

ON FLOAT PARADES

Eta, Eta, Eta, Eta, Phi Belch Paired

By Bob Funk
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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 a bathing suit, waving a banner inscribed with "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 expanding 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 roor beer and Tootsie rolls. Several small, reluctant children sat around among paper flowers; they were sort of a coup de gras—judge bait in case everything else failed.

This entire hanging garden, dedicated to Country, Chastity and Untrammled Motherhood, was supported upon the back of 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 hardy 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 Spirit, 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 men, together with his 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 roor beer vapor.

The members of Quadruple Eta and Phi Burp, who were not somehow attached 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," declared that Garcella Hawgbladder was a "sweet thing." Several fathers also said that Garcella was a sweetie 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 child and bonus points for each Tootsie roll which erupted their way. A male judge gave 200 points for Garcella. A republican judge gave 100

ON CAR RALLIES

Ambrosia Campaigns

BY BOB FUNK
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Two hundred lemon-yellow Cadillac convertibles were lined up in front of the Quadruple Eta sorority house. Each of them bore the sign "Ambrosia Glurp for Hysterical Festivity Weekend Queen." The cars were full of men from fifty campus fraternities, all of whom were in love with Ambrosia and had sworn to fling themselves off Judkins Point for love, maybe next week sometime.

The door of Quadruple Eta opened and the house president pushed four seniors, bound and gagged, down the steps. They were pushed into cars, rubber masks wearing delighted, feverish smiles were pulled over their heads, and guns were put at their backs. "No senior slump here," the house president declared happily. "Every Quadruple Eta does her part."

Meanwhile, Ambrosia Glurp who had already been on fifteen "Ambrosia Glurp for Queen" noise parades and was getting saddle sores, was being cajoled out of the house. She had been told it was really just a rather large picnic. Ambrosia stood in the back seat of one of the convertibles (people were already sitting in all the available space.) A banner bearing the strange device "sex" was thrust into her left hand, while she held an American flag and a Bible in her right.

The parade is about to start. Begin screaming," the Quadruple Eta president shouted through a megaphone. All the Quadruple Etas began screaming vigorously. The lemon-yellow convertibles began moving forward, and members of fifty fraternities began honking their horns.

It was a grand parade. Color was added by occasionally toss-

ing a Quadruple Eta pledge under one of the convertibles. Ambrosia smiled serenely, waving graciously at small children and dogs on the sidewalk. During one quick stop she was cajoled over the hood; but laughing good-naturedly, she picked herself up, spat on the driver, and resumed her stand.

The parade wound through the library stacks and down to Johnson Hall, which was blown up as a sort of finale. Everyone said it was the best noise parade ever. All the other queen candidates couldn't digest their lunch for envy.

Naturally, Ambrosia Glurp won. She had the majority of the convertibles on her side, after all. The only real mishap was that they couldn't get the smiling rubber mask off one of the seniors. By a vote of the chapter it was decided that she looked better that way, anyway, so no one is worrying about it.

ON PINNINGS

Willis Leads Bondsmen

BY BOB FUNK
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The bondsmen sat on their haunches about the hearth, their small, close-set eyes peering intently into the fire. Above them the fraternal crest glinted with evil lights from behind a cobweb, and below them a lost soul cried out from the coziness of one of the fraternal iron maidens.

It was a lean and lonely season for the bondsmen; they were like wolves when there are no lost children, or owls when there are no juicy mice running around in the field. The supply of unmaimed pledges was running dismally low.

And, as is liable to happen at any time, the door was flung open and Willis the Weasel, Protector of the Bond, ran in on all fours. "Cheers," he growled, "there's a bit of dirty business to be done."

The teeth of the bondsmen glistened, and their eyes flashed. "Harold the Amorous has plant-

ed his pin," Willis continued in his charming, colloquial way. With this he was unable to continue because of the chorus of triumphant growls from the assemblage.

"Blood!" shouted one. "Blood!" chorused all. "Blood!" reiterated Willis, the Head of the Herd.

An hour later, Harold the Amorous wended his way toward the Door Fraternal. He was smelling a rose and thinking that maybe he would write a sonnet if he could figure out what a sonnet was. He was just reaching for the doorknob when he fell into a large pit which was cleverly concealed beneath a doormat proclaiming "All Who Enter Here Are Brothers." The bondsmen rushed out with long poles and began prodding at Harold. For a time it was thought he was dead, but it was later ascertained that only one leg and two ribs were broken, and the high good humor of the company was restored.

"Bring the rack," shouted Willis.

"Bring the rack," echoed everyone.

The rack was brought and Harold, now quite limp but still clutching the roses, was stretched upon it. Only the essentials of Harold's clothing were left upon his body: it was funnier that way.

After considerable laughter and some stretching of Harold upon the rack, the bondsmen burned some mystic symbols upon Harold's flesh and began to carry the rack and its burden down the street toward the abode of the fair Gladys.

Gladys was smelling a rose when she heard the growl of the approaching bondsmen. "It's them," sighed Gladys.

"It's they," moaned the house-mother, hiding behind a tea service.

And it was, too. The bondsmen carried the rack into the dining room and set it before the fair Gladys, who was giggling ecstatically. Gladys was given the handle, or whatever one uses to make the rack stretch whoever is on the rack, and she, being a good sport, turned it mightily with the muscles she had acquired from opening beer cans.

Harold stretched and stretched and everyone was a Good Sport. And they laughed and laughed and they all said it was the best pinning ever.

The body of Harold, being rather limited in its adaptability, was creaking with strain. In fact, lately the Amorous, had approached that condition at which point a rubber band twangs at a very high key.

Gladys, flushed with the attention being given her, and remembering her duty as a Good Sport, gave one more exuberant twist to the handle, and Harold parted in the middle rather neatly.

It goes without saying that this put sort of a damper upon the whole affair. Some said you might have expected Harold to do something like that; he never was much of a good sport. Gladys was distraught; she couldn't figure out what to do with Harold's pin. But the house mother was the most upset; it made a nasty mess in the dining hall.

The bondsmen went running off home in a pack, Willis the Weasel in the lead. It may be heartening to some to hear that Willis inadvertently fell in the pit in front of the Door Fraternal later that evening and knocked out two front teeth.

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, godlike in her endurance, was reciting "Out of the float that covered me, heavy 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 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 choir members still determinedly singing the Battle Hymn. They continued this way until they reached the Disassembly Point, at which point they discovered they had nothing left to disassemble.

We will not tarry to speculate upon such moot questions 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.