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The Real Meaning Of Homecoming

HOMEcoming approaches. What is Homecoming? What is it other than the football game? Next weekend Oregon students will be divorced from their own interests. Their isolation as a distinct community of people will be temporarily penetrated. Alumni will flood living quarters and the campus. On Saturday over 2000 Oregon State students will be present on the campus. Parents of students and citizens of the state will gather, and the University will become a cosmopolitan society.

The problem presented is an essential one—essential to the whole development of individuals. Students at the University are not finished hosts. They are hosts to people of their own kind and people who reflect like sentiments. Training in this kind of guest management is simple. But for students to be intelligent hosts to a heterogeneous group of visitors is another matter, a problem that has not been too successfully solved by past generations of Ducks.

If our students could look upon the little obligation as one that challenges wit and ability, the position as hosts would not loom as irksome. College students too often look upon themselves as finished individuals, not only capable of coping with intellectual entanglements but certainly with social changes. Now they have a chance to throw open their establishments and direct their interests to real social adjustments at a time when such adjustments are necessary.

Student Movements In Italy and U.S.

THE student movement in Italy is characterized by a flagrant attack on all merchandising establishments which are controlled by the Britons, whereas here in the United States the student movement is witnessed in organized moves to establish world peace—a fellowship of races and nationalities, a more genuine academic freedom, and a democracy in fact as well as in name.

The contrast between the two leagues of action is as that of white on black. The student in Italy accepts the status quo with all its fascistic jingoism and goes into the byways to render destruction and vandalism that is condoned and agitated by a propagandistic nation and dictatorship—a ravishing display of the unreasoning, emotional, unscientific sort of "patriotism" which is wont to be praised in every country that depends on militarism. As catastrophic as it is to civilization, the Italian unfortunately believes as he reads, and what he reads is generally, if not entirely, organized propaganda of the autocratic state.

The majority of the students of America is oppositively critical of what he may read, and what he reads is an endless chain of opinion and expression uncensored by the government. He has learned by the elevating influences of education to observe, experiment, and reason by induction before arriving at a conclusion—a conclusion which may be altered or changed at that time when further evidence may impair former and partial knowledge or assumptions. Truth manifests itself as does the mightiest element in any phenomenon, and it is the American student today who appreciates this fact. American student movements on the whole eternally seek to benefit humankind the world over, by education toward peace, by love and brotherhood, and his impartial convictions are applied in all practical instances.

It so happens that this country was founded on democracy and that enough of this foundation remains to insure to a great extent freedom of speech and true education. We Americans should feel fortunate that the students in our higher education strive not to please the present governmental administration, but instead to change those many elements in the status quo which over a period of time have proved themselves to be inadequate and unsound.

By this scientific and brotherly approach it is quite possible someday that the efforts of education "shall not have been in vain," that other nations shall become imbued with reason, and that each nation and the world as a whole will "long endure" as a more apportioned commonwealth and absolute democracy.

Is the University A Black Sheep?

THERE isn't a major university or college on the Pacific coast that doesn't have its own radio station either on the campus or in the college town—except the University of Oregon. The official station for the University (and the other state schools) is located at Corvallis. The other schools on the coast and the majority of colleges and universities throughout the nation can keep in direct contact with their

alumni, friends, and state citizens by radio. Oregon must send her representatives over to Corvallis to do this.

Realizing the value of the radio contact with Oregon citizenry the University has sent as many students and faculty members as feasible to Corvallis to broadcast University programs, but this number has been entirely too small.

If the proposed remote control station over KOAC and located on this campus is installed, the University will have the opportunity to parade her students and their accomplishments across the ether waves and to pass on to Oregonians the benefits of research and entertainment in this school, even as other coast institutions are doing for their states.

Youth Would Like A Concrete Challenge

"A CHALLENGE to Youth"—How many times during the past five years have students heard this phrase flung at them from platforms, pulpits, radios and in writing? Innumerable times; so frequently in fact it has become—as it doubtless was in the beginning—a meaningless phrase.

What is this "challenge" that the older generation is making to youth? In what way do they expect youth to take up the challenge? Unfortunately it has not been made explicit. Youth's ideas are ground to nothingness under the wheels of the great political machines that run the nation's politics.

It would throw out a glimmer of light on the subject if at least one of the scheduled political speakers, who address the student body assemblies would "Challenge Youth" and back up his challenge by giving the students suggestions as to how it can be met.

WE wonder, has the make-up editor of the Portland Journal a sense of humor? Else how can the front page gem of a recent edition be explained.

Under the stern visage of Benito Mussolini, well known dictator, there is a caption which reads: "In pronouncing defiance to the League of Nations today Mussolini declared 'We will oppose it (the economic seige) with our most implacable resistance, with our most firm decision and with our most supreme contempt!'"

Then, since that night was Hallowe'en, a poem to the festive eve was placed directly underneath this caption, with the title in bold face: "Boo!"

Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler

ON the train from Strasbourg to Paris we were crowded. A paunchy beef-eater with a bartender's curl in his hair occupied one corner, and when a lean, lanky Frenchman in a derby led his family into our compartment and began treading on everybody's toes as he slung baggage around, Beetle blew up. In ten seconds the place was a holocaust. Everyone waved his arms frantically, shrieking at the top of his voice, slamming things about, and to my uncultured mind it looked like brewing homicide.

Yet the three people in my half of the section didn't bother to look up from their newspapers, and in another ten seconds Lenn and Pat were cheerfully discussing the weather. Then someone got up to reach for a bag and Beetle exploded. His booming bass filled the carriage. Shortly afterwards he was feeding candy to one of the children.

Writers have raved about the charm of Paris in spring time, and who am I to dispute expert opinion. Certainly there are beauties, but they are all architectural. The air, laden with the smell of powder, is depressing, as are the painted faces that exclusively make up the feminine sex. Every woman under 50 looks like a prostitute and every woman over 50, like a cancelled stamp.

If all the powder used by the demoiselles of Paris in one day were collected and set fire to, you would have to light a match. Not an outdoor complexion in the lot, and how can one attain any sort of individuality when all wear those hideous waxen masks.

I will freely admit that Paris is the most pleasingly beautiful city I have yet visited. The French have a knack of arranging things for effect. The English throw up a Saint Paul's or a Tower Bridge and think, "Well, that's that," whereas a host of dirty tenements spring up to obliterate the beauty of their creation. The Germans go one better and sling everything into the Kaiserplatz. London is ugly, Berlin is scarcely less so, Madrid cannot triumph over its environment. New York is impressive, but Paris is striking. The Arc de Triomphe is placed at the top of a long hill, and the magnificent Champs Elysees leading up to it, gives it priceless advantages; the Tuilleries do not compare in size with the Retiro park, Hyde park, or Central park, but it is infinitely more attractive than any of them.

It was with some difficulty that I located the Folies Bergere, being held back by two kinds of traffic—automobile and woman. The difference between the two was that the former slackened off when I returned to the hotel at midnight, while the latter increased, so that in some streets it was like bucking the line in football.

The Folies was mildly disappointing. It was a good revue, but undeserving of its international notoriety. The price of my seat in the gallery was \$2.25, and I have seen more amusing productions in New York for fifty cents. They have even descended to jugglers and acrobatic dancers, and that belongs in five-a-day.

Featured in the program were skits pointedly aimed at Hitler and his Nazis, while the French chamber of deputies did not escape ridicule. In a grotesque dance, girls wore masks caricaturing all the French law makers, subtly poking fun at their individual idiosyncracies.

Parisian usherettes are like leeches in their insistence on tips. They will not leave you until you have shelled out, and if not satisfied with the amount rendered they politely but firmly insist on further disbursement.

And it is rather difficult to pretend that you don't know the meaning of an extended palm.



The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

Rats!

A dog got into the law school library the other evening and routed four rats out of one of the book cases. Is that why the law school enrollment increased this year? Another census should be taken to see how many rodents there are left in the building.

Viva!

We hear of a frolicsome young

Americano who, while traveling in Italy, got himself somewhat bueno bendo on rare old vino and proceeded to a public square in Rome, where he had another drink and then divested himself of several rousing cheers for Haile Selassie.

The chap was escorted across the border by a special detachment of carabini who told him not to bother about returning. If the young fellow craves further action, he might try taking a piece

of chalk to Japan and using it to draw caricatures of Hirohito on the sidewalks of Tokyo.

Observed with glee, Barney Clark holding up his pants with a Boy Scout belt.

Rest in Peace

Senator Borah, the one man brain-trust from the sagebrush of Idaho, broke down the other day and confessed that even he could not write a better constitution than the one we now have.

Thank you, Senator. Now we can sleep at night. No longer are we haunted by the terrible fear that the country is going to the dogs. If you can find it in your heart to be satisfied with the back-

bone of the nation, then, indeed, all is well.

Hearst Departs

William Randolph Hearst is going to leave California. It seems that out of his annual income of \$4,000,000.00 he will have to pay the state of California \$580,000 in taxes, leaving a beggarly \$3,420,000 for him to use in feeding Marion Davies and the kiddies.

"Heaven knows I don't want to leave," Mr. Hearst says. Too bad the people of California can't say the same thing.

Seems that the Alpha Phi gals decorated their house with balloons for the dance the other night. The balloons all rose up to the ceiling, and the Phis didn't have the haziest idea of how they were going to get them down. Along came the dance. During intermission the playboys present, thinking it cute, started tearing the decorations down. The girls stuck their tongues in their cheeks and let the boys work the joint over. The upshot of the whole thing: The girls got their problem solved, and the Joe rah-rahs came away feeling most elated.

Jimmy Walker is back in New York. Now "Esquire's" fashion sleuths can quit tailing the Prince of Wales and come back to Manhattan.

We got quite a shock this morning. For a while we thought that John (Egg-head) Engstrom, varsity footballer, had painted his finger nails. On closer examination, however, it turned out to be training table ketchup.

Kessler Cannon To Speak at PTA

Kessler Cannon, as the first debate speaker to move out this year, will speak before the Lowell P.-T. A. Wednesday on the subject of the public health program, national and local.

On Thursday evening he will appear before the Lorane P.-T. A. at its request and speak in interest of the National T. B. association.

Send the Emerald to your friends.

Air Y Listenin'

By James Morrison

Emerald of the Air

Tom McCall, Emerald sports editor, will draw over KORE this afternoon, giving you the Emerald Sportcast. Willie Frager will assist him. Three forty-five is the average time the Emerald broadcasts begin.

Radio Deals

Harriet Hilliard, pretty vocalist whom Ozzie Nelson finally broke down and married, is so good that they're not going to put her in the picture she originally went to Hollywood to make. The film producers have decided to co-star her with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in their forthcoming picture, "Follow the Fleet"; she will take the role of Miss Rogers' singing sister.

Fred Allen will welcome Harry von Zell, his new handy man, to Bedlamville in Town Hall Tonight at 9 this evening. Tunes to be played on the program are "Sugar Plum" from Allen's new picture; "Rhythm and Romance," "Rock and Roll," "On Treasure Island," and "His Old Cornet."

Gertrude Murray, the "one-girl band" who imitates the instruments of a regular orchestra, will exhibit her instrumental virtuosity with "I'm in the Mood for Love" on the same program.

"Rose" songs will be the theme of Hazel Warner's matinee recital this afternoon. She will sing "So Red the Rose," "I Gave a Rose to You," and "Moonlight and Roses."

The criticism of having numerous violins in a modern dance orchestra has always been that their incessant sawings tend to drag the rest of the band and ruin the effect the arranger is trying to get. But no one can say that that trouble exists in Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra.

The Kostelanetz orchestra is (Please turn to page three)

"Camels don't get your Wind" FAMOUS ATHLETES AGREE



George M. Lott Jr. Cyril Harrison

● If you have searched for cigarette mildness, mark the words of George Lott, the tennis champion, and the 7-goal polo star, Cyril Harrison. "Camels," says Mr. Harrison, "are so mild they don't upset the nerves or affect the wind. And when I'm tired I get a 'lift' with a Camel." And Lott adds: "I understand that more expensive tobaccos are used in Camels. They are gentle on the throat. And Camels never get my wind." Turn to Camels and enjoy to the full the pleasure that comes from costlier tobaccos.

So Mild! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT

● There's a bit of friendly guidance for others in what men like Lott and Harrison, Buster Crabbe and Sarazen, say about Camels. They have tested Camels for mildness—found that Camels don't affect sound wind or jangle their nerves. So turn to Camels. You'll find real hit-the-spot flavor. A distinctive, pleasing taste. Smoke Camels freely, for athletes find Camels don't disturb their "condition." Costlier tobaccos do make a difference!



COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) E. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY Winston-Salem, North Carolina