

Announcement of Policy

The writer who this morning takes over the administration duties of the Oregon Daily Emerald realizes that one of his most important and difficult tasks will be to maintain the tradition of quality and superiority that has existed for more than a decade. He also is aware of the fact that it will be incumbent upon him to add to that tradition to the utmost of his ability. That this may be accomplished he pledges the sincere efforts of himself and his staff to the highly interesting endeavor that lies ahead.

It also is the ambition of the writer to add another chapter to the already notable record of the Emerald. Both he and his editorial assistants hope to publish a paper that will be fearless, yet tactful; interesting, yet informative; attractive, yet practical; sympathetic, yet unbiased.

It is still too early to ascertain the policies of the Emerald in connection with specific situations and projects. The writer only can set forth the major premises on which the paper will operate. He hopes these will meet with the approval of the campus, for he is sure their fulfillment will mean a better college newspaper.

The greater portion of the Emerald's columns will be devoted to news that directly concerns the students of the University. Campus items will not be subordinated to leave space for stories that are covered adequately in the metropolitan dailies.

To give the paper balance, a certain amount of national news will be used. This will be mostly of a feature and opinionated nature, thereby giving the students a closer insight into the affairs of the nation than could be provided by the editorial board of the Emerald.

Criticism will be along constructive lines. Personalities will be avoided as much as possible in editorial comment.

The editor and his aides will debate and consider thoroughly before taking any definite stands. Once an opinion is given, the paper will not be afraid to reverse itself should it be shown its error, but it will not vacillate in its arguments if it believes it is in the right.

The Emerald has no entangling alliances. There are no strings attached to it.

The paper will have the courage of its convictions. The fear of criticism or opposition will not deter it from crusading, provided it believes its crusade is justified.

The Emerald will be conservative in whatever it does. Radical opinions and bolshevik tendencies will have places in neither its news nor editorial columns. It is the opinion of the writer that a paper can oppose an existing order without turning radical in doing so.

A spade will be called a spade. There will be no beating around the bush. If the Emerald is opposed to something, it will say so.

In conclusion, the editor and his staff offer whole-hearted and sincere cooperation to the students of the University. Oregon faces a crucial year, and the Emerald will put forth its best foot in an attempt to maintain student morale on its usual elevated plane. The esprit de corps of the University will gain, rather than suffer, through the activities of the Emerald.

The latchstring of the editor's office is always out. He will welcome criticism and suggestion from any member of the student body. The students will be the prime consideration of the Oregon Emerald. Their interests will be served at all times.

The appearance of the paper has been changed slightly. There are considerably more pictures and the makeup has been checked more closely. The staff hopes these alterations meet with your approval.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER
(Editor, 1932-1933)

A DAY AT THE ZOO

By BOB FUNK
Emerald Columnist

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Dec. 8, 1954—Out in the mountain vastnesses of Approaching Hysteria, where most of the landscape was devoted to flora and fauna and effervescent streams cascading from mossy rock with gurgling sounds, a Student woke up in the middle of the night with a cold, clammy feeling.

Anyone was like to wake up with a cold, clammy feeling in Approaching Hysteria, because there was a funny kind of cold clams that crawled into bed with you unless you had a zipper for the top. But this was a figurative cold-clammy feeling.

Perhaps, the Student thought to himself (and this is not in quotes because he was thinking it inside, which is not quotish), I am having a sudden Fit of Declensions. And he took a special gritty powder that his Grandma had given him on Groundhog Day that was supposed to be good for Fits of Declensions. It didn't do anything but settle, though. And then he thought perhaps he was having an attack of Tort, and he gargled with some charged branch water, but as usual swallowed it all about halfway through, so he had to give that up.

And then he remembered. It was about to be Finals. And Finals was something that if you had a choice of sitting on a Bunsen Burner for twelve hours until well browned or taking Finals, you would sit on a Bunsen Burner and laugh heartily all the time you were browning. Finals was the time you tried to remember Pi equals 3. Blank-spots-in-my-notes, and the Cosine of an Whoo-sis is determined by finding the square root of Your Own True Love and then laughing hysterically.

He remembered that he had gone to see his professor about finals. He had found the professor in the library, filed under Miscellaneous, Unbound, by the Dewey Decimal System.

"How do you figure out if a poem is written by Shelley, or by Keats, or if it was just accidental?"

"We have to be intellectually honest," the professor said, chewing abstractly on a verb. "It's all relative, nowadays. No black and white, just shades of gray. It isn't like the old days when Joan of Arc and Teddy Roosevelt and Charles Carrol of Carrolton were around. You knew good from bad, Keats and Shelley in those days. But now all the old gang's gone, and it's all Relativity."

"But how do you tell—"

"Keats from Shelley." The professor sighed. "I always look at the top of the page—it tells in my book."

"But on the final?"

"Intellectual honesty always wins," the professor said. "I read that, I think."

Which left the Student feeling like there was penicillin or something growing on the wall of his stomach. Finals. The word enveloped and overpowered him; it ran up his spine and whispered through his hair; it crawled into his nose and smelled awful. And then, suddenly, there was a shush, shush, shush through the pine needles outside (they had fallen off some of the flora), and a voice sang out into the night, and then another, and another, and then a whole mess more:

"God rest ye, weary Student here a-resting midst your worries;

For Christmas now is almost here with egg-nog and snow-flurries;

Although in this abnormal clime we'll likely just have rain;

But rain or snow, this season is an anodyne for pain

Arising from your being dumb in your examinations;

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DEADLINE: 1 p.m. December 3, 1959

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