

Phone Strike Hits Peak When It Annoys Even the Men of Fenton

By JIM WALLACE

One week and three days ago a momentous occasion burst forth upon this continent. We are now bewildered by a great silence testing whether such an occasion can long endure. We sincerely hope it cannot. For, as General Sherman remarked on viewing the vast and enduring destruction caused by an overturned supply cart, the telephone situation is . . . well yes, it certainly is.

The first day of the debacle was amusing. It provided seventy-six per-cent of the psychology students with research material namely, "What is the per-

versive reaction of the average (favorite psych term—always protect yourself with the average) college male when prevented from talking with the average (again, double indemnity) college female?" It was also amusing to listen to some baffled legal eagle trying to reason logically with the recorded "so sorry" voice that remained oblivious to his pleading. The second and third days of

silence began to pinch where it hurt. That is, they pinched the feet of socialites and politicians who trudged from house to house trying to find a picnic partner or call a committee meeting. Campus merchants dispensing foot balm reported a 49 per-cent increase in sales during this period.

Thursday was marked by sage observations for it was on this day that word of the strike penetrated to the sound-proofed subterranean

chambers of Fenton hall. Never at a loss for words the barristers took their mid-week breath and promised serious consideration.

Friday to Sunday was more lost than any alcoholic's weekend. Perfect picnic weather descended upon the Eugene area and with it frustration. Not the war-time frustration of lack of gas and other liquids deemed necessary for a successful outing but a frustration induced trying to get the right combination of time, place, and girl. Inventive youth was not long stymied, however, as flying patrols scouted the campus, acting under the war-cry of "we came, we saw, she concurred."

Monday bothered no one. Few were sufficiently recovered from poison ivy, spider bites, and picnic anemia to care whether the phones ever rang or not. But by evening the few adventurous souls who wandered the streets sensed that the stage was being set for important events.

The world was hardly awakened Tuesday when the shape of things to come became evident (not to be confused with the shape of things passing by). The massive doors of Fenton swung open and Joe Zilch, barrister spokesman, stepped out,

blinked, adjusted his tri-focal contact lenses and read to the Pioneer Father the legalus eaglus strike proclamation.

Said Zilch, "I can no longer be at peace among the tomes knowing that any minute some student might miss a last-minute class cancellation or that some queenly damsel might miss the thrill of talking to her heart's desire. Something will be done to alleviate the situation."

The Pioneer Father smiled, he was confident that the next opening of the iron-bound doors of the law castle would mark the wonderful answer to all the problems.

Cave Resort Seeks

(Continued from page one)
dents working in contact with the general public and tourists, especially, are in a unique position to benefit not only themselves but the University as a whole by the impression they give to the persons they meet.

Dr. L. E. Tyler's Book To Be Published in Fall

"Individual Differences," a book by Dr. Leona E. Tyler, assistant professor of psychology, will be

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published next fall by the Century company. Dr. Tyler has done much research in individual differences and plans to teach in this field at the University of Minnesota next summer.



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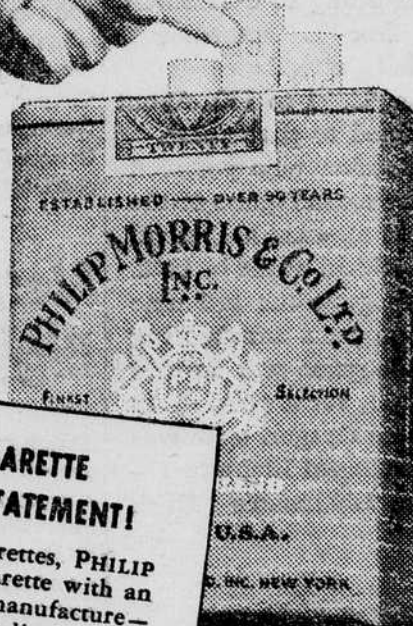
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