

Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Concerning Mrs. Murray Warner And Her Work

There has been much curiosity aroused over the return of Mrs. Murray Warner from China after a tour in the interests of the Murray Warner collection of Oriental art, and there well may be, for aside from stating that she brought back with her very important acquisitions for the museum, no word has been given out as to just what these treasures may be. They will remain packed in their cases until there shall be suitable quarters arranged for them.

However, this much is known; last winter Mrs. Warner sailed to China, taking the shortest route, the northern, though a journey by this route in the winter is anything but pleasant. She went through hardships and discomforts to secure whatever it was that she brought back, and considered the trip worth while.

All of this was done, not for the mere pleasure of a voyage to the Orient, nor for the satisfaction to be had in the personal possession of such rarities, but that additions might be made to the collection she founded—that Oregon might have access to the finest creations of Eastern art and culture.

Mrs. Warner has given the University something of permanent and lasting value in this collection, and in the library of nearly one thousand volumes on the many phases of Oriental life and culture that is connected with it. While the material worth of such a collection is great, no mere gift of money could have made it what it is. She has given of her time and energy as well, unstintingly and unostentatiously.

She has taken great care to acquire only those pieces of genuine value, adding to her own knowledge of Oriental art the opinions of recognized connoisseurs of the East, and as a result many of the tapestries, embroideries and robes, and the porcelains and bronzes, rank with the most prized possessions of the great museums of the world.

She has also founded two annual contests for essays dealing with the betterment of relations between this country and the Orient, with sizeable prizes, that interest in the Far East might be stimulated among the students, and that a greater understanding might be brought about between the two cultures.

The students of the University of Oregon, and indeed, the people of the whole state, owe to Mrs. Warner a great debt of gratitude for what she has done and is still doing. It is to be hoped that her efforts bear fruit, and that in some measure we of the West will be brought to a greater appreciation of the Far East because of her work.—H. A. K.

Concerning the Posters That Appeared in the Night

When some person or persons distributed posters on the campus yesterday they reckoned not with the effect of such a move. By waiting until the last moment to publish their opinions they defeated their own purpose and affected not in the least the intentions of the student voters.

The posters claimed that a joker was in the constitution. Perhaps. But when we consider that copies of the constitution were distributed far and wide in the last two weeks with opportunity for all persons to examine carefully, there appears to be small cause for the charge of "joker." Furthermore it was explained in the Emerald that the new constitution was to grant the executive council power to give the graduate manager long time contracts. This is the only effect of the so-called "joker," or "nigger in the woodpile." The proposition was stated honestly with no misrepresentation.

Had the opponents presented their case through the communication columns of the Emerald their arguments would have been given a fair hearing—for no one will deny that these persons had a legitimate right to oppose the revision; but from the standpoint of a fair shake for themselves, for their opinions, and for the graduate manager their tactics could have been much more capably managed.

As matters now stand the graduate manager has been given a strong and vigorous vote of confidence and by far the greater part of the student body will applaud the long time contract the executive council proposes to give him.



Students expecting to graduate next year must apply for degrees at once at the registrar's office. The following girls are to report to Miss Stupp in the individual gymnasium in bathing suits Thursday at 5:00. Mary Benton, Elsie Everett, Camille Harris, Thelma Heff, Alice Sturgin, Edith Woodward, Helen Woodward, Evelyn Edmundson, Marguerite Johnson, Gladys Steiger, Roberta Wells, Marion Sten, Clara Green, Kathryn West, Phyllis Seranton, Mary Ward, Phyllis Webb, Verna

Linneberg, Katharine Magee, Helen Shank, Virginia Dorcas, Ethel Gasman.
Social swim, Friday evening, 7:30 to 9:00 at Woman's building.

May 4 Last Day to Get Senior Caps, Gowns

Seniors are urged to place orders for caps and gowns as well as announcements at the Co-op immediately. As a large number of seniors have not yet ordered, the deadline has been extended to Tuesday, May 4. After that date individual orders will have to be wired in and the rates will be higher. Announcements, for instance, which are now 11 cents each will be 12 cents if ordered later than Tuesday.

EMERALD JETS

THE OLD RANCH WIDOW

By Walter Evans Kidd.

Her house waits very bleak and lonely;
Dusk chills to brittle gray on hill and flat,
No need to darn and mend for Silas . . .
The lamplit room's forgot his chat.

Night tilts against the stubbled acres;
The water trough ice-locks the moon and stars.
He does not come from pasture labor
To milk, and close the meadow bars.

Crisp breezes suck at eaves and window,
And bitter windfalls splash the orchard-floor,
Against the rasp of frost, and shadow
She shuts and bolts the creaking door.

O, autumn beggars growth of summer
And scratches winter's edge with noisy claws,
She sighs, blows out the light . . . her fingers
Clasp on her breast where sorrow gnaws.

But she won't lift a dream in challenge
Against what burrows deep inside her mind;
She stares at love's familiar cellar
Where mold the fruits he left behind.

Night starkly drones at door and window,
Repeating to her heart its loneliness,
Death, only, can unburden her of sorrow
Forever dark with emptiness.

INSEPARABLE

A clammy wind streamed moaning through the burn
And drove cold rain against his shack's gray
"I'm going to leave this land of snags and fern
My dear. We'll be together when
A year has passed; we'll never part again."
He wrote, and closed with loving words.

A year crept past; vine maple leaves turned red.
A trapper sent for friends who brought him home
She died that same day from the shock they
Who laid his coffin in the grave with hers.
A clammy wind streams moaning through the
And drives cold rain against their slab's gray stone.
—Lloyd

ETCHING

Yellow and dun against the sun,
And one by one thru the long day
The butterflies.
And not too soon, ever the moon,
For, etched in blue and two by two
The butterflies. —Com

FALL FLOWERS ANDANTE

Where the weeds are brown and brittle
All along the old fence row,
Chrysanthemums of molten copper
Dripping petals snow.

While the laggard bee grows still—
Poor wet bee! he buzzed in vain—
Yellow torch of goldenrod
Glow through autumn rain.

When tender fruits are harvested,
When nightly bites the bitter freeze,
'Tis fire from dying dahlias
That kindles maple trees. —Mary

SONNET

To think that death could be the only one
To show my foolish stubborn heart its way!
That I had dared to shut you out and say:
"My love is never given—never won."
And I would laugh to see your troubled eyes
Turn from me, clouded with a brooding pain—
For was I not both beautiful and wise,
And would you not return to plead again!

But oh that night when death approached so near
It cast its shadow over your bedside.
What had before been vague was now made clear.
My careless laughter flickered, choked and died.
For death has opened wide my proud heart's door
And brought to light what I had shunned before!
—Ruth



HEAR YE!

In spite of the fact that the acceptance of checks dated ahead of time has advanced the ticket sale for the Costume Cabaret by leaps and bounds, The Seers announce that at noon today, if any tickets are left, they will be open to the campus. Practically three-fourths of the tickets have been sold, but in case those with invitations are slow in making reservations, the rest of the campus will be given a chance at the good time they deserve. At noon today! Get on your marks!

HEAR YE AGAIN!

The lame duck table in one of the best positions in the grille room, awaits those fortunate candidates who can celebrate their defeat in the late nominations. The Seers announce that those who are eligible for a place at this table, make reservations immediately at the Campa Shoppe, so that excellent service and attention may be given to make their celebration successful.

Here is the ugly duckling who committed suicide when he discovered his first pants were down.



And here is Herby Wilder in his coupe, looking for niggers, two white horses, and a red-haired woman.



Latest wire from Olaf I is en route to the campus.

Moronia. "Am standing up well so strain. So far have lost two pounds, and one meal. Feared lions while passing over And downed three reporters for all while landing at New York. Made a stop-over in New York and donated the latest in cellars to the town. Must be bad lunds and San Francisco here I come to Eugene. Will be the Shasta as far as Judkins and come the rest of the world in my royal barge, the Wontons. Following are the latest agreements to my court.

Sherm Smith—Doublet Hoseman.
Ken Stephenson—Com. Excutioner.

Red Slausson—Red Knight.
Web Jones—Guard of the Night-caps.

Ted Lundy—Admiral of the Pig-gers' Navy.
Bob Love—Trainer of Court Jesters.

Wayne Leland—Slave Driver.
Doc Wrightman—Court Quack and Medicine Man.
Gus Mosier—Monk of Benedictine.
Joey McKeown—Senator "Hot" Syrel.
Ted Tamba—Judge of the Ice Cream Court.
Boone Hendricks—Duke of Argyle.

Archie Knowles—Swatter of flies and politicians.
LET'S SOAP SO.
"May I have your palm, Olive?"
"Not on your life, Buoy, we have a little Fairy in our home already."
FAMOUS LAST WORDS
"I'll vote anyway I please!"

We don't like to talk about our party, but the Bull arrived today from Los Angeles, and you can take it from us, it's the latest model in bovine beauties, glaring head-lights, French horns, snorting exhaust, leather upholstery, and tall-light. It is permanently lodged in the Gamma Phi stable, awaiting its encounter with Martin the Matador. SEVEN SEERS.

Know what you're drinking!

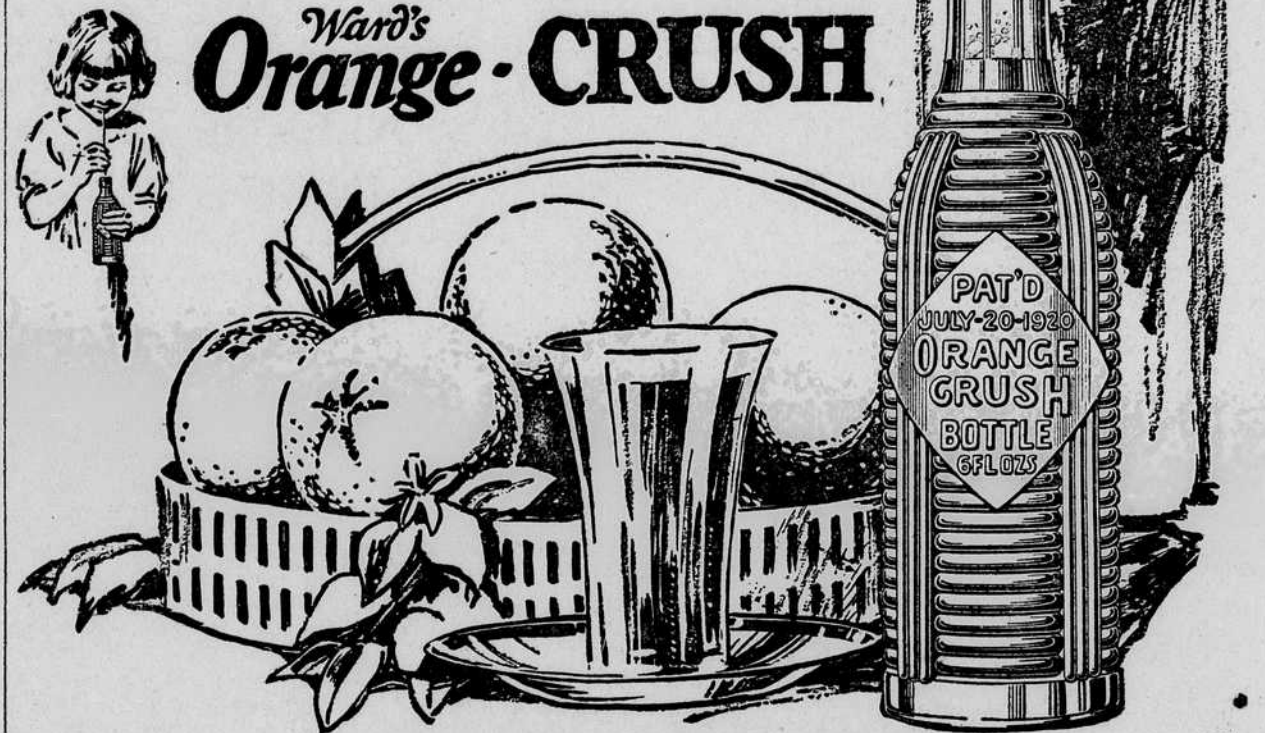
ORANGE-CRUSH is distinctive. And—it's universally appealing.

Orange-Crush does not have to be labeled "Imitation" on either bottles or crowns, because it is a true fruit drink. All the flavor comes from the orange.

Here is what Orange-Crush is made of: (1) Orange juice—(2) Flavor from the peel to give fragrance and aroma—(3) The refreshing fruit acid which comes from oranges, lemons and limes—(4) U. S. Certified food color (the same as you use in your cakes and candies)—(5) Healthful, sparkling carbonated water—(6) Pure cane sugar. This is Orange-Crush—a wonderfully delicious drink.

Keep Orange-Crush always on ice. Give the children all they like—it's good for them. Serve it at meals. As a refreshment, too, when thirsty, for your family and guests.

Order by the case from your nearest dealer. If he can't supply you, telephone direct.



ORANGE CRUSH BOTTLING CO.
379 E. 8th Street

When it's a rainy night—and with three crafty bridge players your luck is running wild—have a Camel!



WHEN the dark skies are pouring rain outside. And fickle fate deals you hands at bridge that you play with consummate skill—have a Camel!

For Camel is the silent partner that helps every deserving player win his game. Camels never hurt or tire the taste, never leave a trace of cigarette after-taste. Regardless of the gold you spend, you'll never get choicer tobaccos than those rolled into Camels.

So this evening as you ply your unerring skill, evoke then the mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company