

Sophomore Wisdom

The Blue Boy's Conversation in a Barber's Chair

by Bob Funk

"The quality of mercy is not strained," he whispered under his breath.

"What did you say?" the barber leered down at him. "Here, we'll turn you around." The chair whirled, and he caught a fleeting glimpse of himself staring wildly at himself from a blue glass mirror. "Now how do we look? Is that about short enough for us?"

"We look just fine," he said. "In fact, I can't remember when we've seen us looking finer." And take that and burn it in your coal-oil lamp, he thought. He was thinking a great many things, most of them bitter things about the barber. So far the barber had pumped him on politics, love, and GPA.



"I thought maybe you said something," the barber said. "Sometimes my customers talk in very low voices, and I can't hear. I ask them if they've said something, and sometimes they haven't. I never know. Sometimes I think they've said something, you see."

"Of course. People aren't speaking very clearly these days. I, now, I have a lateral lisp. But I can talk real loud, otherwise." He closed his eyes. I am going to sleep, he hoped.

"There are three newspapers that come out in the morning in this state—say, do we want a neck shave?"

"No. Not this time." Dear me. Three morning newspapers. And we've only been reading one. With our unshaven neck. "I'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey..." he hummed low in his throat.

"What's that?" the barber asked.

"I said, 'I want to be there when the band starts playing.'"

"Oh, I didn't get the first part of the sentence, though."

"It wasn't a sentence. It's a song, and it starts 'I'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey,' and then goes on to the part you heard me singing, and then

goes on some more."

"That's funny. I know that song too, but I couldn't quite get the tune. You didn't sing it very loud. I thought you were talking."

"I was talking. I talk all of my songs. I hate music. Next year the Met is going to have me come and talk 'Samson.' Kirsten Flagstad is going to talk Delilah. She's a monotone."

"You mean you just say all your songs, like they weren't songs at all?" The barber looked back over his shoulder into the blue mirror, as if to re-identify himself and his place in the world.

"Yes, I talk all my songs. I can talk in three keys. Two major and one harmonic minor. I have perfect pitch and can tell anybody what key they are talking in, only I only talk in three. I think if you do just a little and do it well, you have a better chance of reaching the zenith of your art."

"I imagine so. You ought to be in one of those talent contests. You know. Where people talk like dogs over the radio and things. You might get some place."

"Only I can't talk like a dog. I just talk like me. In three keys. The harmonic minor may sound just a little like a Doberman-Pinscher, but I doubt it."

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Thank You, Father

One Dad, standing at the window watching it snow, voiced the thought of many:

"I didn't have to come down here to see snow. That's all we've got at home."

But there's more to Dads' Day than looking at the campus greenery, so the weekend shouldn't have been disappointing. As long as there weren't any paternal casualties from acute contusions by snowballs, dislocated spines from falls on the ice, and drownings from stepping into snow-camouflaged holes, we can consider that the weekend was successful.

Dad got to see Oregon win two basketball games, he got to inspect the current boyfriend (or vice-versa), and he had his long-awaited opportunity to view the Museum of Natural History and the Oriental art museum—as well as getting the latest scoop on inflation and the high cost of living at Oregon. And we hope that he was allowed time for a good visit with his image—that's probably what he came down for in the first place.

While we're rehashing the weekend, may we congratulate all persons assigned to campus clean-up on their rare good luck. It's not often that Jupiter Pluvius, or whoever it is that governs such things, saves the crew from going out with their little pointed sticks, and gunnysacks to pick up candy bar wrappers. You see? There's a silver lining to every snowcloud.

And so—long live Dad—and all the snowplows that eased his way home.—B.H.

On the Air

Best Sports Show Returns to KOAC

by Marty Weitzner

The best sports radio program in the state is coming back. "Webfoot Huddle Time," sidelined when it's personnel, namely footballer Bob Roberts, graduated last term, will be heard again over KOAC. The first broadcast is slated for sometime early next week. We wish we were able to tell you the time, since the organizers of the show are as eager for the campus to hear it as well as the rest of the state. Under Roberts' guidance, "Huddles" enjoyed air time from Coos Bay to the wheat fields of eastern Oregon, and had a long list of stations which eagerly awaited recordings of the session.

The new version promises to be even better. Under the direction of Tom King and Ray Crumme, we will get all the insides about locker room strategy, and why somebody did or didn't can the winning basket. For the first show, Bob Lavey, (perpetual motion's gift to Oregon basketball), and towering freshman star Chet Noe will discuss the future of the court game at the University. Future guests will include Jim Aiken, Bill Bowerman, Dick Wilkins, Norm Van Brocklin, and other coaches and players.

Another feature will be a session in which the boys tear into some phase of Oregon

sports. They may lay a coach's head on the block because of a bad bit of judgment, or they may go into the background of one of our athletes. Both broadcasters possess enough sportswriting experience to be able to call what they see. Tom, as you know, was sports editor of the Emerald, while Ray has had professional experience in California.

We'll try and get time and more facts in time for you to catch the inaugural show.

Speaking of programs and recordings, the Radio Workshop has come up with a program that ought to be recorded for use in high schools and even the lower grades. The show is an hour version of "MacBeth", to be presented over KOAC Feb. 11. Too



many high school students are scared away from Shakespeare by the difference between the language he used and our colloquial speech. The program will retain much of the original Shakespeare, and by listening instead of reading, many youngsters, and older people too, would be stimulated to read the play and other of the master's works in full.

And don't forget another show that's new to KOAC this term. "Campus News and Previews," heard at 8:15 to 8:30 every Monday night, is being produced by students in radio journalism.

As a final note, can you think of any weekend program or programs that made better listening than our double win over Washington?

Thank You, AGS and USA

If we may pat ourselves on our backs a little, we'd like to say we are rather proud of the freshmen candidates for number two position; Helen Jackson and Jackie Wilkes (alphabetical, J before W), both of whom have been loyal Emerald workers Fall and Winter term.

There may be reason to be proud of the number one candidates, too; but since they are "outsiders"—haven't worked on the Emerald—we'll leave them out of this discussion.

Not only have Miss Wilkes and Miss Jackson (turnabout is fair play) been "rewarded" for diligent Emerald work by receiving the nomination, but they both won by rather close votes over two girls who also worked on the Emerald—Rusty Holcomb, reliable night editor, and Twila Kevin, fall term headline writer (names alphabetical).

Now we would like to mention how hard the two candidates have worked on the paper; but in doing so we might slip up and write an additional adjective or two about one of them. This naturally would leave us open to charges of partiality, bias, prejudice, and playing politics from representatives of the party whose girl was "slighted."

And readers must be fully aware how sensitive we are to any such remarks.)

So we will just let it go, and say that we are happy to see our "local girls" make good in other fields; especially since they both continue to work as hard as ever on the paper.

And if any other freshmen want a start on the activity road, step right up.



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