

Items From Roundabout

By BOB REED

The quotation of the week comes from a girl friend of a dancer accused of murdering a yachtsman: "She loved that guy. They just can't convict her of shooting him."

Winter rain, or an unseasonable facsimile thereof, continues to hold on in the roundabout region. But then the seasons as we used to think of them don't seem to have much bearing any more.

It's odd that the solution for the professor's tests should elude the students, a race of people intelligent enough to keep track of three football games on the radio, while carrying on an intelligent conversation over a beer.

"Terrible tragedy," a newsboy bawls. "Killed a bandit in Oklahoma."

Some houses have been accused of serving less food, but unfortunately, no addresses were given.

Someone said last week that there was more money in circulation than ever before, but we wonder what is the share for university students. From observation, it doesn't seem to be very much, considering last weekend and all.

For a sociology major what could be better than a thesis tracing the relation between the rise of juvenile delinquency and the spread of that completely ineffective weapon of chastisement, the plastic thimble?

Sales of Hollywood gossip magazines seem to be holding up well, and we think this is admirable of Man, hastening toward the abyss with his gaze fixed resolutely on the trivial.

With some of the hair-dos observed at the stadium, the problem arises as to which is the blonde coed and which is the chrysanthemum.

With food rationing back, it looks like a return of the good old days, and that ex-serviceman is brushing off his helmet and re-asserting the trusty pea-shooters.

In a recent Chicago trial, the court record showed some interesting material. This excerpt in particular:

Mr. Worthington: "Doctor, in language as nearly popular as the subject will permit, will you please tell the jury just what the cause of this man's death was?"

Witness: "Do you mean the proxima causa mortis?"

Mr. Worthington: "I don't know, Doctor. I will have to leave that to you."

Witness: "Well, in plain language, he died of an edema of the brain that followed a cerebral thrombosis or possible embolism that followed, in turn, an arteriosclerosis combined with the effect of a gangrenous cholecystitis."

A juror: "Well, I'll be damned."

The court: "Ordinarily I would fine a juror for saying anything like that in court, but I cannot in this instance justly impose a penalty upon you, sir, because the court was thinking exactly the same thing."

Most profitable way of earning money among Harvard students is donating blood for transfusions, a report reveals. Harvard blood, of course, attracting a premium price.

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Thunder From the Left

Watsa matter with this University? Watsa matter with Oregon? Watsa matter with the whole darn country?

We think we've found the answer in the minority groups. The state and nation have their own particular minority groups, and they must solve their little problems. But the University has unsung minority trouble also, and it's all very upsetting.

According to psychologists, only 5 per cent of the country's population is left-handed, although as high as 30 per cent may have left-handed tendencies which were thwarted in various ways during childhood and adolescence. The University has its full quota of southpaws. It is in their behalf we raise our cries.

Have you ever watched the agonizing expression on the face of a leftie as he enters a classroom for the first time—a classroom equipped with right-handed armchairs? It's enough to break your heart. Have you watched his feeble efforts at solution—possibly rearranging the chair in front of him in a reverse manner so the board is suited for his left-handed dexterity. Or maybe you've experienced some of the contortions in a room like 105 Commerce, where the chairs are firmly riveted to the floor and the neglected minority is forced to kneel, back to teacher, to negotiate access to the—you guessed it—right-handed writing board.

Maybe you've witnessed the left-handed victim who really has the answer. The one who utilizes the armchair to his left, leaving a small hunk of right-handed normalcy desperate. If the pair of them, representing the 95 per cent and the 5 per cent, plan to double up on the same board, great are the griefs of the professor, who is convinced that there's dirty work afoot and that two bodies cannot occupy the armchair of one. It's agonizing, we insist, to watch the frustrated acrobatics or the disillusioned despair of such a student—who probably has been told that Oregon is a liberal college.

It's reported from authoritative sources that there are some southpaw chairs—less than two dozen, to be accurate—in the University. We watched a puzzled right-hander ease himself into one of these concessions to the 5 per cent—completely puzzled and no little annoyed. It was probably his initial first-hand realization of how the other half lives.

Our suggestions seem to fall into the realm of the impossible, the impractical, or the just plain silly. But we'll proffer our solutions anyway, and hope that some capitalistic free-enterpriser will work up (1) a course called Ambidexterity 101, 102, and 103, teaching the leftie how to become a rightie in three easy terms, (2) smooth little mechanical units that may be transferred from side to side of stationary chairs, or (3) understanding professors who encourage the 5 per cent to clutter up the aisle with portable desks.

J.B.S.

Not to Be Missed

The Oregon student who really knows will not miss the first of the University lectures tonight, when Dr. Gordon Wright, associate professor of history, speaks on "The Anatomy of the Fourth French Republic."

His listeners can be assured of a good lecture, a lecture sprinkled with the anecdote that has made his classes so popular. They can be assured of an authoritative lecture, because Dr. Gordon Wright knows France.

The author of two books on France, he knows the nation, the language, and the people first hand. During his two years in France (he returned last winter) he "covered" the French assembly, and saw this republic in its germ stages.

Attendance should be a must on the individual social calendar.

Writer Thumbs Over Pick of New Platter Crop

By MICHAEL CALLAHAN

The action of a certain person (who shall here remain nameless) this week forecasts a dark and jobless future for yours truly. In about two years, it seems, we shall run out of records to review, and unless there is an unexpected opening in the pencil-sharpening department we and our typewriter shall begin the exceedingly unpleasant process of starving to death.

However, the red dawn cometh, and we give you warning, Mr. P., beware the dark of the moon and stay away from lighted windows.

Pick of the platter crop: The cream of the crop this week is in three

albums, which means more dinero but maybe fewer broken records. Victor has come up with two top-notchers in "The Three Suns Present" and Sammy Kaye's "All-Season Favorites," while Decca's Hoagy Carmichael takes the bows for his "Stardust Road."

Suns Are Instrumental

The Three Suns are strictly instrumental on their album, which probably was cut before they added their new vocalist and the Sun Misses harmonizers. Among the selections offered are "Dardanella," "Sunrise Serenade," "Deep Purple," and "When Day Is Done." We liked the guitar-accordion-organ combination for heavy rhythm over the melody and strictly straight arrangements.

Maestro Kaye seems to have cut a lot of the old "Swing and Sway" syrup out of his new group, so he sounds like any of the other first-rank orks. In his all-seasoner he has included "April Showers" for spring, "Summertime" for summer, "September Song" for autumn, and "Winter Wonderland" for winter listening. . . . They're good and danceable.

Hoagland Carmichael, who is said to be the best "shaggy-dog" singer in the biz, is backed up by the Glen Gray Casa Loma orchestra on some of the best-known of his own compositions. Add "Stardust," "Hong Kong Blues," "Riverboat Shuffle," and "Washboard Blues" to the hard-to-gets you can now buy.

Sentimental Hutton

Dick Haymes on Decca and Betty Hutton on Capitol hit the market together with records of "I Wish I Didn't Love You So," from Hutton's film "Perils of Pauline." Both have orchestra and chorus back-ups, but we give the edge to Betty Hutton on some really sentimental singing. By the way, advance notices from Capitol say that Hutton's "It Had to Be You" will be reissued immediately to tie in with her new popularity.

Bing Crosby has had a busy month with Decca, cutting four singles (and setting some sort of a record by using three different sets of paid pipers on them) and an album of Latin American populars. We have yet to see Crosby cut a bad one, and these are as good as any . . . best singles are "The Old Chaperone" and "Feudin' and Fight-Fighting." In his "El Bingo" group he includes "Siboney," "Baia," "You Belong to My Heart," "Let Me Love You Tonight," and "Amor." This is unusual in that he alternates between three different orchestras all in one album, and sings some of the songs in English and some in Espanol.

Ye Gods department: Nellie Lutcher seems to be the hottest thing on discs in many a month, even TIME gave her a big rave. Capitol carries her on its "Americana" series, latest of which is "Come On Down" and "The Lady's in Love With You." Lutcher sings loud and barrelhouse, mangling the words thoroughly and straying any old direction from the melody. Some listeners like her dips between bel-lows and whispers.

Yates Sets SDX Meet

Sigma Delta Chi, national men's journalism fraternity, will meet at noon today in the banquet room above the Side, Ross Yates, president, announced yesterday.

Bible Study Scheduled

Informal Bible studies will be conducted today by the Inter Varsity Christian fellowship from 8 to 8:50 a.m. in the men's lounge of Gerlinger hall and from 11 to 11:50 in the conference room of the University YMCA. The second chapter of St. John will be considered.

Side Patter



By SALLIE TIMMENS

The inquisitive ear picked up a few leftover combos from the deceased weekend in Portland. Among them were Alfa Chi Nancy Bedingfield of the journalism school with Kappa Sig Carl Bugge plus Kappa twin Barbara McClintock with Beta Frank Olson.

An off campus romance is that of ADPi Arlene Larsen's engagement to Bob Haggerup of Pacific university while Alfa Gam Beverly Powell announced her forthcoming wedding to John Goldsmith of the local Sig Ep clan. Sigma Kappa Roberta Scott is now proudly wearing UCLA grad Bill Mays' Kappa Sig pin.

Former Oregon lad Pete Walsh, now a Beta at Stanford has been up from California several times to see Theta Bernice Lind who looked like a page out of Vogue in a blue satin draped dress last weekend. Alfa Phi Marcie Jackson and her '47 Ford have been seen lately in the company of ATO Don (Due to error, "Smith") South.

A handful of congrats to DG Zata Sinclair who will reign as Homecoming Hostess over the weekend of the Oregon-OAC game. And also congrats to Alfa Chi Patty Webber and Kappa Sig Ed Walters who celebrated a year's pinning over the weekend.

Several of the Theta frosh are a bit wetter after the dunking they received from the Fijis. It seems the gals walked off with the "Fiji Only" parking signs and placed them out of bounds.

Looks like an interesting weekend coming up, what with the Whiskerino on the agenda for Saturday night. Betty Coed and Joe College will be voted upon at the dance. The six Joe College contestants are: Carl Bugge, Bob Rasmussen, Joe Miller, Perry Holloman, Harry Nyland, and Jim Bartelt. Betty Coed finalists are: Jackie Wachhorst, Carol Handeline, Marilyn Anderson, Ann Hoch, Phyllis Morgan, and Annie Bennett

Between mid-terms brace yourself with a coke or a sundae at the Side. Censorship or not, things are rough all over, Larry. Check what's doin' next Tuesday. (Pd. Adv.)