

It's Junior Weekend

The University of Oregon is a nice place to be this time of the year.

The coeds are a little prettier than usual and the dresses they wear are a little brighter and more colorful. The male glances that follow them as they walk down the street are no longer glances but long and thoughtful looks.

The lawns are a little greener and the sun a little brighter. The music that comes from a portable radio is just a shade more sentimental than it was during the winter.

Classes are a lot longer than they used to be and a little emptier too. Evenings are all too short. It's a long ride to and from Fiji Meadows.

Committee chairmen work a little harder but the "goof-off" is the order of the day. The world looks better from the top of Spencer's Butte than it does through a window.

The dry-cleaning business is booming as the dinner jackets come out of the mothballs. A thousand and one formals will be renovated in a thousand and one ways. The flowers of the corsages yet to be made smell a little sweeter already.

Mom will be in on the Cascade or the Rogue River tonight and dinner at the house or hall will be just a little more fun than it was before.

Everyone on the campus is just a little happier and smiles are just a little broader.

For it's Junior Weekend.

—Bud Hurst.

Take It Easy, Jupe!

(Editor's Note: We've had some pretty close calls, but we can say—and with a minimum of dishonesty—that it hasn't rained on Junior weekend since the following editorial was first printed on May 6, 1941. The Emerald has run this plea to Jupe every weekend since. Its author is ex-Emerald worker Aaron "Buch" Buchwach who since his successful petition for good weather has moved to sunnier climes—Hawaii.)

When the occasion demands, and in truth it has on numerous occasions, the Portland Oregonian and Oregon Journal have resorted to their editorial columns in an attempt to influence weather conditions. Now there is no exact procedure for a journalist to follow when he is begging for rain for poor farmers gazing at the sky with parched throats, for verily it takes a combination of subtle demanding, varied pleading, and good-natured hoping to achieve such desired results.

The Emerald, although of course it adolescently blushes when compared to such time-honored organs as the Oregonian and Journal, is driven to adopt such editorial tactics, however, by Jupe Pluvius, that old gentleman who loves the Oregon country so well and so much that he delights in spraying it often and thoroughly . . . especially when asked to by the Portland papers.

But now, Mr. Pluvius, the Emerald asks you politely, but firmly, to shift your schedule in such a manner so as not to spoil our Junior Weekend . . . The farmers have had their misty blessings, and the Oregonian and the Journal have received their just due, and the city pavements, too, are washed clean by the sweet Oregon mist. What the University asks now is for you, Mr. Pluvius, to rest on your laurels, for a while and visit someone else.

There is reason to believe that you intend to scare us a bit. In fact, you have. The rain clouds have washed our baseball teams hither and yon, our track meets have been held in semi-wintery weather, and our golf and tennis teams have been forced to completely abandon their frolicking.

But please, Mr. Pluvius (or Jupe, for we know you but too well), don't come around with your clouds and your tricks . . . Our Moms will be down for the weekend festivities, and forsooth—they will be attired in their springiest of spring outfits, and their hats will be of the kind to bring male smiles. But we want to take them to the campus luncheon to see the queen and her court of beautiful princesses crowned, and my goodness how the raindrops do raise havoc with even a proud mother's finest apparel.

The Portland papers have more important advertisers and have more influence, perchance, Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, but not even they will praise you with more honest enthusiasm and open-mouthed admiration if you will but take your vacation . . .

And if you have to take that storm which is declared by some pessimistic meteorologists to be coming from out Newport way somewhere, perchance you could deposit it at Stanford, California, or even USC.

Just for the weekend, you understand. We want you as our permanent resident up here in Oregon, Jupe, to freshen our flowers, to clean our streets, and to keep our soil rich and red.

But not Junior Weekend, please.

From Our Mailbag

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Order of "O's" answer to the editorial in the Emerald is the height of irrational reaction.

Why should it be that a group of "whimpering" veterans should attack Oregon traditions? Being a "crochety old veteran" of twenty-three, I would like to give my answer. It is because those who were in the services were exposed to some of the most stupid and senseless "customs and traditions" that exist. They were forced to go through and participate in actions that were mentally and physically disgusting, just for the benefit of tradition.

Certainly a college would be cold and mechanical if there were no integrating factors on an emotional plane. However, I defy the Order of the "O" to show how the application of a paddle to the seat of a man's pants or the dunking of a coed's head in water has ever brought about a feeling of inner emotional warmth and love for dear old Alma Mater. It seems logical to assume that exactly the opposite feeling would result.

If the "O's" only excuse for existing is the maintaining of these customs, I suggest it be immediately disbanded. Progress is inevitable. The question is, are we to go forward or backward? To continue the asinine physical debasement of students on the justification that "it's always been done" is evidence of an immaturity I hope is not present in the majority of Oregon students.

The justification of ANY action merely on the basis of "tradition and custom" seems a pretty weak argument. Granted that certain traditions can give satisfaction and pleasure to a group. They can promote a feeling of unity, belonging and affection. Oregon is badly in need of such.

Sincerely,
Richard Laing
226 Nestor Hall

Lifting of Blockade--

What'll It Mean to U. S.?

By Associated Press

In an atmosphere of armed truce, the East and West girded yesterday for the next round of the cold war—after the blockades at Berlin are lifted next Thursday.

The West considered it had won a victory by bringing the Russians to agreement. But Russian-controlled organs were putting the best front they could on the developments—and there was more than one way of looking at the turn of events.

At best, the battle of Berlin was only part of a broad picture strewn with storm clouds.

And a cold wind still was blowing off Russia, toward the foreign ministers council which will meet in Paris May 23 to consider the German question as a whole.

Under the big four agreement made public yesterday, the Russians will lift the total blockade which shut off western Berlin, except by air, for more than 10 months. For their part, the western allies will end the counter-blockade which severely pinched the economy of the eastern zone of divided Germany from July 26, 1948, on.

The United States will keep its airlift machine—the planes, men and directors who beat the Soviet blockade for 10 months—ready and waiting until they are reasonably sure Russia has no plans to set up another roadblock to Berlin.

The Russians, on the other hand, obviously are ready to drive a hard bargain at Paris. Russian stiffness broke up the last foreign ministers' meeting which tried to deal with Germany.

A burst of harmony brought about the truce after two months of negotiations in United Nations headquarters and in New York.

Trygve Lie, who as secretary-general of the U. N. has been in a delicate position between eastern and western pressures, said the agreement "opens the way to new efforts for a settlement of the German problem, one of the main causes of the great power differences which have so far hampered the work of the United Nations."

Lie hailed the agreement as "a

great step forward for peace and the strengthening of the United Nations." That it might well turn out to be—but there was some salve for Moscow in the fact that it had been able to keep the U.N. security council from dealing decisively with the Berlin issue.

Andrei Y. Vishinsky, now Soviet foreign minister, kept the security council from moving into an area where Russia didn't want it to tread. He did it by vetoing last October a resolution which would have had the four powers lift their restrictions on Berlin and then seek agreement through the military governors of Germany. Vishinsky contended that the foreign ministers council, not the security council, was the place to discuss German questions. In that phase, at least, Russia can count some measure of victory.

Weekend Tickets Sell Till Tomorrow

Tickets for Junior weekend activities will be on sale at the Co-op and educational activities office until noon tomorrow.

Prices for the events are: all-campus sing, 80 cents; all-campus luncheon, 45 cents; junior prom, \$2.

Paul Johnston, in charge of the prom, announced that the dance will be formal with flowers in order. "Men may wear tuxes, dinner jackets, or dark suits," Johnston explained.

Wild Notes

By Fred Young

Mike's bright brown eyes opened and closed as the morning sun blinded them. They squinted when they looked to see if Mike's brothers had left yet. They had.

There was no question—would this be just another day in a drab sequence of many? — you couldn't be called a "quitter" for not questioning that.

On the way to the campus you don't notice that it must be winter. Does it seem that there ever was a time that your breath didn't fog your view? Warmth is synonymous only to furnace or fire. Maybe the stove.

The nod from a friend does not alter the day. The nod, the day: they're both sure to be basically similar. Basically?

Today was no exception until Mike's hair caught the wind change. Hello walk is the way to that old-looking building? Suddenly, the explanation struck—an unfamiliar greeting rang in Mike's ears.

His eyes darted back over his shoulder—and met hers! His memory registered faintly. His feet reacted quickly.

Mike's brain probed for an explanation, as his eyes searched his friend with pride. Swift associations discovered they had passed frequently on this very walk last summer.

Mike's senses forgot the wind. Her greeting had found a familiar role in Mike's unconscious: his dreams. Was this why his spine quivered, his voice rose?

Or, was it because the very thing named Mike was affected? What is it that can color an abstraction?

Mike's memories of tasteless days were now a montage of blurs. To have martyred them was little enough to pay.

So they walked over many horizons that first day. But, finally darkness demanded its due, and parting came. Something as big as the world, yet no one noticed.

Mike's feet traveled towards home. His thoughts were of today, tomorrow, and its tomorrow.

And maybe this is why the wind changed: a dark night, a heedless car, a thoughtless walker. Do you kill a dream?

The next morning a little girl cried. She found some fur, and his collar and license. Her pet can't die! Then she cuddled one of his brothers.

So there it is, Mike's tomorrow. Or, maybe tomorrow's tomorrow. But, they're both sure to be basically similar. Basically!

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 post office, Eugene, Oregon.

BILL YATES, Editor VIRGIL TUCKER, Business Manager
Associate Editors: June Goetze, Boblee Brophy, Diana Dye, Barbara Heywood
Advertising Manager: Cork Mobley

BOB REED, Managing Editor
Assistant Managing Editors: Stan Turnbull, Don Smith
BOB TWEDELL, City Editor
Assistant City Editors: Ken Metzler, Ann Goodman

NEWS EDITORS
Chuck Grell, Hal Coleman, Steve Loy, Vic Fryer, Diane Mecham

DEPARTMENT EDITORS
Tom King, Sports Editor Walter Dodd, Feature Editor
Connie Jackson, Women's Editor Warren Collier, Chief Night Editor