

Oregon Daily EMERALD



University Symphony Orchestra Soothes Spirits, Rekindles Patriotism

By Sam Fidman

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD, published Monday through Friday during the college year with the following exceptions; no paper Oct. 30; Dec. 5 thru Jan. 3; Mar. 6 thru 26; May 7; Nov. 22 thru 27, and after May 24; additional papers on Nov. 4 and May 12, by the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post-office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 per term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial page are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or of the University. Initialed editorials are written by the associate editors. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor.

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HST--Someone to Watch Over Me

Few people covet the shoes of Harry S. Truman today. But better to be in his than in the boots of his press secretary Charles Ross or other White House spokesmen.

Theirs is the job of erasing the public baubles Truman is so adept at making. Thursday saw another blunder added to the list, and today the cover-up crew is doing its best.

At his regular weekly press conference, Truman said the atomic bomb would be used if necessary. And he added that the decision of whether the bomb would be used would fall to American military leaders in the field.

Did this mean MacArthur controls the trigger to the terrible bomb?

Most of the reporters got this impression, as did the clean-up crew which was issuing statements two hours after the conference saying that Mr. Truman didn't mean MacArthur would make the "drop-it-decision."

The man from Missouri's political advisers were also unhappy that he had even mentioned the use of the bomb. It put him dangerously close to the Owen Brewster of Maine class.

At this point, the American public remembers another incident or two:

When the Marines were called the police force of the Navy with a propaganda machine almost equal to Stalin's.

When HST shouted back and forth with the audience in his pre-election speech, and aroused contempt from even the Washington Post, the administrations favorite newspaper in Washington, D. C.

When the President broke his presidential honor with the press, and gave an exclusive interview to Arthur Krock of the New York Times.

Charles Ross spent many an hour and many a word soothing the corps of Washington correspondents after that.

A talented man that Ross need be—talented at pulling a president's foot out of a president's mouth.

Christmas Seals Combat TB

"TB" is more than two letters in the alphabet. It has a great deal of meaning for those afflicted with its ills. The annual tuberculosis drive will commence Monday; it is one of many drives which will demand your attention throughout the year—but how many could be more worthy?

Tuberculosis does not know the meaning of discrimination; it attacks the rich and the poor and the young and the old.

Humanity knows many forms of sufferings—but few more distressing than that simple horror denoted by those simple letters, "TB."

Your part in combatting it is a relatively easy one.

Buy a few Christmas seals—and be confident that your contributions will be going to the proper sources.

If you have a seal at hand to put on every Christmas card you write—then be content to know you've done your share. T.K.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

goes to Ann Darby, chairman of the AWS Christmas party, and also to members of Alpha Omicron Pi, who are turning their house over to the annual party which benefits needy families in Eugene.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to the varmints who locked all the doors at McArthur Court Wednesday night. More than a handful of potential basketball fans had their athletic fervor squelched.

Are you "down" on the University? Do administrative red herrings detonate your ire? Is there some disgust with small-time politics and small-time politicians—even as small as college level? If so, we believe that we have "discovered" a grand release for worn out spirits, virtually a new "piece de resistance."

Wednesday evening we had the delightful pleasure of attending a concert by the University

Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Edmund A. Cykler. Guest performers consisted of the University String Ensemble, ably conducted by George Boughton.

Our ear for music is probably glued well down on the totem pole, but we don't believe that should detract from the statement that it was one of the most enjoyable events of the term.

And, we felt pride in the fact that this was a product of the



Campus Critic

For Backstage Crew-- No Glory, No Applause

By Don Smith

All the on-stage glitter and glamour of "Othello," when it opens tonight, is the result of a lot of un-glamorous hard work by actors—and by crews working backstage.

Backstage is a fascinating place—if you're there as a visitor and not as a member of the crew. In the University Theater the backstage area—which most theater-goers never see—is larger than the front stage part of the theater.

And the activity that goes on, particularly in the last frantic week before a production opens, is shielded from the campus by windowless stone walls.

The actors work hard, but they at least get a couple of bows and a smattering of applause, and their pictures in the paper. But the backstage crews? They get the backaches without taking any bows.

During pre-opening week, the crew gets to the theater at 6:30—and leaves sometime between 1 and 4 the next morning. This is an eight hour day, or more, in anybody's language. The crew gets the stage set for the actors; then, after working through the show, sticks around to work out technical details.

Maybe it's Gerry Hettinger, wardrobe mistress, who carries costumes on stage after the cast has left, to see if they meet the approval of director Otilie Seybolt.

Or chief light technician Jerry Moothart will ask his crew—Virginia Howard, Jane Jette, Nancy Finch, Frank Wright, Tru Vosburg—to hang around and work out some of the bugs of the light set-up.

Stage Manager Faber DeChaine will check curtain cues with assistant director Kay Lindberg; sound technician Jack Heald may try to discover more dramatic effects; property chief Dale Smith will check to see

which properties were found to be unsatisfactory in this night's rehearsal.

Even farther backstage—in the basement of Villard—costume assistants Ellen Stephens, Clare Johnson, and Harriet Oliver will be putting away the costumes for the night, and making notes about the work to be done before the opening.

Assistant technical director Harry Bidlake may confer with technical director Bill Schlosser over the impossibility of getting everything done in time; and some of the construction crew—Avis Lange, Jo Tallman, Beverly Gratton, Donna Knoll, Wes Robinson—are likely to agree.

So, along about two or three in the morning, the crew members call it quits and "good night" when they actually should be saying "good morning."

But they save that last greeting so they'll have something to say when they come back to work in five or six hours and start the day's work. For, naturally, all good's crew members give all their free time during the morning and afternoon to the theater, when they don't have the actors cluttering up the stage.

University of Oregon. We had a feeling that this was truly a part of the University family, not something set apart, or purchased.

The orchestra, a magnificent 72 pieces strong, featured among its selections Symphony No. 5, "From the New World," by Antonin Dvorak. Upon noticing this information on the program, we suspected a melancholy violin extravaganza that would induce slumber even more efficiently than luke warm Ovaltine.

Instead, the orchestra, losing some precision thunder in places, played as an American piece of music as Dippermouth Blues by Jose Manana and his Cottonmouth Five.

Music is a tremendous emotion rippler. Dvorak's music was so American that it momentarily reminded us of one of those lazy, hot summer days back home, when we were young enough to bounce an old tennis ball off the side of the house and appreciate the wonderful aroma of a good supper being cooked.

It sort of made the listener think of the America that exists down at its own roots—not of the over-rich whose lack of both humiliation and simplicity is a shame to behold, but the real folks who make the heart of America tick. And, thinking of the latter, it rekindles that spark of patriotism that lets you think of the dreadful possibilities of untamed communist aggression; but, that spark does not leave you afraid of that aggression.

It builds up a fierce flame that is so intense, you feel that it is honestly worthwhile to fight, and possibly die, for your nation—because you cherish the many good things that it embodies, and are big enough to ignore that shirking, money-eager element that doesn't really belong here. But, even the good earth has its worms.

The Second Cup

The world is my country, all mankind are my brethren, and to do good is my religion.—Paine.



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