

Not This Time

Because of a possible election contestation by one party if its candidates did not win today's election, the voting booths which were to be set up in the Vets' Commons will be placed in the library.

The possible complaint would take this line:

It is advantageous to one party to have voting booths in the Commons, which is on the regular rounds of Vet's Dorm students; and disadvantageous to the other part.

The Council, by a telephone poll, has decided to move the booths rather than have the expense of a contested election.

Now, before Spring elections, the Council will investigate to determine if booths in the Vet's Commons will be considered just by the Judiciary Committee. While the Council acted within their constitutional rights, it wishes to be sure that the Judiciary Committee will look with favor upon its actions.

It will at least be a relief to finally get the matter of polls in the vet's dorms settled.

Smile, Smile, Smile

The Oregon State College Barometer was jubilant the other day in commenting upon the State Board of Higher Education's action in granting OSC a PE major in its School of Education.

There were such remarks as:

"Have you noticed the smiles on all the faces of physical education personnel on the campus the last two days . . . After an 18 year struggle, their fine work has finally been recognized."

A PE Major means these things for OSC, according to the Barometer:

1) "Recognition as a school on a par with other institutions as far as PE is concerned.

2) "Equal chance for OSC graduates in the coaching field.

3) "OSC will provide equal attraction to athletes who wish to participate in college sports and later follow the coaching profession.

4) "Staters may raise their heads and show toothy smiles when someone mentions 'physical education.'"

The Baro then says, "Thank you very much, state board of higher education, your choice was admirable and heart-warming."

We, frankly, think it was a rather expensive way for the State Board to permit Beavers to show toothy smiles. The board might better have followed the suggestion of Chancellor Paul Packer and taken no action until a special curricular study has been made.

But far be it from us to keep the OSC PE instructors from smiling three months longer.

The Emerald Congratulates:

Life magazine for their "Shulmanesque" coverage of "College Fraternity." The article is as enjoyable as a chapter from "Barefoot Boy with Cheek," and comes near the high quality Max Shulman has set in his burlesque of college life.

The End of an Era--No More Lines, No More Men

By JANE CLARK

Some of the senior girls living in Carson hall look on the opening of the new dining room much as a 30-year Army man looks on his retirement papers—with dismay and melancholy . . . and no real joy, now that the fateful day has actually arrived. With the retirement of the girls into their own daintily appointed mess hall, an old order of things passed from the Oregon scene, never to return.

For the first time since John Straub Hall opened more than 20 years ago, no girlish chatter and feminine charms will grace the dining room there. Old timers will remember that, although no women lived in Straub before the war, at least the "girls from Suzy" always ate over on Onyx street.

There is an unwritten law in the behavior of college students that they should complain about school food, but eating at Straub made life so much richer.

With pride senior girls can claim that they have had more to gripe about than anyone else. If a freshman complains about the lines out to the door, we who are about to depart can say patronizingly:

"You think this is bad? You should have seen the lines the year I was a freshman! In the fall of '46, every single dormitory unit on the campus plus Ann Judson House, ate in this very room, and that includes all the Vet's Dorms, which had just opened. You haven't seen a real line waiting to be fed, unless you've seen it go back through the center lobby, out the doors, and extend to the end of the block in either direction. Now those really were the days!"

Memories of the days of block-long lines were only part of the nostalgia suddenly brought on by that last meal in Straub last Wednesday noon. The realization that this was the last time we would ever dawdle over one last cup of coffee in this dark-paneled, high-ceilinged place made it a mo-

ment of sadness.

Knowledge of the far better place we went to, which would be so convenient, so charming, so suited to young ladies (and, we might add, so manless,) did nothing to remove the feeling.

This had been more than a place to eat to many of us. It was the place we'd struggled and cursed as we tried to turn it into a romantic setting for a house dance between dinner and 9 p.m., always with the knowledge it must show no scar of the night's revelry by breakfast time the following morning. It was the place where we sat and watched in awe and reverence as the football team strode casually in and sat together in one corner and talked over important tactical plays for the coming weekend, while working methodically through two of everything on the menu, and more besides. And perhaps more than anything, this dining room had been a place of romances. Let the sororities have there lovely living-rooms and

dens, and many nooks where two could sit and talk. Alpha, Gamma and Zeta might have only a dreary, small little living-room with no more privacy than turning the sofa to the fireplace could provide, but the dining room made up for it in many ways. The number of happy marriages that have resulted from a chance encounter while standing in line, or a request to pass the salt and pepper, is untold, but it is large. We can't imagine what will now take the place of this sort of golden opportunity in the lives of the Carsonites.

And now, John Straub is completely a male stronghold. The movement that began last fall to make it so, when Alpha, Gamma, and Zeta girls were transferred to Carson, is now complete. Time softens all adjustments. Very likely in months to come when the rains set in, we, too, will appreciate not having to slosh two blocks for meals. Yet, after nearly four years, to have nothing to talk to but girls . . .

Sophomore Wisdom

Things Are Not As Exciting

by Bob Funk



Today is election day, to be accompanied by screams of persons having their arms twisted and general blood-letting.

Of course, things are not nearly so exciting, politically speaking, as they used to be. You hardly ever find a TNE membership card lying around campus with all the old ice-cream bar wrappers, and it has been one heck of a long time since the editor of the Emerald had to carry a gun.

The good old days are gone—maybe forever.

There is even a general tendency these days to carry out party platforms. We note

with just a hint of sadness that the Millrace has been restored, thereby eliminating one of our favorite planks from the platforms of both parties. However, there are still things like humor magazines and faculty follies to keep the orators talking.

Today's elections seem to be for freshmen only, which makes us feel more than just a little left out. We have been diligently reading party propaganda and listening to flying speeches, and now when it comes right down to the test, we find that we are not going to be able to vote after all.

(Please turn to page three)

On the Air

The Annual Worry After Graduation

by Marty Weitzner



It is now getting around that time when the class of 1950 is beginning to think about how they are going to earn those groceries next Fall. The last of the veteran-swollen classes has been putting it off from four to eight years, but the back is up against the wall and we have to start figuring on how we are going to spend the time between now and the day we can start drawing dividends on social security.

A friend of ours in the journalism school did a little job hunting in Portland recently. He reported that besides being well filled right now, the Rose City dailies were consid-

ering hiring only local people when and if they need new personnel. That started a lot of comment among aspiring pressmen from out of Portland, and there is a lot to be said on both sides.

If a situation like that were to exist, the line could be extended to cover the state. A Eugene person is as much an Oregonian as a Portlander. He knows the state as well as his big city brother, and while it may take him a while to learn that "all roads lead to the Hi-Mac club", he would come into the Big Town with the fresh and critical air that is often the

(Please turn to page three)