

Porchlight Parade

By ED CAUDURO

The big city is sporting a brand new red paint job since the Duck migration . . . what with lunches and brunches, before the game . . . open houses and parties after, the old homestead was really rocking . . .

It was our day and most of us feel as if we've had it . . . To mention the many many gatherings that kept "Betty" and "Joe" off the streets would take a special edition . . . the administration can rest at ease over the conduct of the students.

I would suggest that maybe next year instead of cautioning the students, the mayor of Portland should ask his subjects to take note of their own conduct.

As an example of true patience: Mary Vranizan, DG, waited four and a half hours for her date Shelton Session, Fiji Friday night. Seems the boy was detained by the gendarme for lack of driver's license . . . Staircases proved to be menaces to Tri Delt Joan Hawitt, who tumbled down one at a cocktail party and proceeded to greet guests from her prone position, and Chi O June Fitzgibbons who is hobbling about on a fractured ankle cuz of a fall.

The Cupboard held some fascinating attraction for Hen Hall's Helen Snow who could be found relaxing there from AM to PM Saturday . . . Auto accidents cast their unwelcome shadows across the weekend what with Fiji Paul Smith wrecking his wheels, and Phi Psi John Crook plus his date Chi O Ann Muir were thrown from their buggy which was finally stopped by a retaining wall . . . "Bobby" Link's jallop caught fire . . . wonder what caused that . . .

Speaking of fire and flames aren't the Thetas celebrating Homecoming a little prematurely. The gals decided to have their own private bonfire with the trees that used to shelter the rest of the campus from their Green Monster . . .

The rally squad has finally emerged from its doldrums thanks to the hustling of the new yell dukes . . . Now it's up to us to give them the vocal support that will help revive that old spirit which is so lacking . . .

Sat. Eve in Portland saw the Betas and Sig Nus at the Rancho Village, the Sig Chis at Jack and Jill's, the Lambda Chis filled the Log Cabin and the Phi Psis packed them in at Columbia Meadows.

Theta Chi Marv Butterfield prised everyone at Dode Bingham's open house with his impromptu "leap" into the swimming pool . . . Dan Cupid left his mighty imprint on the weekend also with Tri Delt Lucille Bellingger flashing a rock from K Sig Chuck Stamford . . . Kappa Georgie Balaam now wears Nick Portland's ATO cross . . . Alpha Chi Sally Schilling is all sewed up with Sig Nu Jim Bartelt and after a whirlwind spree Gamma Phi pledge Gen Thompson copped Phi Delt Jim Boyd's shield . . .

Before I forget . . . congrats to Hostess "Cupcake" Hull . . . see you in writing next Tuesday.

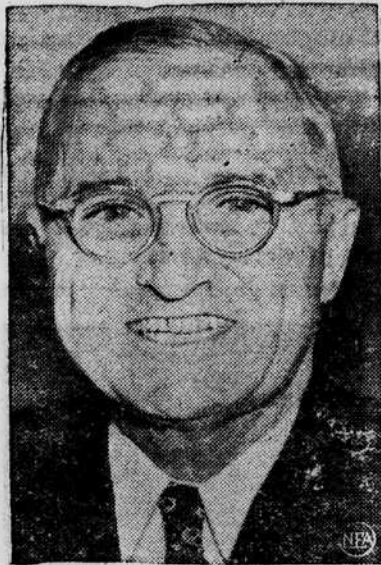
Democracy enables the people to keep good-humored by the simple device of electing to office politicians whose job is to get angry for them.

Give 'Em Day in Court

We haven't decided yet for whom we're going to vote when we go to the polls on November 2.

Last spring we heard the Republican's choice for president, Tom Dewey, when he spoke in McArthur court as a candidate in the Oregon primaries.

We also heard last year another Republican, Harold Stassen; Norman Thomas, the socialist presidential candidate; and the Progressive's man, Henry Wallace, when they spoke on the campus.



His time "too limited"

The reason: if the facilities were extended to other political speakers, it would lead to more talks than could be incorporated in the regular assembly program.

A letter from President Newburn was sent early this term to the heads of the various political organizations in the state, extending to them invitations to send to the campus their national parties' one and two men.

Only the Republicans responded—with Earl Warren.

The Democratic candidate for president, Harry Truman, was offered an opportunity to speak on the campus when he passed through Eugene last June. He turned down the offer, on the grounds that his time was "too limited."

The University, we are certain, has made an honest effort to bring the Democratic side to us—if either President Truman or Alben Barkley could be secured.

However, in view of the fact that all parties have been able to avail themselves of the opportunity of speaking on the campus, except the Democrats, we feel that it would be wise if the University reversed its earlier decision and allowed the Democrats to bring in one person authorized to speak in behalf of the party.

We Beg To Differ

That sophisticated step-child of journalism, The New Yorker, came forth last week with some cynical words on the allotment of football tickets over the nation.

The magazine compares the systems of allotment used by Yale, which has thirteen categories listed in the order of preference, and Cornell, whose caste system names only two main divisions—preferred and general.

The New Yorker tells us that the Yale system starts with the president of the university and goes down through the members of the Yale Corporation, the head coach, old football "Y" men, team doctors, seniors, freshmen, Ph.D.s and so on.

The New Yorker's judgment on these systems seems to be contained in this line: "The systems differ, but each in its way is a splendid autumnal reaffirmation of the idea of special privilege—long may it live!"

Here's where we beg to differ. Although still containing the vestiges of special privilege, the system used at the University seems a great deal less complex and much more equitable.

The University athletic department divides fans into two general classes—season ticket holders and individual game ticket holders. Each of these is broken into only three divisions, as compared to Yale's thirteen. They are donors to the grant-in-aid fund of the athletic department, paid alumni, and the general public, given preference in the order named, which seems reasonable.

More important, within each of these divisions, it's first come, first serve. As each application comes in it is stamped with the date of receipt and seats are allotted accordingly.

Although special privilege still survives in the Ivy league, it appears to be on the wane in the West. The New Yorker to the contrary, we're happy to see it go.—B. B.

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Out of Focus

Carpenter Finds It Doesn't Pay To Use One's Head In This World

By KIRK BRAUN

The professor leaned on the podium. It shuddered and the sound of a nail parting company with wood interrupted his lecture. He took his weight off the patched and worn podium and continued. A moment or two later, he leaned again. The podium collapsed in a heap.

"Humph," observed the professor. "They certainly could build those things a bit stronger."

"Humph," muttered the carpenter, as he surveyed the wreckage, "wish these professors would eat a little more breakfast so they wouldn't have to lean on these things so damned hard."

"Hey, Joe," he called to his partner. "What are we gonna do with this thing. I've built it and rebuilt it a dozen times and these heavyweight professors break it up in about three lectures."

"Might try reinforcing it with a couple of two-by-fours."

"Won't work. I've tried it."

"How about some heavy iron bands? It might hold awhile longer with a couple of bands around it."

"That's a good idea. I'll take it over to the metal working shop."

The metal worker sighed.

"Don't tell me—I know what you want. You got one of those

pulpit jobs you want reinforced. The carpenter grinned.

"Yeh, some professor went through this one this morning." "Huh—the last one I fixed with some strong brass rods is lying in the corner. Take a look."

The carpenter glanced in the corner. A twisted mass of metal and splinters lay on the floor.

The metal worker went on.

"That one lasted exactly three days. They gotta be fixed stronger than that."

"Say, how about let's getting one made out of concrete?" the carpenter suggested.

"It's worth a try. We'll cover it with plywood and they'll never know the difference. Bet that one will last awhile."

A few days later two workers lifted the new podium to the desk.

"Whew—that's the heaviest hunk of plywood I ever lifted."

"Yeh—feels like it's willed with concrete."

The next morning the professor leaned on his new podium in the middle of his lecture. For a few minutes everything held up. Then the desk collapsed.

"Humph," muttered the carpenter, as he surveyed the wreckage. "Guess it just doesn't pay to use your head in this world."

Carnival

The Music Professor And The Ballad Of The Golden Rose

By BARBARA HEYWOOD

In lieu of a short short story—I can't think of one today—I'm going to tell you about one of my violin teachers; my favorite one. Music teachers are always worth one more story, but this story I have never told around. Maybe because there isn't much to tell. What happened was just a little strange, that's all.

It was my fifteenth birthday, in the middle of the fall. It was raining hard, and the day was dark, so dark that the stores were turning on their neons by 4:30 when I got downtown.

In the building on Third avenue in Portland where my teacher had his studio I walked down the hall lighted by bulbs of the weakness you find in dirty lavatories. I knocked at his door. No one answered, but I could hear him fingering the piano, so I walked in. The room was dim, and I could see only his silhouette against the rain-washed window.

He didn't speak to me, but continued playing, so I quietly opened my violin case and took out my bow to rosin it. I watched him out of the corner of my eye. He was neither young nor middle-aged, and had a slightly pock-marked face and a shock of black hair—but he was rather good-looking when you were used to him, for he looked kind. And he was kind, in a way that made you understand that he had seen the worst in you and many other people, but still he hoped for the best.

He was playing the theme of a ballad I had heard him sing once, and he experimentally filled in chords. He collected ballads, and this was one that I had never heard before, nor heard since.

It had a monotonous, melancholy tune, and the words, the few that I can remember, went like this: My love gave to me a

golden rose; gave to me a golden rose. I loved my love with fire and dew; loved by love with fire and dew; loved my love with fire heart; (repeat.)

I washed the rose in her blood; (repeat.) The golden rose, it faded and died; the golden rose, it faded—and—died.

I had sung the ballad lustily around home until my mother put a stop to it, saying that the words were indecent and that she woke up nights hearing the melody.

After I had tuned my violin I knelt at the other window, and looked down through the iron slats of the fire escape at the distorted reflections of red neons playing on the wet sidewalk. It was almost dark. I waited for him to speak.

Suddenly he said, as if continuing a conversation, "You know, Barbara, I like this theme. I'm going to expand it into something."

"My mother says the words are indecent," I said rather irrelevantly.

"But I don't agree," he said after a pause. "The words are neither decent nor indecent; I think they say a lot of things. Maybe you weren't singing it right, Barbara. Have you ever felt really sad?"

"I guess—I think so," I answered after some thought. "I don't know how sad you can get, though. How sad is really sad?"

"You're—fourteen, is it?"

"Fifteen."

"Probably you've never been in love, then, bitterly in love. And that makes another kind of sadness, the kind in the ballad of the golden rose."

He got up from the piano and looked out the window, then walked to the music stand and switched on the small light attached to it. It made a small

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