

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

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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Capitol's Americana Series Lists 'Collectors' Items'

By MICHAEL CALLAHAN

Like Hollywood, the big discompanies only wax "superb" and "richly American" super-dupers, from Stokowski down to Red "Timtation" Ingle. But when a little number comes along blowing its own brass band, and labelling itself a "collectors item," even our worn eyebrows lift a bit.

Capitol's Americana series lists this new album, titled only "Collectors Items." The cover blurb calls them "eight great unreleased sides." The suprising thing considering the ban, is that they are eight unreleased sides. And they are, to put it mildly, terrific.



Waxed back in the G. I. years of '44 and '45, these discs were held up and finally lost in the postwar flood of smoochy ditties. Now they are out, packing in one album some of the biggest jazz names of the day.

Stan Kenton's ork leads off the collection with "Traveling Man," followed by Peggy Lee's "Baby" (she claims it's the torchiest disc she ever cut), "I Can't Get Started," with Benny Carter's golden alto sax, and Eddy Miller's "Just One More Chance." Strictly for jumps are "Bug in a Rug," with Sonny Greer and drums, "Tain't Like That," with Rex Miller's coronet riffs, and "You're My Everything," by Red Nichols and his Pennies.

On our list, the star number is "I Apologize," a tricky showcase for Benny Goodman's clarinet and Red Norvo's xylophone. Benny Carter's sax and Lee Young's drums lead the Hollywood Husksters supporting band.

Newest and most promising of the rhythm vocal groups are the Charioteers, whose "Swinging Low" album was released early this month. The group is good, and the prospects look for it to be even better. The easy, wide-open rhythm style that Frankie Laine has brought to perfection is the keynote of The Charioteers singing. If the combo can avoid the vocal acrobatics that killed the Ink Spot arrangements, we look for a great future for them.

With an eye to insuring cash register music, Columbia gave The Charioteers only time-tested favorites to sing in their first collection. Offered are "Sweet Lorraine," "I'm in the Mood for Love," "Sleepy Time Gal," "My Fate is in Your Hands," "On the Sunny Side of the Street," and "I Can't Get Started."

Single lines: This "I Can't Get Started" song is on the comeback, judging from a look at the current platter listings. Once the theme song of the greatest of all the white jazz trumpeters, Bunny Berrigan, "I Can't Get Started" features some catchy lyrics and a tune that's made to order for solo takeoffs. To add to Benny Carter's sax arrangements and The Charioteers' vocal, Charlie Spivak and Harry James are expected to match their trumpets on rival discs in the near future. We doubt that Maestros S. or J. will ever equal the immortal Berrigan's sky-climbing horn, so it looks like a cinch reissue of that classic

Following up the sensational success of "Near You" is another catchy tune by Francis Craig, titled "Beg Your Pardon." Featuring the same simple rhythm and words that rocketed "Near You" to the top of the Hit Parade, "Beg Your Pardon" seems tailor-cut to follow it to the number one spot. Frankie Carle wisely kept the intriguing piano bass that is Craig's trademark, and picked the best singer from his Girl Friends to do the vocal. His disc should set the standard on this dance tune.

Yes, We'll Have No Green Goose, And a Few of the Reasons Why

Oregon has no humor magazine. Once there was a "Green Goose," a wild and rugged publication which came out once a year under anonymous editorship. But the Green Goose is dead—dead but not forgotten. As Columnist Larry Lau reminded Emerald readers yesterday, old gaffers in the fraternity houses are all the time dragging out copies of the last issue and showing them to callow youths who were yet in grade school when it was surreptitiously distributed in the spring of 1939.

The Green Goose was killed off abruptly and without warning, save the warning that the next Green Goose would see a lot of would-be-graduates of the University remain would-be-graduates. The character of the old Goose was such that people in high administrative circles still blanch at the mention of the name.

It was a prime example of what happens when privileges—such as freedom of the press on a college campus—are abused. The boys went too far. Had they been a little less aggressive in asserting this freedom, the administration might have suffered them to publish more issues of their magazine.

There are a number of students on the campus today who would like to revive the old Goose, but they are wasting their time. Despite their statements that any humor

magazine they publish will be in "good taste," the memory of the Goose is too powerful. They just won't be allowed to do it, unless they are willing to sacrifice diploma, good name and so on. That's a flat statement.

The reasons behind this seemingly arbitrary ruling are sound, although they may not be readily apparent to the casual reader. It is more than just a desire on the part of the administration that student writers keep their writings mailable. It is more than simply trying to keep the college press scrubbed up.

There is the matter of public relations, of the good name of this institution. It is difficult enough for a university to keep its name good without having a publication of the Green Goose type to make the job impossible. The university is put in the embarrassing position of having to stand behind anything published on the campus. That there is freedom of the press here at Oregon, that there is no pre-publication censorship, means nothing to the casual reader off the campus.

The University administration is not too willing to trust to the good judgement of the editors of a campus humor magazine. With the example of the Green Goose behind them, this is easy to understand.

Opportunity for College Education Not Yet an Established Tradition

All the furor over the report of the President's commission on higher education reveals a basic weakness in the way Americans think about higher education. The commission wants American colleges to double their enrollments by 1960. Very admirable, say some of the critics, but such a blanket program would lower the educational standards of the existing institutions and would cheapen the college degree, already cheapened by the many "factories" that turn out bachelors of arts in car-load lots.

This group is supported by the critics who insist that the bachelor of arts degree be the birthright of any citizen who can afford it. Any barriers to the degree, they regard as "discrimination." Presumably this includes academic "standards" such as the ability to read.

There is no reason why the program cannot be worked out, if our present criterion of "fitness" is re-examined in the light of the high aims most colleges have set for themselves.

It is in the American tradition that economic good health be the standard. If a person can afford it, he stands a good chance of being a bachelor of something about the

time he casts his first vote. If he cannot afford it, he will have rough sledding no matter how great his mental capacity and his desire for learning. For generations this sort of economic "discrimination" has been carried on against some of the nation's best minds. It is just as vicious as discrimination along religious or racial lines.

There are always a few exceptions. Scholarships and anonymous "rich uncles" sometimes do appear to make possible the education of a good mind that would otherwise be neglected. But it is by no means the rule.

There is no doubt that the country today is full of mute, inglorious Miltons who might be leading the nation, had they had the opportunities for developing their abilities.

At the same time scattered over the land are thousands of college graduates who have not begun to master the arts ideally expected of a "college man."

The answer would appear to be to raise the standards for a degree, and to remove the economic barrier that keeps too many good minds back on the farm or in the factory.

Perhaps the commission's suggestion that enrollments be doubled is a bit arbitrary. But if the above two suggestions were followed something close to that might be achieved.

The 'Old Goat' Looks on Wistfully

Friday's Emerald carried a little feature story about mock ceremonies in a number of fraternity houses, ceremonies staged when some of the brethren marched off to ROTC drill. There is something appealing in the picture, something that reminds the "Old Goat" of an earlier day when he, too, left the house for the military life.

It was a little different, though, in those days. There were no ceremonies, no brass bands. The old goat just left and joined the

old goat who had left the day or the week before. Together they waited for the ones who followed. People were going away all the time, and there was no point in getting ceremonial about it.

May be there were old goats who viewed the Thursday horse-play with mixed emotions. Sure, it's funny now, and that other business was a long time ago. Today we can laugh at what only yesterday was a serious matter.

Peace, it's wonderful.