

# A Bit of Journalistic Philosophy

You see it in stories and movies, songs and pictures: College Life. And it's an exciting, thrilling time with moonlight canoe trips, dancing in the streets and traditional athletic contests.

College can be this alone. It should be much more. College should mean an education, not merely in the narrow sense of technical training for a career but in the broad sense of the mature mind—the development of awareness of the world and its people, institutions and characteristics.

We have heard the criticism: "The Emerald prints too much national news." We don't think we print enough.

We recognize a responsibility to supply the campus with information concerning local events. But we also see a higher responsibility—to aid the educational process.

It's an old cliché, but true: "Today's students are tomorrow's leaders." They cannot be wise leaders unless they are informed. The Emerald has attempted to provide some of the necessary information.

We have devoted a great deal of space to the presidential campaign. We feel that use was justified. Public apathy can only result in poor government. The voter who is not aware of the issues cannot vote intelligently.

We have rested this use of editorial and news columns on several assumptions: (1) That college life is not an isolated segment of society concerned only with activities and academic pursuits, (2) that understanding of political issues is a part of the "mature mind" process, and (3) that "good" government can only come from a knowledge of existing government.

The ASUO Senate last spring declined to send an observer to the National Students' Association convention. One of the arguments expressed at that time was that student leaders had no desire to give opinions on national affairs, which NSA does. We think this viewpoint represents a distorted opinion on the function of college life. The best training for citizenship is practice in citizenship.

# Cats to Replace Delinquents?

No wonder nearly everybody is neurotic. People just don't have time to relax. All fall they have been stirred up about the coming election. On November 5, the election will be over. But on that very day, something REALLY big begins—National Cat Week.

Does your cat look different lately? Is there an arrogant tilt to his whiskers? Does he walk with a certain swagger? If you notice these things, don't think it is love or something he ate. Your cat has probably, in some over-the-garbage-can conversation, gotten the word.

He probably knows that the week of Nov. 5-11 is set aside by the American Feline Society, Inc., to acquaint the public with "the cat as a pet and as an utilitarian adjunct to the home."

Pride no doubt wells up in his furry breast with the knowledge that people everywhere, in all walks of life, are buying seals adorned with pictures of "Maggie," a female feline with soulful eyes and a striped tail. (Prices: \$1.00 per 100. Sample sheets, gratis.)

You don't have a cat? Send for some seals anyway. Through them you may become a cat enthusiast, and rush out to get at least a kitten for your very own.

If you do that, child psychologists agree that your home won't produce juvenile delinquents. There is, however, a 50-50 chance that your home will produce little cats. This shouldn't discourage you, because how many juvenile delinquents do you know who can catch mice?—B.G.

"Help Save America's Cats!"

National Cat Week 1952  
NOVEMBER 5-11



THE AMERICAN FELINE SOCIETY, INC.

# BOB FUNK

## A Day at the Zoo

At this time of year, anyone with a true notion of the relative importance of current events should be looking forward with great impatience to the coming of Halloween.



Funk

Unfortunately, there comes a time in most of our lives when we must confess that we no longer look quite so scary in a mask as we once did. The joys of seeping windows, of trick-or-treating, and of tipping over outhouses are ephemeral. There is nothing left for the college student but the AGS party—which is nice, but lacking in opportunity for delicious minor crimes.

Probably the best part of Halloween as I remember it is the fact that it offers the forgotten American—the American who is three feet tall and a member of Miss George's first grade class—an opportunity to malign and terrify adults who have been throwing their weight around the rest of the year.

### Mask, Pumpkin and Candle

It is done with a pumpkin, a mask, and a piece of tallow candle that will be a long time in coming off the window.

The mask, we remember, is made out of some rather unusual material which melts at the touch of the tongue. Since the mouths on the masks are usually rather small, the mouth area is always rather limp after an evening of scaring the populace.

There are drawbacks to the mask; it is impossible to breathe, and what breathing is accomplished usually also draws in wisps of fine hair which the mask is wearing. There is also the danger of seeing yourself in the mask. We were always stirred to grave misgivings, when confronted with a mirror, as to whether the same old person was inside or not.

### Triumphant Feeling

But, as the finished ghoul teeters out onto the street bearing the pumpkin and wearing mask and sheet, there is a triumphant feeling of "the night is mine." It is the first glimmering

of the great adult instinct to paint the town red.

We were always accompanied on our Halloween outings by a dog named Oscar who was a member of our family. We never particularly wanted Oscar as a haunting companion, because there was something about Oscar that was uncompromisingly safe and unafraid. But Oscar was answerable only to our father, and our father could see no reason why Oscar shouldn't go along with the crowd. Oscar probably had something on our father, come to think of it.

### Many Errors

Oscar committed many errors. He insisted upon sitting largely and obviously on his haunches directly behind us as we attempted to convince various householders that we were something just fresh, or otherwise, from the grave. No ghost ever had a dog named Oscar. It was extremely humiliating.

Oscar also walked nonchalantly across a lawn which the entire third grade believed to be wired against trespassers. By not being instantly electrocuted, Oscar destroyed our myth, which was unfortunate.

Oscar also insisted upon sniffing around a window which we had, in a moment of great daring, broken. He probably would not have been arrested if found, but we had a tense moment or two attempting to lure Oscar away from the scene of the crime.

### Wrong Attitude

We don't think that Oscar ever really got into the spirit of Halloween. He refused to act frightened when confronted with a Frankenstein mask. He was quite a rounder, and probably enjoyed the night life and the good fellowship. He was also intrigued by the fruits of trick-or-treat, no doubt.

All of this was quite some time ago. This Halloween, however, there will be children who are not really children, but skeletons, and windows to be broken or soaped or candled as the spirit moves, and dogs that do not understand the rules of the game.

The rest of us will be talking politics, and none the better for it, either.

## Jazz With Chas

### Exhibitionism Spoils JATP

By Chuck (Chas) Karsun

Mom, pop, and you too, Junior—spread the word; the circus is coming to town.

The annual Jazz At The Philharmonic three ring circus hits Portland for a scheduled show at the civic auditorium Saturday night. From all advance reports, this should be a 93 ring circus, at least.

This 93 ringer should be a real humdinger for you big top enthusiasts. This one is replete with acrobats, contests, duels, exhibitionists, stunt men, contortionist, and even a few musicians thrown in for the sake of novelty.

### A Flagrant Misnomer

Norman Granz, the promoter, likes to call it a "concert." To call it a "concert" is a flagrant misnomer, an outright adulteration of the word. Actually, all it is, is a glorified jam session that should have no place on the concert stage. The appropriate spot for such an event is a honky-tonk or an after-hours joint.

These JATP presentations are noted for their lack of musical merit and the unrestrained behavior of portions of the audience. These sessions almost invariably degenerate into sheer exhibitionism on the part of the musicians.

### "Go! Go! Go!"

Buoyed by such remarks as "Go! Go! Go!" from the low I.Q.'s in the audience, the musicians are encouraged to play poorly.

Instead of trying to raise the low level of the majority of fans in the audience, they cater to their base instincts and descend to their level. Good musicianship is cast out the window.

### Sacrifice for Riches

These men, once highly regarded in their profession, have sacrificed their art for their lust of riches. As they count their gold they must feel sick way down to the pits of their stomachs.

Bill Harris, well-known trombonist, didn't make this year's tour with the troupe. Evidently he wrestled with his conscience and his conscience won.

### Musicians Catch Blame

Some of the musicians themselves can't escape blame for the ill-mannered behavior of the audience.

Flip Phillips, who has been blowing "badder" than ever lately, is famous (infamous!) for exciting (inciting!) the mob. He stomps his foot incessantly, grimaces in a most horrendous fashion, and sees to it that r-r-r-rough tones emanate from his sax. You can view his tactics at Saturday's concert.

Lester Young, who will never sound like Lester Young again, will be on hand with his tenor sax.

Roy Eldridge and Charlie Shavers will engage in a battle of the trumpets. The loser? The conscientious music lover!

Buddy Rich and Gene Krupa, the poor man's Rich, will participate in a drummer's duel—about as exciting as building a house.

Don't get me wrong; the shebang won't be utterly devoid of musical merit.

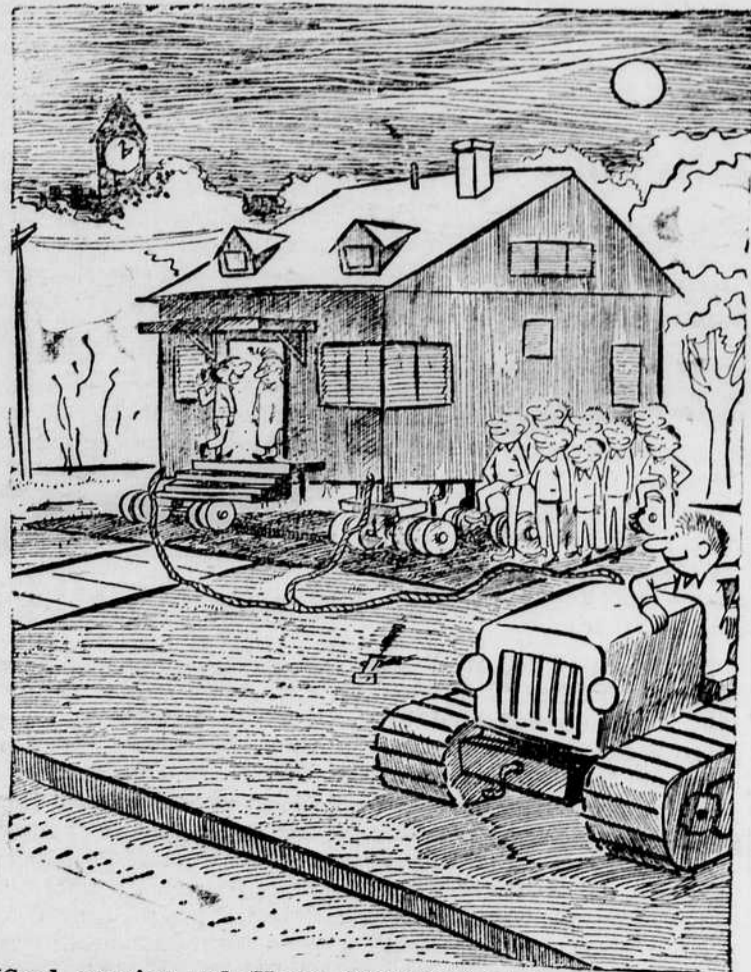
### Some Merit

Some saving graces will be rendered by Ella Fitzgerald's ingratiating singing, Barney Kessel's guitar bits, and maybe Oscar Peterson's fleet piano if he doesn't succumb to the mass hysteria. Even he has exceeded the bounds of good taste on past occasions.

The show will undoubtedly be well-attended. Portland is notorious as a bad town for good music and a good town for bad music.

The concert will be a sell-out. The musicians have sold out.

## Once a Year



"Good morning and 'Happy Halloween' Professor Snarf—Trick or Treat."

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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