

OREGON Daily EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and final examination periods. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Ore. Member of the Associated Collegiate Press

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We're All American

There is a feeling of pride around the Emerald's Quonset hut this week. The Shackrats know they are working on an "All-American" paper and they are justifiably proud.

Those who toiled last year to get a paper out five days a week feel a particular sense of accomplishment. Yet that feeling is mixed with a feeling of gentle amusement, perhaps smugness.

They remember, those Emerald veterans of last year, how rough it was to produce this organ, how they seemed always at odds with the campus, how their paper was sometimes standing alone on issues most of the campus thought unimportant.

They feel particularly smug when they leaf through the criticism of the Associated Collegiate Press, whose judges said the editorial page was the strongest spot in the paper. They remember it was this page that took the worst beating.

Yes, we're All American. Now we have our eye on the coveted "Pacemaker" award, which the Emerald won twice in the thirties. We are painfully aware of our own shortcomings. Each morning we go over our work and find weaknesses that are not apparent to the casual reader.

We want to get better. We see some rough going ahead, and we expect criticism (not all of it constructive) from our readers. It will be welcome if it helps us see where we are going.

Glammer? D-u-u-u-h. . .

The University of Washington has added a touch of realism to its college roster. A bona fide representative of the institution, whose official title is "director of the office of high school relations and orientation," will tour state high schools soon with a goal, if we can believe what we read on the AP wire, of "debunking the tendency of over-glamorizing college life." Other points of college interest will be offered in his conferences, but here's a point that strikes home.

True, when we were toddlers listening to the "big boys" comment on life at the U, the era of the raccoon coat and the rest of the Boola Boola seemed pretty glamorous. But that is an era long gone.

That "glamor" aspect of today's college fascinates, yes intrigues us. Maybe the typical Washingtonian has something on his campus that Oregon is without.

Does the gentle vet, arising from five hours uninterrupted sleep which was all he was able to get because of the demands of his wife, baby and Principles of Insurance Computation, find the campus glamorus in the bleak reality of day? Does the young coed, sprinting unhappily from her 8 o'clock trying to dodge large wet particles of atmosphere, find any thing particularly glamor-inspiring about the area? Does that same coed resemble the personification of glamor as her hair, carefully "put up" the night before in a tedious and never-ending process, "comes down" with discouraging rapidity? What, we plead, could be construed as glamorous about a term in the libe when we'd much rather be sentenced to a cuppa 10 cent cawfee at the Side.

Who in the history of higher education, ever appeared glamorus while writing a request for cash to the home town folks, or what hints of glamor can be seen in the enforced playing of volleyball or shuffleboard or ROTC which are certainly integral parts of the tour college years?

To de-glamorize college life sounds like a noble goal, but frankly, we'll do without it.

No Doz and rain, examinations and 8 o'clocks, library restrictions and trailer life. . . Washington, we invite you to our favorite campus—well-loved in the eyes of its 5800 students, but no contestant for the Glammer Center of the West.

?

J.B.S.

Kenton's Flack Says Band Great; New Sideman Added Since Armory Job

By TED HALLOCK

Had a long talk Saturday last with Chuck Newton, new advance flack for Newcomb Kenton. Chas. stays at least a week ahead of Stan's gang, buttering various small radio stations. Newton replaced ex-Kentonite Gene Howard, who was the band's press-man last March when the 10', or gigantic, egg was laid in the armory.

Friday night's biz is no concert, which fact many will rue, others applaud. Band won't quite be the same as regards sidemen, but Newton says (and who wouldn't for a similar weekly stipend) that the band's still great. Kai Winding and Skippy Layton will be among those missing in the brass section. Layton's taken his trombone to the Les Paul trio for no apparent reason. Winding's wife objects to the road. Replacement Eddie Berg plays "Machito," says Newton, but doesn't quite reach Layton's stature on "Collaboration" (the Wetzel-Layton duo which ends the record). Bart Varsalona and Milt Bernhardt alternate on lead trombone.

Musso's Missing

"Porky" Porcina enters the Kenton trumpet section. Childers and Wetzel still share lead. Vido Musso cut-out six days before the road tour began, en route to Chicago to build another (probably as ill-fated) big band. Boots Mussulli's wife had a nervous break-down, which eliminated be-bopster Mussulli. Bob Cooper (June Christy's husband) is playing go tenor, with someone named George Weidler on second tenor.

Safranski, Manne, and Kenton are three of five rhythm. Brazilian guitarist Laurindo Almeida is number four, and bongoist Joe Constanza fills it up. Christy and Ray Wetzel share vocals. No more Pastels. So . . . that's what you'll see and hear come Friday. I wonder who'll win, Traubel or Kenton.

James Don't Jam

In the words of Juan Tizol (a Cuban), "Hairy Jeems is wan beeg money maker." Harry James, in the words of Ted Hallock (hack writer) leads 25 odd technically-perfect, emotionless tools, who would do well to cop a lesson from Betty Grable in the activated fanny department. Only stellar attraction: the four-man, four-part, written gimmicks which had star altoist Willie Smith scanning the spots, and taxed even saccharine-Harry's trumpet ingenuity. Unknown: trombone and clarinet, but both wonderful.

Woody Herman hits Portland next month with a band which boasts as its sole ex-Her-

der drummer Don Lamond. Ear-witnesses label Buddy Rich's new band as be-bopistic to the extent of introducing boredom. Metro-name mag labels it "new," "exciting." Have you heard Nat Cole and J. Mercer sing "Harmony"? On Capitol and great.

Heider Hassles Hupmobile

Ex-campus musiker Wally Heider now teaches neophite drivers in S.F. at \$3.00 per hour. Joe Ingram and six men take over Cascade Gardens Friday and Saturday nights as of October 24. Band includes Gene Zarones, tenor; Bob Hays, alto and trombone; Hal Hardin, bass; Arnold Martin, piano, and leader Ickman, cornet.

Almost forgot: Kenton makes two air performances Friday. He's on with KASH carnuaba-crackler Don Porter at 2 p.m., and with KUGN'S Freddy Yahn at 4:30 p.m. Kenton's feeling better. His doctor still forbids scheduled personal appearances.

"Peg's" Peak Pop

New mag, "The Cash Box," which is not sold commercially, being distributed gratis to juke-box operators, comes up with some stimulating statistics this week. Seems ops voted Eddy Howard the finest band of 1947, and "Peg o' My Heart" (by the Haromicats) the fav record of the year. Disc selection is understandable. "Peg" is on vinylite; meaning at least 5000 more nickels per use. I offer no explanation for Howard. Fill in your own.

Notable events: F. Martin is still alive. Tex Beneke is appearing in shorts (which carve the new long trou) at Springfield's Varsity theater. Nellie Lutcher's Capitol "Take It on Down to My House Honey" is most certainly not as vulgar as Party records being demanded by capusites from local music shops. By comparison it sounds like a diluted double-entendre (untranslated) from the pen of Kenneth Patchen.

Rose City Jumps

Portland's first jazz concert (at McElroy's) did not fall quite on its head as expected. Able musicians, and long-time jazz collectors, Monte Ballou, Axel Tyle, Willie Pavia et al did a better-than-average job of imitating Portland's conception of what Lu Watters might sound like with only one cornet. Local musicians, should they possess the anatomy of a brass monkey, should attempt emulation.

See you all for coffee and donuts at the Kenton conclave. I assure you I'll be torn with indecision as to whether long-hairism should out Friday night . . . torn for at least 12 seconds.

Fenton Movies - Free and Good;

By BERT MOORE

Larry Lau, please note: Tonight's educational activities board movie, "The Count of Monte Cristo," is free to anyone who cares to drop around to room 3, Fenton hall at 7:30. Latecomers can attend the second showing, approximately 85 to 90 minutes later.

The campus man with the pinched pocketbook is doubly blessed this week. Thursday night at 8 something called "Adventures of Chico," a Spanish-language flim, will be shown in the same auditorium, along with "People of Mexico," a documentary.

Aside from the economy angle, these pictures stand head and shoulders above the programs now being shown on Eugene screens. I know that I don't have any real authority to say this, because I've never seen "Adventures of Chico" nor "Framed," but I'm taking a chance on two advertisements with which I've come in contact.

The "ad" on "Chico" was vocal, from a friend, and went something like this, "It's a pretty fair picture . . . all about a little boy who doesn't have any friends and so he makes friends with some animals . . . pretty good . . ." The ad for "Framed" featured these words, "The same Glen Ford that tamed Gilda. . ." Well, you can make up your mind. . .

In case none of the old folks are at home to give you the scoop, "Monte Cristo" stars Robert Donat, who never gave a bad performance in his life, and, all in all, is an excellent picture. A movie like this, approximately 14 years old, is doubly interesting from a technical standpoint. When you get through seeing it, ask yourself whether the movie makers are doing better or worse as the flickering years roll along.

Don Hunter, head of the audio-visual department on the campus, has made up some fine programs for the weeks to come. Some of them are more interesting to special groups, like art, language, or music students, but all of them have cinematic merit.

And this is a good time to make special note of the October 29 program, which will feature comedies starring Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd. Kiddies who think Bob Hope and Red Skelton are great will do well to drop around for a glimpse of the masters in their natural habitat.

A recent item in the Register-Guard saying that all the buildings on the "Rachel" sets have been given to the property owners will set a lot of minds at ease. The loungers who daily fan the breeze at Seventh and Willamette have been wondering what was going to happen after the shooting was over to the \$1000 comfort station that was built for the use of Miss Loretta Young.

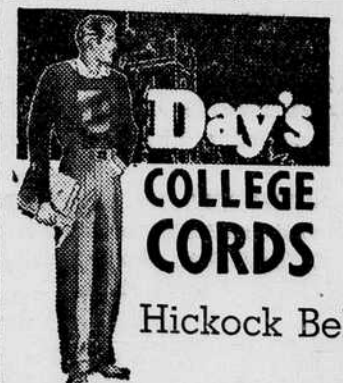
Finished in knotty pine and featuring a fur-topped bench and rack to hold scripts while the occupant was changing her makeup and stuff, the little building has been the cause of the gleam in more than one farmer's eye.

Letters

LIKES POWDER BURNS

To the Editor:
It was a wonderful sight indeed to turn to the editorial page and find POWDER BURNS there. I for one have missed Rex Gunn's regular articles during the past year. Mr. Gunn shows great sight and forethought in his rambling stories about our world today. Sure, they are more on the serious side all right—but it's high time we all do some serious thinking about the recent past and the immediate future.

D. L. Persinger



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