

Why Not Housemothers?

Housemothers in college fraternity chapter houses have been hotly debated at many schools. That is, arguments raged until housemothers were actually tried—and found almost universally acceptable.

The housemother idea at the University, to our knowledge, has progressed no further than the temporary "housemothers" engaged for weekend fraternity social functions.

Conversely, at Oregon State College, 1955 marked the beginning of enforced housemother living. And ahead of the requirement, at least two of the larger OSC fraternities had already taken in housemothers.

On the West Coast, however, only OSC and some of the California state colleges (San Jose, Fresno State, etc.) have moved in the direction of this "revolutionary" step. But on a nation-wide basis, housemothers in fraternities are far from unique. About half the country's fraternity chapters now have housemothers.

The advantages of having housemothers are several. Housemothers can make valuable contributions in fraternity management (particularly in the kitchen) as well as in promotion of many intangibles often overlooked in fraternity leadership.

Highly rated on the list of housemother advantages is the co-ed matter. With a "built-in" chaperon, the social use of fraternity house facilities can be multiplied greatly—and legally. It might not be stretching a point to show that the savings of a full house on outside entertainment (not needed with a housemother) might be enough to meet her salary.

The argument is advanced that a housemother would end the "free and easy" at-

mosphere traditionally prevailing in a fraternity, that this would be a loss of the four-year period between mother and wife ties.

But what really would be lost? A fraternity house can hardly be called a "home" under most present conditions. The improvement in tone, dress, manners and attitudes which would necessarily accompany a housemother's introduction could hardly be considered harmful to anyone.

Fraternity maturity would be greatly aided by housemothers, and such greater maturity could only strengthen the fraternal bond and give meaning to its place at the University.

Stumbling blocks in the way of housemothers, in addition to ingrained attitudes of resentment, include two more concrete items—money and accommodations.

The cost of revamping many fraternity houses to allow for housemother quarters would not be cheap, and the salary question would depend upon the amount of use made of the housemother in chapter affairs. Fraternities planning additions, improvements or new facilities entirely are now being advised to include provision for housemothers in recognition of the coming trend toward housemothers.

Administration feelings on the matter will likely go no further than this advice to prospective building programs, but pressure from alumni, parents and the men themselves is expected to be the path any housemother movement will follow.

In any event, the arrival of housemothers at Oregon fraternities should come through only one channel—the fraternities themselves.

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What Price Peace?

They're really going Greek at dear old Oxford, relates a recent Associated Press dispatch. Co-eds at the English university are trying to do their part for world peace—by forsaking love making until the H-bomb is banned.

This ambitious project, which apparently began more than a week ago as a party idea, is a direct throwback to Aristophanes' comedy of 411 B.C., when Greek women bolted their doors to their husbands until war-making ceased.

The male undergraduates, however, have noted somewhat less than complete unity in the feminine ranks. "There will still be plenty of women who never even heard of the H-bomb," one male confidently reported.

And the girls, too, are doubtful about the results of the campaign. One dealt this modern Lysistrata a blow—"Some of the girls who support the strike probably aren't the type to receive many invitations anyway."

We hope women on the American side of the pond will plug for peace too, but nothing so drastic, please!

Probably the men are right; whether the women are really concerned about the H-

bomb is doubtful. If they keep up this campaign very long, they'll probably have H-bomb-sized trouble on their own campus.

An Object Lesson

A junior high school girl in a car going by a campus fraternity a week ago was hit in the face by a water-filled balloon. The water-bomb knocked her glasses from her face and chemicals burned her eyes. Doctors don't know if the burns are superficial or if they'll permanently damage her eyes.

Just why a water-bomb should cause chemical burns on the girl's eyes is not yet known. Perhaps the powder inside the balloon, to keep its insides from sticking together in hot weather, can burn eyes. We hope that's the explanation.

What probably happened was that some thoughtless, high-spirited University youngster thought it would be fun to throw water-bombs at passing cars. And a young girl's sight may be impaired because of his "fun."

Water-bombing can be grounds for expulsion from the University. Oregon's surplus of immature males should take note of the season's first, and we hope last, serious water-bombing incident.

Carl Conformist, B.S.



Dave Cass

Dogs Find Little Excitement On Beautiful Spring Days

It is one of those beautiful spring days. All those intriguing garments, too indecent for campus wear, have made their appearance and are being put to good use. A foreign visitor, touring the library, asks a surprised librarian for whom this wonderful mausoleum had been built. The Willamette is fast becoming peopled with the remnants of Olympian joy.



Let us look for a moment into the doings of a much-neglected aspect of campus social life, the animal set. (NO, no, not them, they're at the River too. I meant our animal pet set.) They are also taking full advantage of the fine weather.

We come upon three of our canine friends cavorting in front of the Co-op. A large, black, and very noble fellow is leading his two friends in a wild game of nip-on-the-ear. An absolutely filthy bernard and, of course, a boxer are the others in the cast.

"Let's give that fat lady a bad time," growled Blacky, nosing for a flea on his underside.

The bernard let go of the boxer's ear and, with a cunning look, bit him on the shank, and then jumped back, feigning innocence. "No! We'd better watch our step, or they'll send us packing along with poor old Waldo. The last time we molested a fat lady the Mother's Club had a fit. This one has the look of Temperance and Morality, Inc., too. Damn people anyway. It certainly isn't like the good old days." With this, the bernard looked longingly at the SU.

The boxer, just now having recovered his wits, tried to stand, but found his bitten leg too weak, and fell on his side, drooling on his neck in the meantime. "Da, well, uh, I, uh..." He obviously wasn't very bright. It was well known that he was only here on a ride.

"Well, let's do something. We could run up to the ROTC Dept. Maybe they're drilling this afternoon, that's always fun. You know, humans are really clumsy

—the other day I saw some idiot fall off the fire escape at Suzy. He was really an odd one—only shoes and white as an over-used soup bone. But then, you never can tell what these freshmen girls are up to; I'd hate to live with them." By now the flea had moved to his rump, and Blacky chewed feverishly, only to end up with a mouthful of hair. "Damn fleas, the Administration ought to do something about them."

The boxer had managed to right himself. Both Blacky and the bernard, who by this time had scared the wits out of a high school senior by running through his legs and completely upsetting him, jumped on the hapless boxer, gave his ears a terrific chewing, and ran off towards the SU.

"Boy's he's dumb, doesn't even know any shaggy dog stories. It must be his home life." Blacky leaped after an errant butterfly who seemed to have just left the Faculty Club. "These nice days are really a drag—nobody's around. Say, why aren't you at the River?"

The bernard stopped, back legs latching up with front, and winked. "Oh, you know. The last time I went I got mud on their blanket and knocked over some beer. Then I barked at a cop car. Anyway, who wants to go to the River and drink, they never give me any."

They now noticed a cocker parading about 100 yards ahead and gave chase. Catching up to it, they thrashed the poor creature resoundingly, and she ran off crying.

"Chicken. Damn cockers, think they own the world. Next thing you know, they'll be smoking pipes." The bernard was excited, and leaped around aimlessly.

And so on. Idyllic?

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Emerald Editor:

This is a belated response to the Feb. 10 [column] by Jack Wilson on art and advertising. Mr. Wilson you recall would take advertising over art because advertising is the bulwark of "free enterprise," which, in turn, is the essence of democracy.

Mr. Wilson, in seeking to express an opinion, has described a common—probably universal

—state of mind. Even those who have expressed a certain horror at his thinking are, in a very real sense, adherents of the "advertising over art" school—however unwillingly. Certainly most will agree that "Winstons taste good, like a cigarette should," and that the words and pictures accompanying "Chinese boy like Jello," come more readily to mind than any poetic phrases of Shakespeare or paint-

ing by Rembrandt.

Some have said that man need not make a choice between art and advertising, but the fact remains that modern man has made such a choice. He has chosen advertising and, more especially, the "things" advertised, over works of art; the products and proceeds of the machine over the products and processes of man. In other

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