

'Dig' This Crazy Humor!

A bebopper walked into a restaurant and asked the waitress for a piece of apple pie. "The pie is gone," the waitress said. "Oh, that crazy pie," the bebopper replied, "I'll take two pieces."

That's a bebop joke. According to the National Association of Gag-writers bebop jokes are the latest thing, drawing bigger laughs than gags about chlorophyll, King Farouk, President Truman and raids.

United Press writer Jay Breen describes the bebop lingo: "... to 'dig,' meaning to understand bebop humor, you have to know that the gags are based on an invariable cast of two boppers who are 'high,' that is 'out of this world' or 'gone'."

Here are a couple of sample jokes listed by Breen:

Two beboppers were driving a car through the Lincoln Tunnel, between New York and New Jersey, for the first time. One gazed in wonder at the miles of gleaming white tile on both sides and the roof of the tunnel, then nudged his partner and said, "Man, dig this crazy washroom."

The same pair of boppers visited an art museum. They halted before a statue of Julius Caesar and the better educated of the two explains who is depicted, adding, "He's been gone for 2,000 years."

"Man," replied companion, "those Romans sure knew how to live."

And then there are the space jokes about the young couple on the moon sitting in a car necking by the light of the earth or the science-fiction sweethearts who liked to sit by the fire and reminisce about the future.

Bebop jokes are probably nothing new to the jazz crowd but they apparently haven't reached much further. We tried one out on our mother and she thought we were crazy. It seems doubtful that bebop gags will replace mother-in-law experiences. They will probably go the way of shaggy dog stories and moron jokes. But while they last, a bebop rendition can get you "hep" in the right circles.

Could This Be Oregon?



"At home for two weeks of Christmas vacation—you'd think they didn't have a smoke th' whole time."

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Notes to the Editor Radio Review

As is, motor traffic through the campus of this University is more distracting to the eye and ear than most of us realize. In rooms 301 Condon and 105 Friendly I personally noticed that students miss certain points in lectures due to motor noise interfering with professorial (noise) speaking. This often happens when the wind carries in the right (wrong) direction or when other class members add to the din by shuffling their papers or feet or by whispering, etc.

The situation is of course worst for people in the back rows. Under the usual, complicated conditions all of the noise producing factors are additive, I realize, but I seriously suggest that both hearing and understanding of lectures would be much better if trucks, buses, and hot-rods were not stopping, accelerating, and whizzing through our campus.

A Constant Reminder

Apparently the only contraption forbidden passage is the familiar logging lorry. Must we have vehicles rolling through our campus to continually remind us that we are living in a motor age?

I suggest that 13th avenue be closed to public traffic. It should be made a private driveway—private for faculty and student cars. To boot, I suggest that more parking space be provided for student cars, if this seems desirable.

"Take a Look"

To those who think I'm oversensitive or fantastic in this idea, I simply suggest, "Take a look at some other campuses." North of us at Seattle is the University of Washington campus with classrooms serene and to the South I set as an example UCLA with its gates and gatekeepers and its spacious parking lots.

Diversion of traffic from 13th to 18th or 19th street and to the highway would meet with the general approval of rational minds, although naturally it is to be expected that every person operating a business establishment on 13th would pull strings to prevent the diversion if he could.

No Worry

However, we need not worry; business will follow traffic in a short space of time.

The normal (at present) traffic distraction is certainly not befitting to a study of the classics nor does it enhance the powers of concentration for students of science or arts. Closing the thorough-street is my first and foremost advice for the improvement of our campus.

Incidentally, the rampant jay-walking of nowadays would be overcome by the technicality of making a city street into a campus driveway.

Second Consideration

In second consideration, I declare that the biggest snortin'est artery of diesel-powered traffic in the state forms the edge of our campus. We may eventually see this highway moved over next to the railroad. That's the second big improvement I suggest.

It may seem awfully farfetched now, but reader think—not so many years ago trains whistled right past old Villard (until the tracks were moved over the Millrace).

Here is the first time I suggest doing away with a dear old landmark: Since the national highway was curved south of Glenwood to the cliff last year, maybe hope grows that the State of Oregon and the United States can make a deal that will curve it over the millrace from the cliff to the corner. Who can tell—things do change (when they are changed).

Jerome E. Frederick
Junior in Science

Columnist Takes a Look at 1953

by Don Collin

Now is the that time the predictors dust off the crystal ball and polish it well hoping to see a little clearer into this year than last.

If the dust storm is thick enough and if the summaries of 1952 are piled high enough, the predictions of last year will be successfully buried by diversion. So the predictors become summarizers.

Radio men differed with the selection of the biggest news items of 1952. Chronologically CBS listed the important news as follows:

Jan. 10: Sinking of "Flying Enterprise" and rescue of Capt. Kurt Carlsen.

Feb. 6: Death of King George VI.

Feb. 11: Air crash in Elizabeth, N. J.

Mar. 11: New Hampshire primary indicates strength of Ike and Kefauver.

Apr. 13-18: Missouri floods.
Apr. 22: Eyewitness report of atomic tests in Nevada.

June 4: Ike in Abilene.

July 5-26: Chicago conventions.

Nov. 4: You guessed it.

Dec. 1-10: Ike's trip to Korea. ABC listed the news stories in their importance, duplicating CBS on three accounts: The election in first place, sinking of "Flying Enterprise" fifth and seventh the death of King George. Others were:

Korean peace talks.

Dismissals of Newbold Morris and J. Howard McGrath.

Supreme court ruling on steel plant seizure.

Prison riots.

Abdication of King Farouk.

Killing of Arnold Schuster who led police to the capture of

bank robber Willie Sutton. Yankees' defeat of the Dodgers.

ABC's "Time Capsule" (KASH Sunday's at 7:30 p.m.) came up with the feature stories of 1952. Puerto Rican delegate Romany supplying a light touch at the Republican convention.

The psychologists' field day—the college students pantie raids. Al Capp's explanation of the marriage between L'il Abner and Daisy Mae.

The Prince of Wails, Johnnie Cr(a)y.

With the summaries complete here's a peak at the future:

More and more radio and TV stars will bring their children onto the nets. Fulton Lewis Jr. displayed his kids even before Crosby brought the clan forth. Recent additions have been the five Linkletter children and Bergen's daughter.

New Year's statements will sentimentally speak of peace and the brotherhood of man and the saddest comment on Western Civilization is the necessity to have these things said every year.

Drew Pearson will continue his 80 plus percentage of correct predictions on his Sunday newscast — even if he has to predict "Tomorrow will be Monday."

Walter Winchell will continue to report that the government is considering raising the price of gold and if it does he will ask the profit to go to his cancer fund.

The Side's luncheon special's will remain the same.

Emerald Hall will not be painted green.

The chlorophyll fad will fade.

BOOK REVIEW

'The Big Cage' by Robert Lowry

By Michael Lundy

"The Big Cage" by Robert Lowry is convincing proof that contemporary postwar writing is being done which approaches that done in America after the first war. Published originally in 1949, the book is out in a Popular Library Giant edition for 35 cents.

Robert Lowry is one of the few writers today who tries to come to grips with reality. "The Big Cage" is one long search for it. Unfortunately, one never feels that Lowry has quite found it.

This is at least better than most of the escapists, writing in the postwar period, who deliberately destroy reality and life in their work with perversion, brutality and sex. The characters in Lowry's book are trying, consciously or unconsciously, to conquer the problems of their world today.

"The Big Cage" is the first person story of the growing up of a writer, almost an autobiography in places, we suspect. It is the life, thoughts, ambitions and dreams of Dick Black, a lad who is not the prototype of the "all-American boy" as he is usually thought of, but who typifies the impatience with youth and withdrawal from life of so many intelligent but introverted young boys.

Dick Black began his escape from living in the second grade, when he first came into contact with some of the unpleasantness of life. He found a different world inside books, and transposed it into stories. Later, his writing became everything he saw or heard of read.

The people he met, the happenings of his life, the emotional jolts in his family, were only

food for the battered typewriter his father bought him. During the time other boys were out playing sandlot baseball, Dick Black was living in a second-hand world culled from other people's writing. His ambition was to become a great writer. He didn't realize that first he would have to become a human being.

When Dick Black reached his eagerly awaited graduation from high school, and tried to become the self-sustaining writer he had dreamed of, he found that his barren life had been dredged dry of material, and he was incapable of holding a common job. So he went to college, to prove to himself that he was a batter man than the other students.

But after starting a literary magazine and becoming a noted campus character, he finds that he is still not involved with life; so he runs off with a married woman, headed for Tibet.

It is only when Dick Black finds himself 18 years old, broke, starving and alone in New York City that he realizes the drama of everyday living which has been surrounding him, unnoticed, all his days. For the first time, he senses the value of humanity, and finds that all literature can only be a pale reflection of the panorama of life as it is lived.

Robert Lowry's motivation and insight place him in the top ranks of up and coming new writers. We only look forward to a book by him which demonstrates more fully the understanding of people he credited to young Dick Black at the end of "The Big Cage." It is only when a writer shows himself capable of presenting fully a character who is fundamentally different from himself that he approaches greatness.