

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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The opinions expressed in this edition are those of the sophomore editors and do not necessarily reflect those of the regular Emerald staff.

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'Disgraceful Bickerings'...

STUDENTS at Oregon have traditionally been split by political blocs and conflicting opinions but there is one subject upon which all are agreed. This concerted opinion is, in brief, "Oregon State College is composed of a bunch of illiterate farmers." It finds voice in the verse beginning "Farmer born, farmer bred."

This feeling of intense rivalry is, of course, not confined to the University, for the students at Oregon State have reciprocating feelings which they would probably sum up in the opinion that "students at the University are lazy socialites who live at a 'country club'." The result is that the two institutions are continually warring in a manner entirely unlike rivalry carried out by colleges of other states.

An Oregon student should not feel that it is "smart" or shows high school spirit to carry out this feud. For this fighting is not regarded as anything but childish by impartial observers. Nancy Wilson Ross, author of "Farthest Reach," a description of Oregon and Washington, writes, "How has the state of Oregon created such an unfortunate reputation of late years in the field of education by the long-drawn-out disgraceful bickerings between the State College at Corvallis and the University at Eugene?"

SHARPER than in most states is the division line drawn between the State College and the University. Each has a separate field and so it might be presumed that occasions for

rivalry should seldom come up. But come up they do, sometimes culminating in brawls that do not raise the opinion that other states hold of the Oregon educational system. One of the worst evidences in recent months of this ill-feeling was during the Dads' Day basketball game between the two schools. There old grads, fathers, and students were fighting in a huge mob on the basketball floor and some were hurt.

Is it possible that this feeling is engendered by parents and grads before the students ever reach college? It is certainly true that the state is divided into "Oregon" and "Oregon State" towns, with the majority of college students from the one town going to only one of the institutions, regardless of major.

HOW long is this "Tom Brown, Rah, Rah" feeling going to continue? Probably not very long. For in the present emergency colleges are feeling great strain. In the future it might be impossible for the two institutions to continue to pull against each other and survive. They will be compelled to cooperate.

Will Oregon take the first step? Will they wake up and see that students at Oregon State are no worse and no better than they? Will they ever become aware of the distinction between "college spirit" and "alley fighting"? If they do and if they attain the mature feelings which most of the institutions of other states hold then they will be entering into a new era in their educational development.

—H.P.

What's in a Name?

BACK in 1909 changes were taking place on the Oregon campus as changes are taking place today. And in the fall of that year the little five-column paper known as "The Oregon Weekly" changed its character, became a semi-weekly, and assumed the name of "The Oregon Emerald."

It may seem strange now, but the name was disliked for some time by the University authorities. Finally, however, it was officially approved. Before then, however, it had undoubtedly been taken into the University language along with "pigging."

So engrained is the word now that its origins have been lost in the dust of years. An occasional freshman will ask "Where did

the 'Emerald' get its name?" but very soon interest is lost. The name is accepted and forgotten.

BUT there was a reason for the name. It was taken from Joaquin Miller, western poet. In his short article the editor, W. C. Nicholas, writes, "His grandest poems were songs of the West and among them are many in which he loved to call this the 'Emerald State'."

In this manner the "Emerald" got its name. It is a good name. An emerald is somehow a symbol of purity and beauty. An "Emerald State" should be one somehow set apart. It was to Joaquin Miller. And an "Emerald College" should be one where only the best work is done.

News with the Jazzmen

By TED HALLOCK

A Christian Dies

Last week, as it must to all men, death came to Charlie Christian, long-to-be-remembered prodigy of the guitar. No seeker of public acclaim he, Christian rose from the comparative obscurity of a north side club in Kansas City, to become the nation's favorite on his instrument.

Discovered in 1939 by John Hammond, close-cropped scion of the elite Boston Hammonds, and time honored jazz critic, Christian left the mediocrity of a one-night existence to join America's newly acclaimed "King" Benny in sprawling, sleazy Los Angeles,

then capital of the swing world.

Self-appointed historians of jazz still relate Hammond's immortal offer and Charlie's equally immortal acceptance. Said critic John: "How would you like to go with Benny Goodman?" Accepted git-boxist Christian: "Fine." And did.

Product of the Chicago ghetto Goodman did not take to shy, slight Charlie's guitarings immediately. Time and the potency of Christian's powerfully delivered drumnastic fingerings told the story. Came a week of the under-fire strain surrounding a Goodman job and Christian's fate was no longer in God's hands. Benny had it.

So was it with all who came to hear the almost tenorlike strummings of an overly modest, individualistic musician who said little and played much. Eager to introduce his enthusiasm for jazz into every encounter, Christian did just that, livening each record session or job with a never-to-be-forgotten earnest wryness stangely un-negroid.

With only death as final audience Christian maintained a relaxed calm so peculiar to his playing and living. Saying only: "And looks like we're getting 'bout to the end now," he died, with him more of the sorrow that hard men would have had him know.

Interpretation --- The New Journalism?

There have been a number of competent journalists at the University and on the staff of the Emerald but it is probable that there has rarely been anyone at Oregon who has shown such talent in this field as Bob Frazier, former Emerald news editor. He is a sophomore at the University and before he reluctantly left the Emerald staff to accept a needed job on the Eugene News he was the logical man to fill the editorial chair in his senior year.

Bob had long ago grasped the fundamentals which many sophomores, juniors, and even seniors still struggled with. For some time his mind has been on more subtle phases of journalism and to him the phase which has the most significance is "interpretative" journalism.

A constant reader of TIME magazine, the acknowledged forerunner and leader in the interpretative field, Bob has constantly developed the TIME thesis that the still-standard "straight" news reporting does not give the reader the correct perspective on many stories. Bob sided with the TIME idea that with modern living and more and more complicated designs being woven into every story, the "straight" facts with no explanation or with no background only confused the reader instead of informing him.

Not one to theorize idly, "Frajah" realized some time ago that the most opportune time for experimenting with his ideas was when the annual "special" editions came out in the spring. One of these would be a sophomore edition and Bob was the first to see the possibilities of the edition written in interpretative style.

That sophomore edition has now arrived. But some time ago Bob moved his books off the top of the battered roll-top desk in the Emerald shack and put his last note on the much-thumb-tacked bulletin board. Although still close to his Emerald friends he was not able to put his ideas on interpretation into effect.

But the idea which he first expressed is now attempted by those who have tried to fill his gigantic shoes of ability. It is not as he would have it. We know that. Try as we might to reach his high standard we will yet fall short for men of his ability are rare. But here it is. There are in it (we can hope this) occasional flashes of what we have tried to achieve. There is nothing original in it. It is frankly an imitation of the style of TIME. But perhaps the rough sketch which this paper forms may give some indication of a type of writing which the newspaper of the future may assume.

Yes, What?
What is interpretative writing? The best way to answer the question is to illustrate it and this is done very well in Curtis MacDougall's new book, "Newsroom Problems and Policies." He writes, "Mrs. Ira Tubbs gave a dinner

party for eight" is objective. "The charming Mrs. Ira Tubbs gave the most enjoyable dinner party for eight of the season," is editorializing. "Mrs. Ira Tubbs, entertaining for the first time since the death of her daughter six months ago, was hostess at a dinner party for eight which opened the winter season in the Ceresco district," is interpretative.

"The interpretative example," says Mr. MacDougall, "is objective to the extent that it refrains from any expression of opinion. It goes beyond the objective example, however, in its purpose, which is to point out the significance of the social occasion." The important fact of this sentence is that Mr. MacDougall points out that interpretation does not mean editorializing. To this Bob Frazier would add an "Amen" after the many examples of editorial opinion which have crossed the semi-circular Emerald copy desk.

Object?
Mr. MacDougall also shows that the object of interpretation is to point out significance. Which



'FRAJAH' . . . was the first to see the possibilities.

raises at once the question of all opponents to interpretative writing, "Who is going to do the interpreting? Who is going to point out the significance?"

If all journalists were of Bob Frazier's caliber the answer would be easy. The journalists, the trained observers and writers, should do this vital job of reporting. But we are not all Bob Fraziers.

Challenge
Because of the inability therefore, of many present-day journalists to meet the standard of interpretative journalism the method sponsored by TIME is still in embryonic stage. But it contains a challenge to the journalistic professionals and true experts, perhaps spending as much effort mastering their work as any doctor, or the value of journalism may vanish, lost to the reader in a mass of modernity and machine-gun tempos he cannot hope, unaided, to understand.

Pin Stripes

For the first time in its twenty year history "swing" music felt the effects of war. Gone last week were 17,000 musicians from James "Little Caesar" Petrillo's AFM, an organization formerly boasting 500,000 members, now being rapidly depleted.

Already having shed civvies were Johnny Mince, former Tommy Dorsey clarinetist; pianist Joe Bushkin and Bob Kitsis of many band fame. Reclassified to I-A was the man of many marriages, Art Shaw, in spite of a recent elopement with Betty Kern.

Truly the U.S. was tiring of entertainment and thirsting for blood.

Gone also this week was James H. Blanton, bassist extraordinary. Long victim of draft exposure he, Blanton was confined Thursday to a Long Beach, Calif., sanitarium for advanced tuberculosis. Ignorant of the tubercy of his "chest pains," Jimmy had gone on with the chow until sudden serious relapses during engagements had forced boss "Duke" Ellington to insist upon medical check-up and consequent hospitalization. One more human had fallen prey to man's and music's deadly enemy. T.B.