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Calling All Organizers...

With Dads' Day less than a month away, the ASUO executive council will pick a chairman for the event on Thursday. Obviously the person who is chosen to head this, one of the highlights of winter term, will have a rather large order to fill in a short time. He or she must be prepared to get committee work rolling immediately and to start a publicity campaign in the very near future.

Last year Dads' Day was all planned and ready for presentation when it had to be called off because of transportation difficulties. This year the housing shortage will present the biggest problem, and the committee must work out a solution for that problem if Dads' Day is to be a success.

Usually the good providers, the dads, get the short end of the University entertainment deal. Junior Weekend gives the mothers of students a gala picture of University life. Homecoming celebrates the alumni and the good old days, and prospective students receive individual attention at the houses and, formerly, at the Frosh Glee. This year the dads deserve a week-end of interesting activity.

To make sure that the dads get their just deserts, a capable chairman and willing and able fellow workers are needed. The petitions for the chairmanship must be turned in to Janet Douglas by noon Thursday at Hendricks hall.

Plan for the 400...

Dealing today in statistics, we find that there are now 2850 students attending this institution, 1240 of whom are men. Those familiar with the registration figures of a year ago will immediately note that this is a 226 per cent increase—notable for that fact alone. However, it seems that there is also an increase of 15 per cent among the women students.

Minute examination of the numbers involved reveal a persistent majority of women—approximately 400. The much-discussed ratio is one and one-fourth women for every masculine unit. Since dating is seldom carried out according to ratio, the question for the present Oregon woman is, will she be one of the "400?"

In compiling these statistics, we are overlooking the unpleasant fact that some of the men will prefer to study on week-ends while others are married. Nevertheless, the only solution to the situation seems to be the "Rotation Plan"—i. e., no two people will occupy the Officer's Club together more than once each week. Another phase of the plan involves the pledge of women not to attempt to attract their escorts sufficiently to cause them to propose a Sunday afternoon appointment. Also, having accomplished their objectives, dated women and men will be required to absent themselves from the Side and Taylor's to allow greater freedom of operation on the part of the undecided.

Before this time un-introduced to members of the student body, the Rotation Plan has been carefully prepared and tested at many other institutions of higher learning with unanimously successful results. Already at Oregon, members of the leading fraternities on the campus have adopted the method and testify that "Nothing can replace it!" Gradually, on an example basis, it is expected that the more-women-than-men idea will present no difficulty. Every woman at the University will go out at least once a week; the men will go out every night, and the campus GPA will soar with the absence of time wasted worrying about dates.

Getting back to statistics, if multiplication continues at the present rate, there will be approximately 2800 men and 1850 women at Oregon by January of 1947. Perhaps the Rotation Plan will not be necessary after all.

Powder Burns

By REX GUNN

Eyes awake—staring—the rain raining—one midnight I groped from a sleepless bed, blundered into a book and ended up in the "Green Pastures."

They had a fish fry jumping on a solid hook and the angels reading from the holy book to a mess of little cherubs in a cloudy nook . . . well . . . De Lawd came down—no frowning Lawd—he spoke right nice all around the crowd and joined the fry—no square, this Lawd, a real right guy. You'd like him.

He was happy there, but the fry through, the years flew, and De Lawd picked up a worry or two. Know what it was?

You might have guessed . . . a scandal went round in heaven.

Yeah, there was a scandal in heaven ;it was the pesky earth again.

Waiting

Ever since the fish fry when De Lawd got awful quiet and the heavens went dark and the angels watched in awe, that little hunk of earth caused by two much firmament in the heavenly custard kept Gabriel wetting his lips and watching his trumpet and waiting for a sign from De Lawd.

It never came because of just a few men named Moses, Joshua, Noah, etc.

Well, the Green Pastures is a nice neighborhood . . . I hated to leave it, but when old Gabriel put that trumpet to his lips, I got mighty scared.

Watching

I kept seeing men dressed a lot fancier than De Lawd sitting round tables—arguing—gesturing—getting up and stomping out.

Some of them had slant eyes, some not—some were black, some yellow, mostly white. They had big, fat brief cases and big, puffed up meins and it bothered me because they looked so much prouder than De Lawd.

I got a sneaking idea if what got dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki starts dropping again, Gabe is going to blow that trumpet.

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

This one from Tommy Fox, ex-Navy: seems the Washington, D.C., Institute for musicians (not mentally infirmed) has a sight-reading entrance exam which involves playing Mozart D Minor scales with a cold clarinet and without previously having seen said opus. So Fox reads and passes, under the tutelage of a be-hashmarked petty officer. Next up is a young negro S 1-C tenor-man who has heard of this fine

"instrootoot" and wants to dig it. Sits down, has some huge eight page prelude, lousy with quarter note barrages spread before him, wets his mouthpiece once or twice and just sits there looking confusedly at the P.O.

Who screams, "Well, let's go, there it is. Read," or profanity to that effect. Tenorist wets reed again several times, sits expectantly, looks again at old sea dog. Who now bellows, drooling a diluted-land-based-salt-saliva, "Just what the hell's wrong? Read the black ones." Now comes the punch kiddies: with a how-long-have-you-been-playing-shoehorn-glance the tenorman kills everyone with "Well stomp-it-off man, stomp it off." Get it . . . you see the music was . . . but his way leads to madness.

Django Returns

Understand that a great guitarist has finally substantiated Luceian "Life" reports as to his existence. Django Reinhardt has returned to England from the continent, to re-form the Quintet de Hot Club du France (Romance Lingo dept. I love you). Recall, as any jazz lovers stationed in England will, that co-partner violinist Stephane Grappelly played the

By Mayo and Fred Beckwith's Ducktations

The war is over, and we have no axes to grind. Here is your first peace-time gossip column in four years. Contrary to the former policy employed by various writers of this department, we actually want to cooperate with our readers. This is your column.

We are not going to spread malicious rumors, blacken reputations, or bring the wrath of all concerned down on our heads. Instead, we want to file a running account of campus sidelights and the people involved.

It's not every day that a girl gets engaged, but the Oregon coeds have started the year off in an auspicious manner. Late last term, Joann Swinehart, Alpha Chi Omega, announced her engagement to SAE's Dick McClintock. This event served as a forerunner for the 1946 season. Two girls departed from the unattached ranks of the Tri-Delt house when Jane Kern revealed her intention to marry George Tomlinson of the University of Washington, and Phyllis Lehman promised to be the future wife of Al Dodson.

Another romantic merger placed Gamma Phi's Pat Maulding and naval Ensign Bob Oeder on the marriage waiting list.

The Alpha Phi house flourished with excitement with three "surprises" in one week. Mary Landry and ex-marine Bill Wassman, Donna Heusser and Wisconsin's Mert Tellock and Margie McNeel and Jack Fletcher, AAF, all will be marching down the aisle . . .

Tule Lake, California, during the war was an internment camp, but during the Christmas season it was a holiday haven for Gil Rogers and ADPI Barbara Bentley, on the Bentley ranch. . . John Kroder found himself in the proverbial embarrassing situation last week-end when his old heart-throb, an ex-Oregon Theta, dropped in for a visit. He has been spending his time at a rival sorority house. . . The crucial housing situation on campus has resulted in an irregular rush week for the Oregon fraternities. The shortage even found Dick Savinar, SAM, doing some rushing at the Beta house. . . Bill Williams is feeling sad lately because his father sold the car that he used to drive Shirley Temple around in. . . Nancy

Schmeer, Gamma Phi, has taken the pin of Bill Elder, ex-Sigma Chi now at the University of Arizona. Bill is following in the footsteps of his older brother Duke, another Sigma Chi, who also planted his pin on Nancy in former days.

The Alpha Phis are wondering whether Mary Palmer is still covering either University of Washington Beta pin. . . Rugged Len Surles, Sigma Chi was here for rush week and expects to return to school spring term. Bill Davis, the '42 varsity fullback and a Theta Chi, also took time off from his ensign's duties to greet the newcomers at the U. . . Still another pigskin character, Tippy Dyer, Phi Delt, stopped here enroute to Tokyo. He's with the navy. . . Pi Phi Anita Young split a recent weekend with two ex-BMOCS, a Phi Delt and a Theta Chi. . . Somebody ought to tip off a certain character that gas rationing is over. He's been parking his dates in front of his own fraternity house for hours at a time. . . Patty Newton and Hazel Roake are still wondering about that snowstorm at Timberline Lodge Saturday afternoon. Reed Grassley and Howard Coffey telephoned from the lodge a short two hours before Senior Ball date time. . .

The largest sparkler seen on the campus this year belongs to Robbiebur Warrens, Chi Omega, who just received it from Joe Courtney last week. . . The apartment back of Skinner's Butte belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Reeves, was the scene of a hilarious party Saturday night. A high percentage of Shackrats were on hand. . . For 17 straight minutes Sunday night the trans-Pacific phone connections were humming at the Sigma Kappa house when Alva Granquist and her man "Ham" Day talked things over with his folks in Honolulu. . . Incidentally, it was a collect call. . . Bill Walkenshaw, ex-sports scribbler was on campus bidding farewells to Dolores Del Rey, ADPI, and other lovelies, before returning for the new semester at Stanford U. . . Bud Salinardo, president of the inter-dorm council, was in Los Angeles over the Xmas holidays. He's wowing everyone lately with a fine array of zooty haberdashery, clothes on the Sinatra line. . .

No surprise to intimate friends was the announcement by Kappa Alpha Theta prexy Phyllis Evans that she will marry Jerry Wolfher in the near future. . . That's about all the chatter and patter for today, but in closing we would like to say that we would welcome any contributions that you, our readers, would care to submit. There will be a Ducktation cubby-hole box in the Emerald office. Please don't expect us to print malicious scandal because that's against our policy.

Wyoming has lost 1,811 farms, but has gained 4,873,851 acres in farmlands since 1940, according to preliminary figures compiled in the 1945 census of agriculture.

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