

A 'Telegram to Civilization'

We have heard a number of persons "talk" at the University. We have heard few that "communicated." Wednesday we heard one of the few.

Edward Weeks did not utter words; he shared experiences. He does not live in an "ivory tower." Nor is he preoccupied with the literature of the past. He believes in the power of books to bring understanding and weighs their value in relation to the times.

Mr. Weeks expressed faith in young Americans. He thinks that they are able to analyze themselves, realize the moral difficulties of life and have found that the things that separate men are less important than those which they have in common.

The Atlantic Monthly editor is a good speaker. He has a talent for the picturesque phrase.

"The gooseflesh of fine writing."

"Books are telegrams to civilization."

He has a sense of humor.

"It is enormously important that we have a fellow like Walt Kelly. I think Pogo is crazy and wonderful."

"When Thomas Hardy takes his lovers to a tower, barn or boudoir and brings them to incandescence, he closes the door."

On Thurber's writing: "It makes the world look cockeyed and you're glad it is."

And he is aware of the responsibility of American authors.

"There are plenty of minority groups. They need a spokesman."

Mr. Weeks believes that there should be books on unions and race relations. Books can help explain others.

Mr. Weeks looks ahead and sees literature as an aid to universal understanding. He spoke as a man who loves books, but more important, as a man who thinks that writing is not an end in itself, but rather a means to promote progress.

Frosh Comp Themes



BOB FUNK

A Day at the Zoo

It was eight o'clock on Sunday morning, and everybody with any sense at all was in bed.

He was dreaming of Spanish class. Ordinarily, one does not dream of Spanish class. Ordinarily, however,



FUNK

one is not so fortunate as to sit next to Manxia Gubblesmutch. Miss Gubblesmutch, in spite of his 9 a.m. MTWF proximity, ignored him completely, and he should have been dreaming of home and mother. But he did rather like something about her; maybe it was the way she conjugated her verbs.

Anyway, the dream had progressed to the improbable point at which Manxia Gubblesmutch was declaring in a silvery voice that love for him would lie forever entombed in her heart, when something horrible happened.

A loud noise, sounding suspiciously like a sound truck, erupted from what he sleepily assumed to be about two feet from his bed.

"Get up, get up, you sleepy Tau Tau's," a sickening voice said, "it's time to go over to pick up the girls and then down to the depot for a MONSTER RALLY!"

His mind groped helplessly for the vision of Miss Gubblesmutch, and then set about the business of hating the sound truck. A monster rally. Well, you glad little soul in the sound truck, what other kind of rally can you have at this hour of the morning.

The sound truck went up the street to gaily entreat some other people to rise and shine, and then came loyally back to the Tau Tau house. This time they were playing a record of some people playing the college fight song.

Our dreamer turned heavily over onto his stomach, groaning with a spirit rather unlike that which the house president had in mind. He could hear the sophomores setting up and shouting gay nothings to each other. He hated the sophomores. They would all go to the rally. He wished something would happen to them. Maybe they would get cramps from getting up so early. He wondered if it were still dark. If it were still dark maybe they would fall downstairs and break their eager little necks.

Encouraged by this thought, he went back to sleep. He had not reckoned with the sound truck, however. The sound truck had come back, and not finding the front yard literally choked with Tau Tau's, resumed the attack.

"Oh, you naughty Tau Tau's," the sound-truck voice said, this time reproachfully. "Now, what are the girls going to think when you can't come over to pick them up?"

The girls are going to be jolly well overjoyed if we don't show up, he thought. The girls are going to troop right back upstairs and get another three hours. He wondered what Manxia Gubblesmutch looked like at eight in the morning. It was useless to destroy one's dream by thinking of such things.

He could hear the sophomores running out the front door. Maybe some of them would be hit by the sound truck. "MONSTER RALLY," the sound truck was saying again, this time its voice fading down the street.

"Shocking," the house president was saying, looking at the dreamer; "no spirit at all." But the dreamer was not there. He was back in 217 Friendly, and Manxia Gubblesmutch was whispering the preterito of the verb "to escape" tenderly into his ear.

Japanese Women Rise

By Yasuo Kurata

The people's standard of living in Japan is still painfully low with the per capita annual national income standing at \$150, according to the recently announced Government economic White Paper.

The same White Paper revealed that the people's current consumption index accounted for only 86 per cent of the prewar level in stark contrast to the soaring industrial production level.

Turning the spotlight to the way of living, there have been no basic changes in postwar customs and manners of the Japanese people.

Probably, the greatest change is to be found in the constitutional equalization between men and women and the subsequent advance of Japanese women in every walk of life.

Of the total population of 83,

Jazz With Chas

The Woeful Story Of Sammy Taylor

By Chuck (Chas) Karsun

Every so often one hears the query: "What ever happened to Sammy Taylor?" Sam was once Portland's most popular disc jockey. He had a large and faithful following because he played outstanding records that he obviously selected with scrutinizing care.

However, he gradually lost his following because he very stupidly committed a fateful blunder. The "little man behind the eight ball," as he refers to himself, tormented his listeners with the same commercial trash which the other run-of-the-mill jocks bombarded the air waves.

Whereas he had been unique in his field because of the excellence of his program fare, now he was just another dee jay. His listening audience dropped off to an alarming extent until, eventually, he was ousted from his long-time well-paying berth at KWJJ, a powerful 10,000 watt independent station.

Taylor is currently working at an obscure 250 watt station in Oregon City. On his present radio stint it is customary for him to play a medley of three in which there is generally one selection worthy of being called "music." Unfortunately not many people have the patience to sit through two "dog" tunes in order to hear one good one. In his efforts to please everyone, he is pleasing no one.

It's a sad task to relate this tale about a fellow who is a real gentleman and a helluva nice guy.

It is doubly regrettable because here might have been a potent, crusading force for good. He could have enlightened the musically ignorant.

He would have gained countless adherents and his following would have spread out like a spider web instead of contracting, as it has, until it is so small that one can only observe it with a microscope.

It may have been that his sponsors put the pressure on him to alter his musical menu, against his better judgment. Perhaps they were responsible for having him trod the road of "On Top of Old Smoky," "Tennessee Waltz," and similar monstrosities.

Regardless of who was responsible for the poor judgment evinced, it resulted in him being toppled from the throne as king of disc jockeys.

He is living in exile in Oregon City.

000,000, women represent 42-500,000, thus outnumbering men by 2,000,000.

According to a recent official survey, there are 50,000 women public office holders and 128 school principals, most of them running primary schools, while the total number of female workers, including office girls, factory and farm hands, stands at 15,600,000 or about 35 per cent of the total female population.

Incidentally, the general election sent nine legislators as against the previous standing of 12 to the Lower House, bringing the total of women Diet members to 21, including 12 Upper House members.

The same survey also revealed that average Japanese housewives spend more than 10 hours a day for household chores, including cooking, sewing and housecleaning, about seven hours for sleep, one and one half hours for eating and only about an hour for pastime and cultural purposes.

Divorce Rate Rises

Japan "Blondies" are cutting quite a figure in family affairs courts in charge of divorce. The total divorce cases handled by these courts during 1951 amounted to 13,540, of which 70 per cent were brought forth by wives—an eye-rolling phenomenon for old-timers.

Tokyo, a "dead and flat" capital of Japan seven years ago, is at present blossoming as a political and economic as well as cultural, nerve center with a total population of 7,000,000.

Gone are war scars and dark shadows of a defeated nation.

Office buildings and amusement have been mushrooming in Tokyo during the past two years reflecting the Korean boom—a paradox to the current housing situation which points to the shortage of 3,000,000 houses throughout the country.

Amusement centers are packed with movie houses, theatres, bars, dance halls and coffee shops, and their colorful neon signs are flowering nightly amid a rhapsody of gay footsteps, sweet whispers and jazz music.

TV Comes to Japan

Scores of newspapers centering around Big Three dailies and three powerful radio stations are serving Tokyo's ears and eyes, while the ground is now being cleared for television broadcasting.

Baseball is very popular among Japanese youths and so are American Western movies. John Wayne is probably one of the best-known contemporary Americans to Japanese kids.

Japan has twice as many vehicles as she had before the war, and Tokyo tops the list of cities with 17,150 automobiles against the nationwide total of 502,000 vehicles, including 325,000 trucks.

Bikes Outnumber Autos

Private car ownership in Japan is limited to high Government officials and company big shots, while bikes are finding extensive use as private transportation.

Meanwhile, a large number of colleges have been established under the occupation-sponsored education reform (384 colleges all over Japan).

Sharp criticism has been leveled against inadequate school facilities and poor teaching staffs of these newly created colleges, but the new education system itself is not likely to be subject to any immediate change.

By and large, the Japanese people, through their individual contacts with the "Americans in Japan", are trying to pick up from the American way of living what they consider advantageous and workable in their own Oriental way of life.

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