



"You girls must be getting careless about pulling the shades—Worthal is setting up his bleachers again."

### Don't Gag--It's Merely SDX

This is the SDX edition of the Emerald. It is a gag edition, and not to be taken seriously. We say this, every year, "in the hope of fewer and less expensive libel suits."

Just as surely as tomorrow will come, so will letters condemning the edition as not worthy of the professional journalism fraternity, and not worthy of the Emerald. And just as surely, today there will be people who laugh at today's edition. —H.A.

### Forces of Reaction at Work Again

- The University today passed:
- (1) Regulation against religious students dating beer-drinkers (a tragedy, since everybody has to be religious until 4 p.m. nowadays anyway).
  - (2) Regulation against dumb students dating smart students (eliminates chance of football players getting his signals crossed with Shakespeare and telling opponent: "A plague and a pox on thee, pithy one).
  - (3) Regulation against boys dating girls (Ye Gods! Look at what we're left with.)
  - (4) Regulation against living. (no comment.)

### Thoughts of the Editor and Her Associates

Let us look at this problem coolly, and let us not sensationalize.—A.H.

Let's give 'em holy hell!—D.S. (fired winter term.)

The world situation, chum, is glum.—T.K.

Break your civilization like a piece of bread, competition is your knife.—S.F. (recalled to active duty, USMC, winter term.)

Life on this campus can sometimes be very funny, but it is not easy always to dig up material.—K.M.

The value of some groups such as Heads of Houses is questionable. So is the value of some heads.—J.P.

### The Strange Case of the Girl Across the Hall

If you're a typical University of Oregon student, you probably looked with interest upon the search in each men's living organization for the typical Oregon woman—the girl across the hall in your house.

This search was instigated by an edit asking you to consider as a typical Oregon student the "girl across the hall in your house." Response, in letters we unfortunately were unable to print because the post office has regulations concerning what can and cannot be sent through the mails, was tremendous from the men who wanted to know who in their house was keeping a girl.

The administration, egged by the Oregon mothers and SSRL (Sensible Sex Relations League), felt the girl must be found.

However, no such girl was found. She was elusive. Not even the men in the room across the hall in your house admit that the girl was ever there.

**THE DAILY 'E'...**

to the student who, during Junior Weekend, got tapped for no honoraries, received no scholarships, no certificates, cups or awards of any kind. And how the hell did you manage it?

**THE OREGON LEMON...**

to the University administration for trying to perpetuate the fraud that they are running an educational institution.

## Bogged Down

# Three More Weeks of This Hell And I'll Be a Free Man at Last

### With Abnorm Anderson

It's about over, friends. Fellow seniors and those who won't be here next year because of the service or disciplinary committee, we've had it. (This last refers particularly to those who won't be here because of the disciplinary committee.) Soon we'll leave our alma mater—dear old

## Legit Critic

# Queen Role Demanding

### By John Jones

"Flo of the Fifteen Minutes," a play about a common trollop who wanted to be everyone's queen, opened up to an eager all-male audience in the very very intimate theater last night.

Pelva Rejohn, graduate student in hygiene, played the lead role—the only female part in a large cast. A quick succession of men, each appearing on stage for 15 minutes, more or less, gave the star support.

The play was written in blank verse (pantomime) by Hacks-well Sandysen, white-haired hope for the last 50 years of the modern American theater. He has written two other plays about Queens, to make up a trilogy—"Queen for a Night," a tragedy of a bed-ridden woman, and "Gypsy, Queen of Queens," a teasing satire that strips from womanhood all superficialities.

The production given by the theater was interesting. All characters sat around on stage reading aloud the pantomime instructions. There were no sets, no props, no costumes.

"This has saved us four weeks of rehearsal time," stated director Boreus YooHoo Sparrowpa, king of the theater. "Besides," he added with malice aforethought, "why waste time with Sandysen's plays; after we work on them all we get is bad reviews."

To move from the legitimate theater to its bastard offspring—the movies, I find that there are excellent films at every theater in town. Those that are not in technicolor are in black and white.

—SDX—

### Second Round

Famous quotations of famous people:

Barbara Stevenson: We women have our points.

USA to AGS: Drop Dead.

AGS to USA: Why should I, you already are.

Gen. MacArthur: Old soldiers never die.

Harry Newburn: One's own friends are one's own business.

Disciplinary Committee: Unless he's an athlete, and she complains to the office of student affairs.

Barry Mountain to Exuc Council: Gee, people, I feel awful tonight. If I'm a little slow forgive me.

Warren C. Price at 10 to the hour: Just give me five minutes more.

Paul S. Dull: You didn't do too well on this test, I don't know... it was probably my fault. (Tear runs down his cheek).

Bruce Wallace: I do not choose to run.

Bill Carey: My platform is you.

Oregon. Soon our college days will be behind us. No more, thank God, will things be realities, just memories.

And it's about time. I've waited four years to get out of this rat race, and once I've left I won't ever come back. Yeah, dear old Oregon.

**Remember...**

Those hot, stuffy, sticky days you went up on the McKenzie to cool off? You lay around on the bank with the sweat sloshing down your sides, and you can't go anywhere near the water because it's so damn cold you'd freeze. If you do go in the river, you get chilled and spend the rest of spring term in the infirmary.

Or maybe you go out to Fern Ridge—the water's warmed by the three-inch thick mud on the bottom, which hides broken glass.

**Remember...**

The mill race, that sluggish stinking sewer that slugs slowly by near the campus. We worked like dogs to get it back, and now it's not good for anything. What a smell—it's a wonder the trees along its banks haven't rotted.

**Remember...**

Good old term papers—assigned Friday of Junior Weekend and due the next Monday. Term papers that by no stretch of the imagination could ever possibly be conceived to be enjoyable.

**Remember...**

The walls of Baylors and the Top—dirty, grimy walls that get painted once a year, maybe. Walls that will be nostalgically revived at Homecoming, only if you're stupid enough to come down for homecoming.

**Remember...**

Homecoming—the noise parade which gives you a double hangover. You've got a head that feels like its full of drummers to begin with, then you shout and scream, especially loud as you go by where you think the judges are.

**Remember...**

Closing hours? You just get going when you've got to quit, and really go. All the niceties of life are abruptly broken by the flicking of a porch light.

**Remember...**

The weekend of the game in Portland—or Berkeley or Los Angeles or Seattle. No more such weekends—hell no, now you'll be living in Portland or Seattle or Los Angeles. Every weekend a game weekend. Whoopee!

Yeah, I'll miss Oregon like I miss poison.

### Tradition Bites Dust



Mortar Board President Hetty M. Tight poses in the costume she will wear when she leads the senior honorary's tapping procession.

"To hell with tradition," Hetty shouted from behind a cigarette, "who wants to be draped in a black robe. It's about time we girls showed the campus that we've got something besides brains. Graduation is near, and only three of our members got married this year. You should be able to get more at college than a diploma."

The traditional red rose is being replaced by a baton. Explained Miss Tight, "If we're going to tap the girls we might as well do it in a big way."

—SDX—

### Letters I Forced Students to Write

**Dearest:**

I am a disappointed man. I didn't get tapped by an honorary. There are only a few of us left.

In order to prevent ourselves from being outcast, I hereby do announce my honorary which will include all students who are not members of honoraries.

We shall be divided into classes:

Senior women will be called **Martyr Boarders**, and men **Roosters**;

Juniors will be called **Phi Theatrix and Droops**;

And the sophomores **Hui Kawamas** and the **Boneheads**.

Signed,  
Little Spoke.

Editor's note: See Daily 'E'.



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