as any machine and ten times as fast as any man. A miracle of the modern age!"

"Sounds tolerable."

"Tolerable! Why cousin, this cottonpicker is cheaper than labor, less expensive than a machine, and the upkeep is practically minus."

"Sounds right tolerable."

"Look over there, cousin. You see that acre of fine cotton, a swelling beauty to a southerner's eye? If you'll stand

back, cousin, I'll unlimber my great new cottonpicker."

The salesman takes from his truck a large cage of gibbering squeals and sets it in the cotton field. He pulls a switch and the door opens, emitting a herd of small, very excited monkeys. They tear out through the field, whiz over the cotton stands, and drag back loaded sacks. In a moment they are picking on a huge pile of cotton, picking out the seeds and eating them. The field is clean.

"Wall, shut mah mouf an boll mah weevil!" exclaims the farmer.

"Cousin, have you ever seen such an exhibition of speed? And just look at 'em; they're even ginning it for you. Now, how many teams would you like?"

The farmer looks at the monkeys. They are content and doing things that monkeys, if left alone, do. "None," he says.

The salesman is stunned. "Cousin, the cost for you is practically nothing. I'm trying to get the program started down here. Don't deny yourself this chance."

"Ah don't want any one, an' I think you better git out'n here with those critturs."

"Why, cousin, why?" These are the fastest, the cheapest, the dearest, the most obedient little cotton pickers you'll ever own. Why don't you want them?"

"Wall, if'n I bought a set mah neighbor down the road a piece would decide to get some, then his neighbor, then his, and so on 'til the first thing you know everybody'll have 'em. Then just as we start gittin' attached to 'em the damn yankees would come down here, free 'em, edocate 'em, an' put 'em to votin'."

The salesman packed up his cottonpickers and pulled slowly away.

oregon  daily EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald is published five days a week during the school year, except Feb. 13, Feb. 23 and during examination and vacation periods, by the Student Publication Board of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 per term. Opinions expressed on the editorial page 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.