

A Strange Malady

You can spot one everytime!

They stroll casually down the street discussing what job possibilities are not to be found. They spend hours in the Side consuming coffee, cokes and other liquids. They attend more than the usual number of picnics. They laughingly refer to term papers and themes long overdue. They groan when another dance, nickel hop, tea or formal banquet is announced.

They're all seniors suffering from acute cases of Senior Slumpitis, a malady which strikes without warning and causes even REAL students to prefer talk of any kind to work.

Let me hasten to add that the only difference between the Senior Slump and the freshman, sophomore and junior slump is one of degree. The symptoms are the same but the case becomes much more dangerous in its fourth year.

The symptoms are sometimes rather subtle, but usually are discovered by listening to seniors talk. The first symptom comes when a senior says, "I've so much work to do that I don't know where to begin, besides I can't seem to concentrate today."

Symptom number two: "Sorry I can't help decorate tonight, I have too much work to do." Five minutes later this same person decides to go to the Side to "seminar" for a few minutes.

The real danger signal comes when said senior refuses to study for exams, cuts three out of four classes and wonders aimlessly about doing absolutely nothing and enjoying every minute of it.

These are the symptoms of a disease which is about to reach the epidemic stage. Science has no cure—drugs won't help. But, thanks to professors and Ds the epidemic will probably prove too short-lived. V. H.

An Idyllic Life

Everyone has heard of the slow boat to China, but now comes the arresting idea of a goat boat to Japan. The Emerald recently printed the startling information that young men of college age are being sought to ride herd on a group of goats being shipped to Japan and Okinawa this summer.

For the June graduate who has not yet obtained gainful employment, this is the proverbial golden opportunity for travel, experience, and adventure.

There's one sour note in all this. The story asked only for young men. When so many professions have opened their doors to women, it seems to us that the goatherds are being very narrow in maintaining the "double standard."

However this may be, it should be an idyllic life for the fellows who decide to give it a try. From the books we've read, we have a picture of the goatherd sitting 'neath a tree playing a haunting melody on a reed pipe while his frolicsome charges gambol on the green. Or maybe it's shepherds we're thinking of. B.B.

Those Traditions--

Some Like 'Em--Some Don't

By Bud Hurst

DAY BEFORE yesterday the Emerald published a short editorial, with pictures, denouncing the traditional hacking and dunking during Junior weekend. That editorial was explosive and had a real short fuse on it. The paper appeared about 7 in the morning and by 10 the shack was full of people, each one with an opinion of his own.

They did not, however, supply

A Splendid Job--

He Liked 'Marco'

To the Editor:

I'm still under the spell of the beautiful and praiseworthy performance of O'Neill's "Marco Millions" produced and directed by Horace Robinson.

...May I humbly present my token of appreciation for a splendid job well done.

Personally, I was shocked by the inadequate appreciation on the part of the audience. Should this play have been produced in Europe, the actors would have been showered with flowers. The applause would have been endless.

As a newcomer, I am proud to be on the staff of the University of Oregon. Things of this kind, public services being performed,

a comprehensive group of the student body. We went out to talk to some others. Here's what they said:

* * *

Bob Allen, ASUO president—"I really hadn't thought much about the good or bad angles of the controversy. It seems, however, that this University, by virtue of the influx of juniors and seniors and all the students coming from Vanport and the like, that the trend in the past two

years has been to upper division standing. Such traditions will suffer accordingly."

* * *

Jim Stanley, Order of the "O"—"I've never seen or heard of anyone getting hurt and it seems to me that everyone concerned has a pretty good time. How else are you going to punish violators?"

* * *

K. Malcolm Allen, Phi Kappa Psi—"Hang onto the traditions by all means. There has been hacking and dunking ever since Junior weekend started years ago. Then again, those big bruisers do hit sorta hard, don't they?"

* * *

Katherine Hoppe, Pi Beta Phi—"What's the matter with some people? I think it would be sorta fun to get dunked—providing they could catch me!"

* * *

C. E. Anderson, counselor for men—"I can't speak for the office of student affairs but in my own mind I feel that traditions are an excellent thing in any college or university. I don't think force should be used, however.

"The way to do it is make the traditions stick the whole year around instead of just making one or two weekends a year "traditional." Year round freshmen "humility" is a lot of fun. Many other things such as the year round rooters lid for frosh, saying hello to everyone you meet, the use of the honor system, are good things. The beatings and dunkings I can't see as being beneficial to anyone."

* * *

This then is a brief cross section of opinion gathered from various nooks and crannies within these hallowed halls. Some approve of the noontime "meetings" by Fenton hall and others don't.

This column won't say one way or the other but it is willing to bet anyone, anytime, any amount that when we come back in twenty years for Junior weekend we will see coeds with wet hair and boys standing instead of sitting through their one o'clock classes.

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Millrace Once Scene of Beaver-Duck Struggle

By Bob Tweedell

It all began on a calm Monday morning in 1937.

A Beaver victory celebration in Corvallis got of hand, and the light-headed broad-tails organized an expedition to invade Eugene and the Oregon campus.

The previous Saturday (an infamous day in Oregon history), Oregon State had somehow beaten Oregon, 14 to 0, in the annual gridiron contest.

Bill Tugman was on the desk at the Register-Guard when a call came in from the editor of the Junction City Times, with information that the OSC cavalcade has just passed through, cornstalks streaming in the wind, en route to Eugene to go Duck hunting.

Tugman called the University and the word quickly spread across the campus. Classrooms emptied of students, many of whom disappeared briefly to return armed with clubs, rocks, and rotten tomatoes, and ready to defend Oregon honor to the end.

In the meantime, Tugman had also notified the state police of

the approaching caravan, and an "official escort" was quickly formed to meet the oncoming Beavers. A cordon of state and city police met and halted the OSC advance guard just outside Eugene, to warn them against any "rough stuff."

After assuring the officials that they intended no mischief or harm, the Staters were allowed to proceed into town. Escorted by patrol cars and motorcycles, the victory paraders drove down Willamette street, out Thirteenth street, past the congregation of Oregon students who had assembled at the Side, on down and across University street to Eleventh street, and headed homeward.

A few minor demonstrations along the way included corn-throwing by the farmers from Corvallis, and use of fire hoses by Oregon men.

By and large, everything seemed calm and under control.

Oregon Girds for Battle

But Oregon students had not been inactive between the time word came of the Staters' approach, and their arrival on the Eugene campus.

Behind the scenes, the well-organized Order of the O, a dignified group dedicated to the upholding of Oregon honor and tradition, labored assiduously to prepare a counter-offensive against the invaders.

With precision and planning, the O men assembled at strategic points along the parade route, prepared to deal with the Corvallisites at the opportune time.

When a Beaver car stalled momentarily on Eleventh street as the caravan started homeward, the golden moment arrived.

Then men of the O, reinforced by most of the student body, male and female alike, took over. The occupants of the stalled car were dragged out, and borne off triumphantly to the millrace, where they were given special treatment befitting their station.

Along the race, stripped for action, groups of Oregon warriors waited to dampen the enthusiasm of the struggling Staters brought to the race by the front-line shock troops of Oregon.

Girls Cheer Ducks On

The scramble for Beaver-meat

proceeded without bounds, and the orderly, disciplined parade became a chaotic, fleeing throng of OSC students, pursued by howling hordes of Ducks. The Beavers found roads blocked and car after car was halted and the occupants hustled off to the millrace for punishment.

Activity center on the Alder street bridge and around the Anchorage. There the captured Beavers were forced to remove their outer vestiges of clothing in front of a crowd of "women, (who) eyes filled with sadistic ecstasy, rushed to the scene, and cheered the battle on from a comparatively safe distance," according to an Emerald story.

To complete the humiliation of the Beavers, the Ducks emptied the pockets of their victims' clothing, and threw shirts and pants into the stream after their owners.

Beavers Paint "O"

As the Beavers emerged dripping from the race, they were herded into cars and taken up to Skinner's butte, where the recently defiled "O" awaited retribution.

A force of Ducks then gave the Staters another bath, this time in yellow paint. Can after can of the yellow paint was poured on the "O," and the Beavers served as brushes to apply it evenly and thoroughly.

Downtown, about fifty Beavers took refuge in Seymour's cafe, and refused to surrender to the milling throng of triumphant Oregon students. However, after a long siege during which it took the combined efforts of police and University officials, plus the impassioned pleas of Mr. Seymour, to keep the Ducks from going in after their enemies, the Beavers agreed to surrender.

Reluctantly they marched out the rear door of the cafe, to be eagerly received by a line of Ducks and marched out Eleventh street to undergo an ignominious ducking in the millrace before the huge crowd of gleeful students and townspeople.

(Good feelings were subsequently restored by diplomatic discussions between the two schools.)