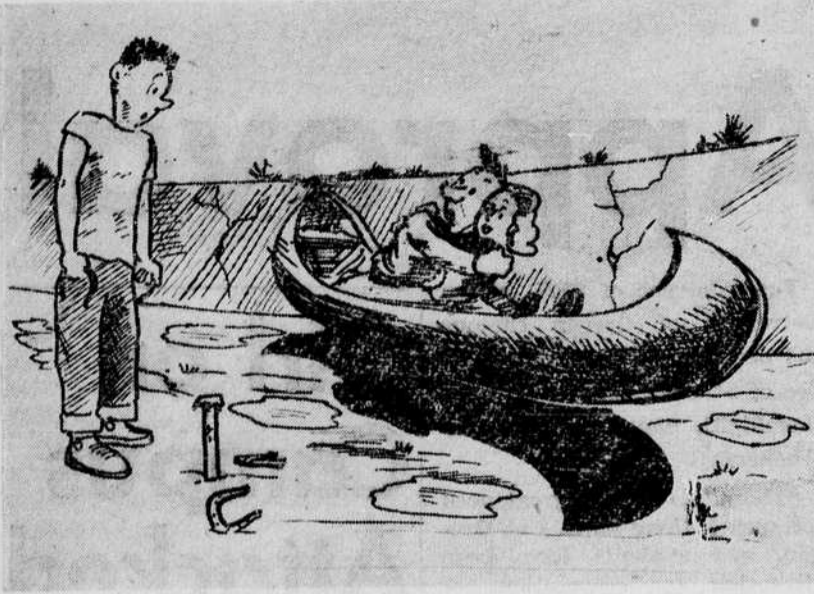


## The Dry Race...



"Yeah, it went down again last night!"

## Are You Getting It?

Are University of Washington students getting what they came to college to get?

That's the question University President Raymond B. Allen has asked 15,000 UW students to answer during the four-day Memorial Weekend holiday which he granted.

In a statement explaining this one condition to the granting of the holiday, Allen said:

"Each of you write to me, giving me your frank and honest answers to the following three questions:

1. What did you come to the University to get?
2. Are you getting it?
3. If not, why not?

"We will read your comments and attempt to use them for improvement of the University."

It is rumored that Alfred Kinsey and Lester Beck (University of Oregon producer of "Human Growth" and other sex films) have written the UW President requesting results of the poll be sent to them.

## We Want Blood

Hang them at dawn on the Condon Oaks.

Shoot them at dawn under the Condon Oaks.

Yes, the 235 students who committed the unpardonable sin of stuffing ballot boxes at the Society for Indignant Nominees (SIN) election should not be allowed to go unpunished.

In fact, we might start a new tradition at Oregon. Save all the hangings for spring term, and then hold them all at an early morning affair under the Condon Oaks, immediately before the Junior weekend picnic.

Do not take this matter lightly.

The rope may hang heavy over thy head.

## Editorial Policy--in Retrospect

Please keep off the grass.—B.H.

Everything is peachy keen.—H.S.

Twin Beds are a danger to American society.—F.T.

Ukeleles and sprinklers appear in springtime.—A.G.

Celebrities have a habit of cancelling dates.—T.K.

Is this action by certain Greeks for the good of the whole University?—N.O.

All Greeks are mighty fine people.—B.S.

## SEX Was Bound to Crop Up

We can't but feel that the administration is absolutely right in coming out in favor of SEX, as reported elsewhere in this issue.

After all, SEX is just as natural as SDX (and if you don't know what SDX is, it's explained on this page; if you don't know what SEX is, we suggest a good frank talk with your housemother.)

So three cheers for the administration; it does its best. This SEX thing was bound to come out sooner or later; let's face it—it's here to stay. Night baseball, nertz.—S.A.T.

## For Fewer and Less Libel Suits

Much as we hate to be serious today, in the interest of fewer and less expensive libel suits, let it be said that everything today is in fun. This is Sigma Delta Chi's annual edition, and all is light-hearted.

## Sophomoric Stupidity

### The Blue Peanut Butter President

NOT by Bobbie Funk

Once upon a time there were some ducks. There were some blue ducks and some green ducks.

Now you may not think that this is important; but who is writing this column you or me?

These ducks (the blue ducks and the green ducks) lived in their own little ponds where they ate peanut butter sandwiches. They ducked for them. It was real ducky. It was ducky-keen.

One day one of the blue ducks didn't get a peanut butter sandwich. He saw another blue duck with TWO peanut butter sandwiches. This turned him green—with envy.

He went over to the green duck pond. When the fellows in the place where we live saw this blue-green duck duck over to the green duck's pond it turned the fellows in the house where we live blue with rage. They were blue ducks, anyway, so it wasn't much of a trick.

Something of a crisis of major proportions arose in the place where we live. Freshmen started throwing themselves out of 34th

floor windows (we have a very large house). One of the freshmen landed in the blue duck pond. The blue ducks ate him; they thought he was a peanut butter sandwich.

One of the freshmen landed in the green duck pond. He was sophomore class president the next year, having won the green duck nomination. Green ducks frequently ran peanut butter sandwiches for class offices. Peanut butter would stick to the party platform.

But soon all this blue duck green duck business melted down to nothing whatsoever at all anyhow. This threw our juniors in a tizzy. The juniors were not very stable individuals having been addictated (so its not in the English language; have you got a better word?) to college life for three years; most of them being nothing more than drunken sots by this time.

(We think it only the fair thing to say that one junior was not a drunken sot, in fact he never even touched the stuff. This junior would just spend all his time down at the Pit—where the juke

box is broken—or Harry's Snappy Service Number 3—where the juke box number. After spending the evening there he would leave for home—that's the place where we live—and on the way smoke a few cigarettes. He smoked a very peculiar brand of cigarettes that had a very sick, sweet odor; he called them marijunas. He would never let anyone bum a smoke from him. As we say, this fellow was no drunken sot.)

To get back to the blue and green ducks—when it turned out to be nothing at all, all the juniors who were drunken sots became dope fiends, and the marijuana addict became a drunken sot.

The sophomores were the only class to take the whole duck affair in stride. (There are no seniors at the place where we live; all of them having realized early in the year the hopelessness of the situation.) The sophomores arrarently were oblivious of the gravity of the blue green goings on and merely looked upon the whole affair as a gosh darned ducky situation.

## Critchety Old Crotch

### You Never Had It So Bad

by Sleeve Toy

(Famous Washing Correspondent.)

Things are very tough. Things are much worse than that. Up here in the veteran's domicile things are not good. Things are not near as good as bad. We ain't got nothing.

We behave very much better than anyone else on the campus. We can't have house dances cause we ain't got no powder room for the gals. Hell, we ain't even got locks on the doors of our own. In fact we haven't any doors. And that newsprint they roll up and put in them. Gracious. There was better quality stuff in Ç rations.

And that cemetery. You wouldn't believe what goes on up there.

Yes you would, but things they do up there and the things they leave, Pojson oak is good enough for them. An exclusive interview with the head of the student health service revealed that most of the people who go to the infirmary with poison oak are Greeks. And you know what Greeks are.

And the food up there. In the Vets dorm I mean. Did you ever eat chop suey made with Tuesday's meat loaf, Wednesday's pork chops, Thursday's roast beef, Saturday's hot dogs, and Mrs. O'Leary's overalls? That's living Jack. There have been at least 3

cases of celeryitis which have occurred in the Veterans Commons. In the disease, which is new to medical science incidentally, the patient breaks out in a stringy rash and sweats a green fluid which has been found to contain celery salt. A sample of the coffee was sent to Oregon Agricultural college for analysis. The report said, "You have a very sick horse on your hands. Don't work him for at least three weeks."

Now that you know all about the veteran's dormitory situation you can run down to Taylor's and sign a petition. They are found on the back of Olympia bottles.

## Spoutin' at Random

### This Guy Gibbons is Not Bad

by Go Gilbert

Read a book last night while in the bathroom—"Declines and Fall of the Roman Empire." Not bad. This guy Gibbons seems to know his stuff.

Though many term Gibbons dry and tedious, I found that he has hit upon some pretty pertinent points. His discussion of Caesar, for example, seems well-backed with facts.

The lingo the author uses is sometimes rough, but on the

whole it's not too hard to follow. The man is sincere and that to me can excuse him for other faults. "Rise and Fall" is good for some frosty evening when The Side seems too far away.

Dear TNE: Thank God you were around. Without you what would the Emerald do for copy? What would the campus do for excitement? Boy, were you ever a life saver.

Saw a movie last night. To repeat myself, it's tough that Hollywood can't make the grade of the foreign movies. Best scene in last night's was the brothel scene. Realism! Was it ever! Next best scene was when two soldiers went on a binge.

My last parting remark—anybody want to join me in the ASS (Association of Student Sots). Organize for beer in the Student Union.

## It Was Awful

### A Sensational Broadway Flop

by George Peluis

Undoubtedly one of the world's worst productions was presented last night by the University Theater in the Villard Annex. A sparse crowd of 13 disappointed cast-members watched the wet-sponge presentation of "Summer-rise," a poetic drama by Hacks-well Peterson.

One of Peterson's most sensational Broadway flops, the play was presented true to form. Cast members tried to keep action

moving by opening and closing doors right and left, upstage and downstage. They were helped by the audience, who caught on to the idea soon after curtain rise and opened all doors leading from the auditorium.

The play's demand for 32 sets was quickly met by the clever technical director, Shovem Closer, who simply decided to use one set. To denote change of scene a new 5x7 inch picture was hung

on the back wall.

The star of the play was experienced, versaitle, handsome, vigorous, and just plain awful Lauren Kirkpa, who put everything in his role. The play was considerably better when everything took over and Kirkpa went out for a smoke.

Supporting Kirkpa was the equally magnificent Starbara Ipass who played her part to the

(Please turn to page seven)