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right to determine what is said. Consequently certain groups have been able to steer radio's policy.

Newspapers have long since opened their columns to contributions from readers with differing opinions on controversial subjects. On the whole, results have been beneficial. Radio, a younger medium of reaching the public, is apparently nearing this stage.

The bill represents an attempt to break down this censorship by allowing diversified expression of opinion. But here it lays itself open to abuse by the economic and political fallacies to which America is subject. Every demagogue with some sort of a plan would resort to the radio for a free opportunity to get himself before the public.

Sufficient regulation and enforcement used in the right direction, however, would tend to eliminate such instances by disproving fallacious ideas and arguments of such individuals, resulting in more sound and crystallized public opinion.

Please Hon. Board

A Real Thanksgiving

PERHAPS we're all wrong about this thing, but for a good many years we've cherished the belief that Thanksgiving is the sort of a holiday that one spends at home. The very word "Thanksgiving" conjures up visions of mother and dad—mother shoeing intruders out of the sacred precinct of her kitchen—dad beaming proudly as he waves the all mighty carving knife over the savory, golden-brown treasure of turkey.

But if the powers-that-be have their way, mother and dad will eat a lonely feast this year, for their sons and daughters at Eugene and Corvallis will be given cuts for not attending classes on the Friday following Thanksgiving. Educators mourn the drift of youth away from home and fireside. But those who direct higher education in the state of Oregon have seen fit to keep students away from their homes at one of the times when the students want to go home worst.

Many students will take two day's cuts and go home anyway. But many others have classes on Friday and Saturday that they can't afford to cut. Will the dismissal of classes on the two days following Thanksgiving seriously hinder the completion of any term's work? We don't think so.

The proper place for young men and women to spend Thanksgiving is at home. We hope the board will consider this carefully.

When ex-Mayor James J. Walker returned from abroad he was met on his arrival at New York by some who insisted that he could again be elected mayor. But Mr. Walker magnanimously exclaimed that he had "had his day—now it is someone else's turn." What insight! What condescension!

Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler

THE only thing honest about Marseilles is its dishonesty.

Chicago decries its tough reputation, Marseilles glories in hers.

Postcards picture a good housewife warning her husband, "But surely you aren't going down to the docks without a pistol?" The citizen of Marseilles replies, "Do you think I'm going to carry my new pistol down there, when I have just paid 100 francs for it?"

I'm still wondering why I decided to get a haircut in this chiseling metropolis. While the personable Gascon had me down I received a shampoo, eau de cologne, electric massage, and a complete course in practical salesmanship, and when I dazedly reached the street again it was less two dollars.

The only thing for which you may get value received in Marseilles would be stamps, and I'm not sure some enterprising business men don't take the muckilage off them before putting them on sale.

Having read "The Count of Monte Cristo" in Spain, I was ready for the Chateau d'If, the fortress and prison in the bay of Marseilles made so famous by Dumas' novel. Depending on the price you want to pay, you will be rowed or motored around the island in half an hour. Then, you guide will try to sell you some postcards, but not of the Chateau d'If.

France is the robber state of Europe, spoiled by the booming post-war trade, and although the gold no longer pours in, you would never guess it by looking at the menus. Any meal you buy for less than a dollar isn't to be trusted. Hotels, too, charge outrageously, since you may be the only guest they have had in a week.

Attended a dull revue my evening in Marseilles and left at the end of the first act, to visit a huge fair that had spread its tents over several acres of ground close to the city center. It most astonishingly resembled a Barnum creation, and the only reminder I had that this was not America was the absence of hot dogs. Fritters took their place.

Thus far I had seen little of the toughness that draws tourists to this great port, but at midnight I left the caliope, side show barkers and brazen hubbub of the fair, to wander down toward the infamous dock district.

After the broad, lighted streets, the maze of foul alleyways now entered came as a sudden plunge into a tunnel. All sound was blotted out, lights were infrequent, and one stumbled over great heaps of stinking garbage littered across the narrow cobble-stoned lanes, sending massive cats scurrying from their nocturnal feasts. The silent darkness became oppressive. Footsteps clomped along the uneven stones, a figure loomed ahead, came up, and passed, peering closely at you.

Then a broader street. More life, a few sailors bawling, the place reeking with harlots, lurid but ugly, who grab you roughly by the arm and try to pull you into their webs. The hardier hags put up a good fight, and there were some interesting tugs-of-war staged, but no spectators could be attracted. Everyone seemed to have his own troubles, only the sailors had lost their chivalry and led with straight lefts when apprehended. That saved time.

Paris is a nice town too.



The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

Gosh, maybe the Sigma Nus weren't fooling after all!

Tailspin!

Lucas has given us a new column. If this first issue turns out bad, don't be alarmed. We stepped on a sheet of ice about five minutes ago, and executed the finest self-administered body slam of the year. The crash would have added our brains, had we any brains to be added. Fortunately, however, the brunt of the blow was taken on the back of the head, resulting in nothing more serious than a loosened filling or two.

Navigation Note

There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that the College Side has installed a fog horn on the starboard side of the entrance channel. Mariners will have to feel their way in and out of the place just as they have been doing for years.

The Literary Digest tells of a wealthy father whose daughter wanted to marry a rather impetuous young man. Said the father, "I'm rather interested in the lad. He claims he can support my daughter on \$18 a week. I've never been able to do it, so I think I'll let the young devil marry her. I want to study his method of financing. It must be revolutionary to say the least."

Can this be Jack Mulhall coming, or is it just the sun setting? It's

Mulhall, you goof. They don't have red sunsets like that in Oregon.

The Credit Side

Mussolini has already paid \$3.20 for each Italian soldier he has shipped through the Suez canal. And the return fare is just the same. You'd think Il Duce would petition for a discount on round-trips. But then, maybe he's satisfied with the discount he'll get on the soldiers who won't be coming back. No sense in buying round-trips for those poor beggars whose bodies will stay in Ethiopia and rot under an African sun.

Verse Control

Says a merchant in a college town: "The average college student is too honest to steal. He's too proud to beg. He's too lazy to work. And he's too broke to pay cash. That's why we have to give him credit."

From the Ohio State Journal:

There is a movement under way to get a grant of federal funds for the relief of needy poets. Why don't they put them under control of the A.A.A. and plow down every fourth stanza?

Seriously, though, we feel that the "Journal" has something there. Some of the poetry we've been reading lately would make mighty fine fertilizer.

No, Elmer, that isn't the Dean of Women's lookout. That's the scaffolding for the new library.

Again I See In Fancy

FREDERICK M. DUNN

A JOKE ON JOSH:

"How can he eat without any knife?"

How can he marry without any wife?"

The dignified five that composed our First Faculty, melodiously as they may have "sung for their supper," yet had not the wherewithal. The Class of '78 was graduated upon a diet provided by "2 globes, 2 large maps, 1 anatomical chart." Our seal might justly have read "Ruritania Oregonensis."

The Faculty made early and eloquent appeals for necessary apparatus, and the Regents' Minutes are replete with very much itemized estimates of required equipment. And finally, since it is said that "the fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much," with heroic resolve, the Board in its session in June of '78 appropriated the sum of \$4,000, and despatched the Secretary, Judge Joshua J. Walton, Jr., on special embassy to the Atlantic seaboard to select the purchases.

\$4,000!—from which \$119.75 were subtracted at once by Ladd and Tilton, Bankers of Portland, as the price of discount and exchange on New York. And that left only —, but the Judge did not smoke and this was two years after the Centennial.

If this latter day Joshua ever

wrote his version of this more modern hexateuchal jaunt, it has suffered some furious deletions. It is not spread upon the Minutes that the good Judge "came, saw, and was conquered." No connoisseur in scientific apparatus, but with a list in his pocket, it would seem that, with unswerving faith in his fellow man, he approached two firms in Philadelphia, gave them his memoranda, and took what they offered, almost as we boys used to swap knives, "sight unseen."

The apparatus arrived, was unpacked with breathless eagerness by expert and loving hands,—the sextant, the transit instrument, the astronomical clock, the odolite, and all "to be put under glass cases in the two south rooms on the second floor." To be sure, reference is made to some broken instruments and the need of their being repaired,—but what was this curious contraption? An air pump with bell globe to fit down over the disk, in which to produce a vacuum. But this alarm clock? Joshua looked at his notes: "That," said he, "is the latest invention out,—to demonstrate that sound can not travel through a vacuum."

Dr. Mark Bailey coughed, almost strangled, abruptly left the room. The alarm clock was never displayed, not even when we began to think of a museum.

(Next in the series HAWTHORNE'S TANGLED TALES.)

Professor's Letter

Editor, the Emerald:

Dear Sir:

In reporting the decision on the Connelly case, your news column carried the statement that "the faculty committee on military education refused to exempt, etc. . . . To grant Mr. Connelly's request . . . is not within this committee's authority. This statement should have read, "The committee, with a dissenting vote, refused, etc. . . ."

It is my belief—and I so argued and so voted—that the committee on military education is at the present time doing the very thing which they claim they have not the power to do, that is, substitute a course in lieu of military training which was the basis of the applicant's petition.

At the present time, the freshmen and sophomores who play in the band are given military credit. It is my opinion that this is clearly a substitution of courses. If this can be done for those who play in the band why not for those who play in the orchestra—or for other courses.

Very truly yours, Waldo Schumacher.

State Senate

(Continued from Page One)

the ROTC course for his second year, following the faculty exemptions committee's second denial of his petition, which presented an intellectual instead of a conscientious objection to drill.

Two years ago the faculty was called upon to consider recommending voluntary drill to the state board, but defeated the motion by a comfortable margin. Last year 500 students petitioned the faculty for another vote, and the count was thrown into a deadlock and lost by the negative vote of President C. Valentine Boyer.

Motion Tabled

In spite of agreed irregularities in the original vote, the faculty tabled the motion to revoke.

Today the Emerald urges on the editorial page the third annual vote of the faculty to clear up the issues of definition of "conscientious," discrimination between religious and intellectual objections, and substitution of other courses.

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Air Y' Listenin'

By James Morrison

Emerald of the Air

Yesterday afternoon Miss Patsy Neal conducted the Emerald presentation over KORE, in lieu of Radio Editor Woodrow Truax, who is unfortunately in the infirmary. Miss Neal will again have charge today and will introduce Rosemary O'Donnell, who will play some classical piano selections.

Radio Deals

Rubinoff's orchestra is the most thoroughly rehearsed concert band in radio, according to Rubinoff. He begins rehearsals early Friday morning, but not with the entire orchestra. He works first with the string group until he is satisfied that these instrumentalists have mastered his own rather intricate

arrangements. Then he works in turn with the woodwinds, brasses, and percussion groups. Finally he assembles the entire band and starts all over again.

Fannie Brice, popular comedienne, will be heard tonight at 10:15. Miss Brice and the Old Maestro are expected to discuss the personal assets and liabilities of a certain New York columnist.

Tommy Harris, Little King of Song, has radio's largest collection of razors; he owns 25 or so of all types; electric ones, imported ones, old-fashioned, straight-edge, razors that slide, roll, sharpen themselves, and do everything except sing . . . yet he goes to the barber shop to be shaved.

"Life of Star in the Night," a number which Sigmund Romberg composed for radio last year, will be revived on the Swift Studio party program tonight at 7. Two other Romberg compositions, "Grenadier March" and "Bachelor Girl and Boy" from "The Girl from Brazil" also will be offered.

(Continued from Page Three)

YOUR . . . Campus Guide

FOR HOMECOMING

For the Men—

- An excellent haircut.
- A clean cut shave.
- A good appearance.

Oregon Barber Shop
Next to College Side

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On the Campus

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HAIRCUTS

that fit big and small; fit like the paper on the wall.

Varsity Barber Shop

Radio Opens Up The Mike

TO be introduced in the next congress are two bills dealing with the use of radio broadcasting stations for the expression of public opinion.

The more important of these bills provides that each station set aside—free—suitable periods of the day and evening for uncensored discussion of social, political and economic problems and for educational purposes. Each station is also required to allow at least two sides of a controversial issue to express their opinions. Stations, but not speakers, would be cleared of liability for remarks made.

Radio comment has heretofore been censored quite successfully, not by any governmental agency, but by profit-producing buyers of advertising. Their argument is that if they sponsor a program and pay for it they should have the