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No Sausagehead He...

Whenever anyone in irritation screams to another, "Why you unprintable word sausagehead!" he is doing a flagrant injustice to the sausage. For indeed the sausage is a creation of distinction.

The history of the sausage trails back into antiquity. An Aristophanes drama of 423 B.C. vintage contains a character who growls, "Let them make sausages of me and serve me up to the students." Charles Lamb extolled the sausage "as the savoriest part . . . of the entertainment . . . at the annual feast of chimney sweepers . . . held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew."

The form of the sausage is tailored to its function with a simplicity that denotes a work of art. How clean and devoid of unnecessary bulges are its lines. How purposeful is its casing. How suited to the mechanics of eating—biting off and chewing—is its overall shape.

The popularity of the sausage is both eminent and unquestioned. Sausage production has mounted steadily. Even as far back at 20 years ago figures showed the federally-inspected U. S. output to be 779,983,976 pounds, which is a lot of sausage. Smothered with mustard and surrounded by a bun, the sausage becomes a hot dog. And no American will deny that it is a delicacy fit for the most memorable of occasions, for example, spring picnics on the McKenzie's banks, Thursday night dinners, and—baseball openers.

Today Oregon's baseball team opens on Howe field against Idaho. Ceremony will abound. Harry K. "Lefty" Newburn will burn the first ball over, with Orlando J. "The Jolly Dean" Hollis stopping and Mayor of Eugene Earl McNutt swinging. Prizes will be given to a series of "firsts".

Alas, but throughout it all nothing will be accorded the sausage save the abuse of many grinding teeth. So it is suggested that during the seventh-inning stretch, spectators bow their heads in a moment of silence honoring the sausage, and that genius of long ago who conceived of and created the sausage. —J. K. K.

Oregon Going to the Dogs?

All this hue and cry about Snowbelle marring the traditional dignity and solemnity of Junior Weekend sounds a little hollow. Whatever dignity the election of the queen and her court this year would have had was shot to pieces by the unprecedented rally-rally tone of the campaigning.

What is so majestic about a would-be "queen" hot-rod-riding around the campus on the back of a convertible, her name blared from loudspeakers and plastered to the very trees under whose shade the traditional coronation ceremony takes place?

What is so regal about campus politics entering an election supposedly based on beauty, gracious charm, and the stately bearing of make-believe royalty.

And here is the paradox. Since when are Junior Weekend festivities so exalted that the presence of a rather reserved and dignified St. Bernard dog would spoil the atmosphere? Is the hacking of tradition offenders dignified? Is the dunking of coed offenders in the law school dignified? The dunkings we have witnessed have all been far from grave and sedate; no coed can look remote and sophisticated with wet hair dangling in her face.

Let's be realistic. Whatever dignity can be scraped up for Junior Weekend is just a mock, make-believe, skin-deep affair. Like a Gay Nineties costume, it will add to the moment—brief, inconsequential, soon put away for the natural every-day (and sincere) collegiate spirit.

Before Snowbelle even entered the picture, whatever fake dignity this Junior Weekend had was lost. Let there be no frantic scrambling now to restore the mask.

Let us be honest. Junior Weekend has received more public

interest and more state-wide publicity through radio, press, and the wire services because Snowbelle pulled more votes than six women . . . more than if the Weekend committee had solemnly announced that the queen and her court would perform a dignified can-can. In fact, the discovery of a new vitamin by Professor Longhair probably would have caused less comment and interest than the fact that Snowbelle has three or four shades of hair.

If subsequent Junior Weekends are to be dignified, let the queens be chosen for beauty and charm alone, regardless of their political affiliations or their campaign posters or anything else. Let them be chosen by a committee of impartial judges with an eye for feminine loveliness or let them be presented in person to the student body at an assembly before the elections take place.

But this year the die is cast. Let the Gay Nineties be gay and informal and undignified and happy. . . . Someone should give that dog a Snowbelle prize.

Graduate Transcripts

GRADUATE FUNDS

One of the greatest difficulties confronting the Graduate Student organization is a lack of funds. Rumor has it that funds are made available to other classes for such activities as Junior Weekend or the Sophomore Whiskerino or the Senior Ball. Coupled with this is the far more extensive use of undergraduates of the privileges granted with the use of ASUO cards.

Attendance at basketball games, use of the gymnasiums, or seeing the plays at the University theater are not generally part of the graduate student's curriculum. This is not to suggest that these University traditions should be discontinued. Far from it!

However, would it not be possible to allot the graduates—either from the budget of the graduate school or from the ASUO funds—a sum which would permit them to carry on some activities of particular interest to them? This would supply the graduates with funds for the publication of a graduate quarterly bulletin. It would give them a backlog for obtaining speakers; it might even afford some form of social activity for them as a class group.

Let's start a campaign for graduate funds to alleviate this need.

Frosh Glee Chairmen

All committee chairmen for the Frosh Glee are urged to attend a meeting today at 4 p.m. in 104 Journalism.



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Telling the Editor

As one of the loyal supporters of Snowbelle I protest her disqualification and demand a recount for the satisfaction of her entourage. She most certainly has the required number of hours in her major, Dogology, to be eligible for the dubious honor of queen.

The response to her candidacy was spontaneous. The Independents flocked to the standard of this "campus cutie" in spite of her being a Greek. Her friendliness was boundless, and frosh as well as upperclassmen were recipients of her democratic expressions.

Snowbelle would have been a great queen acceptable to all. I venture to say that she is probably the only female on the campus that is loved by everyone. Regardless of the outcome of a recount I will always consider the reigning queen as an usurper.

Ave Regina Snowbelle!
We was robbed!

R.C. Davis

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