

# If You Pick Flowers, Do Carry Scissors

By MARY ANN CAMPBELL

If the people who want to pick flowers around the campus would take along shears or clippers to cut the bushes, Sam Mikkelson, University gardener in charge of maintenance of the campus, wouldn't object nearly as much.

"It isn't that taking the flowers off bushes, like camellias or daphne, is such a crime," he said, "it's just that breaking the bush hurts it."

"Flowers like lilies of the valley or violets aren't hurt by picking as long as the leaves are left to give the roots nourishment," he went on.

"But we have our most trouble with people who break shrubs. One rhododendron, a deep red Canubia, back of the art building, was badly mutilated.

"Of course people have always picked flowers, more or less, have in all the years I've been here," he smiled. "The night watchman usually catches them and just gives them a lecture."

Mr. Mikkelson was full of enthusiasm for two trees he has

just planted. The name of the tree is the Kohai, but he hasn't the remotest idea of what they will look like when they have grown.

Those trees between Deady and Fenton and Deady and Villard that turn such a brilliant yellow in the fall are called in Latin Gingo Bilboa, but to all us non-botanists are the maidenhair tree. They are natives of the Orient, and Mr. Mikkelson has grown one to about eight feet in four years from a cutting.

He had another started, he regretfully remarked, but someone cut it off with a hoe.

# Patter

I want to rave a bit about a blonde girl who walked beautifully across the brilliant greenness of the campus one day when the sun was out. She wore a yellow daffodil in her golden hair above a straight-shouldered beige coat and white white white shoes. She looked exquisitely scrubbed. Exquisitely. She had blue-grey eyes and if I were a man I'd have been helpless game. Mr. Freeman Holmer could probably tell his soc. class that this vagary is another horrible example of the chaotic thinking rampant in modern times etcetera, which he said Patter was. Why is it chaotic to dwell on the reflection of a memory of a flash of life? I simply LIKED that daffodil. Isn't that enough? —Pat Erickson.

## Women's Officers Leave for Seattle

Janet Goresky, president of Panhellenic; Ruth Hall, president for the coming year; Mrs. Hazel P. Schwering, dean of women, left today for Seattle where they will attend the Northwestern Panhellenic convention.

The University delegates are scheduled to take part in the discussions and will lead some of the forums.

## MEET FREDDA



Fredda Gibson sings with Jack Leonard and Lyn Murray's orchestra on CBS's new Sunday program, "Meet the Music." She was singing with a small band at a college prom when Richard Himber discovered her.

# Lei Day in Hawaii Like Our May Day

By BETTY-JO SHOWN

May Day is Lei Day in Hawaii, the land of continual spring, and shower trees in bloom are counterparts of our blossoming Oregon fruit trees. But Annabelle Dow, student from the islands, compares spring on the Oregon campus very favorably with that to which she is accustomed.

Annabelle, born in Hawaii, is experiencing her first Oregon spring and is impressed—particularly with the distinction between winter, a novelty to her, and spring—the change in spirit, in activities, and in clothing. "I had to wear a sweater only two weeks last year!" she exclaimed, but observed that she hadn't yet been soaked to the skin by Oregon

rains, a common occurrence in Hawaii's sudden downpours.

Hawaiian fruit plants have no distinctive blossoms, unlike the apple and cherry trees which provide the outstanding objects of beauty in our season. Instead, the streets are lined with shower trees, one street with yellow blooms, others with red, pink, lavender, or rainbow—a blend of all the rest.

## A Native Queen

The coming of spring has long been celebrated by the crowning of a queen and dancing—a traditional May Day festivity. Her court consists of native girls, the island which each represents being distinguished by the charac-

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## PERT 'N' PERKY



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