

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

Hi Mom!

Hi Mom! How nice to have you here enjoying our biggest weekend with us!

This weekend you will watch many colorful processions — some including your son or daughter—wending their way about the campus. They will be presenting roses, carnations, bones and other symbols of tappings to the most outstanding people on campus.

The most outstanding, however, will be just standing by, watching the processions. We mean you, Mother. This is your weekend. It cannot begin to show you our gratitude for your years of devotion and protection. Somehow, now that we're away from home, we appreciate you just that much more. Maybe it's part of the realization that comes with maturity. Maybe it's just because you're you.

We'll be grumbling about our bank balances—we don't have any—and getting dunked in Fenton pool and all sorts of things which only Mothers would be interested in. But Mom, it's great to have you here.

Here's a big bouquet of daisies from the old campus, roses from the cemetery and blossoms from the tree in front of Carson. You're the most outstanding person on campus this weekend.—(S.R.)

Where Credit Is Due

Much has been said and written about the Revived Canoe Fete in the past few months. Emerald reporters have hounded the Canoe Fete committee and the archives of the library, publicity chairmen have hounded the Emerald, and so on down the line. Radio stations, newspapers, and TV stations throughout the state have had much to say about the Canoe Fete.

But the real heroes, the "forgotten men" of the story of the University of Oregon's Canoe Fete are the members of the Class of 1912, who, as juniors, first conceived and carried out the idea of a canoe carnival "... held upon the placid bosom of the historic millrace," in the words of the 1912 Oregonian.

Oregon students were hardy souls in those days. They didn't coast along the 'Race on luxurious barges supported by batteries of buoyant barrels—they built platforms on canoes rented from the Anchorage and took their chances with the unsteady craft in the procession.

Mrs. Mildred Bagley Graham, permanent secretary of the Class of 1912, recalls that the first Fete, or Canoe Carnival, was lighted by floodlights from the old Anchorage, but that the event "grew more elaborate each year" in size and spectacle.

She also recalls the battle her class had at class meetings over whether or not to stage the carnival. "That Ralph Moores almost hounded us to death," she said. Moores, now a Portland businessman, was chairman of the first Canoe Carnival committee and originator of the idea of the carnival.

Following a busy morning — aquatic sports were then a big part of junior weekend—the first Carnival was held, "to commemorate the sport of canoeing, which is, perhaps, most widely participated in of any of the students' Springtime sports," in the words of the 1911 Junior Weekend program.

The Juniors' idea, slow to catch on, was an immediate hit, such a hit that it endured as a part of the Oregon tradition for 30 years.

So tonight when the floats sail by, the contemporary Canoe Fete chairman breathes a sigh of relief, and a great Oregon tradition returns to life, we hope you'll join us in pausing for a moment to remember the people who started it all—the Class of 1912.

oregon Daily EMERALD

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On Tapping: It's All in the Point of View

Editor's Note: The following pieces on tapping, a grand old Junior Weekend tradition, are among the Emerald's classics. Bob Funk's description of tapping ceremonies was written for the 1953 Junior Weekend edition of the Oregon Daily Emerald. The second piece, run for five years under the byline "Members of Mortar Board," first appeared in the 1949 Junior Weekend Edition initialed by June Goetze, Emerald associate editor.

Both are valuable—for one says that the whole rigamarole of Junior weekend is vastly important, the other says it's good for laughs—*one is fact, one is fancy, both belong among the Emerald's all-time classics.*

The All-Campus Picnic

By Bob Funk
Emerald Columnist

It was the all-campus picnic, and she had just put a slight stain of potato salad on the two-millionth or so paper plate. She was part of a jolly good-time, good-food assembly line that reached from Thirteenth Street northward into a group of mothers.

She was, as were all members of the food line, a member of a Woman's Honorary. First there were three Honoraries in uniform, then a member of the Woman's Pastime Poetry Club, and then our heroine herself, dressed in an off-the-shoulder blue formal with an I Eta honorary emblem emblazoned across the bodice, which was of gathered tulle with suspended rhinestones.

There was a lull in the eating and procuring of food, and from about a half-mile to the north,

in the vicinity of the Royal Court and Sometimes Music platform, came the whine of a public address system.

The member of the honorary caught her breath, and across the rows of food lines fifty other I Etas also caught their breath, which caused a considerable disturbance round that area. From the distance a soft female voice, veiled with Junior Prom Fatigue, said "the members of the Saturday Night Dignity Group, senior women's honorary, will now tap..." and from the manhole in front of Friendly there emerged the president of the Dignity club, carrying a bouquet of calla lilies and wearing "My GPA" perfume.

Behind her marched sixteen other Dignity ladies, carrying perfume atomizers full of hydrogen gas. The band, in the distance, began playing "Land of the Empire Builders," hesitatingly.

The Dignity Club members wound in and out of the crowd, attempting to spot tappees. From the center of the group a young woman waved the Gerlinger cup, which was full of lemonade, and shouted "here I am girls." They surrounded her solemnly (Dear winner of the Gerlinger Cup: when we wrote this we didn't know who you would be, lady, honest); as the fourteenth member filed past, she raised her atomizer and sprayed the Gerlinger Cup Winner with gas. The fifteenth member struck a match to her, and she shot into flame. The sixteenth member wept happily. Everyone cheered. "Dignity Club taps Lee-moan Gruck," the public address system said.

The I Eta member stood at her post, straining with every muscle. Perhaps it was for nothing, she thought, that she had climbed to this pinnacle of activity points. Who else had been more imaginative, more aggressive, on subcommittee for forced sales for the I Eta Icky sale her freshman year? Who else had risen during Trauma meeting her sophomore year and said, "I think this year we should do something real nice?"

Several cheers rent the air as more junior women blazed into the Dignity Club, and among that number were several of the I Eta faithful. The I Eta member stood trembling, and a tear fell into the remains of the potato salad.

And then, suddenly, there was a sudden (good word, sudden) blare of music from the band, and the trees parted over her head and the sun fell upon her. The crowd parted, and the ladies of Saturday Night Dignity Group tripped lightly over the lawn.

The I Eta member held her breath. Her eyes were fixed upon the Dignity President. Her mouth was slightly ajar; a fly flew in, and then out again, landing finally in the potato salad. The Dignity Club came onward, onward, and wound around once, twice, three times about her.

In the distance she could hear her mother singing "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here," and her sorority sisters singing "Anchored in Quadruple Eta." And as the twelfth member passed by, our heroine felt the blast of hydrogen gas. Ecstatically, she saw herself put to flames. The public address system was an-

nouncing her arrival on Olympus.

She stood there, crying happily, until they brought the fire extinguisher to put her out.

Why Grows the Rose?

By Members of Mortar Board

When the black-garbed Mortar Boards wind their way through the crowd at the All-Campus Luncheon this 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 traditional rose is a long and thorough process. As Mortar Board is a national honorary, each woman who is selected for membership must have the qualities by which each Mortar Board 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 and thorough one. When the Mortar Boards begin to scan the lists of outstanding women, they consider not only what they know about each girl, 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 goes into operation. By this system, no one is "black-balled." The whole process is a positive one—positive discussion and positive voting. When any girl receives a unanimous vote, conducted by secret ballot, she is declared elected to membership. The course of each girl's col-

lege 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 five terms. This year, each girl considered had to have at least a 2.99. In outstanding cases exception of a 1 was permitted.

The second criterion is leadership. To qualify each girl had to have shown definite signs of capable leadership, 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 president of an organization is not itself a qualification for the senior women'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 girl must have kept busy for three years in a large number of campus activities. The activities of the girls, 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 the responsibility seriously. They have tried to overlook no girl really qualified; they have tried to extend membership to only those really deserving.

We are proud of each girl to whom we will present the rose this afternoon.