

Oregon Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Must Fees Go Higher?

THE presidential election will be held on "the Tuesday following the first Monday" of next November. On the same day the people of Oregon will decide at the polls whether or not the state's five institutions of higher learning are to receive adequate financial support.

With its budget crippled by the referendum petition on the current appropriation of the state legislature, the University is now halfway through a year of activity made possible only by a hand-to-mouth system of curtailment and stringent economy. The medical school at Portland has lost the major portion of its income and must be supported by funds wrenched from Eugene departments.

The present situation is tolerable only in the hope that it will be remedied by a sane voting public nine months from now. If it is not, other sources of income will have to be tapped. The most obvious source is the students; a still larger proportion of the cost of education will fall on their shoulders.

All of us have friends who would have found some means of financing this school-year if they could have hurdled the initial obstacle of fees. To raise the ante still higher would mean further depreciation in the size of the student body.

We students have been strangely apathetic about the whole educational squabble ever since it began. We have regarded it for the most part as an interesting conflict between University and College administration, state government, and board of higher education. It is time we realized that they are the surgeons and we the ultimate victims of whatever operation may be decided upon by the consulting specialists.

If the fees are raised, the "operation" will probably be an extraction of the right to an education for another three hundred or so of us.

Foreign Movies Come

CONTINUATION of a feature started last year by the Faculty club is announced in a recent news item. Foreign motion pictures will again be brought to the campus, affording students an opportunity to see films which otherwise would not be shown in Eugene.

Seven pictures, starting Thursday with a French movie, "Le Million," will be sponsored this term by the club.

The advantage which these movies afford for those taking various foreign languages is not to be overlooked. Here's a chance to absorb French without having to answer! In case one's French isn't so hot, a "clever device," not explained in the news story, will make the presentations intelligible.

The high quality of pictures offered last year by the Faculty club has made the anticipation of this year's series particularly keen. Injection of these movies into the campus program fills a niche hitherto neglected.

With His Compliments

FROM S. Stephenson Smith, associate professor of English, comes this refreshing tidbit for editorial consumption: "I think your paper has been too full of this popular ballyhooing, and that your sense of values has been corrupted."

In all humility we profess that we have often erred in our judgment and perhaps supported the wrong side of questions, but we frankly feel Professor Smith is a trifle harsh in his condemnation of what he terms our "ballyhoo" of matters of popular interest.

In an early issue the Emerald commended the plan of the Free Intellectual Activities committee to present a series of lectures appealing to a larger circle of students. We welcomed an opportunity to give to the campus a more scholarly acquaintance with members of the faculty. Any effort to raise the scholastic ideals of the student body was to our mind most praiseworthy.

No one is more appreciative of scholarly and technical lectures than the staff of the Emerald. They are of incalculable value and should be encouraged and fostered. But we still maintain that there is a definite need for more addresses that are within the range of comprehension of the majority of the student body.

Yehudi Menuhin, the child-prodigy violinist, has blossomed out in his first long trousers, we hear. Business must be good for the musicians, or the trousers may be hand-me-downs. We're not sure.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

Alpha Kappa Delta meeting at 8 o'clock tonight at Susan Campbell hall.

Temenids will hold a meeting at 7 o'clock at Craftsman's club. Everyone please be there.

Reservations for tonight's banquet at the International house for the Pacific Basin debate team may be made by calling 1883.

Pot and Quill will meet tonight at 7:30 at the home of Mrs. Sally Allen, 2239 Birch Lane.

Y. W. C. A. Worship group will meet at 9:30 tonight at Susan Campbell hall.

Vesper service today at 5 o'clock at the Y. W. C. A.

Last call for Westminster try-outs, today, 4 to 6, at Westminster house.

Faculty Member Exhibits Paintings in Art Gallery

An exhibition of the paintings of Alfred Schreff, on leave of absence as professor of painting at the University, will be shown at the little art gallery of the school of architecture and allied arts beginning tomorrow. The collection includes works in oil and water color.

The next exhibition to be shown will be that of the Association of Collegiate Schools of Architecture which includes in its membership, the architecture schools of most of the prominent colleges and universities of the country.

Kiwanians Hear Conklin On Palmistry, Phrenology

Dr. Edmund S. Conklin of the University psychology department was the principal speaker for the weekly luncheon and meeting of the Eugene Kiwanis club Monday noon at the Osburn hotel.

His talk was devoted to showing the fallacies of the so-called fortune teller. The discussions included palmistry and others who predict the future. He pointed out that it was inaccurate to judge a character by bumps on the head, lines in the hand, and the many other methods used. No way has been found as yet to tell the future by physical appearance, he concluded.

Guinea Pig Troubles Bring Forth Lengthy Discussion

"Desensitization of Tuberculous Guinea Pigs by Ether-Chloroform Killed Mycobacterium Tuberculosis" was the topic discussed by Mrs. T. L. Olson, instructor in animal biology, at the biology seminar held yesterday in Deady hall. Various biological topics will be presented by different people at these seminars throughout the term. They will be held every other Monday at 4:15 in room 106. Anyone interested is invited to attend.

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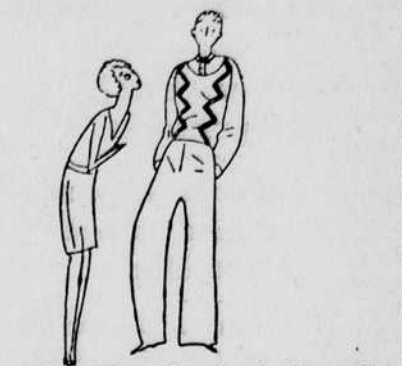
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OREGON GRIPE

MYOMY, WOTTA RELIEF TO SETTLE BACK AND LOAF AFTER A STRENUOUS WEEK-END.



LITTLE Morphine Annie, the office parasite, is digging us to call this column "The Tattle of the Century."

AND THE LATEST BIT OF SMUT THAT SEEPS TO OUR OVERDEVELOPED EARS CONCERNS A LOCAL NEWSHOUND, HE OF THE BULL-TEASER-HUED SHIRT. (NAME WITHHELD.)

The story goes, as the fireman smirked when he beheld the first floor of the building rapidly being consumed, that the lad had a date with a certain Tri-Delt. (Will wonders never cease?) and consequently had himself all prettie up for a gay old time. So hoisting his pants and bidding his manservant adieu, he hies himself to the big hill.

Arriving at the summit, our hero stalks confidentially to a big brick house, knocks on the door, and waits for the answer. A gent peeked out and asked his mission. "I'd like to see — (name withheld by request)"

The doorman smirked, turns, and hollers upstairs. Pretty soon the light broke on the swain's befuddled brain. He turned and sped away into the night, amid the ribald uproar of masculine laughter.

He had called at the Delta house. IT GETS AROUND THAT A CERTAIN CANNY SCOT ON

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(Continued from Page One)
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Headline in Saddy's Emerald: "BERG LEADS SCORING WITH TEN PINTS" Well, he made a gallon attempt to burn up the maple quart.

Overheard on the Law Curb: "Hey, boy, ya look all in. Whasamatter?" "Didded sleep lassnight. I'm about dead."

"Hmmm, insomnia?" "Naw, Frankenstein."

Irwin (you remember him) piped up this morning with the sage remark that "Work is the curse of the drinking classes."

THE MOST RECENT MONOPOLY THAT HAS COME TO OUR EARS IS THE BOY WHO CORNERED THE LIGHT-GLOBE RACKET IN ALL THE FRAT HOUSES.

Well, as the shrewd father said, commenting on his daughter's crafty purchase, "Good buy."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

EDITED BY ROY SHEEDY

Editor's Note: For those people who love to sit up until the early hours of a winter morning attempting to unravel the mystery of how Lord Rafflebury was murdered in his den the night after his second cousin left for Abyssinia, this column has adopted the policy of reviewing a detective story each week. Here is the first.

MURDER IN A HOSPITAL

The Dutch Shoe Mystery, by Ellery Queen. Frederick A. Stokes.

By JANET FITCH
 It is a queer thing about mystery stories. Lately their authors have been trying so hard to give away the secret of the crime that after the third page—or possibly the fourth—the reader says, "Nerts! It was the butler," and slams the book shut.

However, "The Dutch Shoe Mystery" does not contain a butler anywhere on the premises. The author, Ellery Queen, confidently and with all due regard for everybody's feelings, inserts toward the end—the end, mind you!—challenge; "I hope you will try, because it is an interesting task; and I have given you all the clues now, so you should be able to; but I do not think you can solve this mystery."

Go right ahead, don't mind me. And you do, and you can't.

This is an amazingly good tale. The scene is a hospital. You are supposed to guess how, in the midst of nurses, doctors, and internes, a woman under treatment and being prepared for an operation could be murdered, so quietly that nobody would know she was dead until the operation began. To add to the general confusion, practically everybody, it seems, had motive and opportunity and all those other things, and nobody—least of all you—seems to be able to find out which one of them, if any, did it. There is a hopeless fog—until Ellery Queen (the young detective, who is his own Watson, is not at all obnoxious, and has no Harvard accent) suddenly solves it and nastily keeps it a secret. From then on, it is touch and go for anybody who happens to interrupt you.

The story is swift, and always exciting; also thoughtful, with a constant atmosphere of mental tension which gets communicated to the reader very, very soon. Not recommended for relaxation; it is impossible to read it without trying desperately to keep up with Ellery Queen, who is no slouch.

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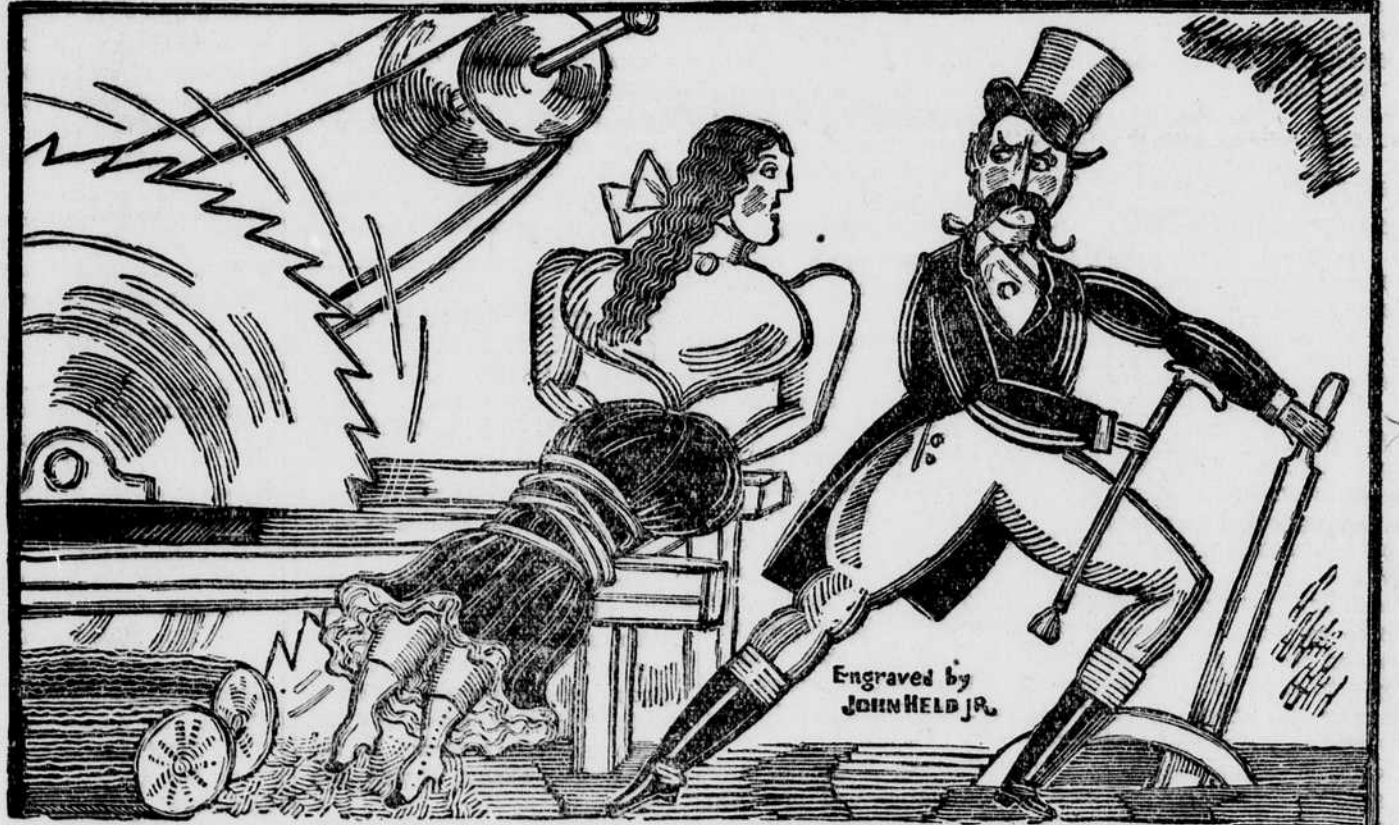
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"SO, MY PROUD BEAUTY, YOU WOULD REPULSE ME, EH?" barked DALTON

"I would indeed," said the fairest flower of the campus. "And how!"

"What is there about me, gal, to bring this disfavor down upon my head?" Joe College demanded.

"Your manner, sir," she answered him haughtily. "The man who wins my heart must wine and dine me at only those reputable eating places that advertise in the Emerald."

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