

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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She Is a Tribute . . .

Campus "BWOC's" are touring the circuit to aid the University's contribution to the fourth war loan drive. Main talking point at first glance appears to be: support your house candidate, so she can have a date with the handsome soldier, etc. etc.

At first glance, that is. Beneath the rah-rah and the keen competition for the title "Bonds Away Girl", this campus drive is pretty serious. Deadly serious is a better description. For the girls who run out the door when they see the mailman coming down the street realize what their bond purchases mean to the boy they write to. They know, better than anyone else, just what could happen if that boy did not have the equipment he needed, when he needed it.

* * * *

War has hit our generation the hardest of any. Oregon girls have high stakes in an Allied victory because their sweethearts and their brothers will or will not return depending to a great extent upon home front bond-buying. They are willing to help where they can. In the current bond drive that help means giving up the new clothes and tucking away a bond. It means war stamps instead of cokes—until the day that special soldier can come back to share a coke date.

Their stake is also important when they remember that bonds they buy now will make a difference when depression follows the war. Their future homes, their careers need just such regular, bond-filled nest-eggs.

* * * *

When the "Bonds Away Girl" is chosen by bond sale totals her house will be proud—because she is a symbol. She is a tribute to all the suppressed hope and the loneliness which comes from waiting for letters, from wishing very hard that peacetime were here, that the soldier could come home. And because of that, she is very important. She is Oregon's way of saying "Win the War!" M. M. G.

End of an Era . . .

The scrappy, pop-eyed Casanova on the front page of Esquire might well become the symbol of a decadent era and a part of the "good-old-days" philosophy of tomorrow's reminiscing. With a sly, "Lemon-Punch" brand of humor, his cartoons, prose, verse, short stories, and articles were as much a part of the college scene as cokes . . . even to the feminine element.

Postmaster-General Frank Walker has ruled that articles in the magazine do not meet the requirements of being "originated and published for the dissemination of information of a public character, or devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry." With this verdict, he has cancelled the magazine's second-class mailing privileges. Will the pulps come under this ruling?

Speculation arises concerning "freedom of the press" . . . whether a precedent will be established, depending on the courts' support of his ruling, which will give the postmaster-general powers of censorship not held previously in any democratic form of government. Political alarmists, now feeling the prickle of "MacArthur-for-president" pins, wonder. Could it affect political publications coming under the second-class privilege?

Is the pop-eyed Casanova, with his assorted Varga and Petty girls obscene? That was the original question, finally side-stepped by Mr. Walker. Roars of unobscene laughter greeted court room exposure of "lewd and lascivious" material.

Five years ago Esquire had a more lusty tinge, and Casanova a boudoir smirk which might have deserved the action. Since 1940, however, the magazine has acquired respectability, and Casanova a "Frank Morgan" type of leer.

Mr. Walker's appointed board of three post office officials decided two to one in favor of the magazine, after six months of investigation and three and one-half weeks of testimony. Then Mr. Walker reversed the decision. Even in time of war, does the postmaster-general hold this power? B. A. S.

Anvil Chorus

By NORRIS YATES

A very timely and pertinent article in the latest issue of the Music Educators' Journal "gives us pause." It deals with the type of music we Americans listen to in wartime.

"Here we are, fighting a war," the article runs. "And what sort of music do we listen to? Anything with healthy vitality, the vigor of a free and fighting people running through it? Not on your life!"

"We much prefer to cram down our throats a lush, luxuriant, romantic type of music coupled with syrupy drivel that possesses no strength whatsoever. Instead of choosing musical entertainment with life in it, we pick out the very worst type for a nation at war."

This article expresses the views of quite a few of us to a "T". Moreover, it brings up some other good points:

The taste of the modern student for music begins with the "moody, introspective Tchaikowsky." The "defiant gaiety" of Haydn, the "dance-loving" Mozart, and the "restless, triumphant" Beethoven are among others mentioned as being rejected wholly or for the most part by the sophisticated modern who must have fireworks, elaboration, "sound and fury" with his music.

Bach also is classed by the Journal's article among those rejected "except when served up with passionate sentiment a la Stokowski, with orchestral sauces that ruin the crispness and flavor of the original."

The article leaves some of its meanings clouded, however. Does everyone who is fed up with the slushy, syrupy jazz of Sinatra and the rest of his tribe want to switch abruptly to songs of patriotic propaganda that, while admittedly containing more life and fire, are the purest trash, musically speaking?

The blast of propaganda now being delivered at the American public under the name of "music" has no parallel in our country's history. Some of us, at least, refuse to believe that a half or even a tenth part of this is necessary. The American people have shown themselves to be patriotic and full of energy. They don't need to be hypnotized into carrying on this war.

But after all, just what, if anything, can be done about it? Well, it seems to us that plenty can be done. Almost all the people who write music are competent musicians. They know good music from bad. And it is quite possible to write good music even within the cramping and discouraging forms to which commercial necessity limits the vast majority of composers. Therefore, the blame lies partly with the songwriters. The rest lies with the public, which continually requests such junk. A public needed by enough kickers would demand a change.

A lot of students may wonder if the problem is serious enough to make such a kick about. We think that it is. The taste of the American public is proverbially low. And it is in danger of slipping lower due to the continued exposure to wartime "propaganda music" and sentimental drooling.

Perhaps the alarm is only a fancied one. Slips in taste during wartime are often likely to be followed by a corresponding rise afterward.

But until the duration the procession of musical garbage stretches behind and on ahead of us, in the paraphrasing of a certain popular instructor on this campus, "ad infinitum, ad nauseum".

The Cutting Room

By BILL BUELL

Phosphorescent hoops dancing about on a dark screen, chorus girls viewed through a constantly shifting kaleidoscope, and constellations of bodiless heads dispersed upon a bright blue background are typical of the absurdly fantastic technicolor spectacles to which "The Gang's All Here" resorts in an effort to differentiate itself from all the similar escape musicals perfunctorily manufactured by the Hollywood assembly line.

Most of these photographic novelties for the sake of novelty are as totally ineffective as the beverage of the Lucky Lager company labels "beer."

The picture is as plotless as "Finnegan's Wake." Hanging precariously from the corners of a hastily sketched love triangle about a sergeant (James Ellison) who "two-times" a chorus girl (Alice Faye) are the assorted musical extravaganzas and comic interludes which constitute the picture. Phil Baker, Carmen Miranda, Charlotte "the long-stemmed flower" Greenwood, and the inevitable Edward Everett Horton all endeavor to entertain by exhibiting their stereotyped personalities and routines.

Swing king Benny Goodman is there too. His band provides atmosphere for the night club scenes, backgrounds for the vocalists, accompaniments for the dancers. Benny gets off a few clarinet licks on that rock-solid gutbucket favorite, "A Journey to a Star." He even sings.

But somehow or other, the producers neglected to include any uninterrupted instrumental numbers by the Goodman band.

Miss Faye, of course, is beautiful. This is the first time we ever saw a girl appear in a sheer, strapless, shoulder-exposing blouse to do her solitary weekly ironing. But then of course we don't see many girls doing their solitary weekly ironing.

"She was so smooth she could waltz around with a glass of beer on her bustle and never disturb the foam," says Phil Baker as he describes the former glamour of the bovine Miss Greenwood.

That quotation has broad implications for the entire picture. "The Gang's All Here" is a smooth production job; but it is so completely outside reality that it doesn't disturb us in the least.

Pro and Con

January 13, 1944

To the Editor of "The Cutting Room"

In your last column you took it upon yourself to review "Lassie Come Home".

Would it be asking too much to ask you on what basis you consider yourself a criterion of motion pictures, and particularly a judge of dramatic ability?

You literally tore the picture apart with what I presume you considered "snappy" comments, on what a truly poor picture it was. You then ended with a grand flourish stating that, (if I may quote) "even the dog was a better actor than Roddie McDowell."

Now really, better judges than you believe this younger actor to be rather good in his line.

Instead of giving such poor criticism, why don't you become more proficient in your line—leave others alone—!!!

One-Time Reporter

of

Los Angeles Times

P. S.: Let's see this in print? Huh?

One hundred eight recent petroleum engineering graduates at the University of Texas are now in the armed services.

HEILIG

Don't Miss It!

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