



"I wonder why the 'Sigma Phi Nothings' don't learn to use the telephone like other fraternities do?"

On the Air

Watch the Platforms-- Television May Be Next

By Marty Weitzner

Battling through a raft of officialdom, and a mass of red tape, "Webfoot Huddle Time" has emerged with a permanent spot over KOAC. The program will be broadcast via recording from Corvallis at 5:45 p.m. every Friday.

It isn't the best time in the world, but as soon as other stations pick up the show, "Huddles" listenership should increase. Stations throughout the state are sending in requests for the show, and a Eugene network could do no wrong by taking the program for release at a more convenient hour than that given it by KOAC.



A. L. E. R. C. I. E.

The Broadcaster's Conference scheduled for this weekend is not expected to arrive at any decisions that will greatly affect the University radio program. Membership in the Broadcaster's Association is limited to radio stations only, and we ain't got none.

On the station topic, we cribbed a bit of information from the Syracuse Daily Orange, which is the journalistic child of Syracuse University of New York (not Greece). Seems while we bat our heads against a budget and the FCC for a little old AM or FM outlet, Syracuse is going in for television. Within

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The Horse Laughs

Since parking was banned near campus business establishments—a concession to babbity, but perhaps a necessary one—the Emerald has been deluged with calls from inventors and crackpots. (Three calls, that is. They were all from seniors in journalism. All women. Rather similar sounding voices.)

One caller advocated that the 1950 car be collapsible, on the order of a baby buggy. Then the brothers could stack their cars in the yard every night. (Such an invention would also mean a lower priced car, the caller pointed out.)

The next phone call was from a fervid patriot and nature fiend. She pointed out that now is the time to advocate the abolition of the automobile.

"Fewer cars could mean healthier people. No accidents, more exercise, greater chastity," she said.

"If only we could do away with the automobile, we would be better people. We would be strong, healthy and self-sufficient like our pioneer fathers." (We apologized and hung up after 15 minutes of this. Too dissipated to hold up the receiver that long.)

We expected that if another call came in, it would be from some alert shoe salesman. Instead it was from someone who identified herself as the secretary of Koke-Chapman. She said that establishment was entering its bid to fill up the Millrace completely. This, of course, would provide a great stretch of parking space.

We said thanks. But the parking problem remains.—B.H.

Ritin' at Random

South Pacific All Froth

By Jo Gilbert

If you have imagination and can read, why spend your dough to see a musical show—just read the play. But too, you must have the tunes well in mind, for they are written out in the book version. And just to read these odds and ends of lyrics without hearing a seventy-five man chorus in your mind—brother, you're lost!

With all this in mind, I read SOUTH PACIFIC (Random House, Inc.: \$2.50) by Hammerstein, No. 2 and Logan and came to the conclusion that I'd rather spend the money seeing the play. Maybe it's a lack in the reader of some necessary quality required by such plays, but it's all froth to me. Even the heart-rendering scenes leave me without a tear. As much as one can picture this play, I can see why it would be a sellout on Broadway. Totally different in attitude from Michener's TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC

(from which it was adapted), still many of the characters give forth with great comedy possibilities both in book and play.

With that I am thinking of "Bloody Mary" who learns through the courtesy of the Marines a few well chosen American words. The play puts her across nearly as well as the book. And the love story of Joe Cable, Lt., USMC, and the native girl, Liat, is done well. The lead is obviously, from only reading the play, tailored for Mary Martin, the play's leading star on Broadway. And Pinza would make a fine rather middle aged but "lead material" planter.

All in all, a good play to see, not too good to read, and especially not if you've read TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC. For me? I'll pay my money—if I get the chance. Anyone going to New York?



Young Stuff

Versatile Kenton Directs, Plays 88 Keys; Christy's Hubby Durable Sideman, Tenor

By Fred Young

Always one to smile, I wonder what happened to the possibility that "Playmates Magazine" would have a spread "Weeping with Willie" featuring the soup organization and other pictures of democratic truths. But, that doesn't manage our plug for the coming "Innovations in Modern Music For 1950" concert.

We've heard a good deal from the South-way in ad-

vance of this revolutionary musical organization, and it all sounds mighty fine.

That which has revolved most diametrically is the addition of a 16-piece string section (10 fiddles, three violas, three cellos—still must consider the double bass as rhythm) and, in case you know him, George Kast is concert-master.

Other additions include the two French horns whose com-

plementary sounds will be the business of Johnny Graas, former Claude Thornhill great, and Lloyd Otto.

Two bright new faces in the sterling trumpet section will be Maynard Ferguson, the ex-Barnett star who blew very brilliantly at the Los Angeles workshop preview, January 30th, and Shorty Rogers of Woody Herman renown who handles his jazz horn or composing pen with

equal facility. Three of the outstanding Kenton regulars will be back—Ray Wetzel, Buddy Childers, and Chico Alvarez. Man for man probably the greatest section ever organized.

The next row forward finds three of the old Kenton trombones held by Harry Betts, Milt Bernhart, and Bart Varsalona. Bill Russo, who also is listed among the arrangers, will be the fourth. The name

of the other man to be in the section has not been disclosed as yet. Kai Winding is not a good rumor. Though—

The same situation is extant in the reed section where advance reports list all but one name. George Weilder returns to lead the section which includes the jazz of Art Pepper's alto and Bob Cooper's tenor. Cooper, although being June Christy's

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