

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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## Welcome, Mom

All mothers must, most of the time, believe they are taken pretty much for granted. And, with a little sense of shame, we must admit that Mom is usually taken for granted.

We do honor you on Mother's Day and the University Junior Weekend is traditionally dedicated to mothers. But, before we extend the traditional welcome, we'd like to add just a thought, Mom, on your position in our lives.

We do take you for granted 360 days out of the year. But, you know, we take most other good things for granted too. We take sunsets and blue skies and friends and freedoms pretty much for granted. We accepted as our due meals three times a day and college educations and money in the bank. We take home for granted.

But, Mom, after we've left home and you and the rest of the family, we somewhat appreciate you more. Guess that's just human nature. When you cease being a permanent part of our lives and we only see you on weekends and holidays and maybe in the summer, then we began to appreciate more what you have meant to us and you began to mean much more.

So, welcome to our campus, all you mothers. We hope you have a good time this weekend and, more than that, we hope this gala weekend leaves you a little time for visits and to gain a better appreciation of what Oregon is to us and for us and what college is doing for your sons and daughters.

## Why Grows the Rose?

(Ed. Note: The following editorial was written by members of Mortar Board, senior women's honorary. New members for this group will be tapped this afternoon at the all-campus luncheon.)

When the black-garbed Mortar Boards wind their way through the crowd at the All-campus luncheon Saturday afternoon to tap new members, they will be performing one of their last official functions of a busy year.

Behind this simple process of presenting outstanding junior women with the gold and silver pledge ribbon and the traditional rose lies a long and thorough process of selection. Mortar Board is a national honorary, and each woman who is selected for membership must have the qualities by which each Mortar Board member in every chapter has been chosen—scholarship, leadership, and service to the University.

The process of selecting new members for Mortar Board is a careful one. When the Mortar Boards begin to scan the lists of outstanding women, they consider not only what they know about each woman, but also what deans, department heads, and campus leaders have to recommend. If possible, no avenue of student participation is overlooked.

When the lists are complete, the affirmative plan of voting is used to select the members. By this system, no one is "black-balled." The whole process is a positive one—positive discussion and positive voting. When any woman receives a unanimous vote, conducted by secret ballot, she is declared elected to membership. A unanimous vote likewise denies membership to any woman.

The course of each woman's college career is carefully taken into consideration. One of the first points is the scholastic record, for scholarship is one of the three prime requisites. The minimum requirement is .3 above the campus average for the past year. This year, each woman considered had to have at least a 2.98 GPA. In outstanding cases, exceptions are permitted.

The second criterion is leadership. To qualify, each woman had to show definite signs of capable leadership and ability to handle responsibility by herself. Contrary to a common misconception, Mortar Board is not a collection of presidents.

Leadership ability is probably most frequently evidenced by election to a position of president, but being a president of some organization is not itself a qualification for the senior woman's honorary. The ability to lead is found in those who may not hold the "top spot," and Mortar Board has sought to recognize this.

The third necessity is service to the University. This does not mean a woman must have kept busy for three years in a large number of campus activities. The activities of the women, whether they be in several fields or in only one or two, should add up to some definite accomplishment that is a credit to the school.

Thus, each year, the wearers of the gold tassel have taken their responsibility seriously. They have tried to overlook no woman really qualified; they have tried to extend membership to only those really deserving.

We are proud of each woman to whom we will present the rose Saturday afternoon.

—The Members of Mortar Board.

# —A Day at the Zoo— Children, Chorus, Crepe and Cuties Bedeck Back of Massive Horse, Mae

by Bob Funk  
Emerald Columnist

When Grandma Fate, in the form of the Float Parade chairman, saw fit to pair Quadruple Eta sorority with Phi Belch fraternity for the purpose of constructing a float, there was something less than wild celebrating and cheering—until hoarse on the part of both parties to this artistic marriage.



Ever since the Phi Belch brothers had severed the sleeping porch from the Quadruple Eta house late one night and left it in the intersection of 13th and Willamette, relations had been only superficially pleasant between the two groups. However, as the Quadruple Eta president said, "We must all enter into this project with the spirit of Cooperation and Fun, especially the pledges."

For one solid week prior to Junior Weekend, the members of the two houses had Planning Meetings which were so Cooperative and Funny that nothing much got planned or started until Friday night. Friday night, a bonfire lighted a poker game which Phi Belch held under the float; and dimly flickered upon the endeavors of the Quadruple Eta pledge class, which was putting the float together with scotch tape and sincerity.

The float consisted of a two-acre superstructure artfully conjured out of chicken wire, while the pledges were covered with aluminum foil to spell out the names of the sponsoring houses.

In the center of the float there was a forty-voice choir singing the Battle Hymn of the Republic. Garcella Hawgbladder, the most shapely of the Quadruple Etas, stood upon a chicken-wire tower, clothed only in what a large Portland firm fondly thought of as a bathing suit, waving a banner inscribed WRITE A LETTER HOME TO MOTHER. At the opposite end of the float, two young men with 200-inch chest expansions stood shirtless, with chests expanded to the straining point and nicely browned with Max Factor No. 5.

There was a paper mache eagle which flapped its wings dutifully in time to the choir music, and a crepe-paper volcano which erupted root beer and Tootsie Rolls. Several small, reluctant children sat around among paper flowers; they were a sort of coup d'Grace—judge bait in case everything else failed.

This entire hanging garden, dedicated to Country, Chastity, and Untrammelled Motherhood, was supported upon the back of a retired plow horse named Mae, who had stood there patiently for a week while a glorious new world was erected upon her. She was a modern-day Atlas, living on no-doze and spudnuts.

Mae was not the only victim of the New Order. While leading a hard band of climbers up the half-completed volcano, the Quadruple Eta president, Passion Slodge, had been asked to hold a section of chicken wire while it was nailed to the frame. The end result, due to poor planning, was that Passion was nailed into the mountain. She was a constant example of the Good Sport, smiling forcedly out from behind some crepe-paper snow.

By the time it was Saturday afternoon, several things remained to be done to the float; these gaps were artfully bridged by tacking up some old campaign literature over embarrassing spots. Mae lumbered heavily to the Point of Assembly, where most of the float fell apart and had to be put back together again.

Several hours later everything was ready and the parade started. Most of the other floats seemed to have restricted themselves by adhering to some unimaginative Theme or something. The progress of the float was smooth, except for a couple of minor incidents. One of the shirtless young men, together with chest expansion, was swept off by a tree. His anguished cries were successfully drowned out by The Battle Hymn of the Republic. During the lulls there were obligato moans from Passion Slodge, who was becoming drenched with root beer vapor.

The members of Quadruple Eta and Phi Burp, who were not somehow attached to or trapped in the float, ran along behind, sticking stray pieces of crepe paper back into the wire and shouting encouragement to Mae, who was down to her last spudnut.

The float was a great success with the crowd. Several mothers wept openly at the banner WRITE HOME, and declared that Garcella Hawgbladder was a "sweet thing." Several fathers also said that Garcella was a sweet thing, or something to that effect, although their attention seemed riveted upon the product of the Portland firm rather than the banner.

The judges ignored most everything except the small children. They gave ten points for each small child and bonus points for each Tootsie Roll that erupted their way. A male judge gave 200 points for Garcella. A Republican judge gave 100 points for The Battle Hymn of the Republic. A near-sighted judge gave 100 points for General Appearance.

By this time, Passion Slodge was completely carbonated, and giggling hysterically. Mae, god-like in her endurance, was reciting "Out of the float that covers me, heave as hell from tail to ear. I thank whatever gods may be for my unbending rear."

After the judging stand had been passed, things began to fall apart rather generally. Passion Slodge, due to some kind of relocation inside the mountain, erupted spectacularly from the volcano along with the mist and Tootsie Rolls. The flapping eagle flapped off both wings, which fell into the choir and caused considerable screaming and

jumping around. Mae ran out of spudnuts and began munching upon some of the paper flowers and even tentatively nipped one of the small children, which was a social error.

The second chest expansion was plucked off by a low wire, while a frolicsome wind wound the banner about Garcella Hawgbladder and caused her to topple heavily into the choir, which was only beginning to recover after the fall of the eagle wings.

Finally, nothing was left but Mae, with some crepe-paper sticking out of one side of her mouth, and two determined choir members still singing The Battle Hymn. They continued this way until they reached the Disassembly Point, at which point they discovered they had nothing to disassemble.

We will not tarry to speculate upon such moot question as Did they Win the Float Parade. (Of course they did!) Or Whether They Exceeded the Limit on Expenses. (It was all done with old leftover pieces of paper.) We will only reflect sadly, for a moment, upon the passing of the two-acre float, now commemorated only by a few strays impaled on trees and high wires, and a case of indigestion somewhere in the innards of Mae.

## Library Contest Deadline Today

University students still have a chance to win free books, according to Bernice Rise, Student Union browsing room librarian.

Deadline for entering the Student Library contest has been extended to noon Saturday, Miss Rise said.

Undergraduate and graduate students may enter not more than 50 books in either the specialized or general division. All entries must be arranged in the reserve book room of the library by noon Saturday.

First prize in all divisions is \$25 in books, to be chosen by the winner from the Co-op. Second prize is \$15 and third, \$10 in books.

Judges are J. C. Sherwood, Elizabeth Findly, Mrs. Frederick Hunter, W. A. Williams, and C. T. Duncan, undergraduate's general library division; Lloyd Staples, Marion Ross, W. S. Laughlin, A. B. Stillman and Alburey Castell, undergraduate's specialized library section.

Judges for the graduate division are Hoyt Trowbridge, Quirinus Breen, W. S. Baldinger, A. L. Soderwall and Pierce Jones, general library; Paul Dull, D. M. Dougherty, T. F. Mundle, Sidney Little and E. G. Ebbighausen, specialized library.

## Junior Weekend MENU

SWEDISH BAKED STEAKS  
SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN  
VIRGINIA BAKED HAM.

OUR SPECIALTY — SMORGASBORD  
DESSERT INCLUDED  
SWEDISH ROSETTES

Sweden House Smörgasbord