

Sorority Cooperation Needed

The fraternity House Manager's association at Oregon has an idea which seems to have much merit. The idea is a co-operative buying system for fraternities and sororities.

The plan is now in operation at Oregon State. There, a co-op buys foods, janitorial supplies, and other necessary items in quantities large enough to command considerably lower prices.

Then the co-op members buy their needs from it at a slight markup. The markup is used to handle expenses of running the co-op. Money left after a year's operation is rebated to members. The benefits: Buying is centralized, put in experienced hands. From 10 to 15 per cent less money is spent for the same amount of food. House bills can be lower.

At Oregon last spring term, the house managers from all 21 fraternities signed an agreement expressing willingness to accept the plan. The problem now: To convince the sorority house mothers and cooks that the plan is better than the present "each-house for itself" setup.

The co-op buying system requires almost complete living organization support. Thus, sorority participation is vital to success. Sorority house mothers are naturally reluctant to relinquish buying reins.

The House Manager's association has here a real opportunity for service. If it can provide the necessary drive and leadership in planning and organizing such a co-op for Oregon, there is little doubt of the benefits. To convince the house mothers they will need to produce something concrete and workable. We hope they do.—(B. G.)

Take Home More Than a Diploma

Stephens college has just completed a ten-year study of coed expenses. The results were about what might be expected—it costs a lot for a gal to go to school these days.

Cigarettes and food were the biggest single items on the Stephens students' budgets. Interviews with Oregon coeds indicate that holds true here too. Next on the list are clothing accessories and repairs, books, school supplies, amusements, and gifts.

A Stephens woman spends about \$35 a month, or \$312 a year. Oregon coeds average about the same. But the catalogue allows only \$118 for these items, excluding clothes, travel and amusements. The difference between the two sums depends on the wealth of the individual student.

Stephens supports a department of consumer education to teach students the art of getting maximum satisfaction from their spending allowance.

Their advice is useful for the woman who has all the money she needs as well as the student on a shoestring.

Jane, their model budgeter, eats all her meals in her living organization, avoids buying expensive gifts, Dutch treats when with the girls, and buys only what she needs.

She sets her own standards, and doesn't try to compete with friends who have liberal allowances. If she finds that she is living beyond her means, she revises her budget.

Oregon coeds have an advantage over Jane. They are offered the best of entertainment on campus. Movies, concerts, lectures and square dances are all free.

The advice is good. And not too hard to follow.

Those who imitate Jane are typical of the coed who takes something (but certainly not money) home with her diploma.—(H. J.)

On the Sweetland Coffee Hour...

Monroe Sweetland, Democratic National Committeeman from Oregon, is speaking in the Dad's Lounge this afternoon.

Such a matter of fact statement is likely to be ignored. But in reality the presence of a political personality on a state university campus is a rarity. Oregon is the only school in the Northwest that allows such people to speak to students.

Sweetland's appearance on the campus does not mean that the University is supporting the Democratic party. It does mean that the University is eager to have its students hear all sides of every issue.



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Famous Last Words



"Well, I see we have about a minute of class time left—any questions?"

Jazz With Chas

A Long Way From May to Miller

by Chuck 'Chas.' Karsun

The much-heralded Billy May brings his band into the Eugene Armory Friday night on the heels of an extensive, nationwide publicity campaign enjoyed by few of his contemporaries. An attentive ear to some of his more recent Capitol etchings, as well as some of his radio network remotes, causes this jazz fancier to ask: "What's all the fuss about?"

With the exception of Willie Smith, whom Billy filched from the magnificent Duke Ellington aggregation, the band is not noted for any especially eminent sidemen. Smith, whose brittle alto sax has definitely seen its most productive years, is occasionally featured on a vocal.

Novelty Fades

When the Billy May sound first came out it was new, fresh, different, humorous and exciting. The exaggerated slurring of the reeds coupled with a strong two-beat somewhat reminiscent of the late Jimmie Lunceford band was a distinctive trademark which the casual listener could readily identify as Billy May.

However, Capitol records has since released streams of Billy May sides with the familiar May trademark—almost all with that same unvarying monotony. A good thing has been done to excess. It has degenerated into a repetitious and "ear-itating" pattern.

What was once a pleasant sound—and could have remained so had it been used in moderation—now grates on this listener's nerves. Mr. May, who blossomed forth with new, captivating ideas, has subsequently proved lacking in imagination.

Ignores Miller Example

Even the late Glenn Miller, who had a characteristically Miller Blend, was wise enough to vary

his output. He employed contrasts in his arrangements which didn't employ the well-known Miller voicing. Apparently Mr. May has learned nothing from the most successful bandleader of all time.

May may be riding on the crest of a popularity wave now, but—to paraphrase the lyrics of an old song—it's a long time for May 'til December. The crowds may grow short when he reaches November.

Despite my criticisms, Billy May will still draw a hefty crowd at the Armory.

Friday will be May Day in Eugene.

Dear Reader:

"UO's Miss Oregon of 1952 Tells of Trip."

That was the top headline on the front page of Wednesday's Emerald. Beneath it was a 14-inch story which gave some insight into the life of a beauty queen. It was accompanied by a picture of Miss Oregon of 1952 and Miss Oregon of 1951.

The Emerald staff photographer got the idea for the picture early last week. It was talked over during the weekly staff picture-story conference and the photographer was given the OK.

While the photographer was taking his shots (he took four in all) he picked up some interesting information about the Atlantic City Miss America contest. He passed that information on to the editorial staff.

Tuesday a reporter talked to Mary Lou Teague, Oregon's Miss Oregon of 1952, for an hour in the SU and 14 cups of coffee later (eight for the reporter, 6 for Miss Teague) he came away with a story. You saw it on page one.

That story was one of 52 news stories in the paper Wednesday. Some were picked up by reporters on routine beats. Some were phoned in. Some were assigned by the news editor. Some, like the Miss Oregon story, were the result of special staff planning and coordination.

Multiply 52 news stories a day by 112 issues (the answer is 5824) and you can see the extent of the news job which the Emerald carries on as it tries to bring you information of the campus.

Yours sincerely,
Larry Hobart

BOB FUNK

A Day at the Zoo

Small children can be very pleasant when caught off guard. Unfortunately, this is not very often; only when they are asleep, and even then there is the danger that they will suddenly wake up and do something awful.

This would not bother us particularly, there being no small children attending the University, if it weren't for the fact that the approaches to the University campus seem to be literally choked with all sorts of small children. They can be divided into two very general groups—mounted, and unmounted.

Our most vivid encounter with a member of the unmounted group was with a small boy about three feet tall who accosted us one day and identified himself as the Green Hornet. Not having kept up with current events very well, we were only vaguely terrorized by this information.

To our dismay, the Green Hornet proved to be a person of action. "I am going to whip you with this belt," said the Green Hornet, producing a belt which looked as if it might be very good for whipping with. Drawing upon our inmost reserves of poise, we smiled what we hoped was an understanding smile. Because of his lack of stature, the Green Hornet was not won over by this smile. Instead, he prepared to swing the belt.

We were saved only by walking very quickly to the corner, and by the appearance of a newer and more challenging victim from the opposite direction. Later that day the Green Hornet rather regrettably lost his belt up in a tree. He had probably thrown it at someone who had taken refuge up there.

The mounted small children are even more dangerous than the unmounted ones. Undoubtedly the worst are the small-girl bicycle riders. In common with other women drivers, (eh, eh, eh) the small girls habitually look back over their shoulders while riding, yelling something at some other small girl who is giggling insanely about a block to the rear.

This leaves the pedestrian with the choice of holding to the sidewalk, jumping onto the parking strip, or giving up. He might as well give up, because not only is the small girl not looking where she is going, but she is also unaware that the handlebars are there for any purpose other than for holding on. The small-girl rider will wander impartially over the entire sidewalk, and it is only persons with great insight or special powers who will be able to know where not to be, when.

There is a mistaken idea as to how to deal with the small children who jump out at you yelling ah-ah ah-ah (machine-gun noise). This idea is that you should go ah-ah-ah-ah right back, proving that you're a nice old duffer. This is not very practical unless you are willing to stay around exchanging ah-ah-ah-ah all afternoon. A quicker way out is to drop dramatically dead upon the first attack, thereby honorably eliminating yourself from the game.

Probably some small child will write in to the editor denying all of this. Bah.