

'Nature Boy' Oregon Democrats Get Little Books, Too, Promises Big Things But the Passages Aren't So Purple

By BOB FRAZIER

By MICHAEL CALLAHAN
 "Nature Boy" is dimming dance lights across the country today like nothing since the haunting "Gloomy Sunday" of years ago.

The story of this strange melody, now recorded on what may be the greatest single record of the decade, goes back more than a century, to another country.



The moody theme of "Nature Boy" was born in a brilliant piano prelude that took Paris of the 1830s by storm. Frederick Chopin hurriedly wrote this prelude only a few months before his death, and into it poured so much of his passionate Slavic nature that critics soon spoke of it reverently as "the great Prelude Appassionata."

In America, the prelude won a brief flurry of demand as the theme of the film version of Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray." Leopold Stokowski recorded an orchestral arrangement that sold well enough to keep out of the cobweb files, but the public was looking for words to match the music. All they were waiting for is in "Nature Boy."

From Chopin's stormy composition, Capitol writer Eden Ahbez built a wistful song about a wandering young lover. To sing the plaintive words ("the greatest joy—is to love and be loved in return"), Capitol picked soft-voiced Nat "King" Cole, with Frank Devol's golden-stringed orchestra in the background.

Short days after its release last month, "Nature Boy" rose to "song of the week" honors on station wax-spinner programs in every part of the country. (Eugene station KASH held it for a solid week). Advance shipments promptly sold out over more than one Eugene disc bar, and the demands are piling up all the way back to the Cap studios in Hollywood.

If you haven't heard "Nature Boy," make the rounds until it comes in. The whole work is strictly masterpiece material—just the short piano passage alone is worth the buying price.

Album notes: Someone at Victor should get the axe this week. The formula for Tony Martin's comeback album was surefire—Russ Case's ork, some memorable old-timer tunes that Martin fans would jump at, and the great old tenor himself. But scratchy disc surfaces, some of the worst we've ever heard, loused up the whole set.

A blunder like that hasn't slipped out of Victor since the old gramophone days, and when the kickbacks come in someone is going to get a royal chewing. Just to keep the record straight, Victor flubbed Martin's stylings of "Night and Day," "You and the Night and the Music," "Deep Night," "In the Still of the Night," and a pair of others right out the back door.

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To get a reputation as a liar, a fellow has only to keep complaining that he's being misquoted.

The political complexion of the Emerald has been a matter of campus comment these past few days. The Emerald "reviewed" the Republican party voters' pamphlet earlier this week, and the word around the campus is that the Shack is a hot-bed of Democrats. This is not so. Neither do we swoon at each utterance of Senator Taft or Representative Knutson.

The only thing we're agin' is humbug.

Our review of the Republican pamphlet, we thought, was quite objective. We just quoted from the book.

To allay suspicion we herewith do the same for the democrats, whose loyal followers also receive little books before election. But it isn't easy. A combing of the Democrat pamphlet has failed to reveal the purple passages that abound in the pamphlet of the GOP. Few of the Democrats declare themselves in favor of the "American way of life." Few of them appear eager to "return to constitutional government."

But here we go:

There is the case of Henry C. Aiken, who is running for Democrat national committeeman. One of his qualifications is that he was:

Former President of the Heppner Rodeo for 10 years.

Mr. Aiken is opposed by Mike M. De Cicco, who is:

Strongly interested in social service work, Mr. De Cicco is a long-time member of the Eagles, the Elks, and Oregon Dads.

Comes now the case of Carroll D. Irving Johnston, candidate for delegate at large to the Democratic national convention. One of the planks in his platform is:

Tolerant views.

Another candidate for that job is Charles T. McPherson,

who appears to favor President Truman for the nomination. He's quite poetic about it, saying that:

The path of his thought is straight
 "Like that of the swift cannon ball,
 Shattering that it may reach, and
 Shattering what it reaches."

William F. Tanton, candidate for nomination for representative to congress, fourth district, uses no picture with his blurb in the pamphlet. His wisdom in the public relations field is something that could be copied with profit by many of the other candidates.

A wheel-horse is Byron G. Carney, who is running for the secretary of state nomination. Says he:

I will make an active campaign to reach every voter in the state, not merely to get votes for myself, but for every Democrat on the ticket.

William B. Murray who would like to be attorney general is a fighter. The pamphlet tells us:

Friends and opponents alike recognize that "Bill Murray fights hard, but he fights fair."

Keith W. Bacon, democrat, candidate for nomination for representative in the legislative assembly, fourteenth district, Lane county, believes in:

Repeal of anti-labor laws.

Our own Dale Harlan who is seeking the same job Mr. Bacon is after observes this about Oregon:

It is a fastly growing state.

The Democrats, you see, get little books, too, but the reading is not quite so good. It is not that the Republicans are really better. It is just that we have an affinity for the purple passage.

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toujours gai, toujours gai, wattahell, there's a dance in the old dame yet A BOOK REVIEW

By KENNETH ROBERTS

Don Marquis' column appeared in the New York Sun from 1913 to 1922, a column remarkable for the fact that it never degenerated into the usual mediocrity of a day to day deadline, and has been compared to Addison and Steele's Spectator. The book, "The Best of Don Marquis' Works" incorporates some of the author's best-loved poems and essays, the most renowned being "Archy and Mehitabel." Archy was a cockroach whose soul yearned for expression, and told about the adventures of Mehitabel the corybantic cat, who claimed she was a reincarnation of Cleopatra. Arch would laboriously type by jumping from the framework of the typewriter headfirst with just enough force to strike each letter, but he could not work capital letters. Mehitabel was a philosophic cat, who believed amateurs were ruining her profession, but she always remained a lady even as she dropped the six little evidences of her latest alley alliance into the most convenient rainbarrel saying:

my youth i shall never forget
 but there's nothing i really regret
 wotthell wotthell
 there's a dance in the old dame yet
 toujours gai toujours gai

Marquis used Archy's lowly position to great effect for satirical allusions, and New Yorkers had a great faith in Archy's interpretations of the day's events.

The rest of the book contains "The Story of the Old Soak," a man who didn't believe that man was made to live by bread alone,

Oregon Underground

Each year the Emerald has obligations to fulfill. The foremost obligation, probably, is that each Tuesday through Saturday there be an Emerald printed and distributed. The second obligation, probably, is that the Emerald each year must run a feature on the University tunnel system.

It may be because each new freshman class must be indoctrinated with the knowledge of the tunnels, or it may be that in this atomic age, all students should have a knowledge of some obscure hideaway. We're not sure, for the reason became lost in 1926 and we've just been printing the stories ever since on hearsay. But it's a ground rule of the "shack" that the tunnels be explained, so, perilously, two associate editors of the Emerald took flashlight in hand and descended into the depths via the heating plant.

Well equipped with K-rations, a third and a fourth for bridge, a guide, two Hershey bars, and a copy of "Count of Monte Cristo," the party explored the caves which bring to all campus buildings heat, light, electricity, and, to a great extent, water. Pipes overhead and on the walls, conduits on the floor, and ground water dripping at unexpected places all contributed to the feeling that we were far from the campus.

The tunnels run from the heating plant to McArthur court, over to Susan Campbell, to the music building, down along Deady and Villard, and over to John Straub. They form a system of passageways about 7 feet by 4 feet, for students who get tired of it all, for professors who wish to escape from students, and for workmen who repair the pipes.

A series of electric lights, burning bright but cheerless in the passageways, illuminate the cement-enclosed areaways. Certain passageways are wet and slippery and it's not at all surprising to come suddenly upon a low valve, or a high conduit which must be skirted cleverly. No rats were there, though, we were assured, for there's nothing for them to eat.

It was fun to wander through. We even learned something. We found out that the manhole which gushes steam right outside of Friendly hall isn't really a hiding place of delinquent high school smokers; it seems that the steam is all part of the University heating system.—J.B.S.

which became folklore during the bootleg era. "The Old Soak's History of the World" tells how they used to have skin jugs instead of bottles. "Hermione and her little group of serious thinkers" are selections satirizing arty intellectuals, and also an introduction by Christopher Morley, a close friend of Marquis, comparing Marquis, justifiably, to Mark Twain.

The book is recommended reading on either the humorous or philosophical level, or both. One thing reading this book will give you, is a store of pungent sayings, such as: humanity usually triumphs over its details; try not to worry too much about things, somebody will think it all out for you; Freuds rush in where angels fear to tread; the only thing hindering the progress of the human race is the human race.