

Porchlight Parade

By ED CAUDURO

Well, it seems there's one person on this campus who knows how Dewey must feel: 40 votes are better than no votes at all though . . . just ask the man who knows. . . .

With the campus clear after a couple of fogbound evenings some happenings did focus our attention . . . to Joan Nelson, the sig Chis' new "Sweetheart," a bouquet of white roses . . . congratulations, neighbor . . . what many don't know about Joan is that she is one of the top women skiers in these parts. . . .

The Chi Os have their own little Nightmare Alley . . . seems the gals accumulated all the gruesome proofs from their Kennell-Ellis collection and held a contest eliminating down to the "Horrible Ten" . . . these were placed on the bulletin board to insure that everyone would have sweet dreams these cold pms. . . .

Intriguing specimens on display were the proofs of Dencie Howard, giving out with her most seductive Lauren Bacall look, and Meredith Stearns looking as if she had just received news that she was a grandmother. . . .

Mary Lou Hatfield was the root of the squeals emitting from the Alpha Chi house late Wednesday night . . . Mary Lou surprised her sisters with a sparkler from Phi Delt Harry Larson. Wedding bells are scheduled to toll along in June. . . .

What price neck-wear: Just ask the Phi Sigs. Seems the Tri Deltas were in possession of all the Phi Sig neck-ties and required the boys to act as table waiters for a night to pay the price of ransom . . . Thursday was the fateful day when the gals were shocked into the gayest meal of their history . . . a major riot developed as the boys topped off the festivities by soaking the Tri Deltas with water pistols. . . .

It's Jack-Pot time at the Delta Gamma domain . . . the gals scored again with two new Beta pins: Beth McCourrey to John Nogle and Carol Eagleson to Bob Rasmussen . . . keeping in step with their neighbors down the "row" two AOPis hit the ineligible list when Phyllis Hoffman relieved Theta Chi Bob Miller of his badge and Renee Cowell, after an island separation, used her woman's prerogative and reclaimed Sig Nu Ray Gannett's jewelry. . . .

The "wicks" are all aglow due to the consolidation of that off and on combo Ann Fenwick, alias Miss Oregana, and Phi Psi Don Renwick. Time will tell whether Ann has brawn along with her beauty. She will be put to the test when the Phi Psis serenade with their traditional crating ceremony . . . better keep in condition "Fenny". . . .

Good news for the Phi Deltas . . . hear the Sigma Kappas have finally completed the plans for their new house which is to be built in the lot next to the Kappas.

Bids are now at the contractors and fall should find Oregon blossoming forth with another new house on Sorority Row . . . and the Chi Os can shed a farewell tear over their condemned garages. . . .

That long-faced look about Phil Dascomb could be cuz he just found out that Margaret Roberts plans to vacation in England this summer. . . .

Well, the porchlights are flickering which means time's up . . . see you in print Tuesday. . . .

Lightning vs. Guardig

The athletic department has been continually plagued by vandalism on the part of grade school and high school students and an incident last week end following the St. Mary's game centered even more attention on the problem.

Some of the knot hole club rooters found some of the book matches left over from the concessions and stuffed them under the steps on the west side of the stands. They then lighted one of the books but luckily the fire went out before it did any damage. The matches were found by Mike Stedon, caretaker of the grounds.

Members of the athletic department feel that there should be a full-time night watchman guarding Hayward field particularly on the week ends when there is a home game.

The physical department's answer to this is more adequate lighting. H. D. Jacoby, assistant superintendent of the physical plant, believes that the money expended for additional watchmen might better be spent for more campus lighting.

Jacoby pointed out two recent examples where "watching" did no good on the campus. One incident was the OSC burned on Hayward field two years ago when 2000 students were out guarding the campus. The other example was the warehouse fire two years ago, when a watchman checked the building only a few minutes before it burst into flame.

Another problem is the limited budget allotted to the physical plant for guarding purposes. The policy of the administration has been to divert as much money as possible into educational facilities. This limits the maintenance fund but the administration feels that the students profit by this policy in the long-run.

It is true that there cannot be adequate guarding without adequate lighting, but the question remains: How soon will Hayward field be lighted to an extent which will discourage vandalism? The present physical plant program calls for more lighting around the library, Gerlinger, and the women's dorms, particularly for the protection of women students, but Hayward field isn't on the agenda for the near future.

In the meantime, the University loses money through vandalism. Lighting, eventually, is a sound policy, but it seems that a closer watch of Hayward field at the present time would save the athletic department many a headache. B. B.

Law's On Her Side

Ever since World War II peace treaties were solemnly signed, freeing vets to swarm to the campuses of the nation, magazines have been having a heyday.

They've published articles and stories on every possible phase of the life of the vet on the campus—how his older, more critical mind functions, how to pass History 201 while walking the floor with the baby, how to readjust to a new life, a new wife and a new world.

But we've never yet read an article on the practical way to stack a wife, a baby, books and a mother-in-law into one trailer house.

And that's a problem that will be especially crucial in Oregon, for in this state you can't say, "Mother, you know that we are very fond of you and enjoy having you here. But if you don't help us out by paying rent, you will have to find a new trailer."

Such a courageous statement is impossible in Oregon, for recently the state supreme court ruled that a mother-in-law cannot legally be charged for room and board.

The only way out is to have Mother work for her room and board. Have her make pancakes "just like grandma made them"—for so many hours per day, so many days per month. B. H.

"In MY Opinion . . ."

To the Editor:

I can't seem to get converts to my theory that Truman won not in spite of the polls but because of them. There must be thousands of disillusioned and frustrated voters who would have liked to register a protest vote for Wallace or Thurmond but feared to because the polls said the Republicans would win. Thurmond took only four states out of a possible fourteen; Wallace none.

Why did they fear Republican victory? Because of the record of the 80th Congress on price control, housing, labor, minimum wage, income tax, poll tax, and other important issues AND because the vague promises of Dewey gave them no clear indication of what he might do, if anything.

Glenn Hamaker.

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Bloomfield Mayor Puts Down Foot on Those 'Funny Weeks'

By BILL WASMANN

Comes now a man I should like to nominate for the Hall of Fame. He is Mayor William Huck, Jr., of Bloomfield, N. J., and to my way of thinking he is doing one of the nation's most outstanding jobs of ridding the American culture of one of its most stupid social cancers.

Mayor Huck's particular achievement is that he has put his foot down on municipal sponsorship of "funny weeks," those insipid periods when everyone is supposed to do little else except eat walnuts because "this is walnut week," or when you devote seven full days to hulling in the shower bath because "this is clean up week."

Mayor Huck, it is reported, finally came to his decision when the Federation of Cranberry and Chicken Fanciers, Inc., put the bite on him and you can guess for what.

If one takes the trouble to look

its ugly head someplace on the scene. In other words the motive behind it all is not social improvement; it's financial improvement behind most of these movements, or to just look at them, he will generally find that babbity rears for some fruit grower, ice cream maker or what have you?

Although I can't prove this, I do feel that "weeks" were pretty legitimate when they began, probably, with home and traffic safety programs, but the babbitts realized the possibilities and now anything, including justifiable "weeks" bring nausea.

The same is true of other practices which were once bona fide, that is before they were discovered as "commercial possibilities." Frankly, I can't get interested in Mother's day, Easter, Christmas and many others any more for the same reason, no doubt, that made Mayor Huck put his foot down.

One other thought along the same line. When is someone going to put an end to the creaky institution of crowning queens, queens of everything from a "Queen of Good Digestion" to a "Queen of Hot Tamales"?

Out of Focus

This Was Written by Kirk Braun (But We'll Call Him John Brown)

By JOHN BROWN

We'll call the heroes of today's little sketch George and Pete. Their real names were John and Hank but we'll use fictitious names for the sake of anonymity.

George and Pete were pretty good pals back in South Sloopville high school so it was natural that they should be pretty good friends when they went down to the University. (They really went to Daubertown high school, but someone might recognize them if we used the real name of the school, so we'll call it South Sloopville.)

For the first term, George and Pete lived in the men's dorm and shared a room. They were the best of buddies and got along very well. But as the term went on, a couple of fraternities got hot for our boys and began to pour on the pressure.

George was all set to pledge the local chapter of Chi Chi but Pete insisted that the Phi Nu house was much the better bunch of boys. (Of course, these names

are fictitious. It was really the Kappa Chi Gamma and Mu Omega Omega houses that were involved but we don't want to hurt anyone's feelings so we'll call them the Chi Chis and Phi Nus.)

Came the rain and winter term, each of the boys went his separate way and the friendship did a fadeout. George became a Chi Chi and Pete pledged the Phi Nu house. So they didn't see much of each other, which would have been all right except for one thing.

George was quite a doodler and was always writing the names of his school, hometown, and other miscellaneous bits of information on walls, desks, and other previously blank spaces. Not only did George doodle with a pencil but he started using a pocket knife.

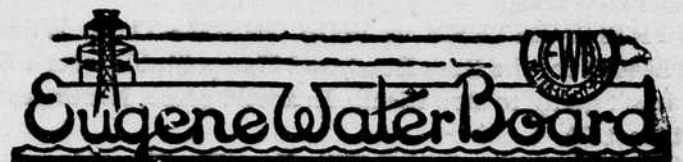
So Pete knew his old buddy was up to his old tricks when he began to find freshly carved "X's" on the desks about the campus. Pete had a lot of pride in his fra-

(Please turn to page eight)

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