

## Porchlight Parade

By ED CAUDURO

With the Stanford weekend but a menu from Omar Khayyam's and a towel from the St. Francis, the campus is once again aglow with a hectic madness reminiscent of registration week. . . . Joe College has resumed his normal practice of chasing frosh coeds while partner Betty takes backflips down 13th to build up her activity points. . . . On everyone's mind and tongue is the Michigan game this Saturday, and an unswerving belief that the mighty Webfoots will hang a defeat on the Wolverines.

Watziz about DG Carol Eagle-son celebrating her birthday with Beta troubles? . . . The blinding light the "characters" at the art school have been harrassed by of late is the rock on Alpha Chi Liz Kelley's third finger left, courtesy of SAE's Warren Ritchie.

Kappa Barb McClintock was wearing a fetching starry-eyed look last week, due mostly to the presence of Phil Welling on campus after a term with Uncle Sam. . . . Most intriguing question of the week: Is, or is not, the Gamma Phi fire escape still wired for sound? We offer a toast (of arsenic and ground glass) to the rally squad, what enthusiasm! Suggest some kind rooter furnish them with pom poms and adrenalin for the next game. . . . The inevitable has happened with the "brassing" of the DG's Virginia Cassavant by Phi Psi Don Boots. Cass was greeted with the traditional Phi Psicrating Monday eve. . . . Dotty Madden and Annie Fenwick are scouring the campus with rather grim, determined looks of late. Seems they just heard there were two for every girl, and are out to get their quota before the rains come. . . .

Football preview at the rally last Thursday saw Gammafie Jean Swift substituting for Nancy Swem who was delayed at the president's reception. "Swiftly" intercepted "Gorgeous George" Bell's pass intended for Swem but there was a penalty on the play for too much time in the huddle. . . . Theta Leslie Tooze and Chi Psi Tom McLoughlin seen cheek-to-cheeking at Willamette park. The Fijis appeared to be holding a house meeting at this same bun-ion palace. . . . who's the obedient pledge who brings hamburgers and shakes to the DGs and Thetas after hours? . . .

Down South, alum Kay Schneider, sporting a Woody Woodpecker hairdo, invited everyone to her shindig. . . . On the home front party honors go to Mr. and Mrs. Larry Lau (blended Sept. 4) where they stacked 46 people into a two-room apartment for a "listening party" that jingled until the wee hours. . . . understand that Pete Miller was given a room at a nice hotel down South that was to have been reserved for Tom Dewey.

Dewey and his entourage unexpectedly appeared and the management tried to move Pete. Pete, we hear, told th management to move Tom Dewey. . . . At this writing, neither KUGN, KORE nor KASH has plans to broadcast the Mich.-Ore. game. KOIN will carry it over CBS, but who can get KOIN down here? Has been suggested that Webfoots make many, many phone calls and let 'em know there are better times for organ music than 11 a.m. Saturday. KORE has the nerve to give us as a substitute, the WSC-Stanford game. What say, kids. . . . can they do that to us???

## Lecture Series Courtesy

Variety is proverbially the spice of life and the University assembly committee, under the chairmanship of Dr. Dan E. Clark, is bringing that very thing to the campus this year.

During the five lectures scheduled for the year, students will hear the opinions and comments of an economist, an authority on Germany, an author, a woman industrialist, and a newspaper correspondent.

One of the outstanding features of the assemblies is the question-and-answer period which usually follows each talk, during which the audience gets a chance at rebuttal and an opportunity to gain further information.

The expressed opinions of the speakers don't always correspond with the opinions of the students and townspeople who come to listen. Last year such controversial figures as Norman Thomas, Louis Adamic, and Henry Wallace appeared in Mac court, and except for one isolated instance of discourtesy to a presidential aspirant, the speakers drew large audiences and courteous attention. The students remembered that the speakers were the guests of the University and should be treated as such.

Although the speakers this year may not be so controversial, they may have ideas that everyone doesn't accept. But the "guest theory" still holds. B. B.

## From Other Editors . . .

(From the Daily Iowan)

Among the literature that arrives at a newspaper's desk comes a report from an encyclopedia publisher.

These people have listed as the most memorable date in man's history either August 6, 1945, or July 16, 1945. In August, a bomber dropped an atom bomb on Hiroshima. The July date was the first Los Alamos blast of an atomic bomb.

That first date, they say, marked the atom as the most terrifying of man's weapons. And as weapons are developed so are counter-weapons developed.

But here is where their report goes astray—it says that the atom bomb has a counter-weapon: the Geiger counter.

As a mere pun, that statement may be acceptable. But while the rifle developed trenches and armor had brought out the gasmask, the atom bomb has not yet produced a defense for the implications of an atom blast.

Probably this is the time in the history of man that we must stop looking for a physical device to counter weapons of war.

This is the time when we have turned the very basis of our science into a labor of destruction.

This is the time, when lacking an anti-weapon, we must use all agencies to prevent a war.

## "In MY Opinion . . ."

— From Our Readers —

To the Editor:  
At times during the school year, various students find themselves confronted by scholastic, financial or emotional situations which seem very discouraging, and sometimes, insurmountable. Often there is a tendency to invoke self-pity or assume a martyr's role. Such an attitude may or may not be justified, but by way of finding "balm in Gilead," (in advance) consider some of the students enrolled at the U. of O. who constantly labor under a physical handicap which might completely overcome many others.

When you possess 20-20 vision, the usual number of arms and legs and have no serious physical defects showing, count yourself fortunate. Not everyone is so lucky.

If those students who seek a higher education—in spite of their handicap—have the courageous ambition to spot you ten and still play for even money, it behooves the rest of us to ponder their fortitude and strive just as diligently. Generally speaking, we're

pretty lucky people—and don't always know it. It can always get worse.

W. E. Clothier

To the Editor:  
I believe you are in a position to render a great service to a large number of students here at the University of Oregon. This service being the formation of dancing classes for the instruction of students only.

There are many people who have never learned to dance for one reason or another and I'm sure you'll agree with me when I say they are missing one of the major pleasures of a college education.

These classes could be held at one of several places on the campus. If such classes are all ready set up, a notice of time and place in your paper would be greatly appreciated. I'm sure something can be done to remedy this situation.

A Student

## Carnival

### A Little Story About an Unholy Desire to Laugh at a Funeral

By BARBARA HEYWOOD

At her grandfathers funeral young Mrs. Vincent was plagued by a most unholy desire to laugh.

She felt it first when she walked into the funeral parlor and looked at the floral wreaths surrounding his coffin. Most ostentatious was a large wreath presented by his lodge. It was made of red and white carnations and shaped like a large horseshoe. Very appropriate, the horseshoe was, she thought; the old boy had had lots of kick in him. And then the laughter welled up.

Disturbed, she tried to think pious thoughts, but the laughter still wiggled and kicked deep down in her chest. It was no feeling of warm humor; it was knife-like.

In the semi-screened room for relatives she chose a seat next to Aunt Margaret and watched the friends of the deceased file in. They were mostly women it seemed, though grandfather had been a man's man. They pussy-footed, tiptoed along, cautiously, as if they were afraid Grandfather might be waked up and reach out and trip them. (Those black hats they wore! thought young Mrs. Vincent. Somebody must have sat on them at one time or another.) The friends' faces grew studiously longer as they reached the coffin, and they dabbed at their eyes with hankies drown from their bosoms.

Then Mrs. Finley tripped on a loose corner of the carpet—just as if grandfather had reached out. Young Mrs. Vincent choked and put her handkerchief over her face. Aunt Margaret patted her hand quietly.

The minister's sermon was

bland—quite out of keeping with grandfather.

"Our brother was with us long," he said. "During his sojourn in this vale of tears he respected God and man. . . ."

His granddaughter shuddered with rising laughter, for the picture of grandfather and the minister sitting on the front porch one hot morning rose before her. Grandfather was deliberately trying to make the minister angry. He blasphemed all forms of religion, and with his criss-cross logic proved that the world had created God: God, who is a myth to give integration to a confused bunch of humans running helter-skelter on a big molten-centered sphere.

The minister had looked round-eyed and sad. You just couldn't win an argument with grandfather. Later that very same day grandfather had proved to an atheistic feed peddler that there WAS a God.

" . . . Our brother husbanded his farm well. He was a respected member of his community—kind to his family, kind even to his animals. . . ."

Young Mrs. Vincent saw grandfather in his chicken yard zestfully chopping off the head of Mussolini, the pet rooster. Mussolini squawked, shrieked, shuddered and died. Grandfather had seemed to be enjoying himself immensely.

The laughter was becoming overpowering. Immediately the sermon was over young Mrs. Vincent hurried out the back way. Now she could laugh. She opened her mouth for a full-bodied laugh, but of its own accord, her mouth pulled back into a grimace. She was sobbing.

## The Political Front

### Little Mud-Slinging Detected Thus Far In Political Campaign

By VENITA HOWARD

Let's face it; whether we like it or not 1948 is another election year. And, election years being what they are it's going to be hard to pick up a newspaper, listen to the radio or go to a movie without coming face to face with a maze of campaign promises and warnings.

The Republicans are stomping all over the country promising that there will be som changes made when they take over the **White House.**

Dewey has also said that a westerner will get a cabinet post and Oregonians are now beginning to speculate on the chances that a favorite son might get the appointment. A story from Bend has it that Robert W. Sawyer, Bend publisher, might be the man for secretary of interior post.

Thus far in the campaign there has been very little mud-slinging. The GOP, its treasury filled to the brim with campaign funds and its leaders assured of an almost certain November victory, seems to be set on winning the election on one major promise: It's time the voters gave the Democrats the heave-ho so that Washington can get a good house-cleaning from top to bottom.

Because of their so-called assured victory, perhaps the Republicans feel that there is no need to sling mud as was done when Dewey had to campaign against the popular FDR. Certainly the man holding the little end of a big stick this year is Harry Truman.

In all the hub-bub concerning

the two presidential aspirants, it is sometimes hard to remember that there is a second man on the ticket, but not so this year. Earl Warren and Alben Barkley are both making arduous campaign trips, though Barkley will limit his campaign to the East while Warren is traveling from California to New York via Salt Lake, Tulsa, St. Louis, and Detroit.

Interesting to note while pondering the question of why there has been so little mud-slinging on the part of the Republicans is the speech Warren made in opening his campaign in Salt Lake City. In an almost nonpartisan manner Warren told Salt Lakers that the real problems facing the U.S. could not be blamed "on any one individual, any political party or any national administration." "Good Americans are to be found in both parties," Warren said, and, "party affiliation does not change human instincts or affect loyalty. . . ." Warren went on to say that "no party has a patent on progress, a copyright on governmental principles or a proprietary interest in the advances made in former days."

If this trend of no-mud-slinging continues election years may eventually become just another year and news of campaign promises and warnings may be relegated to the inside pages of newspapers. . . . then think of all the lost topics for arguments and bull sessions after hours. Of course, there's always communism, Wallace and Schmoos.

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per term and \$4.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

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