

Take it Easy, Jupe

The Buchwach Editorial

(Editor's Note: This is tradition week. Oregon students are acting in a manner they understand is "traditional." Many of the traditions are observed willingly, gladly, and with enthusiasm. The Emerald today honors a tradition that falls in the last mentioned group. Enthusiastically we re-print the famous "Buchwach Editorial." Written by Aaron "Buck" Buchwach, the editorial first appeared in the Emerald on May 6, 1941, and has been reprinted every year since. That is part of the tradition. The other part is that the Buchwach Editorial brings good luck.)..

When the occasion demands, and in truth it has on numerous occasions, the Portland Oregonian and Oregon Journal have resorted to their editorial columns in an attempt to influence weather conditions. Now there is no exact procedure for a journalist to follow when he is begging for rain for poor farmers gazing at the sky with parched throats, for verily it takes a combination of subtle demanding, varied pleading, and good-natured hoping to achieve such desired results.

The Emerald, although of course it adolescently blushes when compared to such time-honored organs as the Oregonian and Journal, is driven to adopt such editorial tactics, however, by Jupe Pluvius, that old gentleman who loves the Oregon country so well and so much that he delights in spraying it often and thoroughly . . . especially when asked to by the Portland papers.

But now, Mr. Pluvius, the Emerald asks you politely, but firmly, to shift your schedule in such a manner so as not to spoil our Junior Weekend . . . The farmers have had their misty blessings, and the Oregonian and the Journal have received their just due, and the city pavements, too, are washed clean by

the sweet Oregon mist. What the University asks now is for you, Mr. Pluvius, to rest on your laurels for a while and visit somewhere else.

There is reason to believe that you intend to scare us a bit. In fact, you have. The rain clouds have washed our baseball teams hither and you, our track meets have been held in semi-wintery weather, and our golf and tennis teams have been forced to completely abandon their frolicking.

But please, Mr. Pluvius (or Jupe, for we know you but too well), don't come around with your clouds and your tricks . . . Our Moms will be down for the weekend festivities, and forsooth—they will be attired in their springiest of spring outfits, and their hats will be of the kind to bring male smiles. But we want to take them to the campus luncheon to see the queen and her court of beautiful princesses crowned, and my goodness how the raindrops do raise havoc with even a proud mother's finest apparel.

* * * *

The Portland papers have more important advertisers and have more influence, perchance, Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, but not even they will praise you with more honest enthusiasm and open-mouthed admiration if you will but take your vacation . . .

And if you have to take that storm which is declared by some pessimistic meteorologists to be coming from out Newport way somewhere, perchance you could deposit it at Stanford, California, or even USC.

Just for the weekend, you understand. We want you as our permanent resident up here in Oregon, Jupe, to freshen our flowers, to clean our streets, and to keep our soil rich and red.

But not Junior Weekend, please.

of a campus group or the delegate to the national convention. She may be one of the girls behind the scenes, who worked long and hard for a worthy goal. Her service must be a service to the University, not to the house in which she lives nor for the personal ends she would attain. Her service must be beneficial to the students at the University, and her personal accomplishment or enlightenment is secondary.

Her leadership must be unquestioned—she must not only have those qualities that make a good background woman, but she must be able to move to the fore when the need is apparent. Not aggressive, but capable; not glory-grasping, but dependable—these are the qualities for which the outgoing members search.

A plan of voting is employed that brings personal prejudice and malice to virtual non-existence. The voting must be unanimous, with each outgoing member of the group voting in each new member. Qualifications are read and discussed, and a secret ballot is taken. Those who received unanimity are automatically members, and the discussions are repeated, until each member knows each potential member academically, personally, and as a co-worker.

Mistakes have been made in the selection of Mortar Boards in the past, and there's no guarantee that this year's group was infallible. But if care, conscientiousness, and desire to perpetuate a good thing are worth anything, the 1948-49 Mortar Boards are a good choice, representing the scholars, leaders, and workers of the class of '49.—J.B.S.

L'Affaire Life Magazine, A Play By Play Account

By BERT MOORE

Those who arrived late to hear Governor Dewey speak Wednesday night and had to sit behind the lecture platform had a fine vantage point from which to view l'affaire Life Magazine, or, Five Little Stassenites and How They Grew Apart.

For those who weren't at the speech or haven't heard the story, here are the clinical details.

At the beginning of his speech Dewey was greeted by the front-row spectacle of five UO students ostentatiously reading copies of a magazine on the cover of which was a Life-sized picture of Harold Stassen. The campus Stassen organization disavows any knowledge of the stunt, calculated to get on the speaker's nerves, and informants say that the entire deal was cooked up about half an hour before the audience began to fill the



Igloo.

The five did upset the governor somewhat, but it's a moot point as to whether the war of nerves was won by the five or by the speaker. It's a fact that 18 minutes after the speaker began the magazines were laid down. They were probably getting pretty heavy, and the mob-psychology stress—4000 people were listening avidly—was also probably intense.

Twenty-six minutes had passed when four of the magazines were picked up again, possibly in answer to the gesticulations from a white-sweatered student who was sitting in the balcony behind the speaker. A minute later an Associated Press photographer took a picture of the four, then another photographer snapped them, and from there on the timetable got crowded.

At 8:59 (the speech had begun at 8:30) No. 5 man picked up his magazine and the AP photog took another picture.

At exactly 9 o'clock the fourth man threw down his Life and began to applaud! You might say that the governor is a 30-minute man, a good conversion record for the course. At 9:03 two more of the five laid down their magazines, and shortly after the action was unanimous. Student No. 5 got up about then and asked for Dewey's opinion on UMT. No. 1 applauded the answer, and then all five joined in. Dewey's conversion record was getting better.

Then he fouled up, estranging many who had seen the whole thing. A man sitting two seats away from the formerly tight isle of Stassenites asked a question, and before he could vocalize it completely Dewey asked him if he was making a speech or asking a question. The front row five could report their mission accomplished, for after the stranger had rephrased his question Dewey swung hard by saying that if the questioner had been listening instead of reading he would already know the answer. Nerve ends were out . . . and had caused the governor to make a rather bad mistake. Few people like to see a blameless man derided.

Who showed the poorest taste? Some say Dewey, claiming he should have ignored the whole matter. Others are of the opinion that the silent hecklers with their magazines should be crucified because "they gave a poor impression of University hospitality." It's a moot point.

Let There Be Light

A LETTER

To the Editor:

Earlier this year the Emerald ran an editorial advocating better lighting on the campus. A fine idea, we thought, and waited for the enlightenment to come. Nothing happened.

Perhaps the light installers perished in their own trap. Maybe they stumbled on the dark steps of the walk leading from Gerlinger to the library, or floundered in the murky passage between the physics quonset hut and Deady. Or they might have lost their way anywhere on the old campus. (Not only does the old campus have worse lighting than the new campus, but it has more chuckholes per path than its neighbor across the street.) Probably, however, the lighting question joined the ranks of other pigeon-holed issues.

A progressive university should provide lights just as it furnishes running water and a good library, for lights do come under the essential, not the luxury category. We realize that some people would not appreciate a uniform glare over the campus, but for the benefit of all, improved lighting should be installed.

A well lighted campus is not only a safer campus but presents a better appearance to outsiders.

We fervently hope that we will not be "trudging our weary way home across the darkened campus" forever.

Sincerely,
Jo Rawlins
Venita Howard

The Girls With the Roses Have Been on the Pan

Slowly, carefully, the black-robed members thread their way through the crowd of gay picnickers, the red rose of Mortar Board held in their hands.

As the dignified line moves through the gay Junior Weekend crowd, new members are tapped by the traditional presentation of the rose, and a welcome is extended as the new member joins the end of the line. Cries of joy and thrills of happiness rise from the crowd or the new member, for they and she know that hers has been the recognition awarded to few members of the senior class. She has become a member of Oregon's only nationally recognized service fraternity—she is a Mortar Board.

But the orderly, solemn seniors, so serious at the picnic time, worked hard and diligently to choose their members well. They talked and thought at a series of meetings, learning over again the qualities that bespeak Mortar Boards. Their choices have fulfilled three requirements—scholarship, leadership, and service.

Her scholarship must adhere to a national ruling and scholarship exceptions are rare, being upheld by the national administrators only after careful review of the case. The requirement is that the new members must have cumulative GPAs of .3 of a point higher than campus average for the last five terms. Oregon's all-campus average for the last five terms has been 2.5—therefore, the incoming Mortar Boards must be the possessors of 2.8 or higher GPAs.

The service must be genuine, not superficial. The girl need not have been president