

Guest Editorial

On Friday, the United Nations will celebrate its seventh anniversary.

Created with the purpose of uniting the world against further war and promoting negotiation of international conflicts, the U.N. has been the source of verbal as well as physical war.

Currently quartered in its new home in New York, it has a huge agenda of which the Korean peace question and the Tunisian situation are two deserving our attention.

Both characterize the lack of understanding of political, philosophical and cultural backgrounds of the peoples concerned. Over and over again, we read reports of the non-fraternization of member nations after assembly meetings due to language as well as cultural differences.

On the American campus exists the power to remove misunderstanding. The ability of foreign students—each bringing with him his cultural, political and philosophical background—to exchange ideas with American students through a common language is an advantage which the United Nations does not possess.

Yet in spite of the continual flow of foreign students into America, it has taken two world wars to make America feel the potential powers of the Orient. Even today scholars of the Orient are few and students of the Orient are not given the encouragement they deserve.

The opportunity for forging international friendships is within our hands, both foreign students and Americans. We have great tools by which to create these links of peace and goodwill brought about by a clearer understanding of each other's philosophical and cultural background.

What we need are the brains and the hands that are willing to do it. We who are looked upon as leaders of tomorrow owe this to the world peace of the generations to come so that when the United Nations meets in the future it will be truly "united" and not have gone the way of the League of Nations.—Ted Goh

A Case For Pass-Fail Grading

Too much emphasis is placed on the G.P.A. This is common complaint of students and faculty. Yet both are reluctant to adopt the obvious alternative—to get rid of the GPA and adopt a straight pass-fail grading system.

Why? They say it won't work. Four years of experiment with pass-fail grades at Whitman college indicate they are wrong. Adopted with misgivings, the system is now at Whitman to stay.

Grades at Whitman range from HH, highest honors (equal to an A), to H, honors (about a B), to P, passing (a C). Anything below C is a flunk. Under this system there are only half as many HH grades as there used to be A's, 10 per cent less H grades than B's, more P's than C's, and only 2 per cent more flunks.

This means that many D's should be flunks, and that a C indicates below average work, under the old system. The all-University GPA also bears this out.

Transferring grades is the one big disadvantage to this system. The University, and many other state schools, prorate Whitman grades on their own five place scale. All P's are transferred as D's. But a P at Whitman could equal a B at Oregon.

Whitman feels this is outweighed by the many advantages of a pass-fail system. There is no GPA, no conditional passes, And it eliminates the unrealistic grade curve, the chief gripe of many students.—H.J.

BOB FUNK

A Day at the Zoo

On the morning of Thursday, Oct. 16, the Oregon Daily Emerald lent blinding intellectual light to the national political mud-pie contest by "coming out" for the election of Mr. Stevenson, the Democratic party nominee.

The Emerald "came out," in fact, all over three-fifths of the front page. The declaration was contained in a box of heavy black lines which might have denoted mourning but probably did not.



There were pictures of the two candidates at the top, with a jolly affirmative "X" planted firmly under Mr. Stevenson's picture. The whole thing was awfully nice.

We would like to register a mildly dissenting vote, however. Last Thursday the Emerald also cited an editorial comment by the Oregon State Barometer to the effect that a college paper should not take stands on national political issues, but should be a student "sounding board."

This idea of what a college newspaper should be has been frequently argued on our own campus. We agree that the Emerald has a perfect right to be more than a sounding board.

Qualified to Judge?

We think, however, that the Emerald editors should be rather careful in their exciting little forays out of the sounding board realm. There are a number of issues upon which the Emerald editorial staff should be qualified to comment. Campus politics, for instance, with which the Emeraldites are well acquainted; and other similar issues. Their comments may reasonably supposed to be valuable in such situations since they are able to see the situation first hand, and since the situation does not take too much background to understand.

National politics are something else. We do not think that persons of college age and experience are particularly well qualified to comment publicly upon government are considered to be national politics. Politics and government are considered to be rather complex fields. We imagine that only persons of considerable maturity and even more considerable experience can make any really worthwhile comment.

Statements Are Ridiculous

One could say that since college students are old enough to vote they must be able to think as well on political issues as anyone else. We are old enough to vote because we are old enough

to die for our country; unfortunately, one can die quite completely long before one can think. While college students must stumble along the political trail as best they can, making exhaustive public statements is possibly somewhat ridiculous.

One might also argue that today's Emerald writer is tomorrow's editor of the New York Times, and that the prospective Times man must have practice in sticking his neck out. This is probably somebody's idea of a joke.

Waste of Space

To get back to our complaint, we feel that the Emerald wasted a great deal of space and ink (particularly the ink that went into Mr. Stevenson's "X") on a not too valuable project.

And another thing, Emerald

There is a question of "representation" of the student body in the paper. As persons paying tuition and fees to the University of Oregon we subscribe to the Emerald. Most of the Emerald funds, such as they are, come out of this money. As voluntary subscribers we can't gripe; if we don't like the editorials we can cease to subscribe, which means that we cease to pay fees which means that we go to another school.

Almost Captives

This does not make us captive subscribers, but almost. Realizing our predicament, the Emerald might take the gentlemanly way out and let the Republican population splatter equally grandiose statements all over the front page. In the case of national politics, this would be a double tragedy and waste of space and ink. But still, think of the principle of the thing.

The classical Republican is a slothful and indolent person. No doubt most of the Republican students were not even up when the Emerald came out Thursday; they were lying stupidly in their beds, dreaming of dole and the Taft-Hartley act. However, those who were just getting in from evenings of riotous living must have realized, upon glancing at the Emerald, that the Emerald was taking advantage of its "almost captive" subscribers.

By this time it has possibly become obvious that the writer of this column is, as Mr. Stevenson has so graciously said, one of those "isolationists and cut-throat reactionaries" that rally around such enemies of morality as Robert Taft and Joseph McCarthy. In the old days, persons who wrote columns like this were burned at the stake during lunch hour. See you at the fire.

Jazz With Chas

Waxes Ecstatic Over Herman

By Chuck Karsun

"Terrific!" "Stupendous!" Those are only two of the verbal accolades bestowed upon Woody Herman by raving critics in describing the present Herman band. After witnessing the Woody Herman Review Sunday night at Portland civic auditorium, I can faithfully report that those quotations comprise the understatement of the year!

The engagement marked Woody's first concert appearance in Portland in three years. The earlier concert performance was excellent musically, but lacked showmanship. The situation has been remedied because at Sunday's concert the Third Herd combined outstanding musicianship with abounding showmanship.

Woody is smiling again when he fronts the band. This is a good indication that the band is doing quite well musically and financially. It's a genuine joy to observe Woody once more attaining such a pinnacle of success. Woodrow Wilson Herman is a real credit to the music business.

Furthermore, Woody has always maintained a high degree of musical integrity in his bands. This one is certainly no exception.

Ralph Burns is writing most of the band's library these days. The arrangements are modern, interesting, imaginative — yet contain nothing that would frighten anyone.

Woody is still one of the greatest (and most underrated!) vocalists around today. He can sing any type of song well, whether it be a tender ballad or a bright, up-tempo number.

Sharing the vocal chores with Woody is lovely Dolly Houston. The girl is destined for an impressive future when she leaves the band and steps out on her own as a single.

Woody's band boasts a trombone section par excellence. I don't like to draw comparisons between this band and Woody's incomparable '45-'46 band because the latter was in a class by itself. However, in this vital section, the trombones surpass those of even the mighty First Herd. The trombone section blew some intricate passages in unison that were simply astounding.

Woody's trumpet section is the weakest department in the band. It offers the most striking contrast to the precision machine that characterized the brilliant trumpet section in Woody's band of the '45-'46 era.

Sam Staff's invigorating baritone sax breathed life into the unique Four Brothers reed blend.

Chubby Jackson, poll winning bassist, did not make the present tour with the band. Chub decided to remain in New York claiming he had his fill of the road.

Sonny Igoe, who for so long propelled the band with his jet-like gymnastics on the drums, recently left the herd, apparently in search of greener pastures.

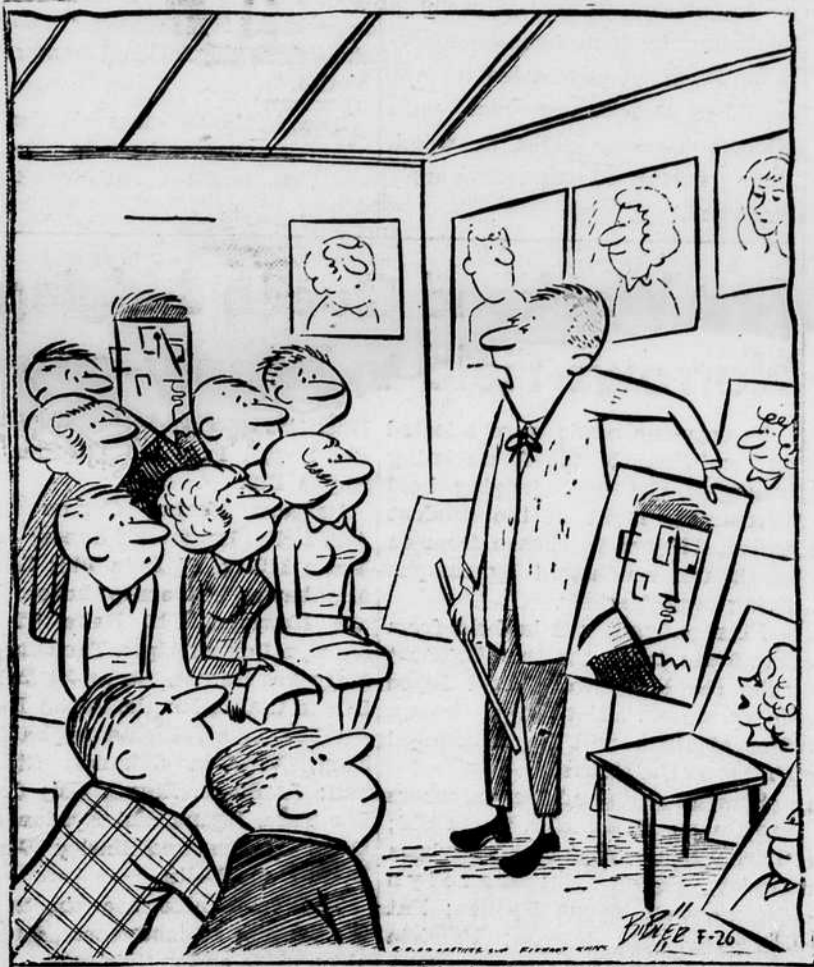
Despite these sorely-felt voids, the revamped rhythm section sparks a band that swings like mad!

Art Mardigan, Woody's new drummer who hails from the automotive city of Detroit, provides that fluid drive so essential to a large jazz band.

Yes, it's no wonder that countless fans throughout the country are hopping on the Woody Herman bandwagon.

Sunday's presentation was the type of program you would like to see again.

In other words, it's the kind of revue you want to re-view!



"Who the heck turned this in for criticism?"

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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