

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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## Millrace—Past and Future

Today the Millrace, to many Oregon students, is just a dirty ditch which serves little useful purpose except possibly a place to deposit used beer cans.

But ask a grad who was at the University before World War II what the Millrace means to him. Those were the days when the Millrace was in its glory—the mainstay of Oregon tradition, the rendezvous for Oregon spring fun.

There was a place called the Anchorage that centered the Millrace activities. Canoes and other water vehicles could be rented for a small fee. And there were outdoor tables where you could sit and sip a cool glass of beer.

Highlight of Junior Weekend was the traditional Canoe Fete, originated in 1915. Special bleachers had to be built along the Millrace bank to seat the enthusiastic crowds.

Alpha Tau Omega won the first contest with a float built to resemble the "O-29" submarine. The following year, 1916, Kappa Alpha Theta took first prize with a large water lily of yellow petals and green leaves.

The floats became larger and grander when they started pairing houses in 1922. That year Pi Beta Phi and Phi Sigma Pi swept the honors with "The Jade God" featuring a Japanese temple shrine, with tall jars of glowing incense, a blue kimona-clad Japanese lady and a green jade Buddha.

The Millrace served other useful purposes. The "dunking stool," a favorite disciplinary tool of the fraternities, was finally outlawed as "torture." The "stool" was actually a sturdy chair, fastened to a long plank that could be lowered into the stream from the bank.

The victim was fastened securely to the "stool" and slowly lowered into the water as upperclassmen stood by and lectured on the virtues of obeying rules. Complete immersion of the underclassman ended the lesson.

The battle of the Millrace will never be forgotten by those who attended the University in 1937. On Saturday Oregon had lost a football game to Oregon State.

On the following Monday morning a cavalcade of Beavers converged on Eugene with the stated purpose of holding a peaceful victory rally. Three patrol cars escorted the Staters to insure peace. Everything seemed under control until one of the Oregon State cars stalled.

This was the opportunity for the Order of the "O," which had been hurriedly organizing, to attack. The car occupants were hustled off to the Millrace, stripped and dunked. Now the Oregon students had tasted blood—they raced off for more Corvallis intruders.

The parade was turned into a rout. Staters broke ranks in a wild attempt to flee. But the roads were blocked and few escaped. The victims were stripped of most of their clothing and thrown into the water. Then the clothes were emptied of valuables and thrown in after them.

Fifty Beavers were cornered in Seymour's Cafe. Only the state police kept the hungry Ducks from going in after their prey. Finally the Beavers surrendered and were marched to the Millrace and their fate. Revenge was sweet.

This is the traditional history of the Millrace. But there is another side. There is the history of townspeople, and students and University officials who have worked and planned and sweated to preserve the Millrace. There have been committees, campaigns and bond issues, but as of yet no satisfactory solution.

Last spring the mayor of Eugene appointed a Millrace committee to study the problem once again. The main committee has been divided into sub-committees which are studying every aspect of the Millrace problem.

The problems are many and complex and there is no one solution that will solve them all. But the sub-committees are hard at it and early next year they expect to be able to present their conclusions and recommendations.

Right now the Millrace problem, for Oregon students, is just food for thought. Let's think it over and talk it up, but then next year when the report comes out, let's act.

This comment, printed in the July, 1947, Summer Sun (summer session campus newspaper) gives us direction: "If everybody gets behind this thing, if we prod the city, the Millrace property holder, and the University; if we give 'em no peace, then, and only then, have we a good chance of getting water in the Millrace."—(D.L.)

## Letters... ...to the Editor

### They Like It

Emerald Editor:

At least by choosing "Sh-Boom—Hello, Hello Again" we have for once made the campus aware of the Homecoming theme. This is our first defense for the choice.

Another is that this year's Homecoming, unlike past Homecomings, is not being dedicated to anyone. For once we are trying to give Homecoming the pep and enthusiasm that it was originally meant to have; by deviating from the insipid sentimentality of themes of previous years.

For the students who dislike the theme, we merely suggest that in the future they show more concern before, rather than after the final decision has been made. This will alleviate the problem of having to choose between such suggestions as "Happy Happy Africa — Welcome Back, Alums" and "Glad You Made the Sentimental Journey" (try and think up a sign for that one.)

The Emerald stated that it shuddered to think of the alumni's reaction. We honestly believe that our alumni are not the type who would fail to see the combination of humor and spirit embodied in this year's theme.

However, we do agree with the Emerald on one point—that it is not their place to suggest or pick a theme.

(Signed) The Committee for the promotion and acceptance of "Sh-Boom — Hello, Hello Again," for Homecoming-theme.

Pres. J. P. Farrow  
Sec. Shirley Brown  
John Thodos

## Campus Briefs

● Ushering assignments for the play will be made this afternoon at a 4 p.m. meeting in the University theater lobby. All interested students should either attend or call Mrs. Gene Wiley at the UT business office.

● Kappa Rho Omicron, radio honorary, will hold a compulsory meeting Wednesday at 7 p.m. in Studio A, KWAX.

● The Order of the "O" will meet Wednesday noon at Alpha Tau Omega. Plans for Homecoming will be discussed.

● According to hospital records, the following patients were confined to the infirmary Monday for medical attention: Dennis Ryan, Robert Kelly, Willis Grover and Joline Beeman.

● Final casting for "Hannele" will be held tonight at 7:30 in Villard 102. Any student interested is invited to try out.

● The Red Cross Board will meet today at 4:30 p.m. in the Student Union, according to Janet Gustafson, president.

● Holy Communion will be held for Episcopal students at 7 a.m. Wednesday in Gerlinger hall. Breakfast will be served in plenty of time before 8 o'clock classes.

● New works have been added to the current exhibit of John Braun's paintings in the Art Gallery. The exhibit now includes more recent paintings and works he used in obtaining his master of fine arts degree. Braun teaches at Seattle university.

● The YWCA international affairs commission will meet Tuesday at 4 p.m. in Gerlinger hall. Kathy Halloway, who has lived in Pakistan, will speak and show slides of that country.

● The AWS cabinet will meet at 12:45 p.m. today in the AWS office on the third floor of the Student Union, according to Janet Wick, president.

● Kwama will hold a meeting at 6:30 this evening at Gerlinger hall.

## Art Class Work Shown in Library

"Art and Your Children" is the exhibit now on display in the circulation lobby of the library featuring work by members of Thomas Ballinger's art education class.

Students participating were

Loris Larson, Mary Constans, Colleen Luebke, Ron Crosier, Rickard Yates and Andrew Bergloff.

Other work in the display was done by Eugene school children.

## STUDENT GROUPS

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## On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

### WHAT EVERY YOUNG COED SHOULD WEAR

Gather round, girls. Snap open a pack of Philip Morris, light up, relax and enjoy that mild fragrant vintage tobacco while Old Dad tells you about the latest campus fashions.

The key word this year is *casual*. Be casual. Be slapdash. Be rakish. Improvise. Invent your own ensembles—like ski pants with a pecky-a-boo blouse, like pajama bottoms with an ermine stole, like a heeky sweater with a dirndl.

(Dirndl, incidentally, is one of the truly fascinating words in the English language. Etymologists have quarreled over its origin for years. Some hold with Professor Manly Ek that Dirndl is a corruption of Dardanelle and is so named because it resembles the skirts worn by the women of that region. This theory is at first glance plausible, but begins to fall apart when you consider that there are no women in the Dardanelle region because of the loathesome local custom of female infanticide.)

(Another theory is advanced by Dr. Clyde Feh. Dirndl, says he, is a contraction of "dairy in the dell" and refers to the milkmaidish appearance of the skirt. But again close examination causes one to abandon a plausible hypothesis. As every child knows, it is not "dairy in the dell" but "farmer in the dell", in which case the skirt should be called not dirndl but *firndl*.)

(There are some who contend we will never know the true origins of dirndl. To those faint hearted Cassandras I say, remember how everyone laughed at Edison and Franklin and Fulton and Marconi and Sigafoos. [Sigafoos, in case you have forgotten, invented the nostril, without which breathing, as we know it today, would not be possible.] The origins of dirndl will be found, say I, and anyone who believes the contrary is a lily-livered churl and if he'll step outside for a minute, I'll give him a thrashing he won't soon forget.)

But I digress. We were smoking a Philip Morris and talking about the latest campus styles. Casual, we agree, is the key word. But casual need not mean drab. Liven up your outfits with a touch of glamor. Even the lowly dungaree and man-shirt combination can be made exciting if you'll adorn it with a simple necklace of 120 matched diamonds. With Bermuda shorts, wear gold knee-cymbals. Be guided by the famous poet Cosmo Sigafoos (whose brother Sam it was who invented the nostril) who wrote:

*Sparkle, my beauty,  
Shimmer and shine,  
The night is young,  
The air's like wine,  
Cling to a leaf,  
Hang on a vine,  
Crawl on your belly,  
It's time to dine.*

(Mr. Sigafoos, it should be explained, was writing about a glow-worm. Insects, as everyone knows, are among Mr. Sigafoos' favorite subjects for poems. Who can ever forget his immortal *Ode to a Boll Weevil*? Or his *Tumbling Along With the Tumbling Tumblebug*? Or his *Fly Gently, Sweet Aphid*? Mr. Sigafoos has been inactive since the invention of DDT.)

But I digress. We were smoking a Philip Morris and discussing fashions. Let us turn now to headwear. The motif in hats this year will be familiar American scenes. There will be models to fit every head—for example, the "Empire State Building" for tall thin heads; the "Jefferson Memorial" for squatty ones; "Niagara Falls" for dry scalps. Feature of the collection is the "Statue of Liberty," complete with a torch that actually burns. This is very handy for lighting your Philip Morris, which is very important because no matter how good Philip Morris are, they're nowhere unless you light them.

We come now to the highlight of this year's fashion parade—a mad fad that's sweeping the chic set at high tone campuses all over the country. All the gals who are in the van, in the swim, and in the know are doing it. Doing what, you ask? Getting tattooed, of course! You just don't rate these days unless you've got at least an anchor on your biceps. If you really want to be the envy of the campus, get yourself a four masted schooner, or a heart with FATHER printed inside of it, or a—

I interrupt this column to bring you a special announcement. A runner has just handed me the following bulletin:

"The origin of the word dirndl has at long last been discovered. On June 27, 1846, Dusty Schwartz, the famous scout and Indian fighter, went into the Golden Nugget Saloon in Cheyenne, Wyoming. The Golden Nugget had just imported a new entertainer from the East. She came out and did her dance in pink tights. Dusty Schwartz had never seen anything like that in his life, and he was much impressed. He watched with keen interest as she did her numbers, and he thought about her all the way home. When he got home, his wife Feldspar was waiting to show him a new skirt she had made for herself. 'How do you like my new skirt, Dusty?' said Feldspar. He looked at the large voluminous garment, then thought of the pink tights on the dancing girl. 'Your skirt is darn dull,' said Dusty. 'Darn dull' was later shortened to 'dirndl' which is how dirndls got their name."

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