

Musing . . . With Bill Wassmann

Duty Spelled Privilege

I doubt if anyone will question the system used to distribute tickets for the Oregon-Oregon State game next Saturday.

The system was a smooth one, it was well planned, no one could ask for a more democratic procedure, up to a point.

Where the executive council did get off the track was that its members sat down and voted themselves each one ticket.

This could go without notice if it weren't for the fact that all but two members of the council break their little necks trying to get themselves elected to that position, presumably for the reason that they are interested in the student getting a square deal.

* * *

At election time the campaigners, following good American tradition, trample each other to death in an effort to be the first to be crucified fighting for the cause of the common student.

Let the ballots be counted and bingo, the word duties is spelled P-R-I-V-I-L-E-G-E-S.

It just may be that I'm being a bit harsh on this particular executive council. When I voted last fall I distinctly remember that the promises had nothing but a ring of sincerity, and I'm willing to be the first to admit that if ever 12 faces were the epitome of justice those of the executive council are it.

* * *

With that in mind, I'm sure that these 12 apostles of student democracy will be the first to practice what they preached of a certain election day; I'm sure that one fine day next week, 12 Oregon-Oregon State football tickets will be tossed into the common pot so that everyone will have a shot at them, the members of the executive council included.

I'm sure that some of the members of the council realized that voting themselves tickets wasn't the thing to do, consequently some of them probably never bothered to pick up their tickets, etc.

If this be true, then I suggest that this be explained to the satisfaction of the student body, along with a complete explanation of the disposition of ALL tickets which never were drawn for, if there be any in that category.

Tigers Clean House As Manager Sought

DETROIT, Nov. 13—The Detroit Tigers cleaned house yesterday for the manager who will succeed deposed Steve O'Neill, releasing the last of two of three coaches who worked under O'Neill with the fifth place Tigers of 1948.

General Manager Billy Evans announced that letters had been mailed to Art Mills and Roger (Doc) Cramer advising them of their release. The third 1948 Tiger coach, Bill Sweeney, resigned last month to become manager of Portland in the Pacific Coast league.

No successor to succeed O'Neill as the Tiger manager has yet been named by the Detroit front office.

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Let's Give the Thing A Chance

Registration "might" run a lot more smoothly this term.

Once again the registrar's office has come up with a "new plan," designed as usual to "avoid confusion and delay."

We doubt that any completely painless registration process will ever be devised. However, after studying this one we think it shows great promise. It should eliminate most of the "kinks" of its predecessors.

Of course, as usual, a great deal will depend on the cooperation of all concerned—students, faculty, and administration.

James Kline, assistant registrar, believes that much of the success of the plan hinges

on whether or not students pick up their registration material in Mac court today.

Here's how he reasons:

Fourteen workers will be in the court from eight to five to handle the issuing of registration material. This, he says, should assure that no one need be delayed long in securing his material.

However, he warns, should students in any great numbers fail to pick up their material today, next week those students will cause no end of confusion by jamming up Emerald hall where space is limited and staff members will be busy with other details of registration.

This would in turn, obviously, cause further confusion on down the line.

So why not give the "new plan" a chance.

Play the game—pick up your registration stuff today.

Footnotes by Callahan

Is DuShane 'Fall Guy of the Year'?

By Mike Callahan

Spent an interesting half hour yesterday morning in the office of the pan with The Plan—Donald DuShane.

Unless I miss my guess, he is going to be one very unpopular man for quite a while.

Mr. DuShane hit the big type last week as the man who was going to destroy fraternities, who wanted to corrupt the dorms, and so on, depending on which side of the Greek-Independent fence you stand on. I had a hunch the big story had some interesting footnotes behind it, so I barged down to Emerald hall to find out.

Getting into Mr. DuShane's office was quite an experience in itself, mainly because there was nothing to it. The magic password around there seems to be: "Oregon Daily Emerald." As a side-light, I was surprised to find how small and plain the office of the Big Man really is. After seeing a certain other estate on the same floor of Emerald hall, I couldn't help feeling this cubby-hole once belonged to some junior assistant.

There's quite a little story behind the big headlines, as I found out after a few minutes with Mr. DuShane. First off, it seems he is something of the Fall Guy of the Year. This deferred-living in plan has been quietly brewing among the powers for many months, and was dumped in Mr. DuShane's lap when he took over as student affairs director. However, he did go along.

The decision to announce the new deal was made after a careful survey of available dorm rooms and class enrollment figures. The plan picked up a little more weight when it was found that Oregon wouldn't be exactly in the freak class with the split-living system. Stanford and Purdue have been doing this for some time now.

It also seems that the University IFC, Inter-Dorm, and Pan-Hellenic were all caught off-balance by the plan. As far as I can see, nobody bothered to consult them before the big bombshell was casually exploded.

The pay-off is going to be plenty rough on somebody.

As is to be expected, the individual fraternities are up in arms over what they can see only as a plan to deprive them of counseling privileges for their freshman pledges. Further, since the pledges will be allowed in "the house" only at certain specified times, the fraternities complain that they will be expected to initiate and accept as brothers men

who are virtual strangers to them.

Pan-Hellenic is only slightly less bitter.

The biggest kick, so far, comes from the independent dorm men. I talked with the president of one dorm, and got a few tips on how they see it. The plan, as explained by Mr. DuShane, is expected to promote harmony between the Greeks and Independents by giving each a better chance to know each other. After one year of living near a fraternity group in a vets' dorm, this president can't even crack a smile at that.

Everything from the food bill down to intramural loyalties will be in question with fraternity pledges living in dorms, he told me. As for participation in the dorm program and guidance from the dorm upperclassmen, the freshman pledge is going to get a double dose of both. And, as a footnote to the "clean up the houses" idea that exploded in the last Inter-Dorm meeting, I can see where the poor frosh is going to find that the advice of his dorm roommates and his fratern-

nity brothers isn't always going to agree.

As I see it, the most important man in the whole picture is getting the general cold shoulder. That's the freshman pledge himself.

There's no getting around the fact that the G.I. check will stretch only so far, and unless his father sells used cars, he's going to be in a tough spot. The dorm bills will take a pretty substantial chunk of the check, and then he will be saddled with miscellaneous breakage, entertainment, parlor, and other fees from the fraternity or sorority house.

If the frosh is to know his brothers-to-be, at all he will have to eat at least a few of his meals at the house. That will make it even harder to keep ends meeting.

So what may be the effect?

Unless the freshman is sitting on top of a very healthy bank book, he may be unable to pledge at all during his first year at school! The paper says that fraternity enrollment is expected to increase up to 10 per cent following the first year of The Plan.

Footnote: Show me, Mr. DuShane, I can't quite see it!

Where Space Is Like Gold

"It takes more intelligence to park than it does to drive," someone once said. The statement is proving true on the Fiji parking lot.

Occupying part of the block bordered by Thirteenth and Fourteenth, and Alder and Kincaid streets, the lot could well be paved with Fort Knox gold—every foot is that valuable. It is one of the few places on the campus where students can park.

But space is being wasted and the lot becoming congested by unsystematic parking. Drivers are jamming up things by parking their cars in little clusters around the entrance. Harassed latecomers must then thread their way through to the open space, and they, in turn, park on the fringes of the cluster, so worsening the situation.

It would be appreciated by everybody if students parking on this and the other student lots remember that some other poor fellow will be coming in later.

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Porchlight Parade

By ED CAUDURO

With Sophomore "Joes" stumbling over their beards and the whiskerless floundering around in public tubs, there was no lack of humorous activity this past week.

Frosh classes obligingly assisted Sheriff Eddie and his posse in rounding up the varmints who forsook traditions for a Schick . . . yet, many of the "Badmen," hiding behind ingenious disguises and using back alleys, went untouched . . . maybe something nice and rosy could be worked up for them at the dance tonight. . . .

A Hen Haller tells this tale on her roomie . . . seems this young thing out viewing a movie with her betrothed the other eve, was forced to excuse herself . . . when she returned to her seat again, snuggled up to her partner and continued whispering sweet nothings in his ear . . . feeling a lack of the usual reaction the lass took a closer look and to her shocking horror and amazement this poor "Jane" found that she was in the wrong row. . . .

* * *

Understand that Theta Barbara Fagg passes her time nowadays counting the stubble on Phi Delt Will Urban's chin in hope that he may have a chance in the whisker contest tonight. . . .

Thursday dinner found the DGS and Phi Psi's unprepared for the surprising good news that Virginia Cassavant and Don Boots have reinforced their pinning with a flashing token of love. It will be a "Marry Christmas for the two. . . .

A sideline on this happy combo . . . Wednesday afternoon, Don, who is on the Sophomore "Wanted" list, outran his would be dunkers for three blocks before finally surrendering. But Cassy, with a couple of well placed kicks, came to his rescue saving him from the "Water treatment" . . . (Believe me, the water is icy . . . I speak from experience thanks to friend Sophs . . . it isn't even safe for seniors while the whiskered men are on the prowl . . .)

* * *

More engagements come rolling in with Alpha Xi Jan Archibald tagging her "deer" and choosing matrimony to a nursing career . . . the lucky gent is Bob Shmor. Then there's Sig Kappa Jill Leachman happily linked to Ray Lokting and Ed Harris, a male Pi Phi, to DZ Nan Hoerlin. . . .

Week nights don't seem to offer much inducement for pinning but we do have one of last week that was lost in the shuffle of hearts . . . Pi Phi Jane Carlisle and ATO Bill Bowes. . . .

Seems Pi Phi Joan Carr is trying to prove that she's the athletic type . . . Between her sprints in the pool for the Amphibians, the "Flash" hustles about the campus in football uniform . . . If Oregon's Rose Bowl hopes lie in the discovery of a "Sweeney's sister" . . . Aiken, here's your gal.

Voted as the most steady of the "steady teddys" . . . Theta Barbara Stevenson and Beta Mac Montague. They never have need for the Piggers' Guide.

Ted Gullic Released

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 13—(AP)—Ted Gullic, coach of the Portland Beavers of the Pacific Coast league for the last two seasons, was released this week by General Manager Bill Mulligan.

Mulligan said Gullic was given an outright release to enable Bill Sweeney, new Beaver manager, to select his own coach.