

Apertura Cranium Spoke in Six Tongues

By Betty Ann Stevens

The girls at Ivy's house were groaning their way through "membership selection week."



Rush Chairman Felina St. Garblesnatch had the floor, reclining with wholesome abandon, head propped on a revised edition of Emily Post and bobby sox braced on "Robert's Rules."

"Now, about this legacy, Apertura Cranium," she shrilled. "Girls, remember the five points . . . appearance, family, activities, grades, and personality. Let's hear some pertinent comment."

"She plays bridge according to the Pi Phi system."

"Is her Fiat a three-or five-passenger?"

"I've seen her drink cokes with a straw."

"The Betas speak to her."

"You ought to see her sparkle in 'Use of the library.'"

"She went to Ulysses high school."

"She has six pairs of cashmere wristlets."

"We really need a few more blondes, and Apertura's an albino."

"Greasy snob! She don't git nawthin' below a 2.24."

"I hate her! I hate her! I hate her!"

"Somehow, I wonder if she's just Our Type," mused Felina.

"During dinner she repeatedly tossed the gravy boat over her left shoulder and snuffled, 'I hate Greeks,' in German, Hungarian, Rus-

sian, Italian, Portuguese, low French and Greek as follows:

"Gehen sie zu helle!

"Pukholba a Grekvel!

"Chort vceh Greki!

"A'l inferno con tutte e Greci!

"P'rao inferno com todos os Gregos!

"Mars naturellement!"

"Posa hellades pros Gehennas!"

Ivy observed, "Super candidate for the presidency of International Relations club."

"But about family background," Felina continued in a dulcet shriek. "Her great grandmother was Abigail Goodenough Leech, a founder of our sorority, who, after exam week on March 15, 1847, designed our original emblem, a white ribbon around the neck from which a 10-pound brass millstone dangled. However, since all three of the chartering founders strangely developed carcinoma commonly known as cancer, the badge was discarded in favor of the daintily jeweled hammer and tongs which we wear today.

"Her grandmother, at 42, married a prominent KKK organizer and was an active member of the Anti-Vivisectionist league, Happy Gang-busting Crocheting Circle No. Nine, and the American Gas association.

"Her mother was nothing."

"Oh, pledge her," prompted Ivy. "With 41 vacancies, what can we lose?"

Don't Run Around Looking Like a Neanderthal Man

The costume dance, long the Number One way of combining an ordinary house dance with a roaring good time, may or may not be here to stay. There are people who are most displeased as a result of a costume dance at one of the millrace fraternities a week ago. These unhappy people don't all have offices in Emerald hall, either. Some of them are just going to school here. Others live in Eugene and are concerned about the University's "reputation" as a suitable place for the education of a young girl just out of high school.

The squawks on this particular dance were loud, and from the very loudest places, and cannot be ignored. The Emerald's best sources indicate that it is not impossible that some day, not to far distant, the costume house dance may go the way of the nickel beer and the Maxwell. It just won't be around any more.

There seems to be a feeling that dancers behave in a manner befitting their dress. If a dance is formal, the dancers will be reserved, quiet ladies and gentlemen. If the theme is "Terry and the Pirates" or "Place Pigalle" then the conduct of the dancers has a tendency to mesh into the theme. At least that's what our very best sources say.

All of which is not to suggest that dance themes should

be restricted to "Plymouth Rock," (it might be confused with White Rock). But it is to suggest that the present censorship of dance themes be extended to include interpretations of themes. What some students can do with "variations on a theme" is a thing of wonder.

There are several things that the houses themselves can do, if they wish to continue this noble tradition of the costume dance.

1. Keep the dances scrubbed up. Figure your mother (or your grandmother) may drop in any minute.

2. Stay in the house. Don't go wandering around downtown in your Neanderthal man suit. The University exists for the purpose of raising its students a notch or two above Neanderthal man, and people downtown might think their money was being channeled into the wrong sort of institution for such a noble purpose.

3. Crack down (through Inter-Fraternity council, Heads of Houses, Pan-Hellenic etc.) on organizations whose dances threaten the continuance of this fine old tradition.

4. This fourth choice is one we don't like to suggest, but it is the one that just may come about. Scrap the costume dance. That's how the wind blows under the present set-up.

Regrettable, but true, and she accepts the fact with true Swiss stoicism. She has lost a lot of the bewilderment of puppyhood. Soon after her first fight, she chased a real live burglar out of the house and then, just to prove she is really tough, frightened the policemen who came to investigate.

We see her lying lazily in the sun, both eyes closed, using those big paws for a pillow. She still plays a big-league game of softball, although with her added weight, she'll probably be moved to the outfield. A new, more fascinating game, is playing with sticks, or two-by-fours, or tree limbs (or anything else she can move). Her masters sometimes find their back porch ricked with bits of wood she has stacked up, just in case someone wants to play. She's a stubborn little princess, and gets a big enjoyable growl out of not letting loose.

This year, the queen candidates need not look askance over their shoulders for a laughing puppy. Snobelle has grown with her years, and her figure . . . well, it's just not the same slim girl. Perhaps when she snoozes in the sun, she's thinking of better days . . . of kegs around her neck, and cheering throngs, and convertibles, and popping flashbulbs . . . but run again? . . . probably not.

L. L.

Why Wouldn't Anybody Go to Live With Our Neighbor?

The best twist of the week on the country club theme comes from one of our own backyard neighbors. A Mrs. E. McCormick of Eugene, explains in a letter to the editor of the Oregonian that she is answering an article in that paper's Sunday edition about college students wanting to do part-time work and attend college.

It appears that for nearly a quarter of a century our relations with this particular neighbor have been satisfactory but with the coming of the war the worm took

a turn. She writes: "I have lived right at the college campus for 25 years. I have some small apartments and have always had a student to help me.

"But do you think I could get one to turn a hand since the war? No. Even when they couldn't find a place to live and go to school, I offered a room if they would work for it, but not one took me up on it.

These students do not work. There is plenty of work in

Eugene if they want to do it."

Our interest in this epistle picks up here, for it is at this point that the cream of neighborliness seems to curdle and the possibility of rounding out another 25 years of good-neighborhood is not assured. The fact is that Mrs. McCormick has been living in the midst of good solid productive commercial activity which not only takes place just over the backyard fence from

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where she lives but also in the city of Eugene.

For proof of this take a look at the records of the University branch of the state employment service. During the year, 1947, that office placed at full and part-time employment a total of 2289 students. True, there is some double counting here, but that is offset by the fact that many students seek work independently of

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CAMPUS CALENDAR

Noon: Lutheran Student association council meeting at YWCA.
4:30 p. m.: Delta Phi Alpha meeting at German seminar room, Friendly hall.

8 p. m.: Open house at Westminster house.

8 p. m.: Party night at Wesley house.

After basketball game: Lutheran Student Valentine party at 1451 Willamette.

Night Staff:

Betty Lagomarsino, night editor
Stan Turnbull
Charlene Helgeson
Martha Can Auken
Sam McKinney
Dick Gehr
Newt Thornton

In choosing a design for a hooked rug, shades of no more than three colors should be used and one color should be emphasized, according to design specialists.

Don's Disc Data

The tune of the week is "PLEASE DON'T PLAY NUMBER SIX TONIGHT," (Decca 24266), Jeannie



Leitt, vocal; Billy Kyle quartet. Kyle, ex 88'er for John Kirby, makes this waxing; good meaning and also a little humor. Jeannie is Decca's competition to Lutch and Rose Murphy and whatever Victor has found. She has good interpretation in dead pan manner.

Play it twice and you will buy. All you have to do these days is sound like someone else and you get a waxing contract.

Records to Look for

1. WHEN YOUR HAIR HAS TURNED TO SILVER (Decca 24325), Monica Lewis with Bob Eberly, vocal; Russ Morgan orchestra. This tear-jerker you will like. Eberly concentrates on good voice instead of bad acting; Monica makes it a perfect team. Morgan stays in the background where he belongs. Send this to your best one as a heart reminder come the 14th.

2. YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME (Capitol 15027), Gordon MacRae, vocal; Carlyle Hall orchestra. Resurrection of a fertile chestnut. MacRae does well by this—that is if using Crosby's style and arrangement means anything. He will remain just a good voice with no name until the right tune hits.

3. SABRE DANCE (MGM 30048), Macklin Morrow orchestra. This is from Khachaturian's Gayne Ballet Suite. Well executed—could be background music for a Norman Corwin production. Why would you buy it? I don't know.

REMINDER—Watch for Les Paul's new sound.

THE COMING RECORD: SHINE, (Mercury 5009), Frankie Laine. He has arrived.

It's a Grave situation if you can't purchase your favorite waxing at 1198 Willamette street.

Don Porter, KASH

Graves
MUSIC
& ART