

The Cinemah...

English Murder

...by George Spelvin

The really wonderful thing about having two British movies on the same bill at the Mayflower is this—by the time the second feature is shown the audience can understand the language. Neither of the pictures—"Dear Murderer" and "Jassy"—is an exceptionally fine film, but both have their appealing, calculating factors.

"Dear Murderer," the best of the two, is the story of two cool, calculating persons who both plan murders to look like suicide. Unfortunately the two are married to one another. Eric Portman turns in a top notch performance as the husband, and Greta Gynt nearly matches his job with her portrayal of the promiscuous wife. In effect, the picture can be compared to Alfred Hitchcock's "The Rope," though "Murder" is not done with near the artistry of direction.

The situation is so tense and ironic that it at times provokes laughter despite the murderous intent. Key example is the final scene in which Miss Gynt has spiked her husband's glass of warm milk. Carrying on the usual uninteresting chit-chat of husband and wife, Mr. Portman mentions that the milk has certainly made him drowsy.

"I'm not surprised darling," says his lovely wife while puttering around her cosmetic table, "I put some of your sleeping pills in it."

"Really, how many?"

"Twenty."

Such treatment serves Mr. Portman right, however, since he was just as casual about murder in an opening scene, when he gagged his victim and then quietly explained how he was going to gas him.

As far as murder films go, "Dear Murderer" is pretty good.

The nicest things about the co-feature, "Jassy," were technicolor and Margaret Lockwood. After seeing this picture it is not difficult to understand why Miss Lockwood has been selected Britain's most popular actress for the past three years. True, she may not be a good actress, but who ever went to a Rita Hayworth movie because they loved to see fine acting?

If there are no Wednesday classes to prepare for, a jaunt down to the Rex tonight would prove entertaining. The double bill is particularly good with two movies of last year—"Notorious" and "The Farmer's Daughter."

Loretta Young captured the academy award for her performance in the latter, which goes to show that it is not necessary to play the part of a raving neurotic, a murderess, or sex-starved fiend to be credited with doing a good job.

The picture is a sprightly comedy about American politics with an easy-to-take lesson. Joseph Cotton, Ethel Barrymore, and Charles Bickford give their usual able support. The film is worth seeing again if only to watch these four persons work.

Miles of Cars

Oregon students had the choice of a number of things to do after the football team lost to UCLA Friday night.

They could have committed suicide.

They could have gone on a week-end binge.

They could have sulked in a corner until next Saturday's game.

They could have rioted on the steps of Johnson Hall demanding the administration recall Jim Aiken.

They could have attended the rally Saturday afternoon.

And that last was just what they did—500 cars strong, 2500 students strong. It was a nice show of spirit for the team, showing the townspeople, (including the merchants), that Oregon's behind the team—all the way.

An Edit Without a Moral

One of our efficient Emerald columnists came across a story the other day, and although undoubtedly trembling with rage, she managed to slip the item into print without creating a ruckus. The item, telling of an incident that happened on the Oregon campus, makes one wonder if America after all isn't really a decadent democracy.

The story started out innocently enough, describing the changes made in Susan Campbell dormitory, to convert the hall into apartments for married students. The story traveled calmly along, telling how the couples would have three rooms, that rent would be \$60, that the units were composed of living room, kitchen, and bed room, and then, without raising its tenor a bit, said: "bunk beds have been replaced by twin beds for the couples." TWIN BEDS! Imagine. On a college campus. Here in Eugene, Oregon. Unbelievable.

What great American jurist recently said: "Twin beds are the greatest cause of childless marriages and divorce?" What is the administration trying to do, wreck these young marriages before they have a real chance to grow? Is it trying to lower the American birth rate? Twin beds! Why, they might as well have left the bunk beds! It is certain these young people didn't undertake the hardships of college marriage life, such as paying \$60 a month for three rooms, just to be separated in twin beds.

Yet, not a murmur has been heard from the couples involved. It is indeed mysterious. Can it be, after all, that America has become a decaying country, an asylum for old people, who have lived out their fruitful days? If these couples don't care, then it is a good indication that the disciplinary officers on the administration can soon be dispensed with.

It is possible that the twin bed plot was devised by the administration, to provide employment for its fledgling lawyers. When the lawyers graduate they will find all the divorce cases they want, right here on the Oregon campus, all because of those twin beds.—F.T.

The First Steps

University students are drawing one step nearer to self-government as the student traffic court holds its first hearing tonight.

The court will handle all traffic cases involving students on any part of the campus with the exception of Thirteenth avenue, which is considered city property.

In addition, the courts of Eugene may refer student cases to the court. However, cases involving "loss, risk, or injury to life or property" will be handled exclusively by the municipal courts.

The Emerald extends best wishes to the student members of the court—Carl Davis, chairman, Dick Neely, and Steve Church.

Over cups of coffee, and in many "after hour" discussions we've heard heated arguments for more student government.

For a long time we have shared with many others, the opinion that students should be treated as mature individuals.

We're glad that the machinery has been set for the court. With wholehearted support from the student body the court in time should evolve into a body with considerably more power and jurisdiction.

We've been given an inch. A smoothly-operating traffic court can prove that we deserve a mile.—H.S.

Ben Franklin and Chapman

We know an entertaining way to pocket about seven dollars in the course of this year. You know about it too, but maybe haven't thought of it in penny saved, penny earned terms.

We're talking about the free movies every Wednesday night in Chapman hall. Say there are ten movies a term. At a movie house, you'd pay about \$.65 (revival price) to see any one of them. That adds up to almost \$7 per annum saved, (earned, Ben Franklin would say) on entertainment—if you take them all in.

That's not, of course, the best feature of the series. Consider that most of these shows you could see only if you hit the right flicker house in the right city (it wouldn't be Eugene) at the right time. They're revivals of shows of historical or educational interest.

In the past, patrons of the Chapman Hall movie series have watched with a fishy but amused eye the swooner of a generation ago, "The Shiek," and they've seen the still-funny capers of the Marx brothers in their early days.

First show of this year is tomorrow night. Les Miserables with Charles Laughton and Frederick March. Ought to be good.B.H.

Free Lancin'...

The Common Cold

...by Bill Lance

A sure fire method for killing a cold has been discovered!

The amazing information comes in the form of a scoop for this newspaper as it was a U. O. student who was the subject in the controlled experiment.

The whole situation dates back to Sunday morning when one sincere Webfoot awoke with all those unmistakable symptoms. A stopped up head, congested chest, fever, chills, and muscular aches and pains all prevailed.

Being of such unsound mind and body, the poor victim drank a lot of hot water, secured many more blankets, took a strong, harsh laxative, and went back to bed.

By five in the afternoon the boy was really sick. Because the infirmary was so far away, the poor soul headed for the nearest drugstore for more medicine.

'Twas a miserable, shaking figure that shivered into an establishment known as "Fair Play Fennells." Keith took one look at the customer and with a tender, compassionate look upon his face the druggist handed the lad a sack of various pills, nose drops, and cathartics, and a little green bottle.

The victim returned to his abode and with a shaking hand proceeded to devour pills, powders, and cathartics. He took the nose drops and went back to bed.

Still awake and still very miserable at 1 a.m., the sick one remembered the little green bottle. "Just before you go to bed put a little water on your chest and back, and then put the 'Sinapso-lin' on like a mustard plaster," compassionate Keith had said to the boy as he left the store.

Our hero arose from his bed, strode back to his room and proceeded to apply the ointment in very generous quantities. His helpful roommates assisted in smearing the ointment on his back and covering the area with a flannel cloth and a musty old T-shirt.

The sick one had hardly returned to his sack when new life began to burn within him. The burning was at first just a nice warmth but it grew more intense. "Think of other things," the victim said to himself as the sweat rolled down his face.

As if in answer to his thoughts the fire within him pulmulated to new flame. With a scream of agony the victim bounded out of bed. The screams sounded more like sirens as the wild man rocketed through the sleeping porch and into the shower room.

A fearful sight was beheld by his fraternity brothers as they went to the shower to see what had disturbed their sleep. Clad in pajama bottoms and standing in an ice cold shower was the brilliant red body of one of their members.

Later a half dozen brothers were wildly fanning the body with towels. In vain attempt to ease the pain, they were applying everything from hair oil to shaving cream on the victims allergic skin. Though it was a painful situation, chuckles could not be held down.

Finally a meek, sleepy-eyed pledge entered the room and suggested driving the victim to the Infirmary. All six accompanied their pained brother to the Pill Palace.

First the Infirmary nurse washed the ointment off with soap and water. This was followed by a tannic acid jelly bath and then the patient was put to bed.

And so, in the morning, the patient awoke with a very, very sore chest—but every trace of that terrible cold was gone. Every word of this story is true. If you don't believe it I can show you the blisters.

Short Stuff

An Emerald headline last Saturday declared "Greeks to Plan Frosh Elections." This is the first time in recent years that they've publicly admitted their intentions to take everything into their own hands.