

Letter to the Gods

(Note: Laugh if you will at the editorial which follows, but the one Junior Weekend The Emerald did not run the "Letter to the Gods," it rained. So not wanting to arouse the wrath of the Gods, The Emerald offers the following prayer for good Junior "Week" weather. It was originally composed May 6, 1941, and it's worked ever since. Aaron (Buck) Buchwach is the author. The editor who defied tradition — and was rained on — was Jim Haycox in the spring of 1953.

P.S. — Just to be sure, we checked with the weatherman too, and he says the Gods have given early indications of keeping calm today and Saturday. — Ed.)

When the occasion demands, and in truth it has on numerous occasions, the Portland Oregonian and the Oregon Journal have resorted to their editorial columns in an attempt to influence weather conditions.

Now there is no exact procedure for a journalist to follow when he is begging for rain for poor farmers gazing at the sky with parched throats, for verily, it takes a combination of subtle demanding, varied pleading, and good-natured hoping to achieve such desired results.

The Emerald, although of course it adolescently blushes when compared to such time-honored organs as the Oregonian and the Journal, is driven to adopt such tactics, however, by Jupe Pluvius, that old gentleman who loves the Oregon country so well and so much that he delights in spraying it often and thoroughly . . . especially when asked by the Portland papers.

But now, Mr. Pluvius, The Emerald asks you politely, but firmly, to shift your schedule in such a manner so as not to spoil our Junior Week(end) . . . The farmers have had their misty blessings,

and the Oregonian and the Journal have received their just due, and the city pavements, too, are washed clean by the sweet Oregon mist. What the University asks now is for you, Mr. Pluvius, to rest on your laurels for awhile, and visit someone else.

There is reason to believe that you intend to scare us a bit. In fact, you have. The rain clouds have washed our baseball teams hither and yon, our track meets have been held in semi-wintery weather, and our golf and tennis have been forced to completely abandon their frolicking.

But please, Mr. Pluvius, (or Jupe, for we know you but too well) don't come around with your clouds and your tricks. Our Moms will be down for the Week(end) festivities, and forsooth—they will be attired in their springiest of spring outfits and their hats will be of the kind to bring male smiles. But we want to take them to the campus luncheon to see the queen and her court of beautiful princesses crowned, and my goodness, how the raindrops do raise havoc with even a proud mother's finest apparel.

The Portland papers have more important advertisers, and have more influence, Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, but not even they will praise you with much more open-mouthed admiration if you will but take your vacation.

And if you have to take that storm, which is declared by some pessimistic meteorologists to be coming out of Newport way somewhere, perchance you could deposit it at Stanford, California or even USC.

Just for the weekend, you understand. We want you as our permanent resident up here in Oregon, Jupe, to freshen our flowers, to clean our streets and to keep our soil rich and red.

But not Junior Week(end), please.

don't come to Eugene every day. And if she doesn't ask any questions, you can be pretty sure that she is watching a bit of drama unfold on the field before her. With a combination of sunny skies and top contestants like Max Truex, Terry Tobacco and Steve Anderson, there's not likely to be a dull moment.

Speaking of Truex, he's the little guy in the cardinal and gold USC jersey who just might break the NCAA and PCC two-mile records. With Webfoot Bill Dellinger gone from the scene, midget Max has the eight-lap field to himself, and only Citation or Whirlaway could challenge him.

Don't be surprised if you see a blanket finish in the half-mile, where six Californians and Jim Bailey all have good opportunities to do some record-breaking, and Tobacco and UCLA's Russ Ellis lead another sterling field in the 440.

On the home-front, Oregon's Anderson has a good chance to break a long Golden State dominance in the sprints, and Martin Pedigo's new found broad-jumping prowess may threaten Jackie Robinson's old PCC mark. These two, plus standouts like Jack Morris and Doug Basham in the hurdles give the Ducks a better than even chance of bettering their fourth place finish of last year.

But it looks like another USC-UCLA duel for the coveted PCC hardware. UCLA's coach Ducky Drake says his boys are stronger in big meets than in dual competition, and USC proved this painfully with a 68-63 triumph over the Bruins in the Coliseum two weeks ago. Whoever wins should have a clear-cut ride to the NCAA championship in June.

So everything points to a great meet — quite possibly the most spectacular PCC circus of them all. Mothers, you'd better plan on being track fans for the weekend.



"I thought those freshmen were a bit overzealous."

Bob Funk

A Reprint: Drowning Concludes Revived Fete

(Note: For those who knew Bob Funk, this note is not necessary. For those who didn't, it shouldn't be after reading the column that follows. We add only that it is impossible to let so significant an event as Junior Week(end) go by without comment, reprint that it may be, from The Emerald's and the University's premier commentator.—Ed.)

One spring at a University you have never heard of because a Life photographer did NOT take pictures for a story entitled "Life Visits a Revised Canoe Fete at the University of (Blank)," there was a revived Canoe Fete.

Five million ten-dollar bleachers, six hundred thousand five dollar bleachers, and a standing room only compound for faculty members and incorrigibles were constructed along a small trickle of water (which drained from Joe's Kwik Karwarsh into a manhole) which happened to be swimming with Tradition. Everyone became sentimentally excited and went around humming "As I Sit and Dree-am at Eeev-ning." Persons with their shirts off became red building floats on barrels and sampans and fraternity dogs that looked as if they might float if properly coached.

One day after Joe's Karwarsh had been particularly busy and the water level was high, stars burst and history stood still, and the Canoe Fete was revived. It was very lovely and everyone cried. They cried partly for the past, and partly because they would never be back in the future due to the new University cover charge. As the night came down the pink and other-sentimental-coloured spotlights went on and music commenced.

First, a Pepsi-Cola bottle floated past with a note in it which said "Joe Loves Millicent." It was not really supposed to start the parade, but it had been thrown in rather inexplicably by Carolyn "Pooh-Bah" Smith.

Then, as "Pomp and Circumstance" swelled out of the evening, the President of the University, Oh Hoopedoop Iconslugger, floated past on his back in full academic regalia (Dear Dr. Iconslugger: if this is called to your attention I sure hope you have a sense of humor). Dr. Iconslugger was followed, in silent dignity, by the Board of

Deans, all of whom were extremely bouyant except one dean who kept sinking, rising, grasping and then rather resignedly sinking again.

Next, last year's winners of the Koyl and Gerlinger cups floated past in those shimmering receptacles. These were propelled by spurts of water shot out of bottles significantly labeled EXCELSIOR.

Following in the excelsior spray was, quite inexplicably, Carolyn "Pooh-Bah" Smith, executing a crawl.

The music changed to "The Star Spangled Banner," and the queen's float hove into view. Hove is rather a weak word to describe what the Queen's float did, actually. Supposedly, the Queen and her four princesses were to sit on the float surrounded by little frilly crepe-paper things and light and admiration. However, two of the princesses were otherwise employed in propelling the float from the water behind; two others were bailing and only the queen, Probably Maudlin Carr (Queen Probably the first) sat on her assigned throne. Beside her, somewhat uninvited, was the preceding year's queen, who was being just the slightest bit difficult about giving up her post. Next to them sat a member of the State Board of Education who liked girls. And next to him sat his wife who knew he liked 'em. On his extreme left sat Carolyn "Pooh-Bah" Smith, which everyone found inexplicable.

It was obvious that the Queen's float was the climax of the show. There was open sobbing in the stands as the float passed. Queen Probably waved a scented arm, and fifteen athletes and two department heads fainted. Suddenly, however, the Queen's barque lurched or slurched (whatever it was, it was sickening).

For a time nothing much happened except that the bottom tier of crepe-paper disappeared. Then, in desperation, the occupants of the float were forced to jettison the last year's queen. She was followed by the state board member and his lady, the four princesses and finally even Carolyn "Pooh-Bah" Smith. Queen Probably stood alone, still waving, still scented. Still the barque sank.

"The Star Spangled Banner" (Continued on page 3)

Spotlight Stealer

As if there weren't enough happening today and Saturday, they're turning loose the Coast's best track teams on Hayward Field for a two-day affair which just might steal the spotlight away from the traditions and splendor of Junior Week.

Not that Queen Sue and her court will lack any attention — the mammoth cinder show dovetails perfectly into the weekend's schedule. And mothers who don't know a shotput from a bowling ball may find themselves seated in the wooden stands with their collegiate offspring at 2:30 come Saturday.

So if you place Mom in this predicament, let her know what's happening. If she asks why all the concern for the afternoon show, tell her that track meets of this caliber

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