

A Chance to DO Something

The cemetery on the south end of the campus has long been something of an eyesore. In the past, various organizations have made sporadic attempts to clean out the weeds, trash, and underbrush around the graves. A thorough job would take a tremendous amount of work, so previous attempts have all been dropped for lack of sustained effort.

Last Saturday, an organization started work on the cemetery cleanup that professes determination to carry through with it and make the cemetery a place of beauty.

The deodorized Order of the Skunk is the group; it is an international service honorary for boys between 14 and 21. Saturday, about 87 members (called "Stinkers") buckled down to the job. They were assisted by 20 members of the Road Kings, another young men's group, several Eugene Lions' Club members, and a few members of the University administration.

They hauled off about 100 loads of brush and trash in dump trucks and pickups, according to Mrs. Callie Edwards, advisor to the Order of the Skunk.

Saturday, weather permitting, the workers will start in again at 10 a.m. University students who aren't going to Portland for the game could find no more worthy way to spend a few hours. Campus women as well as men are invited. "Just wear old clothes, bring your rakes and shovels, and you'll find plenty to do," said Mrs. Edwards.

Throughout the winter work will be continued on days when the weather is good. This spring an all-out drive to finish the job is planned. So if perchance you feel an urge to do something constructive, why not help out? — (B.G.)

Some Days You Can't Make A Nickel

We marvel each year at the skill with which the Administration thwarts the more subversive plans of the students.

Last year it was "Clothes for Korea" in place of a pantie raid.

Now it's pre-registration on the three days between the weekend of the Oregon State game and Thanksgiving vacation.

Many students who had planned to remain off-campus for an entire week of unauthorized freedom will find themselves returning to Eugene instead.

Sometimes we wonder how we get away with as much as we do. (H.J.)

A Little Self Control . . .



"I think he's done pretty well—he hasn't smoked for a week."

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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On U.S. Radio

World News Is Too Limited

By TED GOH

Radio listeners throughout the world have the same pet gripes. Radio programs never satisfy everyone. There is either too much of this or too little of that.

However, because of the great opportunities and the great talents available, the range of programs on the American radio impress the foreign listener.

Students Impressed

They appreciate the chance of hearing the great conductors, artists and singers. They like the opportunity of being able to hear good plays and classical music.

They laugh at Danny Kaye, Jack Benny and Irma. They are held spellbound by the play-by-play and second-by-second accounts of big as well as small games.

They are impressed by the keen analysis of news commentators on state, national and international affairs.

But Also Disgusted

Foreign students are irritated by the attempt to plant old music on the air and the lack of more live musical programs. World listeners miss the range of news news they are accustomed to hear at home. All the foreign news they hear is concerned with Korea.

And Surprised

They are surprised by the simplicity of the questions asked by quiz show producers and the inability of listeners to answer them. In one case an emcee gave a prize of about \$1,500 to a woman who said that the moon was a planet.

Listeners split over the question of the superiority of free enterprise and the advertising nabobs controlling the radio. However, they agree that in spite of the defects, the American radio is serving the needs of the American people. Like all Americans they switch the knob when they do not like a program.

BOB FUNK

A Day at the Zoo

The bondsmen sat on their haunches about the hearth, their small, close-set eyes peering intently into the fire. Above them the fraternal crest glistened with evil lights from behind a cobweb, and below them a lost soul cried out from the coziness of one of the fraternal iron maidens.



It was a lean and lonely season for the bondsmen; they were like wolves when there are no lost children in the forest, or owls when there are no juicy mice running around in the field. The supply of unmaimed pledges was running dismally low.

And then, as is liable to happen at any time, the door was flung open and Willis the Weasel, Protector of the Bond, ran in on all fours. "Cheers," he growled, "there's a bit of dirty business to be done."

The teeth of the bondsmen glistened, and their eyes flashed.

"Harold the Amorous has planted his pin," Willis continued in his charming colloquial way. With this he was unable to continue because of the chorus of triumphant growls from the assemblage.

"Blood!" shouted one.

"Blood!" echoed all.

"Blood!" reiterated Willis, the Head of the Herd.

An hour later Harold the Amorous wended his way toward the Door Fraternal. He was smelling a rose and thinking that maybe he would write a sonnet if he could figure out what a sonnet was. He was just reaching for the doorknob when he fell into a large pit which was cleverly concealed beneath a doormat proclaiming "All Who Enter Here

Are Brothers." The bondsmen rushed out with long poles and began prodding at Harold. For a time it was thought he was dead, but it was later ascertained that only one leg and two ribs were broken, and the high good humor of the company was restored.

"Bring the rack," shouted Willis.

"Bring the rack," echoed everyone.

The rack was brought and Harold, now quite limp but still clutching the rose, was stretched upon it. Only the essentials of Harold's clothing were left upon his body: it was funnier that way.

After considerable laughter and some stretching of Harold upon the rack, the bondsmen burned some mystic symbols upon Harold's flesh and began to carry the rack and its burden down the street toward the abode of the fair Gladys.

Gladys was smelling a rose when she heard the growl of the approaching bondsmen. "It's them," sighed Gladys.

"It's them!" breathed her sisters.

"It's they," moaned the house mother, hiding behind a tea service.

And it was, too. The bondsmen carried that rack into the dining hall and set it before the fair Gladys, who was giggling ecstatically. Gladys was given the handle, or whatever one uses to make the rack stretch whoever is on the rack, and she, being a good sport, turned it mightily with the muscles she had acquired from opening beer cans.

Harold stretched and stretched, and everyone was a Good Sport and laughed and laughed, and they all said that it was the best pinning ever.

The body of Harold, being rather limited in its adaptability, was creaking with strain. In fact, Harold, lately the Amorous, had approached that condition at which point a rubber band twangs at a very high key.

Gladys, flushed with the attention being given her, and remembering her duty as a Good Sport, gave one more exuberant twist to the handle, and Harold the Amorous parted in the middle rather neatly.

It goes without saying that this put sort of a damper upon the whole affair. Some said that you might have expected Harold to do something like that, he never was much of a good sport. Gladys was distraught; she couldn't figure out what to do with Harold's pin. But the house mother was the most upset; it made a nasty mess in the dining hall.

The bondsmen went running off home in a pack, Willis the Weasel in the lead. It may be heartening to some to hear that Willis inadvertently fell in the pit in front of the Door Fraternal later that evening and knocked out two teeth.

Editor's Note:

Chuck Karsun, Emerald music columnist, sent this column from Portland, where he is recovering from an appendectomy.

Jazz With Chas did not appear in the Emerald last week because of Karsun's illness.

Karsun gets the material for his column from a study of the musical world, its records and its trade publications. He is a professional musician himself.

Jazz With Chas

A Band With a Happy Sound

by Chuck 'Chas' Karsun

Those of you who are planning to go up to Portland for the big game this weekend will have an opportunity to catch an exceptional entertainment treat. Les Brown brings his well-fed, happy-sounding band into Jantzen's Beach's beautiful golden-canopied ballroom for a two-night stand Friday and Saturday nights.

That well-fed sound is due to the immense prosperity the Band of Renown has been enjoying of late. Successful location stands, big selling Coral records, occasional tours to exploit the record hits, and—for the past few years—the well paying berth on the Bob Hope radio and television shows are all accomplishments of which the Brown band can boast.

Brown Band Unique

It has always been something of a mystery to me as to how this organization, which is so superior musically, could be the tremendous success that it is commercially.

Recently I had the good fortune to hear Les' new Coral "Weather Vane" record album, and I can tell you that the band is a swinging wonder! Furthermore, the brass section displays some new-found power.

Zito Has Spark

The recent addition of Jimmy Zito to the trumpet section appears to be that necessary spark that has seemed to ignite the band. Zito, a former maestro

himself and ex-hubby of 20th Century Fox starlet June Haver, really registers with his upper register!

In addition to Zito, the band contains a lineup of stellar sidemen that is second to none. Two of my favorite soloists are featured with the band. Ray Sims, who sounds like Bill Harris when Bill Harris sounded like Bill Harris, will be on hand with his facile trombone as will Dave Pell and his romping tenor sax. Further delights are afforded by Geoff Clarkson's "pianorama" and Tony Rizzi's sprightly guitar.

Vocalist Rates High

Lovely Lucy Ann Polk, the gal who walked off with the Pletronome and Down Beat placques last year as the best girl vocalist with a band, ably handles her vocals. Novelty vocals are capriciously delivered by Butch Stone and Stumpy Brown, Les' younger brother.

Frank Constock really scores with his magnificent scores for the band! Imaginative arrangements are occasionally contributed by Skippy (I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm) Martin.

Sentimental Journey

For listening, dancing, or show purposes, the Brown entourage is a treat that can't be beat! If you decide to take a sentimental journey to Jantzen, you'll receive a million dollars worth of music for a very reasonable price.

You should pay more for Les.