

Extracurricular Civil Wars

Along with the annual news of the Oregon-Oregon State game comes the inevitable plea for fair play on the part of the two schools. Somehow little worry is expended on sportsmanship on the playing field, but the actions of the rest of the student body are another matter.

Already the "O" on the butte has turned a beautiful, rich orange, and any day now we expect to see beavers, with the ominous inscription "O.S.C." appearing on the sidewalks.

Looking back over the past few years, one can remember spies in Junction City alerting the campus on the approaching cars full of the enemy. But one can also remember the sorry-looking creatures who showed up for their classes the next day. Some of them looked pretty battered—and sleepy.

Yes, those days were exciting, if a little hard on the constitution. As those who fought said later, fights are fine as long as you don't get hurt.

Then there were the mornings that the campus awoke to find those strange symbols, "O.S.C." burned into the grass. Rumor has it that similar happenings occurred at the neighboring school to the north.

Evidently the men at the physical plant ran out of turpentine removing paint from sidewalks and the Pioneer Mother; or maybe a dire shortage of Vigoro occurred trying to restore burned lawns.

At any rate, the two schools decided that they'd had enough of this stuff. The tight budgets of the Oregon schools just couldn't take it if someone decided to blow up Johnson hall—all in fun, of course.

So, before things got completely out of hand, they issued their proclamation on the dangers of active participation in any extracurricular civil wars.

All is not lost, however. There's still a fine battle coming up Saturday—22 men on Bell field. J. G.

Smith Inflation

The Piggers' Guide, under one name or another, has been coming out for 32 years. And this year another was published, in the same week that advented The Baby Who May Someday Be King.

As a matter of fact, this is a fine week for a birthday because many important things have happened on these dates in years past. For example, on November 17, 1933 the student council authorized a payment to a firm in Salem for a piano cover lost at a Glee club concert the year before.

But getting back to the Piggers Guide, as surely as it appears, the Emerald runs a story telling how many Smiths and Johnsons were listed.

We don't know how many Smiths were in the first Piggers guide (1916) for it is at the bindery. (There's no hurry about getting these things bound, you know.) In 1922, however, when the first Piggers Guide came out in printed, not mimeographed form, there were 19 Smiths, or .9 per cent of the total enrollment.

This year Smiths comprise more than one per cent of the student body. **SMITHS ARE ON THE INCREASE.** If the Smiths continue gaining at the same rate, and the enrollment goes up at the same rate, by 27,948 A. D. everyone except professors at the University of Oregon will be named Smith.

But even before that date, we have good cause for alarm. A minority can often overturn a majority. Witness November 3, 1917 when the Bolsheviks under Lenin (Ulianov) seized supreme power of Russia.

All of us not named Smith should organize. We should put the Smiths to good use, let them channel their energies. John Stark Evans should have used them when he announced on November 18, 1922 that unless the Glee club received new impetus, it would disintegrate.

And furthermore, what were the Smiths doing on November 19, 1924 when—oh well. Let the Smiths increase. B. H.

The Lowdown A Fable: 'Betty K' Falls Victim To the God of Textiles, Styles

By Bud Hurst

We have had the New Look for a little over two years now. What thoughts does such a reflection bring to mind? It reminds us of a fable without an ending.

Once upon a time there was a very happy little girl named Betty Koedd. She was style conscious but happy. She went around dressed in short skirts and tight fitting sweaters and all the boys were happy too. It was a good old world.

Then one day disaster struck. The God of Textiles and Styles issued a statement to the press of the nation. "I am not making enough money so styles will have to be changed and every woman will have to buy new clothes. So shall it be!"

The die was cast. One could argue with parents and teachers and high officials of the state but who could dispute the word of such an all-powerful authority as he who dictated style. No one dared.

So all over the country millions of girls like Betty, who had once been happy, thrifty and independent, were bowed down to this edict and set about spending all their money on new clothes. The trim ankles and lithe legs disappeared and the curves became snarled in an orgy of cloth. The looks and smiles vanished from the faces of the boys and sensual

desire hit rock bottom on the market. The visual affections of men all over the world were transferred from anatomies to automobiles.

As the years went by only a few found themselves able to recall the glorious days of the uplift bra and the dimpled knee. The college professor looked with a feeling of nostalgia at our little Betty, seated in the front row. "The impossible has happened," he thought to himself, "The Mother Hubbard has been converted to everyday wear."

Old fires died down to smoldering embers. The virile male stirred restlessly in his chair by the fire as he read the comics and appraised the features of Daisy Mae and the Wolf Gal. He took small consolation in the Bikini bathing suit for he had never actually seen one on a woman. He lived in Oregon, not Florida.

It is here that the fable ends. Our Betty is still covered discreetly with clothes from head to toe and still trips over the edge of her skirt when she gets up from the table.

She is middlin' happy in her own little world but wht of the men in theirs. The story is unfinished but the men need no happy ending to help them draw their inevitable conclusion. The Great American Sucker of universal renown—is a woman!!

The Druids' Corner

It's been pretty well hashed over, but there are a couple of angles to this deferred living business that haven't had the attention they deserve. First of all, what about the financial strain on fraternities and sororities during the transition period?

It's been three years since the Oregon fraternities were reactivated after the wartime shutdown. Most of them are now on fairly stable ground, but they're facing another manpower shortage because of the draft. Perhaps college students won't be called, but there's no guarantee of that. If they are, it's going to be tough sledding for the men's houses, especially if they are cut off from their one available source of immediate replacements.

A glance at the registration figures will show that the veteran is a vanishing race on the Oregon campus. When the class of 1950 graduates, the last of the vet-loaded groups will be gone.

It doesn't take an overdose of logic to prove that the remaining men will be first-class draft bait.

* * *

With the present set-up, the pinch will come next fall. Under deferred living, freshmen won't be moving into the houses next September. Under the present draft law, college students are exempt only for the current school year. This could easily develop into a one-two punch that would close quite a few of the men's houses, a situation that wouldn't quite be in keeping with the purpose of strengthening the fraternity system at Oregon.

It won't be so bad for the girls. If the time comes when the co-eds are called into service, we probably won't be worrying much about a new pledging system.

But the ladies will feel the financial strain, too. Prices aren't on the downgrade and it costs a lot to operate a sorority, ask any house treasurer. The transition period needed for deferred living would boost house bills out of sight and limit the number of girls who could pledge, also not in keeping with the purpose of strengthening the Greek system.

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But most telling of all is the fact that nobody who will be affected by the change wants it. The Inter-Dorm council is opposed to the plan, the Interfraternity council and Panhellenic are against it.

The reasons for this opposition are varied, but an important one lies in the manner of presentation of the deferred living scheme. It was suddenly foisted upon them, before they had a chance to help work out a plan acceptable to all concerned.

All of which brings us right back to the point we stressed two weeks ago, letting the student body in on administrative decisions. It's too late now to work out anything without somebody backing down. But whatever develops, why not let the people concerned speak their piece before the program is finished?

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DISCritic Finds Victor's New Collection - 'Theme Songs' - Good

By Michael Callahan

It's a long time between hits in the discritic racket, when each record has to pass inspection for arrangement, surface quality, and performance. That's why we find it easy to give the word on Victor's new collection: "Theme Songs."

Take eight of the top name orks now playing the American airwaves, package their talents into their own theme tunes, and serve in a bright album loaded with history highlights. The result is a smash seller. And that's "Theme Songs."

Into eight solid sides, Victor has paraded "Twilight Time" (The Three Suns), "Kaye's Melody" (Swing-and-Swayer Sammy), "Racing With the Moon" (Vaughn Monroe), "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You" (TD), "Piano Concerto No. 1" (a la Freddy Martin), "The Waltz You Saved for Me" (Wayne King), "Moonlight Serenade" (styling by Beneke, not original), and "My Promise to You" (Larry Green).

The cover blurb calls it "music that inspired a generation of dancers," we call it the melodies that a million commercials cut to ribbons . . . for that porchlight night, what more could you want?

New and noticeable: The King Cole Trio, with Nat handling the words, has another new one on an Atlas label. After a while these Cole discs begin to sound alike to us, they're that good. This time they paired a jumper, "Got a Penny" with the standard sentimental, "Let's Pretend." For what it's worth, we lay odds on "Penny" to catch.

The least we can say about Charlie Ventura's new item, "Moon Nocturne," is that it gave

us a good ride over both sides of the disc. Ventura's so-called new orchestra kicks the theme around a la Kenton, using the trick heavy drops and weaving horns for all they're worth.

The sax crew is as strong as ever, and keep well behind CV's lead alto. It's not danceable, but offers a pretty fair showcase of the new band.

Dixieland jazz, when it's good, is as "pure" a form of music as is likely to be found on the current American scene. That's why we keep a warm spot on our typewriter ribbon for collector's items from Kid Ory, Satchmo Armstrong, Woody Herman, and the rest.

And that's why we can't see Tommy Dorsey's latest album—"TD's Clambake Seven."

First recorded in 1935, Dorsey's burlesque of the Storyville style went over big on the New York cafe circuit. As long as the seven keep it light and corny, like "Rancho Grande," it's good spotlight stuff. But when Pee Wee Erwin cuts loose with a high trumpet, we can't help thinking what really good jazz the boys could give with their coats off in the back room.

Offered in the clambake album are "The Music Goes Round and Round," "At the Codfish Ball," "Josephine," "Shiek of Araby," "The Lady Is a Tramp," and a few other "gems." Some of the better music makers of that era worked for Dorsey, including Gene Traxler and his bass, drummer Dave Tough, and the aforementioned Erwin, who Berrigan called the second best white jazz trumpeter in the business. And that's plenty good for such a collection.

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