

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

'Her' Weekend

She's more important than presidents or kings or generals. They may rule nations or command armies, but their authority and prestige is never as lasting as hers.

She's more patient than a fisherman at his favorite stream. She'll wait all day for her favorite television program in the evening, and then watch the boxing matches instead.

She's more long-suffering than a college student during final week of spring term. She always listens to other's troubles, and never seems to have time to tell her own.

She's more generous than a philanthropist with millions, because she has more to give—her time and love.

She's more hard-working than an ambitious youth seeking success. Yet she never receives a promotion or raise in wages.

She's smarter than a college professor. She is faced with problems that often seem impossible to solve. But she always finds the solutions.

She's more understanding than even the best of friends. She can forgive the most unforgivable.

She smiles when she's sad and sometimes cries when she's happy.

That's Mom, and this is her weekend.

—(J.C.R.)

Frustrated Outburst

In a sense, there is nothing startling or unprecedented about the recent attacks on the Supreme court by some members of Congress. There has always been complaint about the powers of that body. Nearly all of the so-called "strong" presidents—Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Franklin D. Roosevelt—were at various times outspoken critics of the court.

Usually the dissatisfaction is confined to Presidential or Congressional blustering. Occasionally, as in the early days of Roose-

velt's New Deal, there is a deliberate effort to change the construction or modify the powers of the court.

However, the latest attacks, made in the Senate last week, must have struck an all-time low.

On one hand was Senator James Eastland, the Democrat from Mississippi, and, by virtue of the sometimes ridiculous seniority rule, the chairman of the Senate Judiciary committee. Senator Eastland was calling for outright defiance of the court.

The Senator, of course, has his own segregation axe to grind. He has sought to destroy the power of the court since it handed down its school integration edict.

On the other hand was Senator Joseph McCarthy, the Republican from Wisconsin, who was miffed because the court declared state sedition laws invalid. Senator McCarthy saw in this ruling evidence that the court and the whole country would be infiltrated by the Communists. Apparently he chose to ignore the fact that there are much stronger federal laws against the same crime.

Senator McCarthy spent most of his time in a bitter personal attack against Chief Justice Earl Warren, whom he called a political appointee lacking in legal knowledge.

This most recent outburst is a symptom of the times and the conditions. It may also be diagnosed as an upset stomach due to frustration. Two decisions resting on obvious law and on equal rights for everyone have interfered with the special interests of the two Senators.

The criticism has come in the name of States' Rights, a slogan often used by men opposed to the decisions of the majority. There is no doubt that States' Rights, when used in its true meaning, is a precious guarantee.

But these two Senators have forgotten, or are deliberately overlooking, a well-established principle. The powers of the supreme court are to be used for the benefit of every individual in this country. They cannot be halted by state lines.

ON TAPPING

Jolly Good Time, Good Food Line Worker Reaches Olympus

(Editor's Note: The following column on tapping, a tradition, is among the Emerald's classics. Bob Funk's grand old Junior Weekend description of tapping ceremonies was written for the 1953 Junior Weekend edition of the Oregon Daily Emerald.)

By BOB FUNK

Emerald Columnist Emeritus

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, as were all members of the food line, a member of a Woman's Honorary. First there were three Traumas 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.

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.



Bob Funk

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.

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 Leemoan 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?

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.

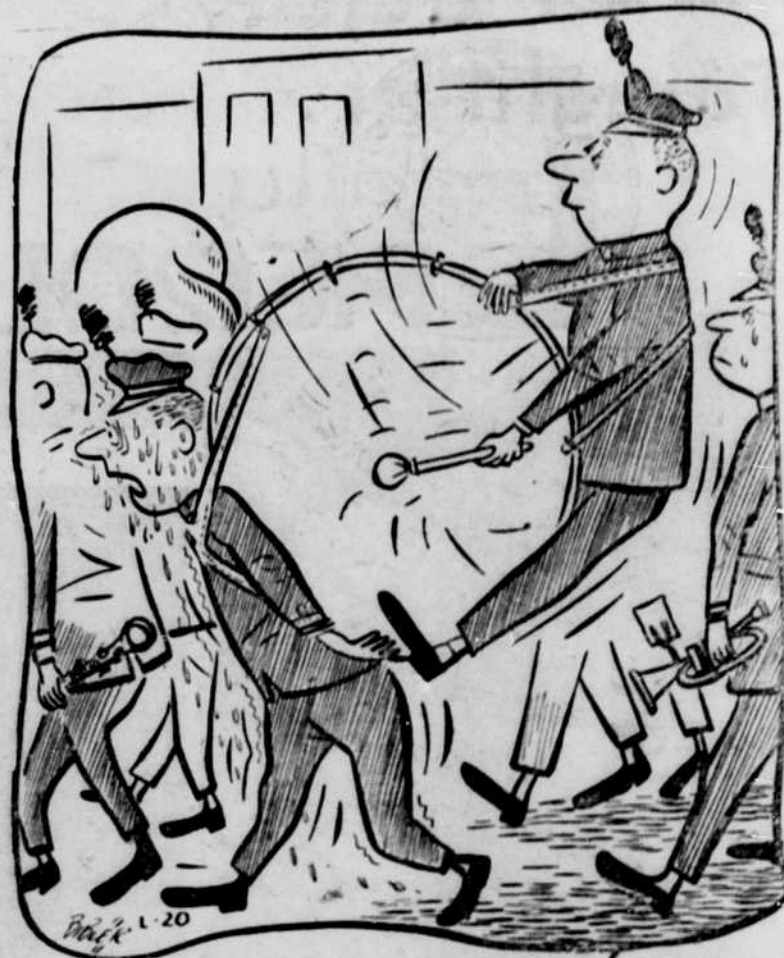
And then, suddenly, there was a sudden (good word, sudden) blare of music from the band.

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 around 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."

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

AFD Parade



LOOKING AT THE WORLD

Southern Hills Full Of Green Memories

By Hal Boyle

Of the Associated Press

BURNSVILLE, N. C. (AP) The Southern highlands are full of wonderful old ladies with memories as green as a hemlock tree and an outlook on life as durable as an oak.

A fine example is Mrs. Julia Wray, who is 86 years old, weighs 185 pounds, and has 17 rocking chairs on her front porch.

Mrs. Wray, who wears her age as lightly as a summer gown, is the queen bee innkeeper of this part of the Blue Ridge Mountains. She operates one of the best known hostels in the hills, with the help of her son, Rush, and daughter-in-law, Jane.

The inn, originally built in 1833, was bought by her father in 1870. In the long years since then Julia grew up, married, raised five children and, in 1932, became a widow. The inn grew, too, from 8 rooms to 40.

A proud-spirited lady with eyes as blue as a mountain sky at noon, Mrs. Wray loves to recall changing times, changing customs, changing prices.

"I first remember when we would put up a man for the night and serve him supper and breakfast—all for a dollar," she said, and added smiling: "Some people even kicked at that. They felt we ought to give them a prize for coming."

Today folks often drive a hundred miles for Mrs. Wray's famous \$2.50 Sunday dinner, served family style. There is no menu—but no lack of choice.

Guests often make a game of sampling everything on the table, and this pleases Mrs. Wray.

"Young people don't look too bad if they're a mite

thin," she said. "But older people don't look so well unless they have a little flesh on them."

"People used to work harder in the old days. They were out in the open air more, and their stomachs could digest an iron wedge.

"I don't think people are as healthy and well now as when I was young. We didn't seem to have all these new modern diseases and viruses."

Mrs. Wray has an idea this generation would feel better if it worked harder and worried less. She herself still gets into the kitchen each morning before the help arrives. She puts up hundreds of jars of fresh fruits and vegetables—"I never used store-bought preserves in my life"—and supervises the smoking and dipping of 300 country cured hams each year.

When I asked her the secret of her vigorous serenity at 86, Mrs. Wray looked surprised that anyone should think achieving the age of 86 was in any way remarkable.

"Why I always done my part," she observed mildly, "but I was always the sickly one in my family."

Mountain people are 'stinctively modest and honest. A puzzled expression came over Mrs. Wray's fine, sturdy, time-lined old face as she mentally reviewed her long lifetime to see if she deserved any personal credit for her longevity. She decided she didn't.

"Maybe," she remarked, her eyes softening, "I was left here for a purpose I don't understand."

In the mountains God always gets his due.



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