

# OREGON EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods. Subscription rates: \$1.25 per term and \$3.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Ore.

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## And So Another Junior Weekend Passes

ANOTHER class of juniors has made its contribution to one of the school's biggest annual events—Junior Weekend. Larger than ever before, this year's three-day celebration attracted approximately a thousand mothers to the campus, not to mention scores of other visitors. Thanks to a cooperative student body and a number of hard workers, the weekend may be given to history as a success and its innovations dedicated to bigger and more beautiful future Junior Weekends.

SEVERAL new ideas were incorporated into the presentation of the canoe fete, and they were good ones. The interfraternity council was on the right track when they suggested uniform float bases, to be constructed by the University. One crying need is for larger seating capacity. A hundred or so of those who came too late to purchase tickets, promptly tore down the burlap screen from the water curtain to the Anchorage and saw the fete free. Seems to us as though a system of cables could easily be arranged to draw floats down the millrace, saving swimmers an icy trip. Then couldn't something be done to keep trains from whistling?

Although they felt repaid by the results of their efforts, the Emerald feels that a number of sacrificing students merit some words of

commendation. The sum and substance of the whole matter is that Chairman Lloyd Sullivan and John Cavanagh, promotion head, had to forget about going to classes. Diminutive Pat Erickson spent hours a day working and fretting over her part in the canoe fete. Not stopping at suggesting a theme, Pat wrote the fete script.

THROUGH the efforts of Jack Holcomb and Cavanagh, Junior Weekend was promoted via radio, when a group of willing and helpful students broadcast programs from two Portland stations. Close to a thousand people listened to "Sunlight Serenade" Saturday afternoon. John Stehn, director of the concert band, said that Doris Ann Neely was a super-worker. The crowd that attended was his proof. Then there was Grace Irvin, whose crew of 90 girls made half a mile of sandwiches for the campus luncheon—another reason for a good Junior Weekend.

Where could one have found a more beautiful and gracious royal court? Everyone loved living under its sovereignty for the three short days. Yes, the campus should pat itself on the back for choosing as queen, Betty Buchanan, and as princesses, four very charming girls—Laura Jean Maurice, Suzanne Cunningham, Eleanor Collier, and Janet Foster. —J. L.

## A Grub Street for Oregon

WASHINGTON has its Columns, Southern California its Wampum, Stanford its Chapparel, California its Pelican—all are successful monthly mediums for undergraduate fiction, photo and comic art. Oregon has had no Grub Street since the early era of the "roaring twenties" when certain alive students paved an avenue for literary and artistic efforts with their Lemon Punch.

Today, other than the excellent one-a-year Oregana, local campus citizens have no literary magazine. They must woo away their words and pencil their art in trivial talk at Thirteenth street pubs or in the silent sanctuary of their Deady hall desk chairs with few benefiting from their talents.

A monthly Lemon Punch publication is

being currently discussed by several faculty members and students as a sensible adventure at Oregon. To them, such a medium would present to students the works of their contemporaries. It would be another means for intellectual activity, and it would offer a new field of endeavor untouched by Oregon's fourth estate.

Whether or not such a venture might prove popular or profitable to the ASUO is problematical but worthy of investigation. Perhaps it might provide another generation of Robert Ormond Case, Edison Marshall, and Ernest Haycox to glorify Oregon's alumni world. Perhaps it might prove a worthy adjunct to higher education. Perhaps . . . still, Oregon has no Columns, Wampum, Chapparel, or Pelican.—R. N. V.

## A Dark Cloud in a Clear Vienna Sky

SATURDAY night's canoe fete, the crowning event on the Junior Weekend slate, was a success in many ways. From the time the first float, bearing lovely Queen Betty Buchanan, became visible through the water screen until the last strains of the beautiful "Blue Danube" faded away, a record crowd forgot a world beset with wars and turmoil and lived with Hans and Lizzy in the gay Vienna woods.

There was, however, one dark cloud on the otherwise blue Vienna sky. This cloud went unnoticed until the end and even then only a few realized that a mistake had been made. When Junior Weekend Chairman Lloyd Sullivan asked that the person responsible for the theme and a great deal of the planning, Miss Pat Erickson, stand up she was so well hidden far up the race in section G that the spotlight could not reach her.

THIS, in itself, may not seem important enough to justify a mark against those who planned the weekend, but if Chairman Sullivan had asked for any of the others who devoted hours of effort towards making the weekend a success the spotlight would not

have reached them either. They were sandwiched away in the general admission section.

Figured on a cold commercial basis most of the Junior Weekend committee heads put in enough time to warrant the best box seats in the house—yet they were rewarded with general admission complimentary tickets. Those who were responsible may not have realized the importance of the matter and perhaps the blame should not fall too heavily upon their heads. The complimentary lists were made out late and they did what they could.

THE weekend is passed, the canoe fete is over, and the incident perhaps forgotten by everyone except those concerned. Any attempt to remedy the situation now would be like trying to hold back the water of the millrace for a float which was late.

Next year a new crop of planners will take over the weekend and the canoe fete. It is hoped that they will profit by this year's mistake and show their appreciation of those whose efforts make the weekend possible by providing them with a ticket marked "Complimentary—Reserved."—L. N.

# Behind the 8 BALL

With JACK BRYANT

Now that we've got mother packed up and sent off, let's everybody settle back and take things easy for a while.

Biggest problem facing the Oregon men at present is how to



act with the Oregonesses with Mortar Board looming up only five days away. If the fellow acts too nice the gals think he's bidding for a date. And if he acts a bit cool they'll think he doesn't want a date. With an imagination like

most women have, all men will windup in one of these two classes.

On Junior Weekend . . . the prom was swell, should have been more programs printed . . . even at that they had more printed this year than ever before . . . the campus luncheon was spoiled by the lettermen and their dunkings . . . the boys created so much commotion during the program that those who wanted to hear couldn't . . . this could have been averted by postponing the neck-and-ears washing until the ceremonies were over . . .

As for the fete . . . the floats were all good, anybody that awarded prizes was risking his hair . . . "Call it an all-way tie for first," declares the 8-Ball judges . . . the AOPi-Zeta hall float with very attractive Allean Poise Bechill and the white pigeons should by all means receive credit . . . Betty Lamour Milne in the champagne glass was strikingly beautiful as she rode the Alpha Chi-Sherry Ross hall entry . . . John water dog Kahananui was having the time of his life guiding the barge down the race.

More fete . . . all evening several of the more hopeful spectators were kept on the edge of their seats waiting for the water-turner-ner to slip and turn his curtain on when a float was passing, and turn it off when the wrong time came. . . . Intermission brought new hope as this same group also cheered up with the hope that song leader Les Ready was going to back right off the stage and into the race . . .

You can't stop 'em from hopin'. DA Neeley and Stan Staiger also came through in grand style as their little deal at the music school attracted 800 when they expected only 300.

### Quips

Walt Vernstrom always comes from Bend to see brother Roy, but never makes it any farther than the Alpha Chi house. . . . "Dynamite" Norcross has gone. . . . The freckle-faced pigtailed junior high school sister of Mary Jane came up with her mother for the weekend. She had the Alpha Chi house in a panic all the time, stealing the girls' dates, teaching the fellows games, playing jokes on the mothers, and shaking hands with everyone just to watch 'em jump when a little buzzer goes to work in her hand. . . . Campus pranksters watched her with envy. . . . Betty Cowan is coming the 25th to stay for a week and of course makes Doc Parsons, Sigma Chi, very happy. . . . The Tri-Delt-Phi Sig float had a short wave radio set, which of course went on the blink. . . . Temperamental Queen Betty concludes that she is being stood up (after Jim Pickett pokes a few jests) and starts home unescorted. Her escort, Wendy, who had just guided a float down the stream, got dressed two minutes too late.

Maybe Betty has been reading English history . . . Wasn't Elizabeth the same way?

Nancy Stratton seems to be the maid of the hour as she divides her time between Don Juan Turner and Jim I'm through with politics Pickett and Paul Jackson . . . (I saw her first) . . . PINS: Hank Miller hangs a white shield on Betsy Pantan . . . Sally McGrew gets Ed Wheeler's Phi Delt pin . . .

Plans were made last night to take the Phi Sig seniors on a ride . . . Ellie Engdahl is going steady with "Ox" Wilson, and is very happy over it . . . Bob Puny Mitchell proved the upset of the day as he won the two-mile against OAC Saturday . . . Johnny Mader is engaged to Rhea Anderson . . .

Swell couple: Scott Wilson and Elouise Gunn. . . . Glamour boy: John Martin. . . . Tops in brown eyes . . . Carolyn Collier. . . . Betty Diamond is engaged to Don Davidson. . . . Jim Turk Murphy married Maxine Winniford last week . . . they're graduate assistants. . . . RANK REBELLION: the lettermen dunk Major Barrett for wearing a tie. . . . COED OF THE WEEK: Kathleen Williamson . . .

Ken Christianson carries a scar from the dunking, he went clear to the bottom head first . . .

Last week's forgotten man, Bill Ehrman, he was prime minister. . . . Dream Girl Roberta Beck awaits with anxious anticipation the arrival of a Phi Psi from Cal on Thursday. . . . Elaine Gordon now has Spud Adams' Phi Delt pin (last week's prophecy). . . . Could use larger seating capacity for the fete.

No reflections on Mister Hitler!

## OREGON EMERALD

1939 Member 1940  
Associated Collegiate Press

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