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ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

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This Week We Got It

By BERT MOORE

In the words of the Prophet, "Some got it; some ain't got it." This ancient saying applies to many things, among them the quality of film fare in lumber capital of the world. This week Eugene has it, and it's about time.

Names and dates? Last Sunday and Monday the Western Amusement company offered "Miracle on 34th Street" at Eugene's only 35 cent theater for the benefit of those with lean bankrolls. Different chain (Hamrick-Evergreen), different theater, and we could see "Tobacco Road" and "The Grapes of Wrath."

That same Sunday "Frieda" was in town, and while it was far from being as good as many J. Arthur Rank productions, it was still far above the usual Hollywood average. Glynis Johns, baby-voiced actress who was absurdly miscast, ruined a number of good scenes by delivering her lines a la Jerry Colonna, but Flora Robson and David Farrar gave their usual fine performances to give the picture a lift.

The students of the motion picture, the reminiscing old-timers, and the guys who take their dates to the Chapman hall movies because they're free probably all got a kick out of Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong in "The Thief of Bagdad." vintage of '24.

Last night was also the start of a two day

run in Springfield for "The Best Years of Our Lives." To top it all off, I understand that "Henry V" will be in town shortly. At least Tex Goodwin says he's saving his pennies so he'll be sure to have the fare for this road-show-priced cinema when it arrives.

Every columnist has to take a stand "agin" something if he expects to attract the large percentage of readers who dote on graphic vitriol. Some choose to be agin cancer, others wage an unceasing columnar war agin man-eating sharks. I've staked out road-show prices as a popular, easy-to-hit target, but (here's a beauty of a mixed metaphor) I'm going to have to reverse my field.

"Henry V" is worth the extra tariff. Be like Tex Goodwin; save your pennies, rubles, zlotys, yen or lira and go see "Henry V." Next week brings midterms, but if you have any time left over you might read William S. in the original before you go. There's a plethora of Oxford, Cockney, Welsh, etc. accents in the movie, and if you were never a Piccadilly Commando you might have a little trouble with some of the lines.

Yes, it's been a good week (despite such tripe as "Green Dolphin Street" and "Pirates of Monterey") and if the showing of "Henry V" is any indication, better times are in the offing. Come out of that offing—we know you're there.

Washington Takes a Step

A step toward civilization was taken last week by the University Senate of the University of Washington, when that group went on record as disapproving any new organizations having discriminatory racial or religious clauses in their membership requirements. Old groups will not be forced to adopt the new regulation, but will be notified of the University's disapproval of the offending requirements.

This is altogether logical. If the situation in Seattle is as tight as it is here, and there is no reason to believe it is any better, the problem is too large to be solved by a sudden edict, demanding that all existing groups alter their membership requirements. There would be revolution, verily, insurrection.

But the slow, one-at-a-time system of watching over new organizations, while at the same time hammering the Word at the old groups, should be effective. Organizations with racial and religious barriers are rather misplaced on a campus of a University dedicated to light and truth. But there is little doubt that sweeping cracking down is just as evil.

The University of Oregon's student affairs committee, which is the body that "recognizes" groups on this campus, might well take a leaf from the Washington book.

When Brain-Power Showed

Brainpower is not completely out of fashion at Oregon, as the six members of the faculty-student PNCC selection committee can testify.

When the six, three faculty members and three students, interviewed the 10 candidates for the PNCC trip Tuesday afternoon they were confronted with a power-house of brain power and alert interest in the world. The GPAs of the 10 averaged better than 3-point. And their was the real brain there to match the GPA.

Moreover the brains were not mere brains that will someday grow mouldy in libraries. They were alert, polished, students who sought the privilege of representing the University at the PNCC meeting in Walla Walla next March.

Presence of a group of this high type should cheer campus pessimists who sometimes grow weary of the procession of cake-eaters and stuffed-shirts who sometimes seem to be the only ones to "get places" on this campus.

It would be to the best interest of the University if members of this group, or people like them, could be persuaded that "activities" were worth while.

Into the Stretch

This may or may not mean something to the campus at large, but it means a great deal to the staff of the Oregon Daily Emerald. With this issue we go into the home stretch. We are half through the 1947-1948 school year.

With the help of the traditional Shackrat diet (coffee, cigarettes, and fingernails washed down by an occasional aspirin tablet) we hope to be with you May 29 when Number 144 rolls off the press.

After reading the first couple of biographical sketches of the men for whom University buildings are named, we are eagerly awaiting a sketch of that great educator Thaddeus J. Physical Education.

One professor at Indiana university puts it to his students straight. He said, "Of course you people are entitled to your beliefs. But it would be much more diplomatic if you all would agree with me."

It's Mutual; Jurgens Liked Us Too

By FRED YOUNG

It seems to be pretty well agreed that nobody could have made the Senior's Prom a better evening than did Dick Yergens and his Scintillating Swedes. And besides a great time for the paid attendance, it seems that Jurgens and crew really enjoyed playing for us and look forward to the return.

A return to note is the initial record of the New-Herman Herd. Woody sings a pop tune on either side which seems unfortunate considering all the fine young talent with him. Kenton's Kai Winding is Herman's latest addition. However, on the record the band sounds better than most, although if you're only going to buy a single record look for Krupa.

He follows the great "D. J. Jump" with his new "I May Be Wrong." Music as this, is forcing the drummer into a leading bracket—far outshining the tense, shrieking Kenton of late. You might like H. James' "East Coast Blues" with only a little of H., too little of Willie Smith and then some pleasant Ziggy Elmer (not Elman) trombone. Also, find reissue of Goodman's "Jersey Bounce."

Decca sends us more Hampton, and you should like his modern new "Red Top" and too, "Giddy Up."

You needn't be modern or moldy to appreciate Duke Ellington and the great singing Herb Jeffries—Metronome Mag. male singer of '47. You might remember their fabu-

lous "Flamingo"—if not learn—it's been repressed by Victor and is a must in every house collection.

KGO carries some of the only live jazz on the air, at 11:30, Mon thru Fri. If you can find it at 800 on that dial, you will be rewarded indeed.

Latest from KXLA discloses that Hawthorne is trotting for President. Local blocks say shortly Bennett for the senate.

I'll stick the neck out and say Alvino Rey is going to be the best music on the campus so far this year. Right now he's noticing Lombardo's income, but also Kenton's kicks and Stan's satisfaction. So as that 10 man brass section indicates, Rey is trying to be new. Even heard him play a little jazz guitar on a recent Capitol transcription, which the local jockeys might be kind enough to display. Also, for some unknown reason they confine the finest Kenton to the rarely aired Capitol transcriptions.

There'll be a lot of music at the Armory next Wed. Beneke tends from hyper-sweet to light bop, and 'twill be a long while till he's near this virgin land again.

Many thanx go to the fine Philharmonica Trio and their willingness to help our Dime March. They are on Capitol records, remember. Hope you liked them, and also the good music from within our own confines.

Brother, You CAN Spare a Dime

(From the LSU Daily Reveille)

For the past several days, little posters with transparent coin boxes attached have been seen in conspicuous places on the campus. The little boy, whose legs are bracketed by braces, is simply saying "Please!"

The posters, as you have already guessed have been distributed around the campus and in establishments downtown by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

Because the foundation was established by former President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the drive is held in January and continued until his birthday, January 30, when it culminates in swank dinners throughout the country in a final effort to help these unfortunate children.

But the big dinners sponsored at the end of the drive, often selling tickets at \$100 per plate, do not provide the drive with its substantial and necessary funds. The impetus comes from among all the American people in all walks of life who drop pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters in the little boxes all over the nation.

It is the American people who provide the major impetus for the drive which is dedicated to caring for thousands of the paralytic children.

It is the American people with small but modest incomes who buy most of the braces and pay for the nurses and doctors. The people responsible come from stores in small towns, coal mines, factories, farms . . . and colleges and universities.

Maybe the reason for this is that everybody walks around with change in their pockets most of the time—even veterans attending school on the GI Bill. It doesn't take much effort to drop a nickel or a dime in one of the little boxes and everybody on the campus passes at least one of them every day.

Neither does it take much away from the student in even the poorest financial condition. Just about anybody can afford a dime.

A dime would be far less than the least each student could afford if the little boy with the useless legs asked them personally for a donation to the drive.

If someday your child relied on these same contributions . . . "Could you spare a dime, brother?"