

Kindergarten Pays

Little boys and little girls who pout and sulk and kick the wall when things don't go just as they want them to go shouldn't be in college.

The vandalism which occurred Monday night to parking meters and University businesses is, fortunately, not typical of the college student. It was the action of a few persons, probably of the college community, whose immature minds cannot grasp hold of a problem and think of any effective way of solving it short of childish pranks or violence.

Their actions (if they kept them up from now until campus politics are completely above board) would result in nothing but bad publicity for the University and just legal action against the offenders.

If student groups near the business district feel that they have been handed a raw deal by the City Council and the businessmen, these groups may confer with the businessmen and Councilmen to see what arrangements can be made. But no headway will be made as long as these student groups keep a "chip-on-the-shoulder," "we're being persecuted" attitude which certain elements of the group have displayed this week.

The parking problem is not an easy one to solve. It will take patience and common sense and understanding on the part of all concerned.

No Longer--For Next Year

No longer will those stories spread about Oregon State College physical education classes carrying buckets of water to Bell Field before the Civil War clash to bog down the Oregon offense.

No longer will Oregon and Oregon State students sharpen their wits, weapons, fingernails; build up their muscle, brawn, and raw egg supply; or stop buying jackets in preparation for a Saturday bargain at Corvallis.

No longer will this happen—for a year. No longer will this happen at Corvallis. At least not next year, because the Oregon State game has been moved to Portland.

Consequently wits, weapons, fingernails, muscle, brawn, eggs, jackets, and buckets of water will have to be prepared for Portland—not Corvallis.

Now this move by the Oregon Staters was really quite gracious of them. For they are giving up their "big" game at Corvallis. While "going to Corvallis for THE game" has always been a favorite pastime of Oregon students; not many will complain at going to Portland, instead, where seating arrangements will probably be better, and the game certainly just as good.

And as soon as Bell Field is fixed over (this may take some time) to allow more spectators safe seating, the game will return to Corvallis every other year.

Wild Notes New Jazz Society by Fred Young

Good deal! all these "drinking fountains" they're putting along the curb on 11th and 13th streets. At first, suspected them to be another revenue raising device instituted to make up for the unit in Carson Hall that's empty.

Pleasant article in last Sunday's "Oregonian" which kicked the limp form of the deferred living controversy around a bit more. Surprising to see the political beaver, Dick Neuberger, allowing himself to get out on such a rotten limb as the "pro" side.

Also, surprising to hear from my Los Angeles independent friend who (without any prompting) mentions that Glenn Henry and orchestra have been doing very well in that sector. He'll be in this sector Saturday night.

My friends went on to say that Henry's popular down South primarily because he is quite danceable, not because he blows great jazz. We think that's unfortunate. Who's dancing? Also, says that band gets nice round, full sound. This should be a good dance despite the fact that Dad Paxson will light the cannon.

The New Jazz Society, Inc. is its name. To bring a better jazz understanding is its purpose. Four dollars is its cost. What you'll realize for that \$4 is pretty well worth mentioning.

1. A year's subscription (\$2.50) to Metro-

nome magazine.

2. Biographical and discographical material on jazz giants.

3. Half-price admission to all concerts organized by NJS.

4. Half-price admission to American Jazz Festival.

5. Lecture notes issued quarterly. Basic jazz theory, harmony, and history. Suggested readings and recordings.

6. A 50% reduction on "Jazz 1950." New jazz yearbook.

7. Admission to band rehearsals recommended by NJS.

In addition to the above mentioned, organized NJS groups of 50 or more will receive an LP record player on which to play the recorded lectures and music which will be sent to the organization at regular intervals.

In checking with the Student Union office we found that there would be a good possibility that one of the Union music listening rooms could be utilized in the eventuality that sufficient interest is shown in a New Jazz Society chapter.

The address is: NJS, Inc., 26 West 58th Street, New York, 19.

This is a great thing for those of us who appreciate and are interested in jazz music. For any supplementary information check with me at Sigma Chi.

A Rose is a Rose 401 Lucky People by Mortar Board

If the 15 members of Mortar Board appear to be a little more haggard than usual this week, excuse it, please. There are rugged weeks and there are RUGGED weeks. For Mortar Board, this week falls into the latter category.

Administering Faculty Rating on Thursday and Friday, a headache in itself, has been only one of our projects this term. Mortar Board annually awards one or more scholarships to deserving girls on the campus. This year we are trying to award as many as such scholarships as is financially possible, and therefore, at the present time, are launched on a money-making campaign. But PLEASE read on—we're not asking something for nothing.

On the contrary, we are offering 401 lucky persons a wonderful opportunity—a chance to see a special performance of the University Theater's current production, "The Warrior's Husband" next Tuesday night. This production on March 7 will be "above and beyond" the regular run, and therefore offers the aforementioned 401 persons (there are 401 seats in the Theater) many advantages:

1. You can reserve a whole block of tickets and come with the "gang," living organization, or political party. Group participation is strongly recommended.

2. You regular theater-goers can save one of your season ticket stubs for a later production when you can generously offer to take

someone.

Those of you who have seen only a few or none of the University productions can get a glimpse of the new Theater, as well as see, what promises to be, one of the best productions of the year.

4. When the scholarships are awarded in the Spring, you will have the pleasant realization that you have helped.

In addition, there are certain features of the play which will hold special appeal for the male audience, and some which will be of particular interest to the women:

For the men:

As you probably have heard, "The Warrior's Husband" relates the story of those famous female warriors, the Amazons, and the cast includes many curvaceous beauties wearing "appropriate" costumes.

For the women:

They say it's a man's world, but you can gloat when you see the Amazonian technique of dominating the so-called stronger sex.

So you can readily see that Tuesday night's performance will really be worth your while, and all for only \$1, too. Veterans, take your wives, (in fact, anyone who has a wife, take her) fellows, take your girls—or vice versa—but HURRY, there are only 401 seats available. You can purchase your tickets from any Mortar Board who might possibly have one or two left from the 27 she must sell.—Members of Mortar Board.

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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The Cinemas

I saw "Stromboli" in Portland this last weekend, and learned, among other things, that it is not pronounced "Strom-BO-li" but "STROM-bo-li."

Other than that revealing bit of information, the picture didn't show me a great deal.

Roberto Rossellini apparently couldn't make up his mind whether he was telling the story of the island and its people, or whether he was telling the story of Karin, the Czechoslovakian girl who married an Italian POW from Stromboli so she could get out of a displaced persons camp.

Perhaps his intent was to tell the story of all displaced persons through this girl. If so, he was moderately successful. But he could have done it much better

'Stromboli' by Any Name Would Smell

by George Spelvin

with the talent he had at his disposal.

As Karin, Ingrid Bergman's abilities are wasted. In the last scenes of the film she acts as if she were playing charades (in great earnest), though for the first part of the movie her character portrayal is not bad.

Rossellini has used a "news-reel" technique. He does not carry any one single action through to its end, but instead gives flashes of activity. You see Karin at the DP camp, you see her marriage, you see her arrive on the island, her visit to the priest, her attempt to fix up her home, her meeting with the lighthouse keeper, and intermixed with her activities are the shots of the island's activities—the slaughter of the

tuna; the eruption of the volcano; the flight of the people; the worship of the villagers.

The constant intermixing and changing is difficult to follow, and it weakens the effectiveness of the film. Some will claim that this is realism, and therefore it is good. Perhaps they are right, but it seems to me that realism should accent the effect rather than interrupt it.

The story is of Karin (or of Stromboli, as the narrator says) who leaves the DP camp for a "beautiful" island of her husband's to find that it is nothing but a heap of lava rock. The village where once lived 3,000 now has 400 persons, most having immigrated to The United States,

Australia, or the Argentine. A few who have returned because it is their home; those who remain because it is their home, or because they have not enough money to emigrate.

Karin is miserably unhappy on this island. The people will not accept her because she is different. Her husband loves her, but she thinks he does not understand her; she wants to leave and he will not let her go.

Karin is to have a child, but she does not want to bring him up on that uncivilized island. She turns first to the priest and then to a lighthouse keeper for aid in getting away from the island. Neither can help her; the priest refuses, the lighthouse keeper is unable. Karin leaves her house one

night and attempts to walk across the island to the larger village on the other side. She walks by the always-active volcano; if she had courage, she feels, she would throw herself into the volcano. Exhausted, tired, depressed, frightened, she spends the night on the rocks of the volcano. In the morning she returns to the village, for "Karin knows she can find peace only if she returns to the village," the narrator says as the sun comes shining over the sea, and Karin walks back to her home.

In rehashing, the film seems more effective than it really was. Miss Bergman's characterization though, was oftentimes confusing. Karin is a woman who desperate-

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