

Daily



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## SDX Edition

# SDX Exposes Red Plot On Webfoot Campus; 'Hotbeds' Disclosed

University officials were agog Wednesday at the sudden disclosure by Sigma Delta Chi that a powerful and widespread communist "cell" actually exists at the University of Oregon.

Investigators disclosed that the communists operate through a secret political "front" party, known as the USSR. It's full

name is the United Students for a Sovietized Regime.

From Johnson hall on the campus came immediate assurance that the underground movement would be ruthlessly crushed. When asked whether there will be any communists on the campus by fall term, surprised officials declared, "Of course not." A Campus Communist Inves-

tigation board declared the University library and the Co-op to be "hotbeds" of underground activity. Convalescents are complaining of undue temperatures in the infirmary beds.

The board charged that the library "insidiously purveys" books of a radical nature by Charles Beard and others. The Co-op, said the board, obviously is organized on a "communistic basis."

## German Political Bloc Wins Friendly Election

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## Democracy or Discrimination

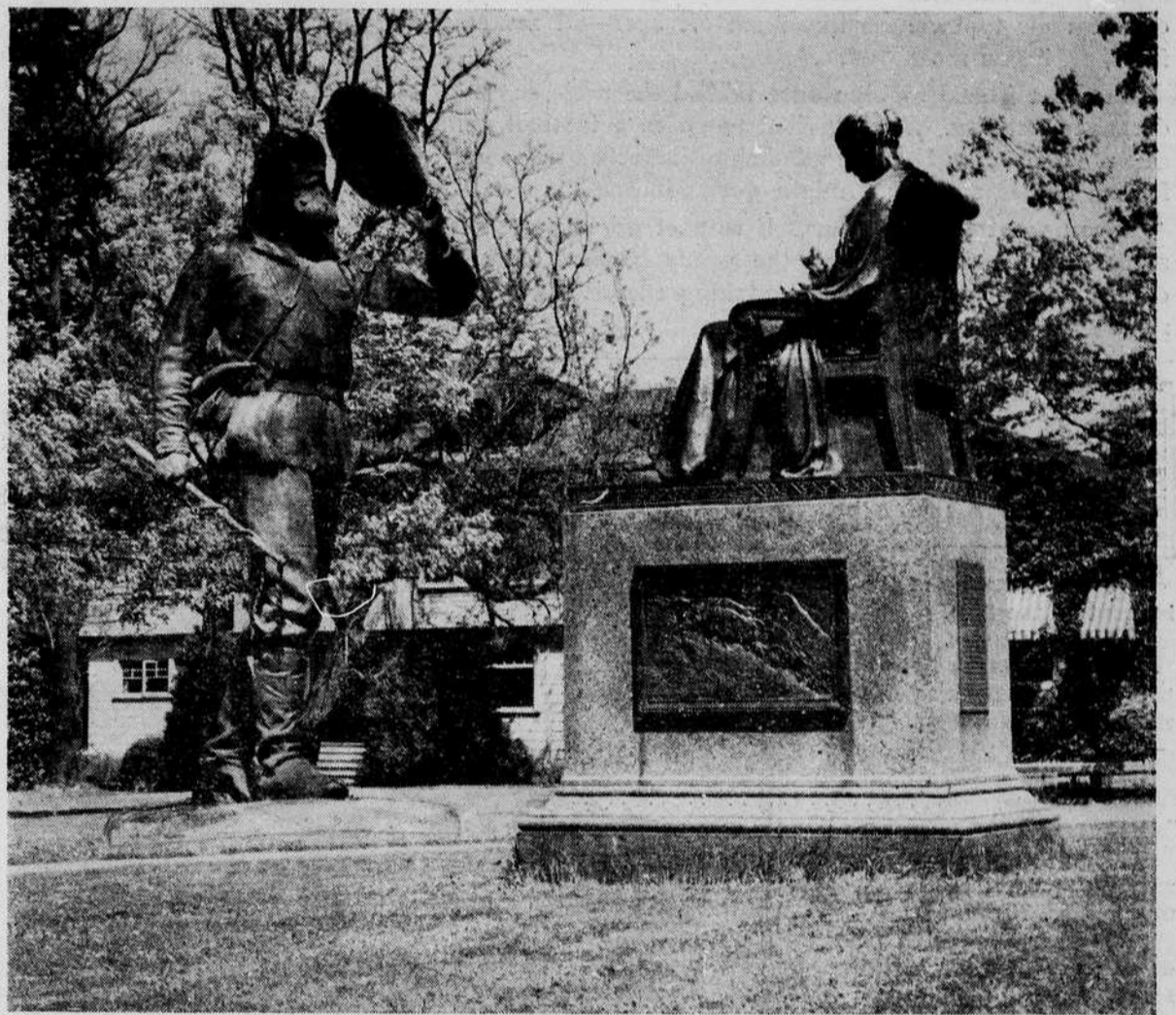
It has been brought to our attention that a VERY SERIOUS problem of DISCRIMINATION exists on the University of Oregon campus; here, on the campus that Henry Wallace praised for its "liberalism."

We point, WITHOUT PRIDE, to the DEPLORABLE situation of the SEGREGATION of faculty and student automobiles on the campus parking lots.

How does this look to the visitor? On the one side, we find a sign reading "Student Parkng," behind which are parked shiny new cars. On the other side, a sign reading "Faculty Parking," behind which we find ancient, battered old wrecks.

Let's END this source of embarrassment to our faculty. We cannot carry on like this and follow our principles of true DEMOCRACY. Allow our cars to MIX FREELY on the campus parking lots in true democratic fashion so that our professors may lift their heads in pride, secure in the knowledge that NO ONE knows whether theirs is the antiquated 1924 Maxwell or the bright new 1949 Mercury.

## Good Heavens!!!!



## 'I Was There'

# Student Lured Into Meeting

By "RED" BETELGEUSE  
I was there. I attended a meeting of the University of Oregon Communist party at the University of Oregon at Eugene, Oregon. I saw what happened. I took notes on what went on. I was there.

It happened this way:  
There I was, selling twisties in the libe, speculating on women and grain and, incidentally, taking a few small bets from members of the faculty who couldn't make it to Portland Meadows. I was minding my own business.

Then a queer character approached me. Strong in the knowl-

edge that I was in Eugene, not Los Angeles, I stood my marble. I was omnipotent, abominable, and also reeked strongly of red wine. There is no doubt that that is what confused the issue. The issue pushed aside his beard, saying (and I quote):

"Howja like to go to the local Commy meetin', Jack? The boys gimme fifteen tickets to sell an' I only got three left an' my kids are starving at the vets' dorm an' my wife run away to Argentina with a guy named Schickelgruber and I can't buy any more powder for my bombs an'..." I stopped his stream

of eloquence and two cars with a commanding gesture. Said I, "I'll take all of them."

### Big Chance!!!

Here was my chance! I was gonna get to go! Stan Williamson couldn't stop me. H. K. Newburn couldn't stop me. Governor Hall and President Truman were too beat to argue. My wife was out of town. I could go!

Printed on the back of the tickets were directions on how to get to the meeting. I rushed (I was in the pink) along the path to Johnson hall, whistling a few bars of "The Red, Red Robin Goes Bob,

Bob, Bobbin Along." Several confused girls sprang from the lawn and ran in front of me. I stopped at 13th for a minute, the campus cop finally let me go, and I turned into the administration building.

### Get's In!!

A doorman named Gurley or Kurllee or such ushered me into a big, glass-topped desk. I slinked through the bottom drawer and into a cleverly concealed inkwell which opened into a dimly lit corridor. A small red light winked at me from the corridor's end. I winked back.

But I didn't dare tarry. My goal

was too close. Brushing aside some red velvet drapes maked Amazing values! Incredible savings! I stumbled into the low-ceilinged room where the comrades were gathered and tucked into every corner.

"Raus!" someone shouted "House," I shouted back. "Mouse." another yelled. "House mouse," I shouted back. I was in.

### Reds Make Merry

Let me describe that incredible scene. Bearded tovarisches sat cross-legged around the red-walled cellar. One quartet sang "Redwing"

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# Sex Relationship Revealed

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