

Second Tornado Sweeps State



The town of Blackwell, Okla., was struck by the second of two tornadoes that swept across the northern part of that state, wrecking homes, a school and powerlines in the town. Neighbors view the wreckage of the Verne Finley home there. (AP Wirephoto)

All Space Used In Villard Now

Presence of the speech department in Villard hall will put more of that building in use than has been occupied in many years, Irvin I. Wright, physical plant superintendent, said yesterday.

For the first time in many years, floors other than the main one will be put to use. The speech department plans to use all four floors.

The new theater is taking shape rapidly, but completion is not expected before June. When finished the theater will have a capacity close to 300, twice that of the Johnson hall theater.

Other work begun last term is completed or proceeding satisfactorily. Excavations for the foundation of the library extension are finished. Pouring of concrete should begin next week.

No new construction is slated for the immediate future. There will be some resodding of grass around the newer buildings. Condition of lawns around the campus was described as "bad," but will not necessitate widespread resodding.

April Fool Party

Westminster will have an April Fool's party Friday evening at 8 p. m. Entertainment will include a quiz program and skits. Refreshments will be served.

The committee in charge of the party is Larry Feurstein, Wes Withrow and Ruth Kilborn.

Everyone is invited to attend.

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The duke, sly young man, pours his little workmen and little bluebirds all into his melting pot and stirs them up until you can't tell one from another. What is more important, the lads can't see any difference themselves.

The duke has publicly admitted that the greatest compliment ever paid him was when one of his camp hands referred to him as a "human being."

The duke's camp is a great leveler, and it is a shrewd move. His royal highness catches 'em young, being mindful of the fact that in a few short years these lads will be the backbone of England. Their democratic influence will spread.

A Thing of Beauty, A Joy Forever -- Also to Swear at

What do leaves mean to you?

We speak of those leaves that bud in spring and blossom out in all their glory in early summer to give you a few moments relief from old Sol's rays while you swing in the hammock and sip your lemonade.

Those are the same leaves that later turn to gold and silver. In the fall they die and come spinning to the ground to form a carpet on the grass.

The same leaves that cause a slippery footing on the wet sidewalks. You see them damming up the gutters and plugging sewers.

If leaves to you mean a never ending task of raking, piling, burning; if you dread to see autumn come because it means you must borrow the neighbor's rake and wheelbarrow—you are a realist. You are the caretaker, the street cleaner, the hen-pecked husband who has been dragged away from his shotgun or golf clubs.

You see only a few hours' work to be followed by a few more hours of the same because you forgot about the wind. You had them in a neat pile. Now they are scattered as before and reinforced by several hundred more which have fallen from the trees.

If you see a riot of color in the leaves; if you can picture sunsets in an ash or maple or walk upon a mountain top and be inspired by nature's beauty—you are an artist. You may be the little boy or girl on your way to school with half a dozen leaves clutched tightly in your first. Or you may be a paiter who has traveled far only to return to paint a scene more beautiful than all the time was in your own back yard.

You appreciate a leaf as a thing of symmetry and beauty. You would stop to watch it come dancing down from up above. You take pleasure in hearing them rustle and crackle underfoot as you walk to class.

Now, if you are one who is inspired by the never ending metamorphose, one who pictures the birth of spring in the budding leaves and the death of summer in the rustling carpet beneath the tree—you are a poet. You see life and beauty; death and despair. To you they are a symbol of a never-ending cycle.

Perhaps you are neither realist, artist, nor poet.

You are just an individual who welcomes spring with its new life. You enjoy seeing everything turn green again after a bleak winter. You love the smell of trees and shrubs in blossom and sometimes relax in the shade and watch the sun shine through the branches.

Before you realize, fall is here once more and you are suddenly struck with the riot of color across the campus.

Coming home one evening you see the yard needs raking. The smell of burning leaves is in the air.

Two weeks later you damn those leaves that stopped the gutter and made you walk half a block out of your way.

Gamest gambler in the community is the railroad which will sell a one-way ticket to Mexico on the installment plan.

Dilapidated highways are uncomfortable to ride on, but they tend to cut down the speed at which accidents occur.

Dance Class Maelstrom Of Jigs and Injured Shins

By Bob Funk

Deep in the inner workings of that pile of inspired architecture known as the PE building, classes are being held in what seems Oregon's answer to the Ballet Russe—rhythmics.

Rhythmics attract women students, who are in hopes of drawing PE majors as partners, and men, who are in hopes of meeting women. It is actually not quite this basic and biological, but really extremely refined—even to the point of stuffiness.

The class starts from scratch and works up as slowly as possible. One of the first class periods is spent in solemnly doing a schottische step single-file around the gym. After about a half hour this begins to border on the ridiculous, but the student must remember that this is Art. Those students who are not interested in art have one heck of a time.

Frolicking about the room in blue denim shorts five sizes too large, one is reminded of the time one was the third brownie from the left in that snappy third-grade extravaganza, "Greetings to Spring." That was the year that one gracefully lost one's pants at the climax of the "Zephyrs of May" dance, to the utter horror of mother and the little girl in the next row.

As rhythmics students weave gracefully hither and yon, a pianist plays quaint Swedish folk music off in a corner. The astute observer may note that the Pride of Scandinavia plays the same tune

in accompaniment to waltzes, schottisches, polkas, and square dances, but this is of little moment, since she never plays the piece twice the same way anyway.

Around the second week, things begin to get tricky. There is a heel-and-toe step which involves kicking oneself in the shin and then loping off sideways across the room in as dignified a manner as possible. There is also a cagey little routine known simply as the "jig," which one does with a partner. There is always a great struggle over whether a couple is to jig to the right, or to the left. This can be avoided by jiggging separately, which is an excellent out for exhibitionists.

The "waltz" a la rhythmics is something which one does alone, moodily, off across the gym. When the class has successfully reached one side of the gym, everyone turns around and waltzes back. If this is somewhat less than exciting, it develops poise, balance, and a sense of direction.

In the future, rhythmics should become extremely popular with those who prefer dancing alone, who can lope sideways without tripping themselves, and who were never a brownie in a third-grade extravaganza.

Friendly House

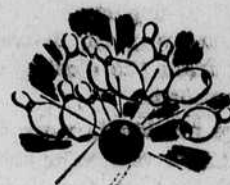
At Friendly house Friday evening the recorded concert hour will begin at 8 p.m.

At 9 o'clock Dr. Breen will lead the discussion on the topic "Should the Church Have an Economic and Social Gospel?" A professor of history and social science, Dr. Breen is a historian and former minister.

Beginning at 9 p.m. the cosmopolitan party will feature dancing and singing. Cookies and coffee will be served.

Everyone is invited.

April Fool!



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