

ON RIDERS

Ride to Eugene Eventful

BY BOB FUNK
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When she emerged, radiantly from the front door of 114839 SE Chattahoochee Gulch Place, she was smiling; but when she noticed his car, her mouth snapped back into its customary position.

"That's an awfully small car," she said.

"But you said you'd only have one suitcase. We'll have plenty of room." It was a good thing she only had one suitcase, he thought; he hadn't realized she was quite so large.

"Well, I like to ride in big cars, on account of you don't get so sick going around curves and you feel so much safer."

He pawed at the turf with his foot. "Well, let's get loaded up," he said, with what he hoped had passed for heartiness. She went back into the house; for a minute he heard some vague rumblings; the house buckled slightly, and then the door crashed open.

She was carrying the one suitcase; in her other hand she had a package of assorted breakfast foods, a cage with a small skunk in it; a combined television and phonograph console; seventeen garment bags, three slightly soiled formals, a pair of beige pumps, three sorority sisters in a duffel bag, and a party hat.

"There's some other little things inside," she smiled nervously. "I'll just hold these things on my lap." He knew she had a

large lap, but it wasn't that large. The "other little things" proved to be an army cot, a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and a pile of assorted clothes which reached to a point in the front hall just below the chandelier.

First, he tried loosening body bolts, but there still wasn't enough room. Then he discarded the spare tire, his tools, and finally took his luggage back home to be sent to Eugene by railway express. The seating order resulted in the following:

Front seat, from left to right: door; driver (somewhat squunched); large trunk; cage full of skunk; sorority sister; two-suitcase; party hat; second sorority sister (sort of sideways); assorted loose clothing; door.

Back seat: door; she who had procured the ride in the first place and had come radiantly smiling from the door of 114839 Chattahoochee, etc.; soiled formals; sorority sister (mixed with garment bags, but still breathing); breakfast food; and then a large uncharted wasteland holding everything else, horribly mangled; door.

They started off, overloaded but running; there was a horrible scraping sound where the car bounced on the highway.

"I wish you wouldn't go around corners so fast," a voice cried from the back seat. "I'm trying to write a letter." He bit his tongue three times and said nothing.

They had just left Portland

when Smiling Radiantly thought she was maybe going to be sick. "It's these small cars," she said. "I always get sick in small cars." Since she was sitting directly behind the driver, he was somewhat alarmed.

"Maybe I should stop."

"No," she said, "I guess I can stand it. I think maybe if we played bridge to take my mind off of everything, I'd feel better." The sorority sister who was writing the letter refused to play bridge, so the driver had to play; he couldn't see the roadway over the beige pumps, anyway.

"Three no," the first sorority sister said.

"Pass," a distant voice shouted, presumed to be the second sorority sister.

"Double," said Smiling Radiantly (this was an error, but forget it).

"Redouble," said the driver.

"Four no."

"Pa-a-a-ass" called the distant voice.

"Pass," said Smiling Radiantly. Meanwhile, the driver had narrowly escaped going over a cliff.

"Well, I really can't see how we can play if George won't bid," said Smiling Radiantly. George, having forgotten where the bidding stood, guessed wildly (he had also lost his cards somewhere along toward the skunk) and bid seven spades. This proved to be unwise, and he and his partner, the distant sister, went down several.

"I wish we could stop," the

second sorority sister said. "I'm getting all stiff." George started to turn into a service station.

"A Standard station, please," said Smiling Radiantly. "They have prettier restrooms." They finally cited a Standard station off across the beige pumps, and scraped to a halt. Everyone rolled, giggling, out of the car. There was a long wait while the second sorority sister put up her hair so she could go out immediately upon arriving at Eugene; and then, after some careful re-loading, they scraped out onto the highway again.

"I'm thinking of a vegetable," Smiling Radiantly said.

"Dead or alive?"

"Dead," Smiling Radiantly said. "George is an old party-pooper, he's not playing the game."

"Man or woman?" asked

George desperately, passing miraculously between a semi and a tanker.

"You didn't HEAR me the first time," Smiling Radiantly complained, "it was a vegetable."

"I wish we could stop," the third sorority sister said, "I got ink on my hands."

"A STANDARD station."

When Smiling Radiantly and her three sorority sisters came out of the restroom twenty minutes later, there was no sign of George, or George's car. But, next to the gas pumps, there was a line of personnel effects ranging from a duffel bag to a package of assorted breakfast food. And down the highway there was a trail of blood and perspiration.

"Well," said the second sorority sister, the philosopher of the crowd, "it didn't really matter anyway. He was dummy."

ON SEMINARS

Madagascar Since Seminar Held in SU

BY BOB FUNK
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It was some sort of seminar or something in the Student Union. It had quite certainly been a seminar earlier in the evening, and it probably still was, although the conversation had veered rather radically away from the course under study.

The course was Madagascar Since; they had determined this without any doubt during the first half of their session. It was a history course, they thought, Miss Lymph, the sole female member of the seminar, insisted that she had signed up for textiles.

The seminar group was brought together through a happenstance of geography. They all sat in the fifth row of the Madagascar Since class. Other than this common bond, the group held little in the way of unity. In fact, from time to time there was some regrettable bickering.

For instance, during the second cup of coffee, George had presented the opinion that the professor who plotted the course in Madagascar Since was Mr. Ghutful, head of the department. Miss Lymph had procured a hot, fresh cup of coffee and flung it, steaming into George's face.

They had finally brought the issue to a vote, George voting that it was Mr. Ghutful, Miss Lymph voting that it was not I guess I know, and the other members abstaining.

Since then everyone was supposed to be looking in his notebook for relevant notes, and the conversation topic had changed to How Wet I Got Coming Over Here: Subtopic I: Remember That Time Two Years Ago When It Rained So Hard We Almost Couldn't Go Home For Lunch* (Footnote: I was in Friendly Hall and Pete he was with me and I said, see it was raining so hard outside, and I said to Pete he was with me, I think I'll call a taxi, we should be wearing swimming suits I said. Hahahahahahaha.)

George was trying to find his note in his notebook. He had been to class only once so far this term, not being one to glut himself with good things. The only note he could find was one saying "Lectures are stimulating; so is coffee. Have you ever considered cold showers?" It

was not the sort of note that you proudly flung out into a seminar. Maybe it was for the wrong course, he thought. Although this seemed to be the wrong course.

"The trouble with this seminar," Miss Lymph was saying, "is that nobody knows nothing. The last seminar I was at we had this Phi Beta Kappa and he had this outline in this little blue book from this outline series—"

"Yeah, I heard about those Phi Beta Kappas," someone broke in. "They got all those little outlines and test files in their house, and all they have to do is go to the file and get the test, and besides that they have alums in every department and you can't tell me they don't send advance copies of the tests over to the house."

"Phi Beta Kappa," Miss Lymph said coldly, "is this national group for being smart."

"Yeah, I could be smart too if I had a big test file and a member in every department and two graders in the history department," Miss Lymph offered no rebuttal.

As hour followed hour and cup of coffee followed cup of coffee down the assembled gullets, the seminar members wilted in their chairs, and half-closed eyes peered dimly through the thickening cloud of smoke. Periodically everyone would shuffle, with some show of interest, through their notebooks.

"What do you think about it?" one would ask.

"The way he lectures, you know that day I mean he talked so fast, the way he lectures you can't possibly get it down and he never makes anything clear anyway." They would stumble on to the next point, blissfully ignorant of what the last one had been.

Finally George went to sleep, and awakened by Miss Lymph, and decided to go home, his note tucked under his arm. Miss Lymph left with the next contingent, her voice fading in a last "this last seminar I was at, see, this other girl—"

The two remaining members arose slowly and walked toward the door. It was raining with the constant and unconscionable quality of Oregon rain.

"I remember one noon last year, or maybe it was two years ago," said one as they went out the door. "I was in Friendly Hall and Pete he was with me, and I said—"

ON WOMEN'S RUSHING

Eta Eta Eta Eta Rushes

BY BOB FUNK
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They could see them coming up the sidewalk. There was one wearing gold epaulettes and a chartreuse shantung afternoon dress gathered sort of at one side with seed pearls and a yellow lawn border printed with sanskrit characters. There was another one that was ten feet tall and was wearing her high school letterman's sweater. And there was another one with heels so high that she slanted forward at about a forty-eight degree angle. From behind the curtains, the sisters gulped nervously.

The rushing chairman tapped one fingernail imperiously against the ritual tambourine, and the door of the Quadruple Eta house opened upon the rushees. Or rather the rushees opened upon the door, because it gave in with a small crash just before the rushing chairman finished her business with the tambourine. The house president lurched forward giggling insanely. She grabbed the first rushee.

"I'm so happy to meet you, er, whatever the hell your name is, I keep trying to remember the names but all week it's just names, names, names, you know."

"You must be real clever, being house president and everything," said the rushee, scratching herself.

"It was nothing," said the president. "I was Third Vice-president in charge of dead nights, and I said, just casually, probably you girls will want to vote for me or nobody is going out for the rest of the year, of course." The house president laughed charmingly.

"You have such a real good personality," said the rushee, I've

found that that's the thing I like about this house, everybody has such real good personalities."

"We have no choice," the house president explained. "We have this rule, either you're good-looking, or you have to have personality. It's the sorority motto—'Enos Chi Suromom Blurbum Glugger'—dazzle them with your personality and maybe they won't look at your legs."

"Such a really lovely motto," the rushee said. Suddenly the song chairman threw a brick through the window, and said that was the signal for the sisters to spring (or in the house president's case, hoist herself slowly) to their feet.

"One!" the song leader shouted. At one, everyone spread her mouth into a natural smile.

"Two!" the song leader rasped. At two, everyone inhaled deeply.

"And a three!" And at that they began singing "Anchored in Quadruple Eta," which was a very sad song about how one of the founders had fallen into an old abandoned quarry one night after a house dance at Alpha Chapter, and had been lifted out the following morning by a derrick. Everyone was crying by the time the song ended.

"Beautiful," the rushee sighed. The house president collapsed back into a chair. A young woman was passing among the multitude, and she stopped before the house president.

"Hold that stomach in," she snarled.

"The rushing posture chairman," the house president explained. "She's really—uh, lovely—but she gets this way during rush week from having to hold everything in all the time."

"What I think about this house

is," said the rushee, "that I really feel at home here."

"Say, said the house president, her eyes narrowing, "aren't you the one we dropped yesterday? Are you sure you're supposed to be here? I thought the standards chairman dinged you because of the funny way your ears hang down."

"I could have them lifted," said the rushee hopefully.

"An imposter!" sputtered the house president. "Girls, hustle this wench out of here!" Several brawny sisters approached ominously.

"Don't drop me!" sobbed the rushee. "I want to be one of you, I want to be anchored in Quadruple Eta, I want to shimmy up the rainpipe to the sleeping porch. I want to feel the ritualistic incense in my nostrils. I want—"

But she was out on the sidewalk. On the outside, looking in. "It's those dirty Greeks," she muttered, "all the time looking at your ears. If it hadn't been for that springer spaniel on mother's side—" and she sat down on the curb and sobbed.

"They'll dearly regret this," she hissed through her teeth, "I'll be back, I'll join the National Association for the Advancement of Persons in the Improbable Predicament of Having Springer Spaniel Somewhere up Their Family Tree, I'll come back a thousand strong and break this house. They probably have a clause, I'll get their clause first and then I'll get them."

And she ran, barking, down the street, while from within the Quadruple Eta House's latter-day parthenon could be heard the house president rendering second tenor on "Anchored in Quadruple Eta."