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Building a House...

They're building a house in the Co-op this week. It will cost the moderate sum of \$1500. Some downpayment has been made, and if the full purchase price is not paid by the end of the week, the house will be lacking a room, a wall, or a chimney, perhaps. Even though the conditions of the contract be met, this house will not help the housing shortage. But its completion will help the Red Cross to complete its missions of mercy throughout the world. You see, it's all a publicity stunt. Building will progress as contributions are turned in to the treasurer of the campus Red Cross drive. The goal of \$1500, symbolized by a complete cottage in the Co-op, should be easily reached if at least half of the student body contributes. One dollar entitles a person to membership in the Red Cross. Small contributions are welcome and larger ones encouraged. The fact that some living organizations have contributed 100 per cent should not discourage others. The Red Cross cup will be awarded on the basis of per capita contributions. Let's not leave that house without a wall. The drive ends this week.

A Duck at the Dial

By PAT KING

The latest wonder boy to rise in radio since Orson Welles is Norman Corwin 35-year-old writer-producer, who just received the Wendell Willkie "One World Award" plaque and a free trip similar to Willkie's famous globe-circling plane hop. Corwin came into prominence through writing and producing "Columbia Workshop," one of the finer dramatic shows that has recently returned to CBS after a long absence. In 1945 his "Word From the People," written on the eve of the San Francisco conference, and "On a Note of Triumph," concerning V-E Day, received recognition as outstanding radio productions. The National Museum of Prague requested his script on Czechoslovakia, "The Long Name None Could Spell," two other scripts now repose in the New York City Museum and the Library of Congress.

Dreadful Mediocrity
In his new book, "While You Were Gone," Corwin deplors the "dreadful mediocrity of radio" and condemns the sponsors and agencies who are slaves to program ratings. He believes that "radio has a higher destiny than merely to sell soup and soap."

Another gentleman coming out of the comparative obscurity of a gag and script writer is Abe Burrows, satirist. Called a comedian's comedian, he can make top funny men like Fred Allen, Danny Kaye, and Groucho Marx break into uncontrolled laughter when he burlesques Tin Pan Alley songs and libel caustic caricatures of prominent guests. But he refrains from kidding "good things, real things, like the best Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Gilbert and Sullivan."

Singing Parodies
A few of his singing parodies

of popular songs are "Put Your Lips Around Me, Honey," "The Girl with the Three Blue Eyes," and "I Looked Under a Rock and Found You."

Before being signed as a writer for Paramount last year, Burrows wrote for Ed Gardner's "This Is New York" program and introduced the character "Archie" which in turn inspired the formation of "Duffy's Tavern." He supervised the writing of that show for five years.

Now he is producing his own show "Holliday and Company" on CBS at 6 p.m. Friday. He is collaborating with Bennett Cerf of "Try and Stop Me" fame to put his satire in book form, and has signed with Decca to record his burlesque of the June-moon tunes. Jimmy Scribner, the 22 voices of "The Johnson Family," is having his show filmed.

Stars on Screen
Bob Hope and William Bendix are teaming in a celluloid comedy, "Where There's Life." Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald are set to resume their successful team in "Welcome Stranger." A sequel "Murder in Duffy's Tavern" is set to follow the first picture. The title doesn't promise much.

Hoagy Carmichael has already received orders for 2,000 copies of his unfinished book "Stardust Row," a history of jazz. Adele Horton is \$200 richer be-



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Browsing... With Joe Young

A few more days of this weather and I'm going to make sick call with spring fever. . . My winter lethargy is allergic to pussy-willow, daphne, and budding leaves. . . But before going out to the tennis court, golf course, bridle path, picnic ground, trout stream, or just driving out a side road with wahine and me, or whatever would be a better assignment than anything that's crowding me now. . . Anyhow, there are a few paragraphs to browse through. . .

I read that the "ex-airdales" are getting an opportunity to cash in on some reserve flight time. . . If they get to practice navigation in a piper cub then it's time for the deck-pacing watch officers to maneuver canoes in the mill race for some "sea duty" to retain their reserve status afloat. . .

Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief. . . or perhaps you want to be teacher or preacher. . . The University testing bureau has the papers to prove it wise or otherwise. . . Your own pencil marks probe the remote depths of your own knowledge. . . Then a little adding and subtracting, and they have a scientific check for you—to see if your mentality and interest is more suitable for a filling station attendant or architect. . . You profess to possess a streamlined version of culture—a sort of minimum exposure to art, music, literature, and the sciences? . . . There is a test that may show you as far out of date as people were in the days when atoms were just a theory. . . You have a mech-mind? Check it on that old favorite—square pegs in round holes—with a stop watch, and no whittling, please. . .

This testing is teamed up with the advisement and training sections over at the Veterans Guidance center, which, incidentally, is the filing office for your individual share of the government's passion for paper work. . . Vets who aren't sure, and vets who want to

cause her love story, "Wait for Me," was the second script to win performance on "The Carrington Playhouse" which is heard on the Mutual Don Lee network but is not released by KORE. Elaine Carrington, writer of daytime serials, is producer of the series which is seeking out unknown and talented script writers. Those who are interested may go over to the radio studios and talk to Mr. Krenk or read the information on the bulletin board.

Program Notes
—Wednesday—Story of Radar is dramatized on March of Science on CBS at 2 . . . Frank Sinatra visits Durante and Moore at 6, CBS . . . South of the border theme on Great Moments in Music at 7, (Please turn to page six)

make sure can get an interesting check on their educational endeavors at the testing bureau. — U. O. —

It was under McArthur marquee to a loggia seat in the bleachers to hear baritones of Thomas. . . Intermission was pleasurable too. . . Folding-chair patrons wig-wagging greetings to less fortunate friends above. . . As they stood to stretch their rested backs, and we stood to rest our stretched backs. . . Those bleacher seats are almost as comfortable as the coconut tree trunks were on Efate. — U. O. —

Those who like a smattering of history and geography in their literary adventures. . . Those who enjoy anecdotal legends. . . Those who want a narrative that can be read or skimmed with equal fascination. . . Those who would like to know the evolution of Oregon from mistakes in the word Ouisconsink. . . Those who did not know that Portland would have been called Boston if a coin had fallen the other way. . . There's some good reading ahead in "Names on the Land" by George Stewart. . . — U. O. —

It has been intimated that this journalistic fugitive is a plagiarized take-off on the sedate and respectable browsing room in the libe. . . Let it be known that this browsing and any related drowsing is done elsewhere. . .

Powder Burns

By Rex Gunn

Madame Bambi lashed a froth of humor through her land. Eyes dim with blood and immigration pains felt the freshness of her wit and clamored: "more." Laughter found a fetich. Reporters felt a magic in the words. "Madame Bambi," they wrote, and India guffawed. Commentators in the United States picked it up: "Madame Bambi—jester, clown, humoresse, or philosopher? India says clown—America says philosopher." As head of the Emergent Cosmetic Inversionists, the Madame took no official note, merely unveiled female Indians, painted lips on foreheads, cheeks on chins; mascara-(ed) mouths.

To Be Taken Red
"The essence of my philosophy," said the Madame, "is to prove that the arrangement of human features is merely a result of accident. What is considered an attractive appearance is the same. "For instance," continued the Madame, "take the American woman. They are considered attractive by using their type of make-up because of publicity and habit; with my system of inverting make-up procedure, I shall revolutionize the human face." Philosophers screamed protest. "It's materialism," said some. "It's epiphenomenalism!" said some. "No, it's emergent evolutionism," said some more. "That," screamed the first exasperated some, "all means materialism."

Or Left Entirely
And so it went. A professor from Yale caught attention with this: "The followers of Madame Bambi's Emergent Cosmetic Inversionism have undermined the meaning of all language. By inverting existing styles in make-up and clothing, they will subsequently shake faith in all styles, systems, forms of government, and meanings of words." The professor then blinked owl-ishly and concluded: "I have always suspected that civilization would end this way." Several months later, Madame Bambi lipstick, rouge, and powder went on sale in New York.

Notes on Record

On the Classical Side

By BETTY BENNETT CRAMER

Reviews which bordered on the hysterical ("This can be considered one of the greatest recordings of all time," etc.) have been written about Wanda Landowska's recordings of Bach's "Goldberg Variations." Considered by many as a connoisseur's item, this number contains a luxury of tone not usually heard from the harpsichord.

Gretchaninoff Songs

Another album released within the past two weeks is devoted to "Gretchaninoff Songs" as sung by Maria Kurenko, famous Russian opera, concert and radio soprano, with the composer himself at the piano. Haven't heard this one myself, but reliable critics have praised it highly.

One of Rachmaninoff's best orchestral works, "Isle of the Dead," symphonic poem after Boecklin's painting, has recently been waxed by Koussevitzky, conducting the Boston symphony. This symphonic poem is constructed along broad lines, and contains music of many moods and colors. Koussevitzky, of course, interprets it brilliantly. The "Vocaline" which Mr. Rachmaninoff orchestrated especially for Koussevitzky takes up the last side of this album.

Outstanding Pianist

At last we have a chance to hear the highly-lauded William

Kapell. Called by many critics "The outstanding pianist of the younger generation," Kapell has recorded the "Mefisto Waltz" Episode: The Dance in the Inn, from Lenau's "Faust" by Liszt. He seems to recapture the sensuous abandon and driving passion of the tone poem without sacrificing excellence of technique. On the final side of the album, Mr. Kapell plays the provocative "Evocation" by Albeniz. An album to delight the harp enthusiast is Victor's new recording of Debussy's "Dances, Sacred and Profane," and "Introduction and Allegro" by Ravel, interpreted by the Parisian-born virtuoso Marcel Grandjany and the Victor string and chamber orchestra conducted by Sylvan Levin. The former work is not quite up to the performance given here by Salzedo and ensemble, but the Ravel is quite enjoyable.