

Columnist Defends Petrillo Disc Ban

By TED HALLOCK

James C. and men have done it once and for all. Saturday last came news that the A. F. of M.'s exec council (which includes Portland's Herman Kenin, by the way) had voted to cease ALL recording and transcribing as of January 1, 1948. "We shall stop," the decision read, "contributing to the thing which will eventually kill our means of livelihood."

Few observers realize that the musicians' refusal to record would not be punishable under either the Taft-Hartley or Lea Acts, should the N. A. B., or some indie operator attempt a test case. And, though such a test case (as in WAAF vs. J. Petrillo) might reach the U. S. supreme court, lots of legal dough is ready for takers on the assumption that the union's stand will be upheld as being not unlawful.

Second Chorus: Same Tune

In case you've forgotten, Jimmy has tried this tactic before, and with success. On August 1, 1942, and edict from Petrillo stopped waxing; ending the ban in 1943. There are, however, two sides to the question. Only musicians are able to weigh the good and bad attributable to Petrillo's various stands. The people are able to weigh only the various shades of bad. That's all they hear about.

It may interest someone to know that Local 47 (Los Angeles), to combat the menace of increased membership (which would flood a group already dependent upon limited movie and radio work), leveled maximum weekly earnings at 175. When said

figure was reached, the member earning same had had it for that week. Yet Petrillo is accused of lying if he asserts that recordings cut his members collective throats. There's more, too.

Press Prissy

For example, how much publicity in the local press is being given the Saturday night Community Center dances (every third week), at which music is furnished gratis by Local 689, as part of its campaign to return an odd thousand dollars (its share of the A. F. of M. recording fund) to the public. If keeping juveniles off the streets and in a hall where the music is as good as it can get in Eugene is bad . . . then hand me a gin, son, I'm gone.

Kenton Concerned

Kenton, incidentally, was plenty worried around 9 p.m. when only a handful of loyal cats had shown. The guy is sharp. He knew all about Traubel, late permission (or lack of same), Saturday football, etc. The house was fair near the end. Stan let slip during the affair that tenorman Bob Cooper and frau Christy intend scrambling sometime soon. Kenton told me (we/us) earlier Friday evening that he wouldn't take Vido back under any circumstances. There's your chance, Widmer.

Kentonites: Shelly Manne used localite Bob Ramsey's experimental foot-pedal (made while Ramsey was aboard the U.S.S. Enterprise) and proclaimed it "Fine, man!" Pedal has aluminum fortespas and double reelfraz. New trombonist Eddy Burk (name misspelled last week) looked slightly like a

mouse and played something like a lion.

Bing Book Boffo

There's a new book out. About and around Bing Crosby. Published by a Dr. J. T. H. Mize (no joke), containing iconography and discography. Costs three, and is available at local music shop.

Cash Box mag is out again this week. Same mistakes. Howard and "Peg" are top ork and tune. Glad they don't sell it. That pernicious propaganda should be in nobody's hands save Falcon and Side ops.

You've probably heard that Musicraft is again on its financial feet. Those interested in whether the company's stock is still selling at 19 cents a share should contact alum George Carey, now wearing a cutaway for one of Portland's less particular stock and bonders.

"Bones" Blase

Oscar Moore has left Nat Cole. Woody Herman's at the Park November 8. His mother, according to trade reports, does not sing with the band. "Save The Bones" is a dirty song, and I will have nothing to do with it. Vic Damone is a jerk. Which opinion seems shared locally. The new Bunk Johnson album (Decca) is strictly to have. Whether moldy fig or hopster you'll appreciate its authenticity.

We'll wager a few local radio faces are red (assuming they belong to people who can and do read Downbeat) after Mike Levin's terrifically potent blast at the "This Is Jazz" master (correct spelling) Rudi Blesh. Seems the publicized feeling that Rudi is a good soul is not mutual. Get it?

The Millrace--A Constructive Editorial

While the city council and the University have been playing catch with the millrace problem, a possible solution has delivered itself literally from heaven. The rains have come. In fact, this month's rainfall broke the weather bureau's record, kept since 1890.

Rejoice, students! At this

rate the millrace will be flooded with torrents of rushing water. To take advantage of this delightful state, Junior Weekend and Homecoming dates should be transposed. A canoe fete would be impractical under these conditions, but what sport to have an ark-building contest! Mens' and womens' living organizations

would be paired off as before, but this time they would be constructing seaworthy craft rather than floats. Upon completion, students will march into their arks two by two just like Noah and his followers.

House cooks and mascots such as Smokey, Snowbelle, and Mike would, of course, be

included and lend a realistic air.

Then, let it rain!

Annual fall worries over getting home for Thanksgiving vacation because of flood conditions would disappear. Following the weekend festivities, students would lightheartedly set sail down the Willamette river for Portland, California

members would have the added attraction of sailing on to the Columbia and taking the coast routs to their sunny land. The publicity value of such venture is unlimited.

Of course, like the quonset huts, this would only be a temporary plan until a new revetment is built, but the millrace would be in use again.

M.E.T.

GOOD Movies Go Over a Lot Better

By BERT MOORE

Last Wednesday night someone turned a full bathtub upside down over the campus. The traditional Wednesday night xxxx drinkers were doing their usual stubby-tilting. A few people were studying. Everything was all set for a quiet evening in Fenton hall for the few who would walk through rain and past bierstubes to see a better-than-average movie.

Something happened that wasn't on the docket, however. If you were in that milling mob that jammed the Fenton auditorium to see Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo" you might have been and other pursuits and out into the

wondering just how many people besides yourself had the same idea.

The totals are rather interesting. Fenton's auditorium has 225 seats. More than 300 saw the first show, not counting those who stood outside and watched through the doors, while 180 came around for show number two, which began about 9:30 and lasted for almost two hours. For the first show people sat in the center aisle and crowded along the walls. No one counted those who went away after failing to get near the place.

I don't believe the low admission price (it was free!) brought all those people away from their books

rain. The lust for something-for-nothing wasn't the driving force that filled Fenton.

I believe all those people simply wanted to see a good movie--were tired of the swill that is presented on the bill of fare of most Eugene theaters most of the time. I also believe that these people and others who were kept away by certain Wednesday night considerations would like to see some more good films.

There's even a possibility that if the educational activities board would give us a couple of decent films a week many of us wouldn't mind paying a low admission

charge (say a dime) to see such films. It would lessen the strain on the educational activities budget. If you are in favor of a program like this drop Dick Williams a card or call him up in his Mac court office and tell him so. His phone doesn't ring enough anyway.

One problem that is going to be tough to solve in the future is where to show films to audiences of last Wednesday night's size. The open doors at Fenton let a lot of noise out into normally quiet halls, and as a direct result Thursday night's pictures played in 207 Chapman.

There's little question about the

necessity of such a move. If you have any doubts ask one of your friends in law school about his need for steady concentration time. exclude, of course, sturdy law students like Kermit Smith who can play the ten-string guitar and og women while briefing cases with his toes.

Well, we have a problem. There is evidently a campus audience for worthwhile films. But there is neither auditorium large enough to take care of this audience nor enough free money lying around to provide for more than an occasional showing. Write your solution on an old dollar bill and send it in.

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The Public Has A Point --A Bitter Editorial

Emerald Columnist Ted Hallock, himself a collector of fine old disks, indicates in these columns that he thinks the Petrillo ban on further record-making is a great thing. Only musicians are able to weigh the good and the bad, Hallock writes, because the stupid public hears only one side.

This isn't exactly the way it is. The reading public knows both sides.

One side (Petrillo's) is that the musicians will make more money and hold better jobs if there are no records.

The other side (the public's) is that people who want to hear recordings of new songs will have to listen to imported jobs, or more likely, go to some saloon and pay a large fee

to listen to a musician offer the stuff in person. Plus, of course, the radio.

This leaves the sober, but jivey citizen, only one opinion. He wants his records. Record collecting and record listening are a part of the social picture. Depriving the public of this feature, simply to featherbed for an occupational group, is a bit high-handed.

If Petrillo's reasoning is to be standard, it would be wise to watch for an edict from the actor's union, forbidding its dues-paying members to make motion pictures.

Petrillo still allows his fellas to broadcast. A lot of people listen to the radio. 'Twould be better, no doubt, if the public were not granted this "free" entertainment, either. Make 'em pay. A lot of musicians won't eat because people will be listening to their radios instead of witnessing their music.