

Double for Oregon

Current opinions on the United States economic situation reflect some varying viewpoints, with most sources quite naturally agreeing that the recession situation in America is indeed a serious one.

The London Economist, though, calls the current slump "a confident recession." It reports that foreign exchange is unruffled despite troubles in the U.S.

Congress, of course, has been investigating cures for the slump under administration prodding. Such solutions as a tax cut, public works projects and easing lending restrictions have been advanced as possibilities.

A Harper's writer, Ross Robertson, a former Federal Reserve Bank economist, said last week that "we must be more realistic economically if we are to avoid other slumps, in addition to emerging from this one." His attitude is that undue importance has been put on a balanced budget and that the many advisory groups have not been well coordinated.

Adds Robertson: "Stable prices should never be the first goal of public policy. We should have no qualms about running on a deficit." He made four points in support of his position for improving the country's economic operations.

First, unbalance the budget to remove the debt ceiling, making it easier to employ the right fiscal policy.

Second, Robertson continued, the Federal Reserve should be made politically responsible and sensitive "so that it is no longer out of touch with the government."

Third, he called for the unhinging of residential buying from monetary policy, so that "buyers will no longer be discouraged from buying."

And fourth, "The Council of Economic Advisors should speak forthrightly, partly because they do not always submit reports of their findings."

On top of the national slump, of course, Oregonians are in the middle of lumber difficulties. The state has been hit hard mainly because of a drop in the lumber market and in home construction, though the Labor Department reports that the West is least hurt by the recession.

On campus, assistant economics professor Robert Campbell has observed that since Oregon is mainly a one-industry state, she must look for new ways to use her lumber. "This may involve having to put with a few more pulp mills, but it will help to stabilize industry."

It is becoming increasingly apparent, though we draw closer to the administration's predicted date—early fall—for the recession's end, that it will take some sound

thinking for the country to deal with what we hope are the remnants of the current slump and guard against future drops. What goes for the country, we hasten to add, must go double for Oregon in this case.

Spring Letters

Dear Mom and Dad:

Well, I've begun my first spring term at the University of Oregon! But you sure couldn't tell it by the weather—it's raining so hard I can hardly see the telescopes and spyglasses pointed this way over from McClure and Sheldon. And it's cold too.

I think this is going to be a very uneventful term, folks. You remember I told you how everybody down here rolls their eyes and sighs deeply whenever somebody mentions "spring term?" Well, I haven't noticed anything so "gay, fabulous, wanton, care-free, distracting" about it (this is how the upperclassmen in the sorority describe it—they even wrote a song called "Spring Term Will Make You Squirm" and sang it at the table last finals week.)

Boy, I just can't see it—there was a column in the Emerald yesterday about "river parties" and "multi picnics" and weekends at the coast" and how hard it is to study spring term and all. Well, here's one coed who is not going to slack up just because it's spring! I don't understand why anybody would want to go out and lay around on some damp, trashy riverbank in the first place. I've got 21 hours, and I don't plan on any trouble.

And everybody talks about how busy spring term is—how people who never filled out a petition in their lives suddenly get involved in activities, and how the regular activity-hounds run races between The Emerald, the SU and the Millrace.

I see no reason at all why I shouldn't have just as much leisure as during fall and winter terms—surely Junior Weekend, dances and a few activities don't take that much time.

Will write more soon,
Love, Pandora

One week later:

Dear Folks:

Not much to tell—am in hurry because I must get drop cards, pick up petition forms, give excuses for not being at All-Campus Sing practice tonight and buy picnic basket for tomorrow, before we can pick up water-skis and be at Perkins Point by 6. Oh yes, weather is nice.

Love, Pandora

Footnotes

We just received a little sheet with 300 possible pronunciations of the river Kwai. It will make a good supplement to our 1,001 pronunciations of Lollobrigida.

You Have to Hand It to Her



"I HELD HIS HANDS ALL EVENING — I WAS AFRAID TO LET GO OF THEM."

E. P. Mc Kean-Smith

Inspirational Easter Found In French Equatorial Africa

Easter fell on April 10th three years ago and that date found me in Douala, a city the size of Eugene, located on the Wuri River estuary. It is the seaport for the French Camerouns, a mandated territory adjacent to French Equatorial Africa.



There is a story that an adventurous Portuguese mariner of the 15th century was sailing along what is now the Ivory, Gold and Slave Coasts, when he found his passage blocked by a 13,000 foot mountain rising right out of the sea dead ahead. He did what man has often done when faced with an unsurmountable problem. He decided to fish.

Lowering and raising his nets, he was happily startled by an extraordinary catch of shrimp. He shouted "Camaroes!" and so for some ridiculous reason we have the Portuguese word for "shrimp" fastened onto a mountain 2,000 feet higher than Mt. Hood and an area twice Oregon's size and population. The original word has changed slightly but Camerouns or Camerouns still means shrimps.

Easter was not on my mind when I woke up that April 10th in Douala nor was I aware it was Sunday. The day before had not been restful. It began for me about five in the morning. I had a plane to catch. In spite of having paid my hotel bill the night before, I literally had to break out of the place by means I won't explain and by climbing a fence. It was pouring. Fortunately, in Lagos cab drivers sleep in their cabs and so I found one. Both he and his car were very old. I did catch my plane.

Arriving in Victoria, Nigeria, I had to take a beat-out old truck over an equally beat-out road to a place called Tiko. Then there was a two-hour wait, a half-mile walk down a trail to an inlet, a short distance of wading to a dugout canoe and a transfer to a little steamer. Now came a six-hour trip with no chance to move around at all because of 70 other passengers

who had no room either.

There were a few benches. My suitcase served as mine. We arrived late in Douala and so no transportation was available. I started trudging around and located a hotel. The dining room was closed so I went across the street to a restaurant. I think I had shrimp.

Douala is noted for being one of the really rainy spots on earth. They even measure it in feet. Over 30 feet fall during the year and a good portion of it fell on me as I returned to the hotel from the restaurant. In the time it took me to run 100 feet I was thoroughly drenched. The evening had taken on a damp aspect and I was soaked. I called it a day.

Easter began bright and sunny—and humid. I explored the town and found it rather attractive and relatively clean. With all the water it receives it should be well washed. Douala, aside from the dock area, is on a plateau overlooking the river. It is also the terminus for a rail line that goes up country to Yaounde, the capital, about 150 miles away.

The one thing I remember best took place after lunch. From somewhere came the strains of Dixieland music in the best tradition of the late W. C. Randy. I think he would have been happy to know he had disciples in this out-of-the-way spot. There was a wedding procession that had just left the Baptist mission church and maybe a hundred or more Africans dressed in the best western manner for such an occasion, top hats, canes and all, were happily trucking on down the road. It was something to see.

A situation that puzzled me was that another procession was right behind the first. But here (Continued on page 3)

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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ALLEN JOHNSON, Editor
GARY CAPPS, Business Manager

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Emerald Editor:

I have been disturbed in the reactions to my letter to this paper dealing with the play "E=mc²." I have noted that the people of action, that is, the average hard-working student, my brother cadets, and the military personnel at this University seem to feel that I have spoken for them, while the intellectual colony such as professors, graduate students, and miscellaneous other eggheads seem to strongly object.

While the mature student realizes his school work is the most important job, the egghead calls on him to make up the citizen's role in the political process. What is this citizen's role? Is it to be guilty of spreading disaffection at home by criticizing without understanding our present military policy.

The Brown letter is an excellent example of the distortions idealistic, moralistic thinking seem to generate. I think it will become quite clear just how dangerous this type of person is when he overcomes "apathy," and achieves a general excited state, like a new-born baby.

Brown talks of a French bombing in Tunisia. Does he realize the full significance of this event for us? Sakiel-Sidi-Youssef is the example of what happens when an army becomes so frustrated by mismanagement and incompetence at home that it tries to get victory from defeat by rejecting unpopular political orders. It is the example of what can happen in any army demoralized by poor pay and low prestige and composed of inferior minds because the cream of the nation has re-

fused to assume their military obligation and looks on participation in such programs as the ROTC as below their high and moralistic aims. Let us hope civilian ignorance and unthinking meddling in military affairs never creates a similar situation here. Korea came perilously close!

Lastly, I am amazed at how the cry for reorganizing and building up a giant new military machine for the West to combat Russia, as written by Joseph Alsop in the March 15 issue of the Saturday Evening Post, is distorted by Brown to support a statement with anti-military implications. I wish all Americans would read this article to see how pressing it is that America remain and grow even stronger to combat effectively

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