

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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University Undercurrents...

This fall and the end of three and one-half years of war have brought to Oregon an undercurrent of restlessness and a questioning of the old conception of American college life. We hear it in the Side, in the living organizations, and on the steps of the library. There is a questioning of purpose and of future by those who are spending four years of their lives in pursuit of higher education. We are working toward some goal, the saying goes, but now perhaps we find that this goal has indefinitely changed.

We who have been at the University during the preceding years begin to wonder at times whether our studies and activities will take us to the things we had hoped for. And whether we still want the things we had hoped for.

Many of the returning servicemen have found this unrest too. "During the two years that I was overseas, I thought of nothing but getting back to the States and graduating from the University. Now that I'm here, and faced with 12 terms of studying and living on a campus, I wonder—Just can't seem to settle down to an objective," a discharged flier was heard to say.

Wars are naturally followed by a period of restlessness and readjustment. Present conditions result in a feeling of aimlessness for many of us which only time and circumstances will overcome.

Beneath these conditions, the idea of the University remains the same—gradually things will swing into a meaningful focus again and all of us on all campuses will know why we are here. The human desire for education, basically, does not change.

As the Term Goes by...

It's almost time for the ads to proclaim that it's only so many more shopping days 'til Christmas. And the time is approaching when students will be reminded that their studying days as well as their shopping days are numbered.

The fourth week of fall term is almost over. By now they have had time to get used to their courses, their instructors, and their routine of daily living on the campus.

Some students exhibit their concern over their scholarship by industriously computing possible GPAs. Grades are the University standard for judging how much the student is getting out of a course. While the grading system may have some obvious flaws, it is recognized generally as a fairly good indication of a student's ability and application to work.

On the other hand, a student who is working for grades as a goal is missing the boat in his college career. Grades may be a gauge, but they cannot be an end.

Early in the term President Newburn pointed out the value of evaluating one's own progress at the University. He suggested that each student ask himself a number of questions dealing with his improvement in his ability to think logically, to communicate his thoughts, to deal with others, and similar criteria.

Although no revolutionary growth of personality and scholastic ability can be expected in four weeks, some signs of progress should be evident. If they aren't, there's a good possibility that the student is cheating himself.

We know that education is a great factor in the selection of many employees, especially in these days of specialized work. A decision now to continue one's education means taking advantage of years of opportunity that later cannot be recovered.—The Indiana Daily Student.

Universities are not made vital or famous by the size, beauty, and number of buildings, nor do publicized research projects alone make a university worthwhile.

It's the calibre of the men and women who teach within the buildings and the quiet ability of the unpublicized, hard-working men behind the famous research discoveries that give quality to a university, that make it respected and looked to for leadership.—The Minnesota Daily.

Notes On Record

On the Jazz Side...

By JIM "POPS" WINDUS
Greetings, all of you hip characters and characteretts. What's with you? Are you livin'? Are you getting your fine, mellow kicks? Are you tired, run down, sleepy? Do you feel beat when a truck runs over you?
But to the more righteous stuff. Enough of this hoomer.

I used to dig Les Brown and his fine orch this summer, via his air shots, Columbia, 10:30. The more I listened, the more I came to realize that here was a band that was, and is, terrific. Fine arrangements, both for ballads and for jump. Fine soloists, instrumental and vocal. Dig his chick, Doris Day, for both fine, mellow chirping and looks. Arf, arf. I believe that she is one of the most talented and sensitive of today's fem jazz singers.

I mentioned that Brown's band sounded terrific over the air. Yet I have dug his records and have not been too singularly impressed. The usual run of stuff, commercial and even on the gooey side. Dripping with commercial overstuffing. Again I dug his air shots, and again I was impressed by his willingness to put forth with the righteous melody. It wasn't jazz, but it was good swing.

Commercial Angle
I wondered why this was. Now here was essentially the same band that cut those mediocre disks, comin' on with some mad stuff. And the cats were lapping it up, and begging for more. Now, what was the story?

Well, it boiled down to this. The recording companies have, in most cases, the large say about what is cut. There are some few exceptions but not many. And it is their business to make money, and as much as possible. So feed it to the public, make them like it; they will believe you. After all, don't they have the mentality of a fourteen-year-old? Play on their sentimentalism, do anything, but sell it!

Yeah, jack, that is just fine. But they forget that life is not all syrup and goo, but is rough, tough, and violent. That is where I think jazz and the blues come close to being the music of inner-man; his thoughts and feelings put to music. A music that is vibrant,

alive, vital. Music that comes not from one person or two, but many. This is especially true of the blues. The true blues, as sung by the greats of yesterday. The five Smiths, Mamie, Bessie, Laura, Clara and Trixie, Sara Martin, Ethel Waters. To quote 'Resse D'Pree, the composer of "Shortnin' Bread," "The blues regenerates a man."

Stein's Comment
Gertrude Stein, the high priestess of intellectual double-talk, heard a small group of the late Major Miller's band knock out some fine jazz in Paris this summer. She, in turn was knocked out; but not too much, for she was able to cry, with perfect enunciation, "Jazz is tenderness and violence!" That is it, Jack. Tender and violent.

Tender, but not in a half-baked way. Tender in a full, compassionate, mellow way. Not in a shallow way, but deep, understanding, to-the-heart-of-things way. This is what makes good, lasting music. This is what made the great music on longhair side great. The progenitors of the serious and the jazz side have in common, one among many, the fact that they had a rough go of it in the start. These pioneers of new forms were given the old treatment, but they stuck to their guns. They had ideas, a vision of what they wanted, and they were going to achieve it.

I do not want to make it seem that I believe in a system of musical dictatorship, for that is what I am fighting against. It would be disastrous, and would only stifle the ideas and visions of our new jazz men. But that is what we are working into if we tend to follow the lead of the few that control and make the money from music. Music without ideas. If man thinks too much, he becomes dangerous. Yes, dangerous to those who try to regiment him.

Influence of Jazz
I am not saying that you should dash out and smash all your pop records. You, as an individual, would not do that. But, conversely, you cannot say that jazz is bad, immoral, etc., and should be banned from the public scene. I, as an

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Powder Burns

By REX GUNN
There are characters on this campus!!!

I do not know exactly what the word means, but we have some here.

They have fallen into a file under a word that shares the fate of democracy, propoganda, and opinion!

Those three and character have lost their common inference, and if you could summon up a vision for a common definition of any one of them, it would be a huge, bloated thing with hair sprouting in unexpected places and maybe a few claws dangling off the extremities like tassels.

They Say—
Democracy, strictly speaking, is an unattainable ideal. But, once we become subjected to a few political speeches, it takes on added meanings such as:

Big, black cigars and fat promises and government by men with the strongest lungs and the biggest string bands.

Whatever it is, it's better than isms.

Propaganda is used to mean lies, truth, half-truths, or any mixture of the three. If we use it, it's good. If someone else starts it, it's bad.

—We Say
Opinion has been misled for decades, even longer, according to the people who have lived long enough to know.

Right now, most everyone in this country considers it something to which they are entitled on all subjects. (That is, everyone except GI's and ex-GI's; guys with rights and opinions have a hard time in the army.)

Opinions get all mixed up with facts, knowledge, and beliefs.

But this word, character—what does it mean?

I can't tell you in words but if you'll drop by the journalism shack any week day after 2 p.m., any one of them will be glad to point out the others.

Paper "cans" with a lining of plasticized glue have been used successfully as containers for motor oil.

Way back When...

A Journalism Professor Reigned as the Devil

Thirty Years Ago

"Arrangements for the Oregon speech debates with both O.A.C. and Reed are at present held up, as neither institution will allow women to compete in the contests. Oregon, however, favors the policy of having coeds on the team."

"FACULTY COMMITTEE RECOMMENDS NUMBER OF ATHLETIC CHANGES" ran a front page head, and this was their suggestion: basketball to be suspended for the present as an intercollegiate sport, pre-season training for the varsity football squad to be discontinued, and official representatives of the University to be forbidden to scout for athletes."

For the acme of "pep," hand it to the students of Pittsburg university. Tagged as cattle, they were shipped in a freight car to Philadelphia at \$6 a head, for the purpose of seeing their team win or lose on the gridiron.

Twenty Years Ago

Among the things which culminated the seniors' meeting was the adoption of large, flat-topped Stetsons with hat bands ornamented with the Oregon seal, the word "Oregon," and the figure "26," as

the latest fad of the senior class.

"George Turnbull, professor of journalism, bids fair to lose his reputation as an 'inheritor of the earth' Saturday night when, as his majesty The Devil, he will reign infernally at the Journalism Jamboree—exotic, masked ball supreme," an Emerald story related.

A decision was made to ban noise-making machines and apparatus in the annual Homecoming pep parade, in favor of a spectacular "pajamarino and torch light procession with torches belching lemon yellow and green flames."

Ten Years Ago

"A new publication made its appearance on the campus Monday morning, when the 'Bystander,' with Barney Clarke as editor, made its debut."

The paper was a four page sheet carrying five columns and was scheduled to appear each Monday, but like "Frankie" it died a silent death.

"SCOOP! Scoop! Society's debutante, DOLORES (we have been asked to keep the last name silent) has offered her knowledge and experience in aiding the girls of the University. She has come

to answer questions from the love-lorn—to give all the fine points of campus etiquette—or any other inquiries."

Polly, our old friend the fashion advertiser, crashed her own column with, "Polly is 'The Lady in Red' when she wears that dashing brilliant red dinner dress she got at Gordon's. Those tiny box pleats from the chin to the floor in front and that flattering shirring would be most striking to anyone, and the big sleeves with the slits are entirely feminine."

"Don't Ever D oThat's" of college told to coeds of that year: Don't chew gum—it gives one that bovine, stupid appearance. Don't be too apparent in your pursuit of man. Granted it is necessary, but be subtle, be subtle. Don't neck in public places. It looks awful and so often it's your fault more than the man's.

Old timer—one who remembers when history was made at half the price it costs today.

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