

A Good Start

From over the horizon last spring came a new (to Oregon) honorary, Phi Eta Sigma. It made its debut without much splash amongst the tens of other campus honoraries.

Unlike most of its fellow organizations, this group is based not on activities and scholarship, but on scholarship alone. And it is to honor the lowest of lowlies—the freshmen men.

Its goal, and a difficult one, is to impress the freshmen with the idea that the accumulation of grade points is as much a sign of success as the accumulation of activity points.

But the stated ideals and aims of an honorary frequently do not jive with the actual practice of the group. As any Phi Eta Sigma member will say, the organization is "generally recognized as the freshman counterpart of Phi Beta Kappa."

At Oregon it must prove that statement to be true. It seems the group is setting out to do just that; it is actually working to help men improve their first-year college scholarship. If Phi Eta Sigma carries out its plans (the first of which is distributing "Hints on How to Study" to every male freshman) it may well deserve on this campus the distinction it has received from the national organization.

But it will take work.

Surprisingly enough, students seem to show good judgment in determining whether an honorary is worth its salt, or is merely an excuse to weight down the front left of shirts and sweaters.

Grass and Gaiety

People carry in their minds certain stereotyped pictures of college life. For example, all visionary campuses are marked by ancient, spreading elms and maples, all imaginary professors wear baggy tweeds and smoke well-seasoned pipes, and all dream students stroll hand in hand amid a flurry of autumn leaves.

Another mental picture is the gay street dance. People who enjoy seeing the world go round in the pattern set in their minds—that's just about everyone—should be gladdened, then, that the University is reviving this gala social function.

The street dance will be staged Friday night on Alder street between Tenth and Eleventh avenues. And in this area live a number of Eugene citizens. Along with stereotypes of college life they have mental pictures of their cozy homes surrounded by green lawns and healthy rose bushes.

If the jubilant college students who congregate for the dance tramp all over their lawns and bushes, these people will be none too happy. With good reason, they will probably request that street dances be discontinued. That's what happened in the past—and the dances were stopped.

Everybody cooperate, then, in compromising the happy picture of college life with the serene picture of a well-kept home.

In other words: **Keep Off the Grass!**—B.H.

At first glance the new student-body cards seem to bear a striking resemblance to a Sav-a-Cent grocery chain receipt; but there is a bright side to everything. Come next spring, students might try passing them off to the Co-op as Co-op receipts. A \$53.90 purchase would make a handsome rebate.

Return of the Bunion

AWS President Marie Lombard has hit on a fine solution to the tradition business.

There used to be (era: before 1940) a Bunion Derby. Each women's living organization would have an open house this one night early in the year. It was a nice, inexpensive way for men to get around the campus and get set up for the year.

It went the way of most traditions during the war.

All the while, AWS had a profitable way of making money—the Nickel Hop. It was similar to the Derby, but it cost, and was held later in the year.

Last year a revival of the Bunion Derby was planned. But planned for a Saturday night. Oregon men would OK bunions on Friday but not on a Saturday night, especially since the Hop was scheduled for the next week.

The Derby was called off. A good tradition was not revived.

But this year, once again we have a Bunion Derby. Miss Lombard has taken the traditional name, placed the affair under the sponsorship of AWS, planned it for a Saturday night early in the term, and hopes to re-capture the spirit and get-acquainted purpose of the old Derby.

A delightful compromise that should please old dogs and new pups alike.

In figuring out the inevitable changes in next term's registration process, the registrar's office might use the genius of the persons responsible for setting up the coffee and hot dog stand in the McArthur court hallway. It's the best thing that's happened to registration in three years.

Free Lancin'...

Some Pats on the Back

... by Bill Lance

This column wishes it to be known that patting people on the back will never be done unless there is conclusive proof that the person in question deserves it.

In this case, and in one other, the outstanding work done is obvious. The first orchid sincerely and enthusiastically is presented to Art Johnson, student body president. To cite the record of the first independent to gain this honor in 17 years would fill this whole page. What few people do know, however, are his many accomplishments and the great credit he has reflected upon the University since his election last spring.

Johnson has tackled every problem and has even had time to give intelligent counsel to anyone asking for it. Recipients of this advice have ranged from the University Administration itself as far down as the rally committee.

Even before school had started Johnson had helped Dick Williams, Director of the Student Union, make workable plans for the Student Union Board. He not only fostered but has now seen completed development of the Student Traffic Court. When asked, he helped the rally committee in making plans for the games and

selecting the squad. Other pre-school accomplishments include appointments on student and faculty committees and heading and making arrangements for the millrace opening rally.

Along the same line, but from a different angle, we plant another orchid upon that most energetic character—Jim Crismon, Yell King. If you have witnessed a rather frantic individual who constantly screams, whistles, and jumps up and down—you've met Crismon. Great things will be displayed by him and his two new yell dukes Dick Stageburg and Al Barzman. It probably wouldn't surprise anybody if Crismon should come plummeting out of the sky at the game Saturday.

From McChesney Hall comes the yarn about Dick Strait, '53. He is an ardent golfer and he really isn't too bad. The other afternoon, after slicing a drive into the rough, he was in search of the ball. After an hour of fruitless searching for it, he noticed a dear old lady watching him with a kind and sympathetic eye.

"I hope I'm not interrupting," she said finally, "but would it be cheating if I told you where the ball is?"

Raising Kane...

Another Guy Loaded With Advice

... by Henry Kane

Tradition suggests that campus columnists kid freshman on how to wallow in or avoid the pitfalls of the four-year hothouse called college life. The theory is that seniors have acquired enough misinformation to be able to clothe nonsense with profundity.

Therefore, people come to college for a number of reasons. Some because it beats working for a living, they think.

Others because Dad will stop their allowance if they don't.

Those on the skirt and hairpin side come to major in animale husbandry and to live like they do in motion pictures of campus life while indulging in the wicked vices of the big city of Eugene.

But the majority are willing to prolong their childhood and be second-class citizens called students because they want that indefinable essence called an education.

Every taste can be gratified, for this is a state university designed to serve its people. The University once had a regional reputation as one of the best country clubs on the West Coast. This reputation is not stressed by the University.

The marriage rate is sufficiently high to assure most coeds of being rescued from the dread necessity of looking for a job after graduation.

Stolen Stuff...

The Passing of the Pins

... by Vern Stolen

The it's-great-to-be-back grin seen on faces round the quad proves several things — that spring term isn't the only picnic season and that registration week dates offer Betty Co-ed more than a chance to display her skill at canasta.

Among those who fell under the spell of the autumnal pin-planters' panacea early were Alpha Phi Duley Renne and Phi Delt Don Peterson. The Kappa Hillman twins are now completely Fidelit with Marilyn now wearing Lyle Janz's hardware.

NOO TOO: Gammaphi Marion Moore's Phi Psi jools courtesy of Tim Preston—inter-mill-race relations, Tim? ... ADPi Marilyn Horr and Delt Larry Danil-son joining the ranks of the pin-

ned ... Tau Dick Montgomery's interest in OSC's Theta house ... DeeGee Sally Ford and PhiPsi Dick Olson beaming with the radiance of the freshly pinned.

More than costume jewelry now adorns Alpha Xi Nancy Reed's sweaters since Teke Ray Frank moved in. AlphaGam hearts are aflutter over new houseboy Kelly Ferris.

OLD STUFF: Sig Mike Moran and SAE Chuck Grondona neck-and-neck in the race for the title "Most Often Seen in the Side" ... Phi Psi Dick Yates Model A-ing to the PiPhi house and Luanne Chase ... KappaSig Bob Anderson still keeping the Phee house buzzers busy calling Carol Udy. ChiO Joan Gorkinski's engage-

Instead of working after graduation they marry a veteran and earn a degree in Putting Hubby Through College.

A student who wants the education offered in classrooms can get one equal to or superior to that inoculated by the hardest drinking ivy league schools through a judicious selection of courses, instructors, and sections.

The Oregana and Student Directory are required equipment if one is to operate and be operated upon. The Oregana's living organization section has the rogue's gallery shots of all students willing to trust themselves to the mass-production photography of the salon that the student's built.

Phone numbers and other information fills the Pigger's Guide, otherwise known as the Student Directory. Its only disadvantage is that many a beautiful romance has ceased with the receipt of the Guide and the funereal asterisk indicating married students.

A proposed inclusion to the Guide is to print a student's name in boldface type if he or she has a car.

Listening to an instructor mumble over yellowed notes may lead one to believe that the hour and term will never end until the time of reckoning called finals is upon everyone before it seems possible.

ment to Lt. jg Jack Caskey USN ... smooth sailing and no more broken ankles, kids ...

Wanted—1 fire extinguisher in good condition ... Call Gamma Phi house and ask for Sealy "Hearts-Afire" Wallace.

Oregon Students also made quite a hit with the American Association of Jewelers with their run on engagement rings—Now flashing solitaires are Chi-O Greta Skillern and Jim Anderson ... Alfagam Marion Sexton and Bob Kimball ... DG Lois Anderson and SAE Ed Anderson of ASUO vice-prexy fame ... DG Jerry Boylen and DeltaTau Bill Marshall to name a few ...

Well, off to the Anchorage's Oar House to rent a canoe.