

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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The Bible, the Flag, and Mom

Of all institutions peculiarly American, the cult of Momism is the most enigmatic. As Philip Wylie put it:

Our land, subjectively mapped, would have more silver cords and apron strings crisscrossing it than railroads and telephone wires. Mom is everywhere and everything and darned near everybody, and from her depends all the rest of the U.S. Disguised as good old mom, sweet old mom, your loving mom, and so on, she is the bride at every funeral and the corpse at every wedding. Men live for her, dote upon her and whisper her name as they pass away, and I believe she has now achieved in the hierarchy of miscellaneous articles, a spot next to the Bible and the Flag, being reckoned part of both in a way.

Nationally, a holiday is set aside to honor mom, the University designates a weekend as Mom's Weekend, and even the Oregon Daily Emerald joins the momworshippers by dedicating to the moms this issue which dutiful sons and daughters are urged to send home by dutiful committee chairmen. And traditionally this would be the place to publish a sentimental tribute to all women who have gone through the supposedly deifying experience of reproduction. However, without seeming iconoclastic, let us consider mom, and let the moms consider themselves.

Hitherto, mom has been so busy changing diapers, pushing a broom, tending gardens and making quilts that she was rarely a problem to her family or to her friends, and certainly not to herself. Nowadays, with time on her hands, mom has heaved her size-forty charm into hundreds of organizations, bridge clubs, daughters of some-war-or-other clans, auxiliaries, etc. She smokes thirty cigarettes a day, chews gum, and has two cocktails before lunch. She reads the tacky romantic fiction in all the slick women's magazines, occasionally glances at an article which she could not possibly discuss rationally with her bored-to-numbness husband, and she spends three nights a week at the local flicker follies with "the girls" from the bridge club.

She practices all the wiles to keep her pap-fed sons adoring herself, and shrewdly brings up her daughters to become "helpless" rock-eyed mantraps whose crimson lips are riveted into steel.

Hospitals cry for nurses, children in Europe go barefoot and naked, mothers and babies are dying like rats in a sinking ship in China, while sweet li'l old American moms spend millions of dollars a year for cosmetics and psychiatrists to pander to their malingerings and wheedlings and indulgences caused by useless neurotic lives.

No, not all of them. There are thousands of American mothers whose integrity cannot be questioned, whose souls are serene, whose children are well-adjusted, whose husbands are happy. There are thousands of mothers, like the Oregon moms who provide scholarships, who serve usefully and well. As for the others, the "brass-breasted Baal", let them search themselves with the same critical eye they cast on daughter's sorority sisters or junior's girl friend.

While all the husbands, sons and daughters are bringing booty to mom and polishing the halo around her silvery hair, let mom do a little straight thinking about her worthiness of the pedestal we've placed under her.

How Spartan Can We Get?

Every year at Junior Weekend and at Homecoming there is a loud howl from the campus malcontents, who fain would destroy our sacred Oregon traditions.

Sometimes these trouble-makers even go so far as to suggest that a lot of these traditions we enforce are trumped up. That, of course, is hokey.

To prove the venerable lineage of our most sacred tradition to his one short weekend. Sure, make the freshmen wear Emerald. We read the Junior Weekend stories for years back,

and noted a few points about traditions. Some of them are really old.

A good example is the decree against smoking on the "old campus." That one dates clean back to 1940. They had a rule like that in 1934, but between '34 and '40 nobody seems to have given a hoot.

The tradition which prohibits wearing white shoes on the campus on that most sacred day dates clear back to 1932, when some of us were graduating from grammar school. Of similar vintage is the edict against talking to girls, or of the girls inciting a male to conversation. Neckties were included in the verboten list most years, after about 1932.

Girls have been wearing hair-ribbons for about 10 years. Freshmen men have been forced to put on that silly thing known as a "rooters' lid" since about 1941 or 1942. They did it in 1930 and no doubt some Junior Weekend committeeman, looking back for some good traditions to enforce, came across it.

Well, it's a good one.

Here are a couple more this year's committee might revive, if they want some real oldies.

Also in the 20's the freshmen made a big fire each spring and burned their freshman caps. Now there's an idea. It would give the committee something to supervise all year, instead of forcing them to concentrate their interest in the Oregon tradition to his one shor weekend. Sure, make the freshmen wear those silly hats all year long—like Oregon State.

The annual frosh-soph tug'o war, which was one of the high points of the Junior Weekends of a few years ago has had to be discontinued because of the shortage of millrace.

While the committee is busy scurrying around finding traditions to enforce, it might also be well to define a few terms.

What is the "old campus." It includes Deady and Villard, of course, but does it include Oregon and Commerce? During the war it didn't. But at Homecoming, if we recall correctly, it did. Buildings get older as the years go on, and maybe Oregon and Commerce have now reached that age.

Is all this to be enforced all Junior Weekend, or just during the luncheon?

If we're going to be real democratic about Junior Weekend and make it good and tough, we should at least know how spartan we can get.

Telling the Editor

ABOUT TOM HAZZARD

There were several other Oregon alumni at lunch today and one of them had a recent copy of the Emerald in which you were moaning about the need for a third candidate for the president of the ASUO, "acceptable to both the Greeks and the Independents," one who will "reestablish democratic government on the campus."

You have him, my dear girl, right under your nose. Last summer in Los Angeles I had a hot argument with him over campus politics. At that time I KNOW he was not a member of TNE and it is extremely doubtful if he has joined since then. From what he said I judged he would as soon join the Ku Klux Klan as TNE.

Most of the local alumni know him and think he is competent, a good organizer and to the best of his ability would do as he promises. Maybe he wouldn't even run, but if he could be elected he would make a good man for the Greeks, the Independents, and the University. (Obviously I have modified some of my ideas about TNE since I was an undergraduate or I would not be writing this recommendation.)

His name is Tom Hazzard.

M. W. Waite, Los Angeles, Calif.

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ABOUT TOWELS

I have always held contempt for those who would infer that all people connected with the physical education department were of strong back and weak minds. I have always been led to believe that a healthy body builds a healthy mind. I am still of this contention. However, it has become increasingly apparent that someone in the P. E. Dept. has developed an exceedingly strong back. So strong, in fact, as to resist the infestations of the staphylococcus germ.

One towel is now being provided per week to those men who wish to workout in the gym. Reason: The increased cost of laundry.

David C. Wiley

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OPEN LETTER TO ROY FRANCIS

It was my original intention to ignore the charge contained in your open letter to me, letting its own absurdity speak for itself. However, it has since come to my notice that your words are being taken seriously by several people upon the campus. As a consequence, I am forced to give your letter notice which it does not deserve, either

as a literary work or as a piece of mature reasoning.

You have imputed to me words which I have never said and thoughts which I have never considered. Your attack casts direct reflections upon my fitness for responsible citizenship. You have attempted to malign me in a most unwarranted fashion.

It is obvious to me that you have not taken the slightest trouble to examine my record on the matter of the just rights of minority races and groups. I trust that when you have repaired your abysmal ignorance on this subject you will grant me the courtesy of a public apology.

Howard K. Zimmerman, Jr.

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ABOUT C. Q.

What is the Graduate Quarterly? Why does it have to have an editor? Ignorant and undeformed

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ABOUT GRAMMAR

Apropos of the lesson in English administered by Mr. Roy G. Francis, editor of the Graduate Quarterly, we note with horror the presence of a split infinitive in his sec-



By DALE HARLAN

In order that the local training office of the Veterans Administration may better advise men on their training here at the University the local training officers have each taken special groups of veterans to work and advise with.

Under the new setup Thomas Karnes will handle the advising of veterans who are majoring in B.A. or Law; George McCracken will work with those majoring in music, journalism, or architecture; and Kenneth Wood will be available to

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Browsing

with LARRY LAU

Biggest laugh since the Snow-belle episode is the rumor that the Weekend float drawings paired the Theta Chis and Chi Psis (they now!) One of Browsing's original sponsors, an ex-ATO, has been pressured out of further participation. The Grace Hoffman-Jim Bocchi combo is the subject of much excited talk. One of the hottest political battles of a decade is taking place within the ASA. Hear tell that Ann Burgess and Bobbie Fulmer are just two of the girls that have been promised the No. 2 spot. By way of cooling off, you guys and gals might make a quick trip to The Duck. All kinds of fresh, home-made ice cream, cones, shakes, sundaes and what have you at pre-war prices.

From what we hear the juicy Oregon Caves deal has turned a little sour. In the behind-the-plate circles they call Huskie coach Art McLarney society's Buck Bailey. They say he dresses better than our own Hobby (that I gotta' see!). Promised to remind you people that Fennels Drug Store has a new stock of Greek letter stationery. Whether get yours while it's in. A whole raft of bouquets to both Hicks and Wallace for bringing the first real top-notch to the Oregon campus. The Campus Shoe Shop, a scant block away, boasts of prices as low as any in town. Full or half soles, taps and cleats, whatever it is, get those clogs fixed up for spring rambling.

Also much speculation as to who ISA "Boss" Lemmons will choose to run with him come election time. Glenn Kennedy and "Pete" McNott have strengthened the ties with an engagement ring.

Chi O's newest pledge, the winsome Mariel Means, has an ardent admirer in Phi Psi's blonde-topped Dave Kempston. They say that Bob Niederholzer is leaning heavily towards the DG's Mary V. The Phis stately Carolyn Wells and Ian Mackenzie are planning a splicing this summer. Ditto for Theta's Lourana Preston and Fiji Cammy Echanis. Both Calbred Bob Holly and blue-eyed lovely Jean Graves seem much satisfied with their existing arrangement. With the Jr. Prom coming up, tuxedos, suits and what there is to formals these days should be cleaned and readied for the big Alder and Kincaid on 13th, does an event. The Best Cleaners, between professional job of making things look shipshape. pd. adv.

ond paragraph. What a crime—and he an editor, too!

- H. K. Zimmerman C. J. Aikin A. H. Gropp R. D. Williams C. R. McCully D. G. Margetson Roger D. Whealy