

Feature Section

Mechanical Genius 'Must' In Carson Coed's Life

By Carsonine McDormitorie

I live in Carson "Collegiate Heaven" Hall, where men clamor when someone says "open-house," and "Elevator" is the password.

Maybe the reader would like to know what goes on in the campus skyscraper, and how the co-eds manage with science-at-their-finger-tips privileges.

I used one of the modern machines there once. Just once, because most of the apparatus is monetarian—the machines eat

mostly quarters and dimes.

The machine I chose was the dryer—electric it was. The directions said "Put in the clothes. Put in the quarter. Wait." So I did—and waited.

All the clothes came out recognizable except the two-way stretch variety, which convinced me that I would have to give up my diet or quit using the machine. This was no problem since I didn't have another quarter.

I have seriously contemplated going to the University of Iceland spring term—and majoring in refrigeration.

But Carson offers other short cuts to comfortable living. There are kitchenettes equipped with all the devices for whipping up a late Saturday breakfast—which is what I decided to do.

Neglecting my egg long enough to answer the telephone, I returned to the smoking kitchenette. For breakfast I ate scrambled ash and two aspirin. So now I just wash my hair in the kitchenette.

Science is a wonderful thing. Everybody seems happy but me, and even I get a kick out of riding on the elevator. I've decided that it takes different things to make different people happy.

Next term I'm going to move out under a rock in the Quad and take "Principles of Back-To-Nature."

Last Feature Page; More Spring Term

This is the last feature section of the term. The amusement page, inaugurated this year, will be continued in the first Friday Emerald spring term.

"Out of the Bottle by Cork," a regular feature of the section written by Cork Mobley, will reappear at that time with a discussion of how to have fun playing cards. Other contributions will include "The Wise Old Owl" column, an expose of the Oriental Art Museum by Barbara Jeremiah, and Jack Landrud's "Sosh Session."

Desperately needed for the section—short, witty features and those side-splitters that called for another one at Taylor's yesterday. Contributions and suggestions may be placed in the "feature section" envelope on the Emerald quonset's front bulletin board.

She used to be the Belle of the town but somebody tolled on her.

Gas Inspector Investigates Stench; Finds Answer in Chemistry Lab

By BILL FRYE

In addition to being Emerald Flunky First Class, which entails bowing three times before upper-staff members and singing Irish lullabies around the shack with a licorice stick in my mouth, I was recently commissioned as Gas Inspector with an S.D. rating (stench detective).

The balmy breeze that greeted me as I left the shack in quest of a story however, forced a quick re-

treat back into the Emerald quonset. I gasped a warning to the unsuspecting staff, then conked out.

There I was, flat on my back. Finally, through watering eyes, I made out purple chimpanzees squatted on the ceiling. They were working physics problems on blue-books with orange polka-dots.

Golly my! Was this a cheap drunk or were the Aggies hep to a secret weapon?

A few minutes later I felt the editor's No. 12's against my bridge-work. To this bit of encouragement he added a gas mask and threw me out the door with a demand that I return by Junior Weekend with a story on the phenomenon.

The campus, I noticed, was shrouded with a light veil of smoke about the color of an avocado seed. The aroma was terrific. (I say aroma because only an uncultured sophomore would refer to it as a "stink.") It smelled like a mixture of peppermint schnapps and burning telephone receivers.

With a taste in my mouth like a bird's nest, I carried on. Evidently Webfoots are a hardy lot because I saw several tripping around the lawn near Hendricks Hall with their shoes off muttering and drooling over the Pioneer Mother.

Naturally this aroused my curiosity because it's not every day that people walk on the grass. When I inquired about the absence

of foot-wear I was informed that this new gas had magic curing power and letting it ooze between one's toes "would kill athlete's foot."

It was remarkable to watch the stuff in action. I didn't notice any dying athlete's feet but toenails were dropping off like philosophy students in an 8 o'clock.

Inside the Chemistry lab I interviewed Dr. Otto Schmill. The good doctor was noticeably fatigued from his long hours in the lab experimenting with the new gas. His eyes looked like seedless golf-balls and his complexion had the hue of a dirty mustard spoon.

But he had the answer! "Ethyl mercaptan, produced by the interaction of sodium hydroxide and sodium sulphide, which is used in the generation of wood pulp and emitted from Weyerhaeuser's, had intermixed with hydrogen sulphide which was being used to give campus foliage its regular spring tonic."

Dr. Schmill claimed a new gas was formed in the process which he called pyoodalophyanide, or, "pyoo" for short.

I nodded my thanks, because I couldn't even wheeze any more, and started back to the shack ten weeks ahead of schedule.

Now I don't have to bow three times to upper-staff members—just sing Irish lullabies while chewing on a licorice stick.

Sosh Session

By JACK LANDRUD

Taking the spotlight this week is Alpha Xi Delta Alice Diehl who did what most girls dream of doing by eloping with Coast Guardsman Bill Hubbard!

And the Pi Phi's are boasting a hot front porch after two pins were picked up last Sunday evening; Jane Carlisle claims Jerry Moshofsky's ATO badge, and Bonnie Birkenmeier is setting the pace for her freshman sisters by winning the jools of Fiji Ralph Risley.

Sigma Kappa Margaret Gregg climaxed her weekend by accepting the hardware of Don Detnering of Eugene.

Getting engaged like mad over at the Alpha Gam abode are Ida Pack and PiKA Phil Jones, and Joan Jarvis and DU Bill Seal.

Delta Zeta Gloria Kraft picked up some new jewelry in the form of PiKap Joe Jensen's crest, as did Alpha Gam Frances Caldwell from Sig Ep Hugh Berket.

From Carson Hall: Donna Tiltonson recently agreed when Sargent Fred Liddell of Ft. Lewis popped the question, as did Eleanor Heydenburk with Bill Dunn of Portland.

DZ Beth Thompson is losing sleep as she puzzles over who sends her a mysterious single flower every week.

And now—what you've all been waiting for—"The Eligible of the Week!"

Each week this column will present one of the local ladies who is back in circulation and is "Eligible." This week it's Susie Seley of Kappa Kappa Gamma!

Sue is a pert freshman from Catlin School in Portland. Sparkling brown eyes and hair set her out as one full of mischief and excitement. Although only a yearling, Sue is already busy in activities as a member of the Emerald ad staff and social chairman of her house.

So lets get with it, guys—The Kappa phone number is 4-1423!

Add to the Weak Excuse Department: Delt Bob Gitner explaining to Alfafee Joan Lokken, "Honest, I've lost my pin!"

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MAR. 5-9

"MRS. MIKE"

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"JIGSAW"

FRANCHOT TONE

MAR. 10-14

"CHAIN LIGHTNING"

HUMPHREY BOGART

ELEANOR PARKER

REX

MAR. 5-7

"STORY OF SEABISCUIT"

BARRY FITZGERALD

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

"DAKOTA LIL"

MAR. 8-11

"MONTANA"

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