

Once Over Lightly

By JEANNINE MACAULEY

With Stanford hatchets raised high above the heads of Palo Alto rovers, and the gas situation hitting the bottom of the barrel, there remains but one happy thought for the Ducks still in Eugene. Only 78 more shopping days until Christmas!

Set aside your toast and coffee for a minute and we'll run once over lightly some of the summer news and recent developments.

Maggie Johns, DG, is planning some type of unusual party where she plans to serve donut holes and coke bottles for refreshments. Undoubtedly the attendance will be sensational, and invitations will be engraved in invisible ink.

In the wedding gift department (for those of us haven't sent them), here are a few reminders. Phi Sig Roger Tetlow to Jean McCain of Zeta hall; Bob Chaney, Sig Ep, to Jill Archer, Chi O; and Dick Calahan, Phi Psi, to "Johnny" Campbell, Chi O.

Pi Kap, Les Jones' pinning to DZ Pat Laxton, led to quite a celebration. At 10:00 Wednesday evening the Pi Kaps, complete with flowers, called on the Delta Zetas for a half hour of dancing, and refreshments.

To catch up with other pinnings—should tell you about Lloyd Hough, Kappa to Bob Harrison, ATO and Sally Seley, Kappa, to Bill Flynn, Chi Psi.

Still reading? That's peachy!

Pi Phi, Jordis Benke, announced her engagement to Hal Schick, Phi Delt, by placing a notice to that effect under the dessert, Tuesday evening. She is now a reserved senior, she said so! More engagements to keep Oregon Ducks off the dessert list include: Norma Stearns, AOPi, to Earl Bradfish, Phi Psi; Lois Bark, AOPi, to Norm Williamson; Shirley Kissling, Tri Delt, to Dick Taggesell, SAE; and Joyce Strickland, Alpha Phi, to Jim Healey, ex-Notre Dame man.

Rumor has it that several new books are being written by Oregon students during fall term. One on the housing situation is entitled, "Ninety-nine Years in a Quonset Hut, or Why Didn't I Marry a Veteran?" The second one seems to have the misleading title of "The Places I Haven't Been, and How I Got There."—Apparently written by some bewildered freshman!

Congratulations to Alpha Gam, Carol Ann Wall and Marg Wickendon, AOPi, for being tapped by honoraries this week. New year, new work!

Personal: Jackie Watch the Horse, Gamma Phi, is supposed to crawl out from under her blue rain hat and call Camelia Pot immediately. Information is needed with regard to how the pots are parking around the mill race.

Grid Guesses

(Continued from page five)

think the "smart money" is all wet. Missouri by 14 points . . . Santa Clara and Oklahoma meet Saturday in what will provide a severe test for the Broncos. Oklahoma is the other co-favorite to win the Big Seven title, while Santa Clara is probably one of the toughest "little" schools on the coast. Still, we think they're a wee bit out of their league. Oklahoma by 13 points.

That's enough for this "bit." I've fifteen chances to be wrong, and after this week will probably be tapped as a charter member of the Guess-Wrong club. We'll know better Saturday evening.

Here's a Surprise

It may come as a surprise to some, but Oregon is way up there in the field of education.

The low-down on Oregon's heights is in the September 8 issue of Pathfinder magazine which published a survey of education today in the United States. The writers considered the minimum years of college training required of teachers, the per cent of teachers who are men, the ratio of teachers to pupils, the number of students who enroll in high school and the number who ultimately graduate, and the amount of money expended on each pupil.

The states of the far west with the exception of Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado rated better than any other single section of the country; but Oregon was indeed on top. Her teachers must have the maximum amount of education—five years—required in any state in the nation. The average teacher in Oregon has 21.3 pupils, placing Oregon sixth from the top in the individual attention

each pupil receives. Oregon's high school enrollment is in the top quarter, and only one other state, Washington, holds more students until graduation.

Supposedly the Beaver state is tight-fisted with money, but she spends more on each pupil than any other state in the union. The average salary paid teachers, when it is adjusted to the cost of living ranks ninth among the other states. Judging by actual salaries, California teachers get the best pay envelopes in the nation, but when living expenses are counted in, our neighbor ranks fourteenth.

This all sounds very fine, but it is nothing to be complacent about, for education in the United States is in critical condition. That it needs some major operations is admitted by all educators.

We must, then, be proud that we have done so well, but realize that much more remains to be done.

"In MY Opinion . . ."

— From Our Readers —

Just a rebuttal to "B.B.'s" lament about the veteran, his wife and other off-campus students degenerating the content of those fine, pseudo-intellectual conversations which used to exist on the campus but don't any more because of the presence of such as we.

Taking 14 hours of class work and taking care of a 2-year-old son and apartment, not to mention veteran husband, just doesn't leave many opportunities to to "quaff an ale or two, discuss sex and politics and settle, verbally, the world situation," at least not on the campus in the presence of "B.B. and other unattached, on-campus students. Reason being we'd have to hire baby-sitters for such occasions; so, we content ourselves with holding our conversations when the opportunity permits—usually when dinner is over, dishes washed, homework completed, and baby is in bed. And our conversations are not confined to such items, and which I agree isn't very world-shaking or startling, as "adding a can of condensed mushroom soup." We have some pretty good ideas outside of the realm of can-openers, diapers, etc.

In my less-unencumbered school days I was known as what is still referred to as a "campus leader" and wish I once again had time to participate in more real campus activities and organizations, but the opportunity just isn't any longer. Don't think it wasn't hard to adjust to this new anonymity. But I think "B.B.'s" assumption that all our type of students is good for is to call in when recovering a daveno or considering floral patterns versus stripes, was a false one. I hope

through this that "B.B." and others who read her column will consider our side of the story a little more broadmindedly and not consider us strictly surplus property to the U. If "B.B." wants to "baby-sit" while I enter into more campus bull sessions, I'd be delighted and I think I could hold up my end of the pseudo-intellectual conversations.

Mrs. "Off-campus Veteran's Babe"

YWCA and WAA Plan Frosh Party

The YWCA party for freshmen and their counselors, and the WAA freshmen orientation, both scheduled for Tuesday evening, have been combined into a single function.

The party will be held from 6:20 to 7:30 in Gerlinger gym. Representatives from the Y, WAA, and AWS will speak briefly, outlining the programs of their organizations. There will be a swimming demonstration in the pool, followed by square dancing or swimming for the guests. Refreshments will be served at the close of the evening.

The YWCA requests that all counselors escort their freshmen to the party without fail.

More Sleep Monday

University of Oregon students shouldn't appear as sleepy as usual at their eight o'clocks next Monday morning. At two o'clock Sunday morning, September 26, Eugene clocks will be turned back an hour to Standard Time again, and an extra hour of sleep will be gained by all.

Musing

American Male Succumbing To Cosmetic Propaganda

By BILL WASSMAN

The male of the species is changing his spots. He is succumbing to the super appeals of ad copy writers in the employ of cosmetic firms who figure to double their volume by a bid for male customers. Most lamentable part of the whole thing is that the superior male animal doesn't know what is happening to him. The stuff he buys is probably out of the same vats as that which is parceled out to the little woman. But cosmetic manufacturers are smoke-screening the product to the male.



When the appeal is to the man, the shape of the bottle changes and the label is translated back into English from French. The perfume bottle theme for the male suggests the rugged outdoors, the woods, old saddle leather, the piney forests, horses.

This refinement of the American male has been going on for some time. It became noticeable back in the days when the wrist watch first began to nudge the pocket watch for popularity among men. At first it was thought that unless you were a member of the Top Hat squadron you were a bit on the fluffy side if you wore a wrist watch, however, the smaller Swiss trend overcame all obstacles and today the man with a pocket watch suggests the archaic.

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When grandfather came over from the old country there was such a thing as a real "man smell," in various degrees, and even if you were a dandy you did nothing more than use a few drops of bay rum after your shave.

Today, cosmeticians have developed a complete line of powders, perfumes and waters, all with "man smells" and none of them recall grandfather and his "man smell." It is quite possible that nothing would ever be said about this if the thing stopped with soaps, but there is rose oil for the hair, mint powder for the teeth and lilac-scented powder for the feet. A man can't even have a good old-fashioned sweat any more; neutralizing cream takes care of what cosmeticians happily think of as your "danger zones."

Wisely, the lotion makers seem to concentrate their Sunday efforts on men's most vulnerable spots—the pate. With the result that thousands of shampoos, oils, restorers and retouching agents have been placed on the market for a thousand imaginary purposes. Barbers have chipped their bit into the confusion so that it is no longer possible to just drop in for a haircut . . . now the perishable male animal gets "professional advice" supposedly based on the shape of his noggin and the tonorial artist can style to the characteristics of a Prussian general or an unemployed poet laureate. Also men who are not above waves where no waves were meant to be and tints where nothing but grey should prevail.

Where are we going?

The Lowdown

These Guys Do Too Have Readers; Well, At Least One Anyhow

We were walking along the street the other day happily engaged in setting phonograph needles upright under a automobile tires when a fellow student came up to us. He was carrying a record of BOOT WHIP.



REED

He poked the platter under our noses and said, "See this thing? It's cracked. So are the guys that reviewed it in the Emerald." Then he was gone like the mist of the night. At least we got a reader.

For today we got a scoop. May we be the first to introduce, in this area, Volume Seven of Jazz at the Philharmonic. It should reach the local record shops not later than the turn of the century. It is worth waiting for.

Recorded by Clef Recording company of New York, under the direction of Norman Granz, it is a continuation of a series of albums taken direct from the concerts produced in that city. The songs used need no introduction. I FOUND A NEW BABY and TEA FOR TWO. Some of the musicians may be less familiar. Who ever heard of "Shorty Nadine"? He sometimes works under an alias; Nat "King" Cole, I think it is. Then there is a fellow plays the guitar. He is good enough to go under the name of Les Paul. The tenor sax man, Jack McVea, attracted a little notice when he

became the father of a chap named Richard who opens doors for a living. Johnny Miller, on bass, played with the Cole trio for years.

The album is a delight in every way, mainly because it is nothing more than a recorded jam session, complete with yells and all Cole's piano is the most unbelievable music ever put on wax and the audience and players are kept in a daze for one full side. The yells and shouts of the group give the issue that certain spontaneous quality which is so hard to capture in a quiet studio. The bursts of applause which greet each solo make the listener feel right at home.

The music, of course, is superb for these men are the finest in the business. It is pure jazz, not Dixieland, but the kind that is fluid and played without score or rehearsal. It has a great popular appeal but suffers from too much obscurity. The lack of a big name on the label is a great handicap. It is the kind of music that brings on the typical "why didn't somebody tell me" reaction.

If you want something you can get right away, give a listen to Ray McKinley as he sings YOU CAME A LONG WAY (from St. Louis)—Victor 20-2913A. It is one of those specialty numbers after the Calypso manner that will have you rolling in the aisles. The guy that wrote it had women down pat. He will also have a big income tax for the plate is selling like mad. When you first hear it don't say we didn't give you the Lowdown.

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