

Mama, Oh Mama! That Room Is Here Again!

When Is a Chair, Is a Chair, Not a Chair?

"A Chair is a chair, is chair, is a chair—"
—Gertrude Stein.

THAT line was recalled yesterday when news was received that the browsing room will be completely furnished within six weeks. Experiences with the green-skinned objects in the browsing room, widely represented (or misrepresented)—as chairs, causes one to wonder as to what "seating" facilities the finished product will include.

Miss Stein's philosophic summarization of the qualities inherent in a chair seems somewhat inadequate and obscure, but nevertheless, it typifies the theory on which the chairs now in the browsing room were constructed.

This haphazard conception of what a chair is and the purposes it serves should not be criticized too harshly, however, for the library lacks material on the subject. Of its hundred thousand odd volumes but one short book on chairs is included, a description of Hitchcock chairs in the 1936 report of the Tercentenary committee of the state of Connecticut.

THIS treatise is not concerned with the utility of a chair but with the craftsmanship used by Lambert Hitchcock in 1820 to make them. When the browsing room furnishing committee met to form a policy on the matter of chair construction, this work

must have been close at hand, for the impress of the Hitchcock principle is strongly felt by browsing room sitters. The straight back and the angle of the seat in relation to it of the green numbers now in service are not only uncomfortable but so incompatible that the sitter is in constant conflict with them. To keep himself off the floor and in some semblance of correct posture, the occupant must repeatedly change his sitting tactics.

IF Mr. Plato had concerned himself less with dissertations on the nature of a number of things, and Mr. Aristotle had spent less time summarizing essentials that go into the making of these things, students today would probably lead a more comfortable existence. The neglect of Plato and Aristotle apparently left the committee with no other choice than to accept the 1820 chair building principles of Mr. Hitchcock.

It is conceivable that if the ancients had theorized on chairs they would have referred to the value of comfort as a means toward improving the social structure. Before drafting final chair plans the browsing room committee might "seek the truth" of sounder chair building principles and end forever this "chair is a chair, is a chair" business of Miss Stein before it transforms a race of gentle students into a company of emotionally unbalanced and physically warped chair cowboys.—L. T.

Pink's Lemon-Aid

By JOHN PINK

(By THE EMERALD BROWSING ROOM EDITOR)

Towards the end of last term while strolling past the browsing room I noticed on a bulletin board a sign which I am fairly certain read, "Reading Aloud Hour—tonight from 7 to 8." I meant to take the hour in for the pleasure I would have derived but neither time nor tide concurred, however, so I was forced to stifle my desire.

But since I have given the matter considerable thought. What an opportunity to toss off the fetters of educational restraint. Many have been the times while reading away in the stuffy library that I have been forced to strangle an impulse to start reading aloud just to relieve the oppressive atmosphere.

But let's take your own case for an example.

Suppose you are reading a play. You come to a certain passage in Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra where Cleo tells Caesar to sit down beside her in the flower-decked seat she has rigged up for him. Caesar looks at the fancy posterior-rester and says with disdain, "What the hell do you think I am—a caterpillar?" The reference which is not to the almighty is mine, not Shaw's.

This is the point. Such a line reads well, but speaks a hundred times better—I know because I tried it on one of the balconies. But what if I had never declaimed the line aloud? Certainly some of the brilliance of Shaw would have escaped me entirely.

So I am mightily in favor of the Reading Aloud Hour. The next time I see a notice of the approach of one of these delightful hours I am going to so budget my time that I can take it in. Then I will get one of Noel Coward's plays and settle down in one of the corners for an enjoyable 60 minutes.

I particularly am anxious to read Coward aloud because of the staccato rapidity which his characters are made to speak. I have often wondered if a person reading one of his plays wouldn't sound like a one-lunged motorcycle putt-putting down the pike at full throttle—with only an occasional backfire or miss when one of the persons takes time out to breathe.

As I said early in this opus, I have never attended a Reading Aloud Hour. I can well imagine what it is like, though. Quite a bedlam of sound and fury, most likely. But at that I think it would be far quieter than the reserve rooms with all the freshmen scraping around, and running up and down the aisle visiting and giggling. Give me the satisfactory rumble of good literature.

I can just see the ghosts of Dante, Emerson, Spinoza, O'Neil' (only he is very much alive so I will have to imagine very hard to see his ghost), Kipling, emerging from their long confinements within the musty dungeons of leather, or cloth, covers. Back and forth, across and back, up and down the room they go, shaking the years from their shoulders like fine dry snow, once more to live, once more to be really alive. All this because someone has had the intelligent foresight to set aside an hour when students can come in the library to read aloud.

In fact the more I think of the Reading Aloud Hour the more enthusiastic I become. It is a very good idea—What?

(At this point in my efforts the editor, after reading this over my shoulder, as I have told you before is his hobby, said, "You dope, the Reading Aloud Hour is when someone reads aloud to a group—not when a whole cagel of you apes get to rave and rant for an hour. Whattan oaf." 'S'nother of my dreams shattered. Well, it was a good idea for a while. I thing if about 25 of you who have become interested in my idea by now would say so, we could go over some night and put on our own Reading Aloud Hour.)

In the Mail

NEW 'STAND'?

To the Editor:

Because of space limitations in Tuesday's Emerald, my statement on the matter of my probable exemption from ROTC after a three-year fight was killed at the last moment.

I still, however, desire to explain the situation from my point of view. First of all, let me say that I opposed the premature publication of the exemption story Tuesday but I had no other alternative than to sanction it because the complete news had leaked out via other channels. It would have been my preference to wait until the exemption was definitely clear and to limit the account to a purely factual representa-

tion.

Second, let me say that it will come as a surprise and a disappointment to many to hear that I have changed the grounds in my efforts to gain exemption, but I have done so only after lengthy and complete consideration of the value of my objections on other grounds.

or three years I have more or less jeopardized my status by opposing what I believe to be an insult to any university—peacetime conscription. I believe that I can do no more either as an example or as a test case. The voters have ended the immediate possibility of terminating local compulsion through the initiative channel,

and the supreme court decision

in the California case has convinced me that nothing can be gained in the courts, because the bench has ruled that the administration of an institution has the right to control its requirements (and I have decided that this refers to a discrimination of grounds for exemption as well as to whether there should be any exemptions (as in the California case.)

What might appear to be rank opportunism is neither that nor an admission of defeat. Rather it is to evidence the fact that the military committee has acted fairly, considering the rules as they are.

—Gordon M. Connelly.

Election plans are about as unpredictable as the March weather, but one thing is certain, at least. The political pot is already starting to boil, and out of it—like the witch's cauldron in Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs—are emerging plots and counterplots, some of them potentially as poisonous as the witch's shiny red apple.

Some of the politically-minded have already held meetings to outline sketchy campaigns, but activities for the most part seem to be limited to the class of '40. Two blocs, somewhat along the old lines, but offering possibilities of radical changes, are forming under the influence of sophomore leaders, some of whom have already organized considerable support.

Things are much more quiet and not so well developed on the ASUO political horizon. Student body leaders seem to be holding back until they see the whites of their enemy's eyes, or

maybe until conflicting campus events are cleared away, allowing plenty of room for the slaughter.

Marshalling his crew for the biggest student-handled task of the year, Zane Kemler announced appointments recently for Junior Weekend, which will feature this year a keynote of "imaginative picturesqueness" for the traditional canoe fete. Nine floats will drift down the millrace, depicting a "Vagabond Melody" theme with each float representing a foreign country. Possibly, the floats will pass through a watery spray, colored by electric spots, instead of the usual cloth curtain.

"What's the use of putting on a big program like Junior Weekend without using it to better advantage in advertising the school?" someone recently asked. The argument advanced was that only Mothers are invited to the campus for the

The BANDWAGON

By BILL CUMMINGS

weekend, and the chance to publicize the school to future students is lost. Junior Weekend is widely publicized throughout the state, but nevertheless the foregoing argument has its points, inasmuch as the colorful events of the weekend afford an excellent opportunity to show not only mothers but potential Webfoots what goes on.

Christian Youth to Bring Religious Speaker Thursday

Young people of Lane county will hold an interdenominational Christian Youth rally tonight to hear Kirby Page, noted author and speaker. The rally is scheduled for 7:30 at the Christian church.

Page, who has spoken in more than 300 colleges on religious and social topics, will discuss "Religious Resources for Personal and Social Living." He is also author of a number of books, among which are "Living Creatively," and "Must We Go to War?"

Following an organ prelude by Edwin Myrick, Bill Sutherland will lead the group in singing "Are Ye Able?" The Northwest Christian college quartet will sing a special number, and Howard Cole, State Christian Endeavor president, will lead in prayer. Page's address will be followed by a question period.

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