

More Than a Sounding Board

We reprint here an editorial which appeared in the Friday, Oct. 10, issue of the Oregon State Daily Barometer. The editorial was entitled "We're Here to Print, Not Make The News."

"A college newspaper doesn't have much business coming out for a political candidate, particularly on the national level. Unless there are compelling reasons to influence its action, the monopoly position it enjoys on a campus requires that a college paper remain a neutral sounding board for all sides.

"Sometimes the goal of extra publicity will spur a paper to take a stand. The action of the Columbia university paper naming Adlai above its own president is one example. Princeton's student daily supporting Ike rather than its former editor is another item in the 'do the opposite of what's expected in order to make news' theory.

"And if a college newspaper does take a stand, it is doubtful if it will influence in any way the results in even a single precinct.

"On the other hand, a college paper does have a duty which it can perform. On the OSC campus there are a thousand or more students who will be eligible to vote for the first time in a national election. Through our editorial and news columns we have tried to point out how important it is to be registered in order to be able to cast a ballot. Now that registration books have closed, we can only do our best to make registered voters aware of the issues and urge them to go to the polls.

"We would be inflating our self-esteem to do more; we would be muffing our duty to do less."

The Oregon Daily Emerald believes that a college paper should be much more than "a neutral sounding board." We believe that it is the responsibility of a newspaper to present both sides of a question. But we also believe that a newspaper should take definite stands on issues.

The election of a president is an important undertaking. Through such an election the people have an opportunity to dictate the course which they wish government to take. This is a basic principle of democracy.

College students have political opinions. They have political organizations. Some of them vote. It is necessary that they not only be urged to vote, but they be aware of their responsibility to vote wisely.

The Oregon Daily Emerald does not have a monopoly on political opinion. The Eugene Register-Guard is supporting Eisenhower. The Portland Oregonian and The Journal also reach the campus.

The Oregon Daily Emerald is not supporting a candidate for the presidential election for purposes of publicity. Nor is it doing "the opposite of what's expected in order to make the news." The Emerald sincerely believes that our candidate can do the most for the welfare of the United States and it is in that spirit we wrote today's front page editorial.

Take a Look at the Little Issues

The hurly burly of presidential campaigns draws attention away from smaller, but important, issues.

One such issue directly affects the whole field of education. It is a constitutional amendment which provides for appointment of the state superintendent of education. The State Board of Education would do the appointing.

Oregon's education superintendent has been an elective official since 1872. The Holy report on modernization of the state school system recommended that this be changed.

Opponents of the measure take the attitude that voters should have direct control over the person who runs their schools.

We don't agree. The state education laws enforced by the superintendent are made by representatives of the people. Yet neither these representatives nor the public is likely to know when enforcement is amiss.

The State Board would know. They should be able to appoint, as well as discharge, the superintendent.

This amendment would not be a step toward bureaucratic control. It would be a step toward more responsible public officials.

Political popularity is not necessarily a characteristic of men with educational know-how. (H.J.)



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BOB FUNK

They were sitting in the student union, looking at each other. It was nice there, she supposed, but crowded. She kept answering questions asked in the conversation next to her. The juke box started, making conversation impossible; she followed the song for awhile, but it was all about somebody loving somebody else who was no good, same old story, and she lost interest.



He was a member of the avant garde. He had become a member so he wouldn't have to take baths any more, or something. They had met in a literature class. She had turned around, and there he was, breathing on her. She hadn't ever had a chance to introduce herself, since he was always explaining his relationship to art, which was complex and as far as she could gather almost non-existent.

He was a singer. Some day he was going to be great. He was

working up a new kind of music without rhythm or harmony or any of those restrictive things, and he was going to sing in Carnegie Hall some time if the rats hadn't gotten it first. His actual vocal range was two rather plebian notes; anything above or below them was accomplished by pure gall.

Gertrude came ploughing across the room toward them. Gertrude was the big competition for the heart of the bathless member of the avant garde. Gertrude was avant garde, too; maybe not enough, though.

Gertrude sat down, tragically. She was carrying a book entitled "How to Write Good."

"What do you think of Schopenhauer?" Gertrude asked. Gertrude was a genius at small talk.

"I think he's Nietzsche," said the singer, looking around with an aren't-I-the-one smile, which was unbecoming as well as ungrammatical.

"Schopenhauer has changed my whole life," Gertrude stated, gravely. "Yesterday he was just another name; today—today I'm a new woman."

She looked at Gertrude rather carefully. The new woman was well concealed. Gertrude was possessed of a grooming all her own. Her hair was a startling example of indecision. The part in front had once started out to be bangs but was now just hanging there; the middle part had not yet recovered from having been in contact with the pillow all night, and the back part had obviously given up long ago at any attempt to be anything but a lot of hair.

"You're looking very nice today, Gertrude," she said politely, hoping that Gertrude would forget about Schopenhauer.

Gertrude, who evidently hadn't looked at herself in the mirror, acknowledged the compliment and then started to work on the singer.

"Have you sung anything lately?" she whispered intellectually, leaning close to him.

"He's got a cold," the other lady put in, attempting to push Gertrude back off the table.

"Ah, you don't know anything," the singer said. "I haven't been singing because nobody's written nothing worth singing." Needless to say, she thought, not very many compositions of any noticeable length had been written for a range of two notes.

"If Schopenhauer had only written music," Gertrude began.

"He still ought to go to the infirmary."

Gertrude and the singer cringed at the word. It was so material.

"Crass," Gertrude hissed.

"Unartistic," mumbled the singer. "She don't know nothing."

The juke box started again, and they all three sat there, looking at each other. Somehow she was going to have to become a member of the avant garde. Maybe Gertrude would help her with her hair. Maybe she could stop pressing her clothes, or give up baths. It would take awhile.

The juke box was singing some song about a man that some foolish woman had loved and who had subsequently run away for some reason (possibly her singing voice) and left her in a very depressed mood. Same old story. It was a long way, she felt wearily, from here to Schopenhauer.

Jazz With Chas

Herman Fans Flock to Herd

by Chuck 'Chas.' Karsun

Look out—danger ahead! The rampaging Woody Herman herd surges into Portland Sunday night for a scheduled concert at the Civic Auditorium. The "Third Herd"—as Ralph Gleason, San Francisco Chronicle music scribe effectively tagged the band, is currently on the last lap of a nationwide tour that has seen box-office records from coast to coast felled in the wake of its vicious onslaught.

If the band doesn't halt this frantic pace, it could very well run away with the annual Metronome and Down Beat poll honors, the most coveted and respected awards in the music business.

Woody Improves

To what does the high-rising herd owe its renewed acclaim? Naturally it is due in part to the increased excellence of the band. Also, Woody's current popularity can largely be attributed to his own efforts. This is a kind of "I've Only Myself to Blame" saga in reverse.

Woody was exceedingly displeased with the way record companies have more or less shunned the more "musical" bands by relegating them to the background.

In an effort to improve his diminishing status, Woody urged M.G.M. record company moguls to let him select the material that the band should record. He pleaded with them for some much-needed coin with which to promote the records.

MGM Lion Roars

The musical excellence of the band was intact, but the M.G.M. top brass refused to let the band put samples on wax. Woody's band and ideas weren't commercial enough, he felt.

Repeated huddles with M.G.M. executives seemed futile. Woody fumed . . . the M.G.M. lion roared! They went their separate ways, the king of beasts temporarily triumphed over the king of modern American jazz.

The setback was too much for Woody to stomach. He had earlier suffered similar experiences with ten other major labels. Only one alternative was left for him.

Forms Own Label

Woody formed his own label and purchased huge ads in the trade publications. The deep resentment and hostility which was

burning inside him was signified by the name he christened his label—"Mars"—the god of war.

Woody's baby blossomed into manhood in a few short months. He has a string of record successes that undoubtedly causes M.G.M. executives to turn pea green with envy.

The band boasts a host of jazz greats. Dolly Houston, Woody's talented oriole, will be featured on several tunes. Popular Mercury recording star Dinah Washington will be featured on the program. Lou Daley, a clever, young comedienne, whom Woody signed for the tour, will amuse the crowd. To round out the review, Harold King will amaze the audience with his fantastic dancing feats.

All in all, it shapes up as a very entertaining package. The seal will be broken by a "Blue Flame" at 8:30 sharp.

Would It Work on the Grid?



"Worthal's not a fast player, but there's a great piece of deception in the way he can swallow air."