

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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A Look at the Background

There's a lot of talk on campus concerning why Jazz at the Philharmonic wasn't scheduled by the Student Union board this year. The group wrote last spring and asked if the school would be interested in a concert.

Let's take a look at the background here. The letter arrived in April. The 1950-51 SU board put decision on that, and other similar matters, in the hands of the new—1951-52—board, since the new budget wasn't drawn up then. So no answer was given last spring.

This September the new board chairman, Ralph Hillier, brought the matter up before the board's executive committee, composed of the board officers.

Because of "unworkable dates" the concert request was dismissed, according to Hillier. The jazz group indicated they probably could appear on one of four dates—Oct. 12, Oct. 13, Nov. 8 or Nov. 14. The Washington game in Portland fell on the October dates. The Robert Shaw chorale group had already been scheduled for Nov. 8 by the Eugene Civic Music association.

That left Nov. 14. The Oregon SU board is playing host to a regional SU conference here Nov. 16 and 17. They felt incapable of handling the jazz concert and preparing for the convocation at the same time.

The "no" decision was made by this executive body. The question was not brought up before this year's entire SU board.

Looks to us like a case where more public information earlier would have helped. Had the SU committee told someone—perhaps the Emerald—they'd turned down the request, other groups interested in hearing the band could have investigated. Hillier said he just didn't think of this at the time.

Enterprising students are trying to secure the group for a concert, at this late date. Their chances would undoubtedly have been better with an earlier start. Everything would be much simpler if the original dealings hadn't been unthinkingly kept in the dark.

Give Them an Alternative

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company doesn't mind passing the buck any more than the next guy who grabs hold of a hot potato.

The telephone company has adopted an injured air over the current controversy about installing pay phones at Oregon State and about keeping those already at Oregon.

"Why pick on us?" they ask querulously. "We're just the telephone company. The Public Utilities Commission made the ruling about pay phones in public buildings."

That's right. They did. But the "ruling" is little more than a rubber stamp okay by the Public Utilities Commissioner regarding the proposals made by the phone company when they filed tariffs under which they hoped to operate.

The commissioner authorized the phone company to do as it had requested. He could have rejected their proposal if he had felt the people in Oregon were being discriminated against. That's his job. And he didn't.

But the cold fact is that several thousand students at the University and OSC don't like the ruling whether it came from Alexander Graham Bell or General Harry Vaughan. They can justify their opposition to the pay phones on campus with some pretty good reasons. In order to do so, they must have a public hearing.

OSC is calling for tariff revision. We second that motion. It's time for a change. The telephone tariff which "authorizes" or "requires" pay phones in certain public buildings was approved many years ago. It needs to be redefined.

Not the least of our reasons is the manner in which the whole change-over was effected. On at least two occasions this fall, Emerald editors were told by Mr. Eade, manager of the PT&T company, that OSC definitely had pay phones in all campus living organizations.

Mr. Eade subsequently denied making any such statement, saying he was misunderstood or misquoted and pointing out that it would be a very foolish thing for him to say under the circumstances. Mr. Eade has diagnosed the situation perfectly.

Whether or not the pay phones were installed at OSC is not very important. But the misrepresentation of facts strikes us as being a horse of another color.

The telephone company has adopted an injured air over the trying to shove its mandate down the students' throats on the grounds that it had no other choice according to the PUC ruling.

If the PT&T has no alternative it's time to give them one. They've indicated their only wish is to be perfectly legal in all respects. If this isn't some double talk, a tariff revision permitting a campus exchange should make everybody happy.—B. C.

-- Letters to the Editor --

Which is the Cabbage?

Emerald Editor:
In a recent piece of literary criticism published in the Emerald, an unusual simile was made.

The critic in question spoke of the "Madwoman of Chaillot" as striking him "like a bulldozer crunching over a heap of rotten cabbage." The relationship between bulldozer, cabbage, play and critic becomes clearer when we liken the play to the bulldozer...

One can judge, from the person's particularly garbled and imperceptive remarks concerning the play, that he is uniquely qualified to present this outstandingly asinine type of vituperative.

It is regrettable that, for the critic, the most enjoyable activity was that which he observed backstage. Had he been allowed to sit among the audience, instead of being forced to hide behind the scenery, his witticisms (?) might have been less caustic.

Eamon B. Barrett

Broken Hearts

Emerald Editor:

I am less and less convinced of the necessity of a free press for which you fight with so much strength: as for myself, I should be satisfied with an objective, a true press which doesn't tell the white and the black, at the same time, as the Daily Emerald of Oct. 30 did. I'll tell you why:

I had a date for the Diamond Jubilee dance of Saturday; but—and here is the heart of the matter—you printed, in your issue of Oct. 30, the headline "SU schedules FRIDAY dance" under which one could read: "A dance... will be held SATURDAY..." I ask you: what is a paper made for? To provide information or false-true examinations?

The result of this was that the girl believing the headline: (1) waited vainly for me, Friday evening, stigmatizing, of course, the inconsistency of the males.

(2) Accepted another date for Saturday evening. As it was too late for me to get another date, I went to the so-called "date and STAG dance" on Saturday (another fallacy), where half a dozen of lonely boys awaited in vain their solitary preys...

After such a misfortune, would you be surprised if boys indulge in whisky and other comforting drinks; and would you wonder if, to a free but false press, I prefer a rotten and sold press which gives trustworthy news and which doesn't imperil the students' sentimental life?

I ask you: how many broken hearts...?

Jean Boddewyn

Joe Banana, 3 to 1

Emerald Editor:

In the four years that I have been at Oregon, I have never heard of anyone who was killed in a mad rush to get to an all-school dance. Many couples start out the evening with the intention of going to these dances but just never seem to get there. What incentive is there to leave that good party in order to pay any price for the privilege of getting a few assorted elbows in the ribs while dancing to the music of "Joe Banana and his Bunch"? Hardly any, in my estimation. If the dance floor is crowded, there isn't even much to be gained by just listening, for the music played isn't very original or distinctive in the majority of cases. About the only thing that can be said in its favor is that it might be possible to dance to the music.

Why is it that we are always blessed with Joe and his ragtime boys at school dances?

Three reasons seem to promote the present situation: (1) the inflexibility of the social calendar, (2) the limit set on the price that a band can be contracted for, (3) because attendance is poor at all-school dances, naturally money would be lost on any higher-priced topnotch band.

The social calendar is usually made up in spring for the following school year and presumably

On the Screen...

New Movie Oscar Candidate

By Wes Robinson

A Place In the Sun (MacDonald): Paramount is booming this one for Academy Award consideration. It's the fascinating, uncompromising story of a young man trapped by his own lies, based on Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," starring top-fighters, and with a fine director. Paramount has tried to give this one everything. And they have almost succeeded.

The story deals with young George Eastman (Montgomery Clift) who comes to work in his uncle's huge industries. He is rebuffed socially by his uncle's family, and takes up with a pretty but ordinary girl (Shelley Winters) who works alongside him. Suddenly he is promoted, socialite Angela Vickers (Elizabeth Taylor) falls in love with him, and the world is rosy. But with all his dreams within reaching distance, a smashing blow falls. Miss Winters tells him she is pregnant.

Clift lies and cheats trying to worm out, but he finds there is

the earth would come to an end if any major dance date were changed in order to take advantage of a really good band that might be on a Northwest tour at the time. The result is, as an example, that we get Al Donohue and all the resulting moaning about "smutty" entertainment instead of Ray Anthony, who is one of the best bands in the land at the present time, for the "Sophomore Whiskerino." Ray comes to Eugene only a few days after the Whiskerino and only two nights before Friday night and a "dead" weekend, speaking in an all-campus sense.

It can't be said that the students that find themselves in charge of dances don't try. The point is that their job is cut and dried. The date is set in advance and their job is to get a band—any band—that will fit in the schedule and that can be secured within prescribed price. Whattaya know... it's Joe Banana and his Bunch!

The only way I can see that the situation can be improved is by (1) scheduling the dances more to fit the band tours instead of first setting the dates for the dance and then settling for a second-rate band and (2) proving to the doubters that we will turn out to see a good band. If this proves to be too much of a task, we can still go to Oregon State to take in good bands.

Hap Engelbart

no escape. Finally he comes to the conclusion that murder is the only solution. What happens will put you on the edge of your seats.

Undoubtedly, this will get good mention at the annual frenzies of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. This reviewer would be willing to give the film two Oscars right now: one to Shelley Winters for the supporting actress, and one to William Mellor for cinematography. For those who stubbornly maintain the motion picture isn't art, see this one. The photoplay will knock you off your feet.

But when a person comes up and says, out and out, this will be the best picture of 1951, I have to draw up short.

The reasons why seem clear enough. In the first place, Director George Stevens was working with a book so big it takes two people to carry it home from the library. Such a book is terrifically hard to film. The job of condensation has been masterfully handled, but there is still too much happening in too short a space of time.

Secondly, there is a trend in dramatic films these days toward underplaying. To be sure, the underplaying gives the film a screaming intensity at times, but it's also overdone in places. Clift grabs one expression at the beginning of the film and literally dies with it. There is a good deal in Elizabeth Taylor's part of the snob, but underplaying cuts the whole thing away until there is nothing left but just a suggestion of what her character is. Miss Winters is the only one that really acts, and often makes everyone else look second-rate.

That's My Boy (Rex): A comedy about a boy who isn't able to live up to his father's demands that he become a college football star.

The story seems contrived occasionally and sometimes it's a little hard to laugh at, because the situation is more pathetic than funny, but Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin manage to come through without skinning their reputations too badly. It's about six notches below "At War With the Army," however.

Red Badge of Courage (Mayflower): Another classic of literature becomes a film. This time it's Stephen Crane's gripping story of the psychological effect of war on youth.

That Time of Year



"Betcha ole Prof. Snarf popped a rough quiz in here last period—this room smells like th' boys' gymnasium."