

A Fable from the Land of Llama Curds and Priests

By Larry Lau

Hidden high astride the Tibetan hills lies a monastery known to the wandering herdsmen as Laou-Dung-Tsi. In the month of the moonstone when the gaunt China winds vent their white fury, the old, thin-bearded priests are wont to stand before the blackstone fireplace and between sups of llama curds, tell strange tales of the world for which there is no history. One of them goes like this...



"It is so recorded that in the Time of Freshness, before the Great Ice, the world was divided into two spheres, one ruled by Jos the Dinosaur and the other by Har the Winged Reptile. In the beginning there was a calmness, but as each learned more of the earth it came to pass that Jos

and Har were enemies. On the day of the Festival of the Poppy, Jos suddenly proclaimed that the creatures of the earth should henceforth walk on all fours. And the mighty Har did deny this and commanded the creatures that they all should fly. "How else can one be free?" Har would ask.

"If one flies and one walks and one swims," Jos would answer, "'tis freedom for only a few. Let everyone walk and be equally free."

And Har would drum his great wings in anger and thunder, "Heed not the words of Jos. Let each creature choose for himself!"

So it was that all the creatures laughed no longer and grew fearful lest the two giants war upon each other. Some sided with Jos and some with Har, but many drew back atremble to wait and see.

Now in the land of the Winged Reptile there were schools as there are stars in the heavens,

and for each, a group of wise Owls to teach. And there were also schools with wise Owls in the land of the Dinosaur. In the land of the Winged Reptile little creatures were learned of walking and flying and swimming and made to choose thereon. In the land of the Dinosaur they learned only of walking on all fours and knew nothing of flying or swimming, and it came to pass that many perished.

And Har would say to the other creatures, "Note you the freedom of flying, that one also knows how to walk and swim."

And Jos would growl uncomfortably and answer, saying, "Is it not a waste to clutter one's mind when it has been proclaimed that the creatures shall henceforth walk on all fours?"

And the creatures would ponder at great length and finally say of Har, "His is indeed a way more free. Our peoples shall also fly."

But alas! It came to pass in the land of the Winged Reptile

that a great disagreement arose between the Owls.

"Walking is wrong," said one. "In this land we fly. To even mention walking is unpatriotic."

"To cause little creatures to think disturbing thoughts is wicked," said another fat old Owl.

And there were some Owls who said unto them, "Indeed, it is true we think walking far superior to flying, but we merely believe, we do not so teach."

And there were the many Owls who spoke wisely, saying, "How better can we prove the blessings of flying than to let it be compared with walking on all fours?"

But the peoples in the land of the Winged Reptile grew fearful and mistrustful lest the proclamation of Jos come true. And they gradually became so intent on hating Jos that they came to hate walking and swimming too and indeed, flying became, as Jos had predicted, freedom for only a few.

And there came over the earth a great uncertainty. Those who swam did expire in misery trying

to walk, and those who walked on all fours came into madness trying to fly, and those who flew did drown trying to swim.

And finally the Great One looked down upon the earth in anger and scorn and said unto the creatures, "Ye were not created in sameness. None were placed herein to transport themselves in an alien fashion.

Fools! That ye have thus denied yourselves. Freedoms once taken from the rocks and hills shall even now be taken from you. There shall be a new creature among you who will walk upright and fly and swim and be called Man and shall rule the earth.

And should Man also fall into your grievous error, I will have done with the earth and there shall be caused a great fire to engulf its peoples and there will be no longer a living thing."

And all the creatures were struck dumb with terror and felt a great hatred and shame for the Owls who had thus misled them.

The Cobbon Co'd

The red-nosed menace has struck!

Bacilli swarm within my portals

Such as were ne'er conceived by mortals...

A common cold, gadzooks, forsooth!—Ogden Nash.

Dyou're right, O'den. Dthe cobbon co'd is here vor sure. Of sbeteen persons in dthe infirbary, bost are sufferi'g frob dthe cobbon co'd and its bore wicked variations.

Whad to do about it?

Firstly: Do'd catch co'd in dthe first place.

Secondly: If you do catch co'd, glear out your codgested passakes by smoki'g lods of zigarettes.

Thirdly: Dry zigars if zigaretts do'd help.

Fourthly: Dry dthrowing dthree apple peali'gs ober your shou'der wen dthe moon is-full.

Fifthly: Keep cheerfud. Rebember dthat dthe bacilli hab to lib sobewhere, too.

Sixthly: Soak your feed-in vinegar and write a poeb like O'den Dash did.

See you at the infirbary!—B.H.

Ground Hog's Calculations

There was hope during the morning hours yesterday. The day dawned cloudy and cold and by noon there were snow flurries. But, oh, woe, about 2 p. m. the sun came out momentarily, the ground hog saw his shadow, and we must presume that he crawled back into his hole.

This all adds up to the fact that there will be six more weeks of winter—a surprise to no one.

By lightning calculations, we find that if the ground hog is really accurate, the first warm, sunny day will come on March 16—the exact middle of final week.

Anyone who has been on the campus during the first sunny days of spring knows what happens to the student body. Books are forgotten and everyone takes off on a picnic.

For the sake of winter term grades, we can only hope that the ground hog's calculations are faulty and that warm weather holds off at least until spring vacation. B.B.

Wild Notes Does Our Ivory Tower Need More Ventillation? Asks Young

By Fred Young

It seems too bad that our school's high-powered academic policy couldn't have relented long enough last Friday afternoon to have moved two feminine PE classes out of Gerlinger annex in favor of the March of Dimes Show.

It had the makings of a good show. The Emerald graciously gave considerable space to urge its success. But it lost all appeal when Uni Hi's folding auditorium was cited as the place.

Maybe the few dollars that might have been scraped up from the student body, or the time donated by campus entertainers, or the amusement of our fellow workers didn't merit moving the classes. But, in that case we'd better knock a few windows out of our ivory tower to let a little air in.

Those of us who did venture back into the shadow of secondary education last Friday heard some very good and not so easy music by Easy Zarones and His Men of Easy Rhythm. It was too much for the small, but appreciative, crowd that listened. The intense arrangements are by the trombonist Bob Hays whose playing suggests Bill Harris; but Hays would probably rather be compared with only Hays.

Marty Wright, who plays bop clarinet and tenor with Zarones as learnedly as he instructs in the chem lab, suggests a must in our modern symphonic programme—Bela Bartok's "Concerto for Orchestra." In attempting to hear for ourselves, we found an indication of popularity, inasmuch as the concerto seemed generally sold out everywhere. Concerto for Orchestra seems a strange title but the composer explains that its tendency to treat of single instruments or instrument groups in a soloistic man-

ner illustrates a concerto—unquote.

New singles out in the popular category include frantik Kenton and his krew observing "I'll Never Be the Same." They're playing so slow and nice you hope they will be. A good tune for your sig-to-sigh dancing. The back sports June "that name" Christy singing "He's a Good Man as Good Men Go, But As Good Men Go He Went." Which is a nice tune as nice tunes go.

For those of us who enjoy the piano's block-chords, a record by Earl Bostic on the Gotham (available locally) label "Joy Dust" has a very long block-chord solo which shouldn't be judged without listening to the entire side.

A very good jazz album was released by Victor featuring Louie Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, and we don't know who all they dusted off for this recording at the Town Hall in New York. A realistic edition carrying audience applause and the musicians' ad libs. Also, such popular Louie-tions as "Old Rocking Chair" and "Others We've Forgotten."

Big news in the record business is Capitol's acquisition of Herman and Herd. Publicity from that office sez that Capitol is going on strictly a bop kick—and giving pop the boot.

Victor signed Ike Carpenter during the record ban and his initial effort is forthcoming. His band style hints of its Ellington influence, although the group actually is small—about a dozen men—it uses different instrument combinations to obtain a pleasant big sound. This arrangement—a small band with a big sound and bigger ideas—might be the answer to one of our From worries.

However, the first Carpenter record does not live up to the preceding paragraph. Though it offers the opportunity to hear Ike's singing discovery, Johnny April.

The political powers behind this column urge you to be on the lookout for the Sheepdog.

With the Legislators

Washington

Rep. Horan (R-Wash) said yesterday the Democratic administration is "trying to get out from under" on its promise to enact a farm program that will meet the needs of farmers and please city dwellers.

"After leading administration figures helped swing the 1948 election by denouncing the long-range farm program of the 80th congress, they now find themselves sorely put to offer an acceptable program of their own," Horan said in an interview.

"The parity and price support problem is as large as ever but the agriculture department has yet to offer a solution.

"Instead, the job has been put squarely up to congress—to which the administration can send anyone who doesn't like the result."

A government official told a senate committee yesterday the Aluminum company of America is considering construction of an aluminum plant in Alaska.

The testimony came from W. E. Warne, assistant secretary of the interior, at a hearing before the senate interior committee.

Chairman O'Mahoney (D-Wyo) asked the witness if Alcoa is planning a plant in Alaska. Answering in the affirmative, Warne added that the plans have not gone far enough for any public statement as to the details.

Warne went on to say that the plan would be in southeast Alaska, north of Ketchikan, and would require a treaty between the United States and Canada as it will "involve international waters."

He said he thought the plans were to have part of the aluminum-making process in Alaska and part in Oregon or Washington. He said the company was attracted to Alaska by the availability of a power supply.

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