

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Please Sign Them

On two occasions already this year we have stated in this column that the Emerald will accept for publication in its Letters to the Editor column only letters signed by the writer. Only names which can be checked against student affairs files or some other reputable source will be accepted.

Early this week, however, we received a letter signed only "B. Noble." We can not print this letter until the letter writer will identify himself.

Normally we would discard all unsigned letters. Since it is still early in the year, and the writer may not be familiar with our policy, we will give him this chance to come forward and stand up for his opinions. In the future, we will not be able to give an anonymous letter writer this opportunity, since we obviously can't continue to write editorials to each individual anonymous writer.

If "B. Noble" wishes to identify himself, we will run the letter at our earliest convenience. If he can furthermore demonstrate that there is justified cause for withholding his name, we will do so. However, we feel that a "name-withheld-by-request" letter carries very little weight. Opinions are only as good as those who hold them.

We are especially eager to publish "B. Noble's" letter. The writer expressed the opinion his letter would not be printed since his views differed from ours.

We thought we had made it clear in previous editorials that the Letters to the Editor column is the place for just such divergent views. But perhaps our anonymous letter writer never reads editorials.

Wet, Isn't It?

We are against rain, completely, absolutely against rain. It may be very nice for farmers—or so we learned in grade school or someplace—but we don't like it.

Puddles of water collecting in shoes we can take. Cases of double pneumonia acquired by wearing wet shoes during Julian Huxley's Charter Day speech we can ignore. After all, the infirmary needs business.

Being broad minded we can endure soggy notebooks and warped library books for which we have to pay. We can't read our notes because water drips off our forehead and blurs the ink. But we don't care—after all, who wants to study?

All these we can bravely endure. Or we could endure them if it were not for one thing. Have you looked in a mirror lately? Wet, isn't it?

There is something singularly unattractive about the shaggy dog appearance the campus is wearing these days. Rain hats pulled down on top of wrinkled raincoats, so that the whole effect looks like a tent floating down the street.

And do you realize campus social life is in great danger. What self respecting tent—that is man—will call up the drowned looking creatures he sees swimming into the library after a day in the rain.

Think what this could do to campus dances. No dates, no attendance, no money—a catastrophe! And all because of rain.

But even if a bold individual can exist on campus without a canoe in one pocket and hip boots on his feet, he's in danger of loosing an eye at any moment.

Many women have given up depending on a thin silk scarf to keep the curl in the hair and are sallying forth armed with umbrellas. The only defense is to head for the street and try to stay afloat in the gutters.

Really, the only solution we can see is a huge canopy to be suspended over the campus. Of course, outlawing rain would be easier, but not altogether workable.

Or, the heating tunnels, which we understand run across campus in a maze below the ground, could be opened to traffic. Then we could all become moles and live beneath the ground. This also does not seem too workable somehow.

—(J.W.)

- A DAY AT THE ZOO -

Phi Brack Brothers Pick Horse As Candidate for Bounce Queen

by Bob Funk
Emerald Columnist

On Friday evenings, this was the fun and good times room; on Saturday, it was the fun and good times room again, only more so. On Sunday, it was the room everyone avoided because

it contained too many memories of two a.m. on Saturday when the house president embraced the house manager and called him the best ol' buddy in the whole world and I really mean it.

But on Monday evenings, this room was the Chapter Room. It made a lovely chapter room, down there in the basements where the hot air pipe for the living room met the cold-water pipe for the second-floor shower, and electrical conduits met everything indiscriminately. All this friendly tubing ran around on the ceiling; the floor, or what was left of it after you took out room for the furnace and the ping-pong table and the tubs of ashes dating back to 1947, was occupied by the chapter meeting.

The president called the meeting to order, and the Ritual Officer arose and lit a candle stuck in an old Oley bottle, which gave a lovely brown glow. "A Phi Brack is loyal, kind, brave, neat, real cool, extremely good-looking, thoughtful—"

"That'll be enough ritual for just now," the house president said nervously. If he didn't make chapter meeting exceedingly short, the brothers had a little habit of tossing him into the Millrace. And that week there was no water in the Millrace. "First order of business is nomination of house candidate for Graduate Student Seminar Bounce Queen."

"I suppose that means some girl," someone said.

"We nominated a girl last year, and year before that," someone else complained, "and she always gets lim-, lin—"

"Eliminated," the house president said. He knew everything about campus activities.

"Yeah, that's what she gets. Now I had this idea, why nominate another girl, why not nominate a horse, one of those blonde palathing horses."

"Obviously we couldn't nominate a horse," the house president said in his perfectly nauseating way of saying things. No sooner had he said this than there were shouts of motions, seconds, and a small slugging display over Question, and right there before his very ears the president heard that a palomino horse by the name of Lillian had been nominated the Phi Brack candidate for Seminar Queen. It was a bad night in every way; however, it had rained some and the bottom of the Millrace was not quite as bad as one might have thought.

The NEXT night the Chapter Room became Signs for Lillian room. There was a hundred-foot-roll of butcher paper snaked between the tubs of ashes and the furnace. The sophomore class was covering it with the following, in red: LILLIAN IS BLONDER, POUND FOR POUND, THAN ANY OTHER GRADUATE BOUNCE QUEEN CANDIDATE. This was admittedly not too catchy, but it looked well written in red on butcher paper.

There was a car parade. Lillian sat in two convertibles, and everything was dandy until her head became snared in a tangle of telephone wires. To avoid Lillian's possible decapitation, the car parade was called off. The brethren turned next to the device of a flying speech.

The flying speech was a real liver. First, the house president entered the house carrying the

American Flag and playing The Star Spangled Banner on a tonette. Then the entire floorshow from the Copacabana (the manager was an old Phi Brack) canned in singing "When My Baby Smiles at Me." Well, maybe it wasn't the Copacabana, but it was one of those big places. Then one of the Phi Bracks shot out the dining room lights, just for excitement; and another Phi Brack gave an impersonation of Lillian and told jokes with a Lithuanian dialect.

By this time, several of the members of the house being flown at by the flying speech would have either fainted or been hit by stray shells. As a grand finale, a danseuse named Tempest Typhoon jumped upon the table and went into a strangely indescribably act. Lillian wound things up (the grand GRAND finale) by galloping around the dining room with another horse named Louise standing on her back, and another horse named Marilyn on her back. Sometimes they left Marilyn off if the dining room had a low ceiling.

You can imagine the impact. Several persons quit school, muttering. Two other candidates for Seminar Bounce

Queen tried running around rooms with horses on THEIR backs, and were permanently disabled. Manslaughter charges were filed against three Phi Brack sharpshooters who had missed the lights. Five thousand tickets were sold for the Seminar Bounce.

On the following Tuesday the campus paper announced LILLIAN REFUSES TO BE ELIMINATED, MAKES QUEEN FINALS. "I told you we could do it with a horse," the one who had suggested Lillian said. Wednesday's paper: QUEEN JUDGE CHANGES VOTE TO YES AS LILLIAN STOMPS ON HIS STOMACH. Lillian was still in there, fighting all the way, making flying speeches at mealtime and intimidating judges in the evening. Thursday: JUDGES REFUSE TO TAKE THE FIELD:

(Continued on page three)

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