

The Squirrel Cage

They Only Look Innocent

by Stan Turnbull

Reading recently in Time about mechanical brains and such-like somehow reminded us that Oregon's own contribution to the cavalcade of scientific wonders is about due to make it's annual showing.

Freshmen won't have met up with 'em, and others with short memories may have forgotten—so take warning, weather indicates that the campus lawn sprinklers are about to make their yearly effort at proving that machine is smarter than man.

Like a lot of the young things strolling the quad in cotton dresses, they just look innocent . . . the sprinklers, we mean . . . but they have a nifty bag of shifty tricks all ready to use in trying to douse you.

Number one, the favorite, will fool all but the most cautious: the sprinkler seems to be swinging away from you in a very orderly circle and you're feeling rather clever walking just behind it as

it swings around, when the roof falls in—the blamed thing stops dead in its tracks and then backs up and gives you the business. No warning. That's number one.

Number two isn't quite as tricky, but you can just get as wet. This one consists simply of banking a shot off a handy tree and giving you that freshly-laundered look. Number three is a variation of the first, where the devilish device sits still and watches you until you make your move, then starts off after you; fast footwork may save you from this one.

That just about exhausts its repertoire, but it mixes them up pretty cleverly, so watch it.

While we're at it, did you notice the little choke at the very top of the page in yesterday's Emerald that read "Two girls will sing the lead in story in sports section?" Well, they can twy, but the meter is pretty hard to follow and the lyrics are pretty poor . . .

Agreed, Gentlemen?

Sitting in classrooms on warm spring days is bad enough under any circumstances, and while wistfully gazing out the window yesterday afternoon looking at the old campus, something came to mind—Junior Weekend Saturday.

Not having Saturday classes ourselves, we felt pretty lucky.

But thinking of those who do have them, we suddenly had a surging feeling of care for our fellow student.

Classes will be held this Junior Weekend Saturday, according to the class schedule. Naturally a good number of students, and professors, are counting on cuts that morning. But how much better it would be if there was just some sort of agreement made whereby professors wouldn't expect to hold class that one morning, and students wouldn't expect to go to classes that morning. Such a gentleman's agreement would certainly be approved by the psychology department, always in favor of easing situations which might cause guilt complexes.

And of course the nicest thing of all would be if the administration would pass down an edict saying no classes on Junior Weekend Saturday—we're sure it would meet with student approval.

Oh, Oh -- Old Oregon

This last issue of Old Oregon is almost immoral. Perhaps Editor Jim Wallace put his all into the April issue, which was his final publication after being editor for two years.

On the cover is a picture of young love in springtime, with campus boy and campus girl lounging on the old campus. The only trouble being, campus girl is married, but not to the campus boy in the picture. What does campus husband and the Office of Student Affairs think about that?

But the crowning touch came inside Old Oregon, with the brown-tone first page of the supplement. Here in 36 pt. type is blazoned: "Preparation for Achievement . . . at the University of Oregon." Pictured immediately under this is campus boy and campus girl (not the same couple, this girl is unmarried) sitting on an old campus bench. The girl is sitting on the very edge of the bench, and though smiling, looks like she may be ready to run at the next move the boy makes. Which makes us wonder: What kind of achievement is that boy preparing for? And is this the sort of thing that we should show to the high school visitors who come to our campus?

Perhaps Jim Wallace realized by the time this issue was published he would be far away from the campus, with degree in hand.

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There's no longer any doubt. The millenium has arrived. When Alburey Castell, head of the philosophy department, handed back test papers to his Phil 323 class it created quite a few raised eyebrows. It seems everyone made an 'A'; or, as Castell said, "100 per cent of the class made 100 per cent." However, bad luck, kiddies, it's too late to add courses.

Just Stuff

Now it's Relays

by Vic Fryer

The high school kids from Duck Preview are gone—but look out, here they come again! This time it's for the 13th annual Hayward Track and Field Relays today and tomorrow on Hayward field.

This makes three times in five weeks that the prepsters have hit the campus for one event or another. It was just five weeks ago today when the state basketball tourney had its semi-final eliminations.

Speaking of Duck Preview, one reason for the much-smaller-than-expected registration was not that the high school seniors weren't here, but that they didn't register. One campus official estimated that there were upwards of 150 of the visitors who stayed at fraternity houses and never registered at Johnson hall.

It seems that a few houses wanted to do a little premature rushing to favored seniors, so invited them to stay at the house without registering. Registering

would have given the houses that abided by the rules a chance to draw the names of those guests. Officials said that most of the houses involved in the skulduggery were known, and that plans were being made to prevent a recurrence of it next year—probably by rigidly enforcing registration of visitors.

A note to persons who find it necessary to phone someone at the Vets Dorm: Hold the phone just a few seconds longer. No one is assigned to phone duty and many rooms are quite a ways from the phone. It's rather disconcerting to get up from a desk, walk down the hall, and find that the party on the other end has hung up after the fourth or fifth ring. Remember, the telephone company recommends that you wait a full minute before hanging up.

A new complaint just heard on the Greek-Independent relations: Was it just accident that the dorms were paired together and the Greek houses ditto for the Frosh picnic this weekend?

Wild Notes

Curb Sitting and the Constitution

by Fred Young

Those of us who have glanced over the new proposed ASUO constitution find that it should make a much more representative and functional body of our student government. It is something that should make the entire student-body attend the polls. A 50 per cent participation by the ASUO is needed to bring the new constitution into effect, and that is more than can be simply accomplished by the Grecian "regimentation."

Another inexpensive form of recreation is meeting with fine success on the campus. We speak of that popular new pastime, "curb sitting." The requirements are few—mainly, a good background and an eye for a differential.

The first show of strength by the "curb sitting" group was in its action of maintaining

the Junior Weekend float parade instead of reviving the age old canoe fete. Incidentally, don't buy your Junior Prom tickets until the name of the band that's coming to play at this place is announced.

The following information was not put on page one in order to allow this column a chance for another news scoop. Next Wednesday, Apr. 26 in the University library browsing room at 4 p.m. there will be an informal discussion with recorded examples by Fred Young, critique le jazz hotte. We'll maneuver through the dixie, swing, and modern eras. With a few notes from Milhaud, Bartok, and the like. Wednesday, April 26th at 4 p.m. in the browsing room. There'll be no late fee.

On the Air

Hits and Runs Outdoing Soap Operas

by Marty Weitzner

As so often is the case after a long drought, rain finally comes in a deluge. In a smart and subtle way, we are referring to a certain radio situation that has cropped up around these parts.

Seems that until this year, Eugene was isolated as far as baseball broadcasts were concerned. We were lucky to get the Oregon home games, and if the night was free from any atmospheric pressure we could hear the Beavers up in Portland. On a clear evening, when the smudge pots did not clog the airways, a Sacramento station brought us the doings of that city's Pacific Coast League entry. That was all we got last year.

Now with the major league season but three days old, we find ourselves deluged with baseball. At 10:15 in the morning, KRUL in Corvallis brings us one major league tilt. Later in the afternoon, we get another via KORE. KOAC still beams the Oregon battles. And now KERG has contracted to air the action of the Eugene team in the Far West league.

The people most affected by this plethora of America's favorite game are, with the exception of baseball fanatics, the local house wives. Instead of young internes, girl law-

yers, and other assorted soap opera performers, they now must go through the day's chores with hit and run plays, infield shifts, and other assorted diamond moves of strategy. Local males will soon be suffering the same fate that has befallen many of their fellow countrymen. Supertime conversation will sound like this:

"You should have heard the ball game today. In the sixth, the batter catches the third baseman playing a couple steps too close up the line, and he pushes one up the alley."

"How's that again dear?" This last from the male half.

"Anyhow", she continues, "he legs it to first. The next hitter catches on to a hook that hangs, and puts it through the slot . . ."

By that time Papa is wishing he were back in the days when good old gossip was the dinner time fare.

The possibility of three or four baseball broadcasts per night has, we believe, been popularly received. It is something new in the local picture, and for a while should draw a good share of listeners, at least on campus.

At least we can devote our evenings to things other than trying to break through the smudge pots to pick up Sacramento.