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Campus Chit-Chat

Girl They Left Behind

By Bev Carroll

If you're still pouting because you missed the Seattle game—forget it. Everybody who went had a horrible time, cause they were all filled with grogginess and boredom in their Monday morning classes . . . a sure sign of unhappiness that comes from leaving the campus for a weekend. Besides, most of them got rides in cars, and that makes for a terrible time.

Quote from one lucky person who stayed home, "Portland is dead, but Seattle is deader; the hills kill so many people." I'm sure this fellow student felt no bitterness. It wasn't as though we didn't get the invite. I found mine out by Junction City. The invitation read—"Next time try the train." And don't think I won't. Berkeley, here I come!!

Boy "Live alone and like it" Prowell has been naughty again. He was sitting in the Side playing bridge, with his usual coke before him, when three freshmen girls walked by. He gave them the usual "come-on-and-smile-at-me" look, and then merely gave a quick "Hello." I ask you now—have you got a heart for breaking little girls' hearts? Why do you lead them on? (This is merely observation and should bear no resemblance to paid publicity.)

The Cough System

You'd better not play bridge with anybody other than the Side if you don't want to lose your mind immediately. A very strange creature lures people to his table and then starts playing the "cough" system of bridge. People die at first but after awhile just become hysterical. He coughs twice if he's strong in trump; three times if he wants you to bid your longest suit; and four times if he wants to be dummy.

I played with him the other day and he got to coughing so hard that he couldn't stop. He started to gag, and I got so embarrassed that I left. I just have one plea to make: If you ever play with the boy, I wish that you would please find out what he wanted me to bid.

Something for a laugh: It must tickle Harry Jester's girl friend when he gets close enough with that beard of his.

Sweater Girl Rivalry

I guess the old rivalry between the Kwamas and the Phi Thetas has already begun. Every Kwama believes that the gals in the blue sweaters are living on their reputations, but the blue-garbed gals think differently. Just ask one, after an evening of punching tickets (one million at least) and handing out programs at a concert. The football and basket ball games are coming up and the Phi Thetas are scheduled for ushering

at those affairs too. A central council is distributing all duties to the service organizations, so it is doubtful that any group will be over-worked.

But I bet you two to one, that the Kwamas will still think in traditional Kwama fashion. You'll hear them say that the Phi Thetas don't do anything. The Thetas passes every year. (Last year's white sweater girls were no exception.) Personally, the rivalry is the only active factor in either organization, at times. Perhaps when we graduate, and tranquility settles over the campus, we'll be glad to remember a little college spirit like this.

Telling the Editor

Dear Ed:

According to recently released statistics there are at present on the U of O campus three females to every male member of the ASUO. We understand that it is our duty to help equalize the situation. Now . . . where the hell are our three apiece

Gene Sinclair
Herb Brown
Jack DeVault

P. S. Some guys must have six. (Editor's note: There are only about two women to every man on the campus.)

Dear Editor:

Some of the little seventeen year-olds who tsill haven't used their razor blades and who think they are roller skating to stardom should stick to their toys and toys alone. Why can't our little EMOC's (just ask them if they aren't), realize that the majority of real college men haven't as yet returned. The few who have returned to Oregon are sickened by the amateurish authority of these self-named big shots.

These same so-and-so's seem to want their names in the well-known columns—and by that, we mean one Orin Weir's "Ho-Hum." But, when are they going to realize that the students—and this is the larger majority—care little for the slanderous remarks and references made to this popular column.

Here's to more "Ho-Hums" by "Husky"—at least he realizes the need for "college men."

Respectfully,
Common-column loving students,
Barbara Hawley
Robbieurr Warrens

Oregon's Congressional Record . . .

What has happened to the revolutionary plan of student government that catapulted Ed Allen into the ASUO presidency last May? Standing on the bare earth, without the shiny platform of "student congress" to support him, Big Ed is in danger of looking a little inadequate. The '45 election campaign was launched with the usual guarantees on the parts of both the Greek and Independent candidates. Five days before ballots were cast Allen's various and sundry minds produced a detailed program by which students of the University would have an important voice in the workings of their government.

Allen's "student congress" plan was a good one—a progressive step for Oregon. It was to involve the cooperation and support of every member of the student body. To quote a plank of his platform, "This congress, already largely in accordance with the present ASUO constitution, would consist of one representative for any organization, recognized by the University, of from 10 to 50 students, and an additional representative for every 50 additional students or any major portion thereof. Organizations such as Orides, Yeomen and veterans who wished special representation, would be given a voice in the same

proportion. Independents and Greeks alike would have representation according to number, not political viewpoints or influence.

"Instead of the present 12-member council, there would be the congress composed of perhaps a hundred members. Students would be able to have a more direct contact with their representatives, and would be able to convey to them their ideas and wishes. In this way, the ultimate power on the campus would rest, not in the hands of a few, but in the representatives of all the students, the University congress."

Realizing the necessity and the advantages of such a plan, and repeatedly assured by Allen during the campaign, that it would go into effect "at the beginning of fall term, at the latest," Webfoots selected Allen to the presidency.

Fall term is well on its way and as yet very few, if any, of us have heard more about the almost mythical "student congress." Even some of the committee members appointed by Allen to assist in the workings of the plan are unformed as to its future. The student congress is too important to go the way of most proverbial campaign promises. Since it was to have included us all, may we know about it, Mr. President?

The Plot Sickens

By REX GUNN

On the outskirts of Wailuku, Maui, in the Hawaiian islands, there is a farm about one half mile past the city limits. This farm is complete with sugar cane fields, a small taro patch, pineapples, and a pig pen.

The man in charge of it is a big, fat, lazy Hawaiian whose inactivity is equaled only by his good nature. He wears a big pistol because this farm is supposed to be a prison; but he often goes to sleep with the pistol hanging in its holster on a belt on a peg about six feet away from where he sleeps in his chair with his feet propped on desk.

The prisoners have the keys to their cells. They get them from Frank each morning about 9 a.m., keep them during the day while they attend to chores, then lock themselves in and turn the keys over to Frank again when they get sleepy.

Sometimes, they take in a show over at Wailuku. Frank always lets them go.

Unreality of It All

To amazed Malohinis, the whole thing seems unreal. Having been disappointed in their quest for hula girls and pagan luaus, they always look at the prison and everything in it as if it were going to disappear.

Frank enjoys it. He is entirely aware of the bizarre effect, but he gives it an understatement of casual surprise. He shows them through the cells, points out murderers (there are usually two or three), and proudly explains that this is the cleanest prison in the Islands.

Three factors make Frank's methods practical.

First, if any of the prisoners escaped, they couldn't go over 15 miles in any direction without running into the ocean. Second, everyone in that part of the island knows them, and they wouldn't have a chance of hiding. Finally, the character of the prisoners themselves is such that they feel no urge to escape. They consider prison life a good one.

All the Comforts

One of them told me: "There is good food, good bed, and Frank is a good man. Do you have that in the army?"

I hastily changed the subject.

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Notes On Record

On the Jazz Side . . .

By JIM "POPS" WINDUS

Well, look who's coming down the street: big fat Jazz Sid. And this time on nathing but a hip kick, believe me. First a few notes of happenings during the summer, on the Portland and big time scale.

Portland proved to be a very dull place to be forced to spend the summer in, as far as music and good easy-listening jazz was concerned. Of course there was always the Coop out on Sandy for solo key work by Sid, or anybody who happened to drop in.

Incidentally, you could always find somebody from Oregon out there on those warm summer evenings. Sid plays pretty fine piano, eh, you habitués of that fine little spot?

Tropics Trio

Remember that fine little trio that I told you about that was playing the Tropics? Well, they moved into an outfit fronted by Rus Graham, and his terrific clary. And with him into the swank Clover club. The combo is now a six piece mob, and they really get their kicks, even in a quiet place like the Clover.

Personnel of the band is: Val Davidson, trumpet; Al Wied, bass, and very fine; Duke Roslyn, skins; Harry Johnson, keys, very fine; Dale Bray, tenor and vibes (vibes knock me out); and Russ (one day health kick) Graham, alto and clary. If you can hack the cover charge, and desire good music with your food, this is the place. The boys are sort of handicapped by working in such a quiet place but still manage to rock the place every so often.

The Leo Family

You old students remember Gene Leo, I presume? Well, Gene and his very mad key work have parted company, at least temporarily. He is working in Portland as a C.P.A. He and his wife, the former Ann Reynolds, also of this campus, are infantspecting soon. Now we can call him Pops, but literally.

Jack Howell is still working at the Gold Room. Saw him just before I came down here, and he mentioned something about going to Nevada with a small combo.

You have all heard me speak or write of Captain Ted Hallock, formerly of Oregon, and writer of that mad column "Jam for Breakfast." Well, I saw him this summer dressed in a fine houndstooth

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On the Clasicl Side . . .

By BETTY JANE BENNETT

The name of Johann Sebastian Bach will always be among the most revered names in music, and to many, one of the most forbidding. Many music lovers have felt that his music is dry and overly intellectual and have avoided hearing it.

In recent years, however, through excellent recordings many thousands have been won by its deep feeling and sublime beauty. There is no sense to the argument that Bach's music is too high-brow and can be appreciated only by those who have studied it, for it is meant to be enjoyed by everyone.

After just a few minutes in its presence, the true character of his music becomes apparent. Excellent for a first acquaintance with Bach are the Brandenburg concertos which are fun to listen to and are easy to understand. They contain much vigor and color and are available in several excellent interpretations.

One of the best is the Columbia recording, available in two albums as played by the Adolph Busch chamber players. All six of the concertos are played well, with the featured instruments (note especially the string tones in the Third and the solo trumpet in the Second) balanced nicely. Rudolph Serkin's piano accompaniments are also commendable in this recording.

A single Bach recording well worth listening to is the ever popular "Air on the G. String" as played by the New York Philharmonic orchestra under the baton of Willem Mengelberg for Victor. This melody was taken from Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 3, and is simple, yet full of great dignity and exceptional beauty.

Another single that should be in every music lover's library is the Victor recording of the "Fugue in G Minor", known as the "little fugue." Leopold Stokowski outdoes himself with the Philadelphia orchestra in this number whose other side is the lovely chorale prelude "Christ Lag Im Todesbanden," (Christ Lay in the Bonds of Death.)

For those who enjoy violin works, the Columbia recording of Bach's "Colicerto No. 1 in A Minor" by Bronislaw Huberman and the Vienna Philharmonic

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