

You're Welcome

Ordinarily a campus newspaper views the beginning of fall term with a certain twinge of disgust, for at this time some luckless staff member (chosen by lot, coin-flipping, or playing chicken) must write one of those dreadful editorials beginning "Welcome to all our new freshmen . . ."

BUT THE EMERALD is not going to do that.

Now it isn't that we don't like freshmen. We love 'em. Where, after all, would a University be without its yearly quota? (Well, frankly, we'd have room for upperclassmen in the dorms, but we're trying not to be bitter.) But the problem is what the devil to say after "Welcome all freshmen. . . ." We could say "Thank you for bringing your money," but we're not the chamber of commerce.

IN ANOTHER VEIN, we could say "We hope you enjoy your first year here," but it is not at all certain that everyone will have a first "year." We could hope that you enjoy your first (and in some cases, last) term, but our desire for your enjoyment is just

naturally secondary to our hope for our enjoyment, and we don't like to make qualified statements.

There are a lot of other things we could say. That is, we could say them, but we couldn't print them. Besides, they might not be true anyway.

So that's why we aren't going to write an editorial welcoming all freshmen.

WE WOULD, HOWEVER, on behalf of the University of Washington, like to welcome all freshmen to U. of W. We hope that you will enjoy your first year there. We hope, too, that as you pass the time honored buildings of their hallowed campus, you will be thrilled as the upperclassmen are thrilled at the beauty and grandeur that is the University of Washington. We hope sincerely that this formative year will enrich your beings and strengthen your spirits for the cruel world of business which looms in the future.

AND WE HOPE YOU BROUGHT MONEY.

This Paper

Some have read previous Emeralds and others haven't. For all students we would like to explain a few of our aims and policies for this year.

SOMEONE came into the office this week and patted us on the back for fighting against our censors.

This was disconcerting and discouraging. The Emerald is a free-thinking and free-acting paper. We have no strings attached with anyone and we have no censorship.

FINANCIALLY we are dependent upon advertising and the Student Publication Board. Editorially we are dependent upon no one except our own consciences.

This year we hope to make improvements where they are necessary.

The editorial page will be a spot for student opinion and leadership. We will be free with our advice and comment on campus and national affairs.

World news coverage will increase this year. This is in response to reader demand

reported in a survey taken last spring.

AS WAS the case last year we will encourage persons in other departments to contribute articles.

The student body president will give regular voice to the students through our editorial page.

Letters-to-the-editor will be welcomed with open arms.

All opinion written by staff writers on the editorial page is the opinion of our student editorial board. It will always attempt to give thorough thought and discussion to matters of importance before taking a stand on one side or the other.

THESE ARE JUST a few of our plans for this year. We hope that we can keep you informed, entertained, and aware.

We have something to say and will say it without coercion or pressure from other sources.

Readers' opinion is always welcome and carefully digested.

Session Begins

Nikita S. Khrushchev stepped off his Soviet ship, the Baltika, onto a soggy New York pier Monday and began his second stay in the United States—an unwelcome stay which may have important consequences.

KHRUSHCHEV IS IN NEW YORK for the opening of the General Assembly of the United Nations which opened its 15th Session Tuesday.

Accompanying the large leader of the Soviet Union came a retinue of his subordinates from the Communist bloc nations.

Also in New York for the UN meeting is Fidel Castro, the bushy-bearded leader of the Communist leaning Cuban nation.

Why has Khrushchev taken such a dramatic lead in coming to the United Nations as chairman of the USSR delegation? Speculation runs high, but experts claim the Soviet boss is here to push his propaganda campaign which soared satellite high when U-2 pilot, Francis Gary Powers, was shot down over Russian territory last May.

THUS, RIDING HIGH AND SHOUTING loudly, Khrushchev will probably voice strong pleas before the UN General Assembly for a complete universal disarmament program.

The complications are only too many.

The United States, as leader of the Western bloc, thus is faced with countering Khrushchev's attempts to blow up the United Nations General Assembly with unrealistic proposals for propaganda purposes.

President Eisenhower is scheduled to speak to the General Assembly on Thursday. What the President has to say is not known. However, the lead of the United States to date has been to not make this UN session a "summit" meeting.

Whether the United States plans to launch any offensives at the opening of the General Assembly is also not known. The US position has been to resist the Soviet move to make the UN a star-studded show, to maintain the dignity of the United Nations and to continue the work of this body in a manner which is in the sincere desire to promote the peace of the world.

AMIDST THE "NO WELCOME" signs hung in the streets of New York and blasted by the hoots and catcalls of the longshoremens, Khrushchev has come to the United Nations. This is fascinating in itself. What the Soviet boss has to say to the General Assembly and how the West is going to counter bears watchdog attention.

G. S.

Little Man on Campus



"I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR OUR COACH - HE DOES ALL HE CAN TO KEEP TH BOYS ELIGIBLE!"

Ron Abell

The Old Man and the Seat: Ernest Little Football Tale

(Editor's Note: Ron Abell, presently the editor of Northwest Review, wrote this now famous story last fall and The Emerald published it. We can't resist the temptation to offer it again. With football in the air how's that for a pun?" at Michigan this weekend, Utah the following, and San Jose after that, we (Ron, that is) offer this impression of the glorious fall game.)

He was an old man and he had gone many Saturdays without getting a good seat. In the old days he had always had a seat near the marker of the 50 yards but now it had been a long time since he had sat in a good seat.

"West is excellent in the going off tackle," he thought, "and the little Jones in the skirting of ends is unmatched. This Saturday I will try to get a good seat."

So he arose early and put a tuna sandwich in some waxed paper and he put the sandwich in a brown bag and he put a bottle of red wine in the pocket of his overcoat and he walked to the field and arrived even before the gates were opened.

The little newspaper boy hurried over to him.

"Will you take me inside with you, viejo?" the boy asked. "This Saturday will you take me inside to the game?"

"When you are older," the old man said.

"But today will be a good game," the boy said, "it will be the Ricky Nelson of games."

"When you are older you can go to games," the old man said, and he took a paper from the boy and gave him a silver coin with a Roosevelt on it and the boy left and the old man waited in line for the gates to open.

When he was inside the stadium the old man bought a hot dog and spread it good with mustard and though it was early he took a swallow of the red wine because it was a football day and then he walked into the bleachers to get a good seat.

He wanted to see Grosz in the passing of the ball and Powell in the powerful run but especially he wanted to see the little Jones and the crush of the linemen. It would be the Kooky Byrnes of games and finally

after many Saturdays he would have a good seat.

The bleachers were uncrowded except for a few spectators and the old man had his eye on a seat precisely on the marker of the 50 yards. It was a seat even better than in the old days. It was the Jimmy Dean of all seats in the stadium. He sat down and took another swallow of the red wine because it was a football day.

"This seat is saved," he heard someone say.

"So much the better," he said without looking up, "if I can have the Jimmy Dean of seats and get saved at the same time it will be a good thing."

"I said this seat is saved," the voice repeated.

The old man looked up and saw it was a young man of Greek letters addressing him. "It is saved because I am in it," he told the young man.

The young man grabbed him by the coat and pulled the old man to his feet. "It's saved, grandpa. Don't you understand?"

"It is my seat," the old man said, struggling to free himself. "It is the Fabian of seats and it is mine."

Some other young men of Greek letters approached, "What's the trouble, Skip?" they said.

"Aw, some old drunk crowded in," the boy named Skip said.

Then they all grabbed the old man and began to push him down the stairs.

"But this is my seat," the old man said. "I came here early to get a good seat after many Saturdays."

They continued pushing the old man and in trying to fight them off the old man received cuts on his hands and the bottle of red wine fell from his pocket and became broken.

So even though it was an excellent game, a veritable Elvis of a game, the old man had to watch it from a seat behind the goal post standards.

Kimbrough was unexcelled in the catching of passes and the little Jones was superb in the skirting of ends but when the old man unwrapped his sandwich he was sad and he thought of how it was harder even to get

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