

Oregon Emerald

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The Semi-Windup

IN tomorrow's edition of the Emerald, which is the last of fall term, will appear two features of interest. One is the result of a survey of "reader interest in the Emerald," taken by the members of the editing class of the school of journalism. From this survey the editors of the paper will take some helpful hints on how to make a better paper for the remainder of the year. While the survey is not minutely accurate, it was taken scientifically from a method made famous by Dr. George Gallup.

The other feature of the sheet will be an opening editorial discussing the fee referendum to be submitted to the voters on January 31. It might be well to keep in mind some of the ideas advanced for use in contacts over the holidays.

Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler

FROM the first greeting of a fiercely-barking bastard airdale lovingly called Bonzo, to last farewells as a ten pound fruit cake was packed into my bag for the long ocean voyage, there was for me a home away from home in central London, a five-room apartment that differed from its neighbors on the outside only in the little metal number-plate on the door.

Inside was the foundation of the British empire. Less than an hour after I first entered this cramped dwelling of friends of friends of mine, the Mother told me quite simply, "We are a lower middle class family. We eat plain food, but it's good. If you think you would like it here we want you to stay." Just like that. No preten-

sions. No illusions of grandeur. And a contented middle class makes for continuity in any nation.

Coddled by "democracy," America has no such stable class. Every farmer's son is nurtured on the idea that he may some day become president. Discontent with the essential and secure: whereat the criminal element.

Family life of the Culls will illustrate.

Bill Cull had worked for 30 years at one job and retired at the end of that time, satisfied with a pension of \$80 a month, happy to devote the remainder of his life to smoking a pipe and chatting with old friends in the ale-house. He had risen from a mere \$40 a month to the gradually-attained heights of \$150, had managed to rear four children with respectable educations, and was proceeding to marry them off suitably.

There were three daughters, all employed in offices nearby, a son on the police force, who admitted quite openly that he expected to ultimately retire with a pension, and watch his children raise families as his father had watched his. Mother Cull, the spiritual and moral leader of her flock, supervised the home life and the company kept by her daughters; and when Bill came home politely and harmlessly intoxicated, it was Mother Cull who put him to bed. The eldest daughter's fiancé, an orphan, lived in the apartment and worked in the same office as his wife-to-be. Then there were Bonzo, old, half-blind, but dearly loved, and Milly, a tolerant, super-annuated feline.

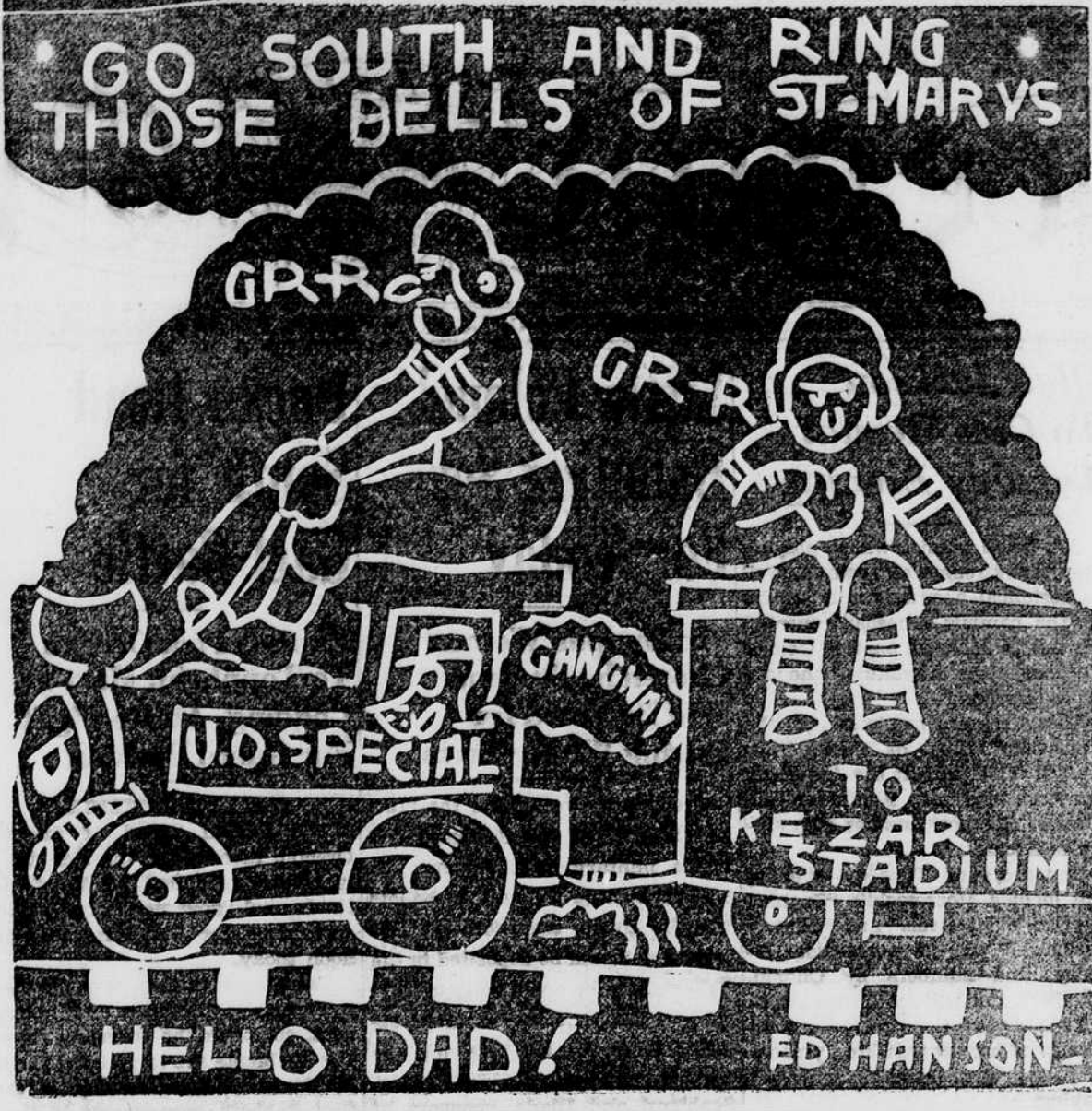
How do we pass the days in London, if you please?

With dawn, Mother Cull is in the sub-street kitchen, brewing the tea and frying the bacon and eggs. Then down troop the three girls, and Alf. Bill eats with the guest, and the son sleeps at the station house.

The family departs, with parting kisses to Mum and Dad, and after they have cleared, Mother scrubs the concrete doorstep that each day acquires a covering of soot from incredibly dirty London air. Comes the butcher-boy, heralding his approach by shrill indecipherable cries, and the grocery-boy, and the baker-boy, and the milkman, but no Fuller brush salesman. The guest sits back in the one easy chair before the open hearth fire in the kitchen and reads.

At eleven, Mother is down to brew a cup of tea, and then it is an easy coast into one o'clock, when the homeward parade begins, with the street door on the floor above bringing guesses as to the identity of the arrival. The girls may have purchased some little tidbit that has caught their eye, and Alf will probably have a magazine. As the steaming dish of cabbage, stewed beef, carrots and potatoes is ready, each member of the cheery group ladies his or her portion and carries it in to the table. For dessert we have Yorkshire pudding and thick syrup.

With the afternoon, the guest rouses himself and sets out to see a bit of cozy London.



The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

Spring

The blue skies have decided to sneak out from behind the clouds, and give us a look at the sun. Maybe it's spring. As any rate, the Kappa Sigs have cracked out with pads and horsehide and started playing catch with a baseball. That means it must be spring. (Now watch the serious minded dolts with no imagination point to a calendar and say, "Don't be silly, Marsh. It's only November, how could it be spring?")

Flowers

Let's talk about movies and things today. First of all, a bouquet to Ronald Colman, the chap who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Charming and dapper as ever, he fits his character of an exiled Romanoff like a silk glove. Love interest by Joan Bennett. Very touching.

Dancer

Did you ever wonder where Fred Astaire gets ideas for all his innumerable dance steps? I have.

It seems that anything with rhythm can give Fred an idea for a new step. For instance, he was driving in the rain one morning, and he discovered that by shutting his windshield wiper on and off, he could produce a catchy new rhythm.

He took this rhythm, went into the studio and applied it to his feet. (Not as easy as it sounds. Took him four or five hours of hard work.) The result—a brand new Astaire number.

The tablecloths at the RKO restaurant are frequently covered with pencil marks that look like Egyptian hieroglyphics. When this happens, the manager nods to himself, for he knows that Fred Astaire has simply had an inspiration in the middle of his lunch, and that he has proceeded to draw diagrams of the new dance, right on the tablecloth.

Where is the goof who said that good movies could not be made in England, who said that good stars would not be lured to England to work? He's gone into temporary hiding. Why? Listen to this list of

well-known Hollywood stars who are, right now, working in English studios.

Frederic March, Robert Donat (The Count of Monte Cristo), Merle Oberon (The Dark Angel), Doug Fairbanks, Jr., (Making a comeback in London, and are the faces of Hollywood's producers red!), Jean Parker, who will play opposite Robert Donat in a forthcoming British film, and Conrad Nagel, who is getting a much warmer reception in England than he ever got in Hollywood.

...Doug Fairbanks, Sr., is in England also, but his movie days are done. Neither he nor Lady Ashley are seen in public very often.

Dance Team

Paramount has turned out a tune-film called "Coronado," and we are warned to watch for a dance team of Betty Burgess and Johnny Downs.

Very well, we will.

Honorary to Dine

Pi Lambda Theta, women's national education honorary, will hold their annual banquet in Portland December 27 at 6:30 at the Malloy hotel. The Portland chapter has charge of arrangements.

Miss Marie Tinker, president of the chapter, asked that all members planning to attend call the hotel and make reservations.

For Christmas

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Air Y' Listenin'

By James Morrison

Emerald of the Air

Bobby Garretson will be heard this afternoon at 3:45 over the KORE air waves playing classical piano selections.

The Air Stunt

"The March of Time," pioneer program of news dramatizations, will inaugurate a series of half-hour weekly programs over CBS as soon as the present series of daily 15-minute programs terminates.

Richard Himber and his Studebaker Champions will play a group of current song hits and old favorites at 9:00 this evening, notably "Love for Sale," "Where Am I?" and "No Other One."

Static

Guy Lombardo pays special attention to the likes and dislikes of college dance fans in building his programs, considering them one of the best barometers of trends in popular music; but at least the campus musicians at Oregon opine that it isn't what you play—it's how you play it! . . . When Band Leader Hal Kemp is at home, he plays phonograph records for relaxation. . . . Mark Warnow considered various names for six months before he selected the title "Blue Velvet" for his band. . . .

Rubinoff receives more than a hundred letters a week from persons who believe they have the mate to his Stradivarius. Although many of them possess old violins, none of them can match Rubinoff's. . . . It is said that Lawrence Tibbett is ready to challenge Carmen Lombardo as radio's champion long-note holder. But I've always thought Carmen dropped his notes fairly short. Ninety-nine musicians out of 100 will tell you that the shorter he makes them the better—in fact, it would be all right with them if he didn't even start the notes at all. . . .

Disc Discourse

Since the Dorsey Brothers split up, Tommy Dorsey has forgotten the commercial Dixieland boom-chuck they were playing in the fall, and has settled down to a much more refined style of dance music which vaguely resembles the Casa Loma boys, as exhibited in his new Victor release of "It's Written in the Stars" and "One Umbrella for Two," a pair of sweet tunes which should be very popular. But if you want to hear a distinctly Casa Loma "whipper," hear Tommy's re-

cord of "Don't Give Up the Ship."

"Thunder Over Paradise," the brilliant new hit—has just been recorded for RCA by Richard Himber, whose sophisticated sweet style is sweeping the East from the Ritz-Carlton hotel. Himber also plays "If I Should Lose You."

No rhythm section in the country can beat that of Fats Waller for danceability. His most recent disc is "Georgia Rockin' Chair" and "Brother, Seek and Ye Shall Find."

NBC-CBS Programs Today

5:30—College Prom. KPO, KGW, Broadway Varieties. KSL, KOIN.
6:00—Hollywood Hotel. KFRC, KOIN.
7:00—Studebaker Champions. KSL.
7:30—Elgin Campus Revue. KPO, KGW.
March of Time. KOIN, KSL.
8:15—Lum and Abner. KPO, KFL.
8:30—Beauty Box Theatre. KPO, KGW.

Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

Just to show you what the footsteps of approaching finals are doing to B. Clark's mind . . . give a look!

Says we, "Why can't we do this survey and get it in the last paper?"

Says P. Chessman, "Because tomorrow is Friday, and the last paper comes out Saturday. Not enough time, you dope!"

Says we, incredulously, "Tomorrow is Friday? But today isn't Wednesday, is it?"

We still remember the alphabet, though.

(Conversation fades in.)
Thomason: " . . . to present the case."

(Typewriter sounds, Marsh murmuring, Lucas bubbling.)
Voice in corner: "Case? . . . I'll take a case, too!"

Somebody: "Shut up, damn you, I'm concentrating."

(Laughter, Cushing tells a joke. No laughter. Background noises of Lucas and Thomason arguing bitterly. The argument rises to a crescendo.)
Thomason: " . . . as I told you last time, and I'm a man of my word!"

Voice in corner: "If I know you, it's a dirty word."
Chorus: "Kill him!"
(Thomason leaves. Clark bor-

rows a cigarette from a youth who later turns out to be Van Scott Mollison.)

Clark (with an expansive gesture): "Thanks awfully, old man." He shakes hands. "My name's Clark. I own this place."

(Strangled laughter from Marsh. McCall enters, drawing. Typewriter noises, fading out gradually.)

Allard says this is true, and Allard wouldn't lie to me.

He works in the Libe, so when a gentleman came up to him with a request for "King Lear," he disappeared into the stacks to get it. Returning with the volume, he failed to see the seeker after Shakespeare. He hadn't really noticed him, anyhow. There was a hulking youth standing by the counter that looked like him, though; so Allard queries, "Were you waiting for 'King Lear'?"

"Naw," says the youth, "I come by myself."

There has been a rumor spreading on the campus to the effect that there was a bomb exploded in the College Side the other day.

This has no basis in fact. We were there, and it was only "Frosh-flash" Fryburg greeting her father. While it is true that her joy led her to scream like a freight on a downgrade, and she did bowl over Kit Kelly in her haste to reach her parent; there was no actual explosion.

Still, we are glad it wasn't a FAMILY reunion!

TERSE VERSE
"Hail to thee, Biology!"

"Yeah, you and 19 others, too, with that gal!"

Calendar
(Continued from Page One)

ber 9 at 7:30 in the sun room of Gerlinger hall.

Westminster association will meet with OSC Westminster group this Sunday at Corvallis. Transportation cost will be 25 cents. Those who can go, call 442-J or sign at Westminster house.

All Yeomen are requested to be at the Y hut next Tuesday evening at 7:30 to discuss plans for the Christmas Revels, the constitution, and the coming term.

A. D. Pi's Have Guests
Alpha Delta Pi is giving a personal guest dinner Thursday night at the chapter house. Helen Worth is in charge of arrangements.

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