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The Ducks Fly South

CHEER UP, little Webfeet, all is not yet lost. Our heroes of the gridiron may have taken a superlative shellacking from the Trojans some short days ago, but St. Mary's is a horse of another color.

Cast your bitter memories back a year. S.C. put a gloss on us then as now, but we rose off the back of our necks and polished off the Gaels quite handsomely. Thirty-three to nothing merely proves that we are awfully bad psychologists, and nothing else.

Just the same, it wasn't so nice to take a beating in front of all those sunburned southerners, and the boys are going to be a little hotted up about bouncing St. Mary's around. Two touchdowns, or even one, would take a little of the sting out of the Trojan debacle. At least the lads think so.

We will hint right now that you might be pleasantly surprised today if you hang around the old loud speaker. We have a vague premonition that the Galloping Gaels are going to be slowed down to a walk.

Is Mars Santa Claus?

NOT infrequently, a business which does not wish its records examined is the one which will not stand that examination. Most people interested in the munitions business and affairs of war, particularly the younger generation—the "first line of defense"—feel that the munitions manufacturers are trying to avoid investigation.

The latest news, to the effect that government departments have on occasion refused information to the agents of the senate munitions investigation committee strengthens this conviction. Educated people who pride themselves on their acquired level of civilization cannot understand what type of person will sell and take profits for machinery which deals out so much misery. And when that person apparently takes steps to cover up the transactions which he has already completed, those people are led to the conclusion that the records would show him—shall we say off color?

Certain governmental records are, of course, confidential. Those which were sought by the committee's agents may be of that nature; the press report does not tell. But if they are not, and the committee hints strongly that they aren't, then there is some pressure being brought to bear.

It is of vital importance to the American people to know whence that pressure comes. They want to know, and need to know how machine guns can be exported under the label "sewing machines," and to what degree American munitions makers are responsible for the rearming of Germany in defiance of the Versailles treaty.

A Runaway Pen

A STRIP of satirical verbosity recently appeared in the editorial columns of the Stanford Daily, under the reading of "Honor Again." In part, the editorial reads as follows:

"Sympathy need not be wasted on the rank and file members of the honor societies should dissolution be their fate. They would probably peel forth with loud hosannas and go into the world free men once more, relieved of the necessity of paying unwelcome dues and of attending boring meetings, when and if such meetings are held. They would no longer have to keep up the sham of being an honorable member of an honor society, an honor society in which honor is the unknown factor or the minus quantity.

"Of course members of honor societies can probably withdraw whenever they feel like it. But the trouble is that they went into them under the illusion that they were being honored and they hate to

admit that they have made a mistake. So they go on year after year, yapping dues and holding the bear by the tail, hoping that someone will come along and turn them loose."

The writer of such scorching criticism reminds us sadly of the critic who became so venomous that he died from accidentally sucking his own pen.

Now, it is likely that there is some truth wandering about amid the profusion of bitter remarks quoted above. Many honor fraternities have lately been "on-the-pan" and justly so. Some have been characterized by extravagance and pseudo-intellectual purpose.

But again some honor fraternities are genuine and are valuable as a stimulant to scholastic and social excellence. And to fling these bodies into a cauldron of boiling criticism along with those that need, it not extermination, purification, is not only an error but displays a weakness on the part of the critic.

And isn't it sad that truth extant in our contemporary's remarks should be smothered by passion and bombast?

May we suggest that the writer of such material look to his thoughts, lest he, "drunk with cholera" elevate his blood pressure beyond all reasonable limits of normalcy.

The Passing Show

A Collegian Wrote

FANCIS Smith, editor of the Daily Princetonian, wrote to William Randolph Hearst on behalf of the Association of College Editors, asking America's "Number One Nationalist" and foremost publisher to answer nine complicated questions regarding internationalism and disarmament.

The questions were propounded with the avowed intention of "crystallizing undergraduate opinion on a national basis and on a national issue," with the declaration in a duplicate letter to college editors that the United States is about to plunge into an armament race with England and Japan. The purpose, then, was to make "nationalism and William Randolph Hearst an issue of vital interest" to undergraduates throughout the country.

Officers in the A.C.E., believing that they had placed Hearst in a difficult position, sat back confidently awaiting a letter in reply. Clever, dumb-like-fox Nationalist Number One, yesterday answered Smith's queries, making the young student editor appear slightly ridiculous for his efforts.

Simply stated, the noted journalist announced his stand thus: "I personally believe in nationalism and internationalism, each in its proper place. I believe in benefiting all the people whenever and wherever we can do so, without sacrificing the interests of our own people."

At this point, space does not permit a complete discussion of the merits of questions and answers, as presented by Smith and Hearst, Inc. The former can feel very elated this morning, a student editor, classified with the outstanding figure in journalism of the present century. His questions, characterized as an "immense catchism" by Lord Beaverbrook (England), were answered for several millions of readers. One other item is of greater import just now.

The Association of American College Editors, that convened in September, included several editors of small collegiate weekly papers, and but half a dozen or so editors of the major collegiate dailies. Not one paper on the Pacific coast was represented. Material sent out under that misnomer (A.E.C.) then must necessarily represent the action of comparatively few individuals.

Those editors who have formed this group have the right idea. Collegiate journalism, influencing over a quarter of a million readers through the daily papers alone, does play an important role in American student life. To date, it never has whipped itself into shape as a powerful, separate entity of nearly the influence exerted by student though in European institutions. The thing can and will be done, no doubt. But it should be carried through correctly.

A convention of editors of all the college dailies should be held at some logical spot next month, and all action that reflects back upon these papers as a body in the future should originate with that group. Only if this is done can the college journalist look forward, with pride, to the part he plays in serving his readers.

Another "letter to Hearst," as of yesterday, must be avoided.—Stanford Daily.

Then What?

THE questionnaire sent by the Peace Action Committee to candidates for congress shows, at least, that the interest in the munitions investigation has not expired completely because of the pressure of politics. But even if the investigation is continued and completed there will still remain a difficult question to decide. After the public has learned of all the pernicious practices of the armament manufacturers, what is to be done about it?

Jumping to the most obvious conclusion, the average man will advocate government ownership of munitions plants. Informed and vigorous critics of the arms makers, however, contend that that solution is impossible. The authors of the book, "Merchants of Death," one of the most revealing studies of the question, reached the conclusion that it would be impossible for any one nation to manufacture all its own armaments because of the variety of raw materials needed, and because arms manufacturing requires huge plants and costly machinery that could not be supported without the income from foreign sales.

Most of the nations of the world manufacture none, or practically none of their own war materials. In the past these countries, which are in the majority at peace conferences, have frantically defended their ancient and indispensible "right to buy" in the world market. Their opposition makes the failure of any effort to confine the armament business within national boundaries a forgone conclusion.

The above mentioned writers advance disarmament as the only remedy, and disarmament is losing supporters at the moment. Even if it were still being vigorously pushed, disarmament would be an almost impossible accomplishment, for it is not merely a matter of international politics, it is a social question. It demands that civilization be changed to eliminate those elements that are the basic causes of war.

The whole question of munitions is far deeper and more vital to the continued advance of civilization than is apparent to the average newspaper reader.—Daily Kansan.

"On the Bandwagon"

By DICK WATKINS

IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES—

DOROTHY PAGE, singer on JAN GARBER'S Supper Club program has been selected as "the most beautiful girl in radio" in a nation-wide poll. She got her first break three years ago when she won an audition conducted by Paul Whiteman, in competition with 700 other contestants. The three-hour "Let's Dance" program, on a coast-to-coast network, featuring the music of XAVIER CUGAT, KEN MURRAY, BENNY GOODMAN and their orchestras, is slated to begin this Saturday over the NBC at 9:30 p. m. (P.S.T.) Radio City where it will originate, will be turned into a typical gala Hollywood opening night affair, in honor of the occasion. Hit tunes from two current Broadway stage shows, "Continental Varieties" and the "Riviera Revue," will be included in the BIG TEN tonight, plus four good ones from new pictures. TOM COAKLEY'S contract at the Palace in S. F. has just been renewed for six more months.

The CBS is preparing a "round-the-world" program, featuring the best music and orchestras, both dance, native or otherwise, of many nations. JIMMY GRIER stays on at the L. A. Elmore while EVERETT HOAGLAND moves into the Cafe de Paree. The METROPOLITAN OPERA, the radio audience's annual music treat will again be broadcast over the entire NBC network, beginning late in December, with GERALDINE FARRAR, in the role of commentator, entertaining listeners between acts. BING CROSBY and the late great RUSS COLOMBO were the best of friends at all times, their so-called rival jealousy being only a publicity stunt. At COLOMBO'S funeral, CROSBY was one of the pallbearers. The "REVELERS," one of radio's first male quartets, are still successful enough to be pulling down \$200,000 per annum. GEORGE GERSHWIN is busily engaged in writing an original American opera, "Porgy." Both the CBS and NBC will do the arranging for any bands using their respective hook-ups. During the war, SIGMUND ROMBERG, famous composer of the "Student Prince," "The New Moon," "Desert Song," and other smash hits, wrote operettas by day and tracked down spies by night—he was attached to the U. S. intelligence service due to his fluent knowledge of many languages. CARMEN LOMBARDO is the real boss of the Royal Canadians—orchestrates, sings, composes, and runs the outfit in general. "It Ain't Going to Rain no Mo'" has earned more than \$50,000 for its composer, WENDALL HALL, the same who runs one-man show over the NBC. GEORGE OLSON, with several U. of O. graduates in his band, is now playing in the College Inn of the Sherman hotel in Chicago, one of the best playing spots in the Mid-west. Had RAY NOBLE been allowed to play over here, his band would have moved into the STRATOSPHERE room, on the 65th floor atop Radio City. "The Object of My Affections," written by "PINKY" TOMLIN, of JIMMY GRIER'S band, is fast taking the East by storm much as it took the coast, and is proving to be one of the most popular tunes of the year. FINIS.

Emerald of the Air

By GEORGE Y. BIKMAN

VIOLIN music in tune with the times—that is, in keeping with the holiday spirit, will feature the Emerald of the Air program this afternoon at 5:45, one hour later than regularly. Stan Bromberg will play, accompanied by Milt Sugarman. Jimmy Morrison will act as guest announcer, while yours truly eats home grown turkey and says hello to the home town folks. And if anyone might care for light-hearted entertainment on Friday the half hour program beginning at 4:30 should furnish an abundance of it. Ned Gee will be featured, with Chuck French assisting on the put-outs.

The Don Cossack Russian male chorus, the same famous singing horsemen of the steppes we heard in Eugene recently, will make their radio network debut in the United States when they come to the microphone as guest artists on Rudy Vallee's variety hour today at 5:00. Bert Lehr, comedian, Herwood Broun, columnist, and Oliver Wakefield, English entertainer, will share guest honors.

Other NBC features: Show Boat at 6:00, Paul Whiteman at 7:00, Standard Symphony hour at 8:15, Big Ten at 10:15; on Friday Phil Harris at 6:00, Intimate Revue, Caswell concert at 9:00. Beginning this Sunday the coffee people present a series of programs in which grand opera in English will be condensed into a full hour program. Deems Taylor will supervise the productions.

While rehearsing in Hollywood recently for a scene in which he was to break a violin over the head of a stooge, Rudy Vallee made a mistake that nearly cost him \$3,000. After breaking three or four prop fiddles in practice, Rudy picked up a \$3,000 fiddle belonging to one of his band men. A flying tackle by the fiddler saved the day.

Mary Pickford always sucks a lemon before going on the air.

Yuletide Party

(Continued from Page One)

program is urged to see Henriette Horak, general chairman of the event, or Professor S. Stephenson Smith, the originator of the "Christmas Revels" party. Professor Smith has spent several years in England, and his knowledge of English Yuletide customs promises to make the party a truly English "Revelous" affair.

A temporary executive committee has been appointed, but additional names will be added later. Faculty members on the committee at present are Professor Smith, Dean Onthank, Prof. Knollin, and Horace Robinson.

Students to Help
Students assisting are Alice Hult, Reva Hems, Marigold Hardison, Helen Nickachou, Eda Hult, Virgil Esteb, Donald Farr, Barney Clark, Ted Karafotias, Jimmy Doyle, Tom Mountain, Roberts Moody, and Ann-Reed Burns.

Kwama and Skull and Dagger, service honoraries, and also Phi Theta Upsilon will be enlisted to help.

Admission to the Revels will be only 15 cents. An evening of song, and dance, stunts and features, a glimpse of Saint Nick, English numbers, carolers, and refreshments just for 15 red pennies.

Talking Turkey

By ED HANSON



Big, Bad Bruno Puts Scare Into Frenzied Frosh

Was Bruno going to town or was Bruno going to town? It was Monday night. It was raining. An innocent freshman was wading east on eleventh avenue on his way to the campus.

Suddenly, from out of the typical "Oregon mist," right in the middle of the sidewalk, there burst a huge mass of canine that could not possibly belong to any other domesticated beast except the St. Bernard vagabond of the campus. He huffed and he puffed, and he was one block nearer Willamette street.

Was the freshman scared? Whew! He finally collected his wits and convinced himself that he had not met the big bad wolf himself, but only old Bruno.

Business Fraternity Pledges 2 Members

Two new members were pledged by Alpha Kappa Psi, men's business administration fraternity, at a meeting in the men's lounge of Gerlinger hall last Tuesday night. Those pledged are Donald Carmichael, Eugene and Marshall Gray, Gold Hill.

An address on "Confidence of Business" was given by Mr. LaVerne Hawn, local dealer in securities, earlier in the meeting.

When You Go Home

ASK THE FOLKS IF THEY WOULD NOT LIKE TO HAVE A COPY OF THE EMERALD

sent to them each day for the rest of the school year.

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PURE QUILL

By JIMMY MORRISON

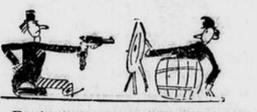


There's a guy on the campus who is a member of the Friars, but you'd never know it to see him eat. Why it's out of the frying pan into the Friar... And speaking of pan, one might easily be reminded that for the first time in two years a concert at the music school did not get the bird, even though it was written up for the Emerald. The only reason for this, the music profs maintain sadly, is that "Ipana" Newton didn't write it... The Louisiana Kingfish announced recently that he was going to make an honorary colonel out of one of the state's leading football players. At first thought most people would say he was best fitted for bestowing a kerneley... Senator Bluenose Label thinks radio stations should start off the morning broadcast with: "Who the hell left the radio on all night?"



The little game of "in-and-out-the-window" was indulged in by DePauw university students recently when the revolving door at the library jammed and students were forced to climb upon chairs to enter and leave through a window.

Ye Emerald Editor seems to find it mighty attractive up on the McKenzie lately.



Beginning and ending next week: "THE EMBRYO RACKETEER," or "UP FROM A YEGG."

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