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Fred Beckwith and Tommy Hazzard's Ducktation

Reeling under the impetus of food conservation, and with soy-bean cake in hand, we go to press.

Reams of rumors: A delightful surprise came to Sig Ep Don McIntosh who found a terrific Portland neighbor is a Kappa at this institute. Name—Liz Powers. . . Chi O Max Davis is working on a sharp costume for the forthcoming DU "Beachcomber Brawl." The sorority sisters are already plenty envious. . . Making the rounds these days are hipster Herbie Widmer, Theta Chi, and Bobbie Hawley, Alpha Chi. . . Delta Gamma Glenna Burnett pulled a sly one in asking Chi Psi Don McKenzie to dinner Wednesday night. She wanted him to be absent from the Chi Psi-Theta dessert. . . The lads are givin' the unnecessary razz act to Paul Smitherud for his ten ayem coke dates with Alpha Xi Delta lovely, Jerry Clark. . . Al Putnam, (who owes us one fish, incidentally) is no longer pinned to Gamma Phi Louise Goodwin. He's playing the field these days. . . Add combos: Alpha Chi Bev Ayer and Theta Chi Clarence Terry. . . Found on the doorstep of the SPE house: a gorgeous basket of May-day posies from Fees Mary Ross and Marge McNeel. Receivers were John Middleton and Erling Erlandson. . .

Musings: Open note to Pete Miller, Jim Morrell, and Ed Allen: You boys must be pretty ill. The florist said he'd send up a spray of poison ivy at the earliest possible convenience. . . June Johnson is lovely and she does use Pond's, but alas! she's not engaged! Floyd Stapp was her Saturday night escort and not George Lockover, as misprinted in the last column. . . Alpha Xi Delta Mary McQueen is still glowing from Bob Warren's recent visit. A boidie insists they'll be walkin' down orange blossom paths before long. . . Add men in

Theta Sis Scott's little blue book: Bud Hoefzell. . . The Gene McPherson (Gamma Phi)-Pete Hill (Delta) engagement is no more. . . B. G. Cox got the nod to a recent Gamma Phi preference affair, but chum Bob Ballard's not out of the picture yet. . . Somebody clipped the end of Tamale, (Chi O) cat's tail and enclosed it in a letter to the femmes. . . Lynn Renick hasn't gotten used to campus food since that chop suey dinner with Harry Officer in Portland recently. . .

Picked up in passing: Two new pledges in the Phi Delt house. Lads are Hal Bailey and Frank Morris. Beta Ted Loud has been washing dishes at recent Delta Zeta deserts. He's not even the houseboy there! . . . ATO Bill Uhle was renewing old acquaintances with Alpha Chi Bev Stephens at the Wednesday night dessert. . . Chi Psi Jerry Gowans seems to be taking quite an interest in Gamma Phi Donna Rankin. . . Making a big hit with the sorority gals are the big four-by-four cakes that the Yeomen serve at deserts. Delicacies have the sororities' names inscribed on 'em. . . The Sis Steel-Soup Campbell off-again-on-again combo seems to be on again, or something. . . If you can follow that one, here's an easy item to work on as a breather. We mean Virginia Grinde and Dick Chehak, who are always together. . . Large numbers of men were drafted for the Dee Gee work party the other day. Most of them were waxing—the floor, that is. . . Coming down from Portland to be with Martha Hoch at the Theta house dance is Brud Horskotte. . . Don Schafer (Sigma Nu) is dating Joyce Hansen in very steady fashion these days. . .

Factorium: Private Dean Bond, Sigma Chi now in Sam's gang, is back for a breather on campus. Mary Lou Miller, Dee-Gee, is the lucky lass. . . DU Milt Sparks and Barbara Blinco are rumored in the steady stage. . . ATO Gordon Janney is roaming the hillsides in pursuit of an elusive Theta Kite. Chick's name is Lourana Preston. . . Gamma Phi Mary Decker has seen the charm of SAE Ed Decater. . . Sigma Chi Earl Maynard is givin' the rush act to Alice Lockhart. . . Add steady teddies: Wes Miller and Anna Jean Winters. . . Carl Larson was sporting a pair of cuties from Portland and Albany the other night at the Holland. . . Dee-Gee Kay Shea set a record in getting Jim Cowen out of the Sigma Chi stocks; it was only ten minutes.

When picking soy beans
It's hard to tell the difference
Between the girl and boy beans.
We've had it. You'll get it. Tuesday morn.

Powder Burns

By Rex Gunn

You better go find your cave. The foxhole is obsolete.

A group of men representing the U.S. government have begun canvassing all large, natural caves throughout the country. Their purpose is to decide whether or not such caves would be serviceable as atomic bomb shelters.

Father Zeus must be getting a belly laugh out of this one.

We who took a batch of raw iron ore and interlaced the earth with steel strings of it; we who observed a restless lid on a kettle pot boiling and came out with engines and automobiles; we who filled the sky with men and our literature with words lauding them have finally chased ourselves back into caves; right where we started.

Sure, as Fra Lippo Pippi said, the sting's in that as much for all of us as for the vigorous little monk caught on the wrong side of the railroad tracks after midnight.

Maybe now we'll pull up short in our mad craze for doing, and grant a small premium for thinking.

If we don't, move over, moles.

Local Color

Seemed like a sultry day in Louisiana yesterday when the surge of life shoots in spurts and is exhausted quickly as blood from an artery flowing.

Professors who are not automations will tell you, if they can trust your tongues, that school is not much use on such days. Knowledge gets soggy in the warmth, has not so much to offer as the play of sunlight on an elder bush. We are, after all, animals first, intellects second; the latter holds much, not all.

And Others

There are those with dead-fish eyes and pale, unwholesome skin. Their minds are brittle, cut in narrowness, and sick within—paralyzed by rules.

Tell me, are their titles warm? Do they comfort them at night? Will they follow with affection when they die? Perhaps ink-blackened hands will put them in a book, will they compensate a chill in human eyes?

Beethoven, crashing through his shattered ears, hinted immortality in man. He drew it forth within our reach. We reach but are not tall enough.

We must grow.

Geology Class Studies Local Land Formations

The general geology class took a field trip Sunday to Triangle lake and Fern Ridge dam. The class, under the direction of W. D. Smith, head of the department, studied land formation.

Time Schedule . . .

The Junior Weekend parade will attract many townspeople as well as students, but it cannot be allowed to stop the business and social life in downtown Eugene. Because of heavy traffic on Saturday afternoons, the chief of police had rejected the plans for a student parade. The reversal of this decision carries the stipulation that the parade may not pass any one point for more than a 20-minute period. The approval also carries the understanding that the parade will start from a given point at a stated time.

Committee members and University officials have guaranteed these stipulations by going ahead with plans for the parade, but they must rely on the cooperation of students to fulfill them.

It's up to the members of the living organizations to abide by the time schedule exactly. Being "fashionably late" means tying up traffic in Eugene unnecessarily.

Supply System . . .

The prom chairman with an eye to the future has suggested that the ASUO keep materials for dance decorations for use throughout the year. She pointed out that the committees for each all-campus dance purchase such supplies as paintbrushes and paints and have no system for sharing such equipment.

In approving a request for the purchase of a new spray gun for painting, the ASUO executive council also approved her plan. Usable pieces of equipment and extra decorative supplies will be kept in the ASUO offices in McArthur court and will be available to all groups sponsoring all-campus functions.

While the project is small, it will mean an important saving for budget-harassed committees, and it is a step toward more efficient management of campus social affairs.

Traffic laws are here to stay—are you? Safety means observing laws, and watching for those who don't. Traffic laws are not annoyances to be ignored. They are for your protection. Don't learn about them by accident.—National Safety Council.

Last year about 10,000 pedestrians literally walked themselves to death. More than a third of them were killed crossing between intersections. Cross streets as if your life depended on it—it does!—National Safety Council.

Telling the Editor

About Food Campaign...

It has often been said that Americans can not do anything without talking about it first. This is certainly true in the food campaign drive. Actual conversations from people who have never given up a great deal or who have never been away from home seem the most indignant that America, and especially the University of Oregon, should bother to sponsor a food campaign drive. I don't believe that anyone who can complain or laugh at such a matter is a conscientious citizen aware of others' rights as well as those of himself. Simply because European countries are now weak and more unfortunate than America is no

reason to deny them existence. It is not much fun helping the underdog all the time, I admit, but when it comes to a question of starvation and disease, who has a right to complain? Certainly not those who have never felt the brunt of such misfortunes. It seems to be a war "civilian" (another word for selfish) attitude that students, who have never been away from home, take. One does not hear the service men who have actually been overseas express such infantile isolationist opinions.

Oh, well, why should Americans give up anything. It's all theirs. They earned it didn't they?

—Betty Brody.

HITS and MISSES

In Current Movies

By Mimi Moores

One of the most appealing comedians in movie history has returned to Eugene for a short time—Jiminy Cricket is appearing in "Pinocchio" this weekend at the Mayflower. His performance is perfect.

Not once does Mr. Cricket step out of part, miff his gags, chew the scenery, or slam his sponsor. There is no mention of Senator Clagghorn, Dear Miriam, or Don Wilson. Jiminy just concentrates on his role as Pinocchio's conscience with an earnestness that might be an inspiration to his movie rivals.

Lots of movies are fantasies, and too many of them are produced to please children. The trouble is that most of the time everyone realizes this fact except the producer. "Pinocchio," however, is just the opposite; it doesn't pretend to be realistic.

Nevertheless, the story-book characters who try to lead poor Pinocchio astray are surprisingly like the familiar Hollywood types. The Cat and the Fox, for instance, are more convincing than the gunmen in an average detective movie, and their ring-leader, the coachman, who turns out to be the devil himself, is twice as terrifying as Boris Karloff could ever be.

One other resemblance is remarkable. Cleo, the coy goldfish, looks and acts exactly like Betty Grable. Being a fish, Cleo can't cross her legs, but she makes up for any lost time with her eyelashes.

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