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Time to Go All the Way

CARRYING out the agreement reached at last month's faculty session, University educators will convene today, to be confronted by the question and without discussion to decide whether military training is to remain compulsory or whether the basic courses are to be offered in the future on an optional basis.

While a horror-stricken world quakes at Reichfuhrer Hitler's ultimatum of conscription for the German army, sagely Oregonian intellectuals face the same question reduced from a national aspect to one of local University application.

Informed opinion the world over decries war.

Informed opinion shudders at the thought of throwing the finest of a nation's youth into war to be disemboweled by shrapnel and burned to death by liquid fire—to say nothing of the social and financial chaos that accompanies and follows the hell-bound steps of hated Mars.

Informed opinion, which certainly has in its upper strata college professors, acts for the cause of peace.

Surely a group of educators—the University faculty—should find little evidence to support the cause of compulsory military courses, which have doubtful educational value, as subjects which must be taken by lower division men.

True, the present policy of liberal exemption frees practically all conscientious objectors from military training.

Since the faculty has gone on record as liberal to this extent, Oregon students have every right to expect that their faculty this time will go all the way, slash the red tape and openly put military training on an optional basis.

Minnesota Saves the Flunker

WHEN sonorous-voiced Dr. Malcolm J. McLean of the University of Minnesota explained his pet educational reform, the "general college," designed to solve registration mortality, he found warm response from educators of the University of Oregon. During the last year an Oregon faculty committee has conducted research on the reason why many students who enter the University fail to remain for four years. This problem is common to virtually all state universities. It is little wonder, then, that our committeemen listened intently to an ingenious solution to a problem identical to our own.

Dr. McLean's plan takes care of four types of students who drop out:

1. Those in the lowest decile who can't make the intellectual grade, and leave, disgruntled, suffering from an inferiority complex, and bitter at the school;
2. Those who can't afford to remain longer and are now forced to leave in the midst of technical, highly theoretical subjects which in their unfinished form are of little benefit;
3. Those whose courses are a repetition of high school studies and consequently boring and ineffectual;
4. Those who do not want to become specialists and are interested only in a general education.

Each of these groups who left school believed it did not "get anything out of the two years."

Realizing the great deficiency in an educational system that lost two-thirds of its enrollment, Dr. McLean devised his "general college." It provides a two year curriculum of ten generalized fields that would give the student a socialized background and an understanding of the everyday problems which will soon confront him.

For instance, the business course would teach a young man the wisest way to buy his automobile, or to read the stock market reports; the engineering department would teach a girl practical household methods and child care; and on down the list.

Another striking incentive for this hybrid educational plant is the appearance of large numbers of these students, who drop out prematurely, in important public offices in later years. Dr. McLean carefully reminded faculties throughout the country of the imminent danger of fascism, and the susceptibility of these disappointed, half-baked students to the glowing phrases of a Long or a Coughlin. He believes it a solemn duty of state schools to serve an educational menu that will meet the talents and interest of these students who often become our leaders.

The plan is working well at Minnesota, and since our problems of registration are similar, it might find equal success at Oregon. Until then the thorn in our side will continue to remind us that two-thirds of our tax-payers' children leave college unsatisfied.

Students are carrying on negotiations, as they should, with President Boyer and other officials of the University in an effort to seek official cooperation for a display against war.

The matter has been referred to a faculty committee. Today the faculty will make its decision.

Of all places, a university should be the last to oppose any effort made in the direction of peace for a world which is yet wallowing in the mire of the last war.

Some students have indicated that a strike will be called if official cooperation is not granted by the faculty.

For this method the Emerald holds no brief. A university—particularly the University of Oregon—is no place for strikes and all the stigma that is associated with them.

Any demonstration Friday should be the result of judicious student action and faculty sanction.

Students and faculty alike are charged with framing cooperative plans so that Friday's activities will be carried on with the decorum that is expected of the University of Oregon.

Strike? Not at Oregon!

THROUGHOUT the nation plans are being perfected for a strike against war at 11 o'clock Friday morning.

In this University, students, sympathetic to the movement against war and militarism, are organizing for a demonstration on this campus.

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Anything Goes

HIGHLIGHTS — The Mills Brothers were voted the year's best harmony team on radio broadcasts . . . other "bests" include Fred Waring, (musical program); Mary Pickford, (radio actress); Jane Froman, (songstress); Bing Crosby, (male singer); Lawrence Tibbett, (classical singer); Helen Jepson, (outstanding new star) . . . these ten tunes were the most consistently plugged over the three major radio networks during the past week . . .

- "Soon"
- "I Was Lucky"
- "Moon Turns Green"
- "Lullaby of Broadway"
- "Blue Moon"
- "Every Day"
- "My Heart Is an Open Book"
- "Lovely to Look at"
- "I Believe in Miracles"
- "Solitude"

Add HI-LITES — Jack Hylton & his far-famed English band have just recorded a swell medley of Sousa's march tunes, acclaimed by critics the best of its kind ever attempted . . . no mean deal for a jazz purveying outfit . . . the renowned Comedie Francaise, in Paris, subsidized by the French Gov't is having its grimy face lifted, after decades of stagnation, for the tidy sum of \$230,000 . . . Mae West's films are barred in Sweden, Marlene Dietrich's in Hungary, and that ill-assorted pix, the "Menace," tossed out of Brazil . . . Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s latest flicker, is a screen version of Puccini's grand opera, "La Boheme," being produced in Britain . . . Carl Brisson, (star of "Cocktails for Two," and now being seen in "All the King's Horses," has just recorded 16 numbers for Brunswick (Please turn to page three)

Roberta Bennett Sings in Spanish

By George Bilman
Emerald Radio Editor
Roberta Bennett of the ruddy cheeks, auburn top, ruby lips and golden voice will be heard in a colorful program featuring Spanish songs. Byrle Ramp of the ever-present smile and pleasant manner in his classically sedate style will accompany. That's the set up for the Emerald of the Air program which will be broadcast over KORE at 4:45 today. Lend an ear and you'll give a hand.

Broadway Varieties will be presented at 5:30 today over CBS with Everett Marshall, baritone, acting as master of ceremonies. At Lily Pons will sing with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra and chorus. For NBC One Man's Family is on at 5, John McCormack at 6, Jimmie Fidler's Gossip at 7, Ray Noble at 7:30, and at 9 Fred Allen takes the spot.

Details of the radio contest to be held this spring between living organizations for a cash prize will be announced soon. Meanwhile, houses are being given a chance to present tentative programs over the air for the experience. Tuesday on the Emerald of the Air schedule is being set aside for that. Those interested should phone Zolie Velchek whose phone number is 2595.

THE sustained increase in enrollment at Oregon State (an increase this term of 30 percent over last spring quarter) indicates that the educational outlook is definitely on the up grade. We are out of the slump which seriously threatened the academic program a short time ago, and the prospect, like the first fragrant blooms of spring outside, is one of pleasant days to come.

The greater enrollment, however, has not found an equal increase in state funds being supplied the institution. Curtailment of various phases of the program which was made necessary by the depression still severely handicaps our college in its endeavors to provide the best of educational opportunities for its 2300 students. Many courses have been eliminated, and several professors have gone to other fields of endeavor.

Despite its handicaps, Oregon State has maintained a program of a high type. The future is filled with glowing promises. Maintaining its high standards, the institution has continued to attract the best type of student. However, more financial aid from the state when conditions seem better will do much to insure the maximum of educational opportunity for its younger citizens.—Oregon State Daily Barometer.

Now Do You Believe in Kismet?

Editor's note: This is the first of two articles written by the Emerald's vagabond reporter following an interview with Jay Allen, former University of Oregon student and Emerald staff writer, who is now a free-lance writer living in Spain.)
By Howard Kessler
MADRID—Truly, the workings of chance are strange. I understand this observation not to be entirely original with me, but I shall insist that it is warranted in the instance of which I speak.

One February day of last year your correspondent was called upon to pinchhit for the Emerald reporter who regularly covered the journalism school. Dean Allen was able to present him with a story, in the form of a letter from a former Oregon student, who had become a noted foreign correspondent, and who, during a visit to the States, planned a short call at the University. The Dean further stated that he believed the newspaperman would deliver a short address to the students of journalism. However, the noted correspondent could not appear.

Introducing Jay Allen
To make a long story longer, a consulate clerk in Madrid introduced me to an Associated Press correspondent, who introduced me to the A.P. chief for Spain, who gave me an introduction to a Jay Cooke Allen now of Malaga, Spain, who was the noted f. c.

I found him in slacks and polo the book he is writing about the politics of Spain. Crumpled paper was strewn over the floor of his room in a villa exquisitely situated at the top of cliffs overlooking the incredibly blue waters of the Mediterranean, and an orphanage being constructed by the railway workers' union.

On such a still, sunlit, enervating afternoon, I imagine Mr. Allen was only too glad for any excuse with his conscience that would allow him to abandon the labors of his profession. At any rate he set to talking about his days at Oregon with apparent relish.

Meets Ruth Austin
As far back as 1920 Jay Allen enrolled in the University and although he never entered the four— (Please turn to page four)

The Curious One has come out from behind his whiskers and declared his identity so that a lot of people whose friends have been libeled may now come and try the water-cure. Seriously, it's nice to be back.

JOHN T. CROCKETT — a gentleman, born in Rush Hill, Missouri, March 12, 1910, is a very interesting person to know. He has a slow, almost lazy drawl—deceptive to those who do not know he is fully capable of exploding when pushed too far. He is brunette, has blue-grey eyes, a nice smile and ordinarily a sunny disposition.

John especially enjoys mountain climbing. He has, as one of his friends put it, "hit the high-spots." Hood, Black Butte crater, Belknap Crater, are just a few of the difficult Northwest ascensions he has made.

He has worked at varied occupations; several months were spent in different positions with the Oregon highway commission, the highest rating being that of foreman and technical expert.

For hobbies, he enjoys photography—and he has a collection of real pictures, tennis, volleyball, ping-pong and the one in which he indulges most is the study of people. That, he says, is the most interesting entertainment he has found. Travel rates second and he has taken in almost all the states in the U. S. via everything from mule to airplane.

His reading is mainly in the field of personnel work and psychology. Criminology interests him and he jokingly remarked that he reads every detective magazine he can get his hands on.

A person well worth knowing. The cub can say little more than that he is a staunch and loyal friend!

SENIORS CAPS, GOWNS, AND COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS SHOULD BE ORDERED TODAY. THE 'CO-OP'

Senior students should order their caps, gowns, and commencement announcements today from The 'Co-op'. The 'Co-op' is the only place where you can get them at a special price. Don't miss out on this great opportunity. Order today!

The Labors of Hercules Had Nothing on This



Again I See in Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn
and when scourges were practically allowed to run their course. Well do I remember the gruesome accounts that came to our family circle of the yellow fever in the Gulf States, and of how we consumed quantities of belladonna and quinine and calomel and "blue mass," and wore little cloth bags of asafoetida about our necks.

Yes, and I recall how, as a boy, I added to my nightly "Now I lay me," one after another of the dread ailments that came to our attention, until I had a formula of three sets of four specific illnesses each, twelve in all, from which I prayed God to save me.

And, after my mother would give me my quota of belladonna pellets from underneath the pendulum in the mantel clock, I would lie feverishly awake in my cot, wriggling my toes to be sure that I would keep alive until morning.

In the day time I would run for blocks past houses where red flags were displayed, trying, as I imagined, not to breathe in a single germ of scarlet fever. (Please turn to page four)

Advertisement for seniors caps, gowns, and commencement announcements. The 'Co-op' is the only place where you can get them at a special price. Don't miss out on this great opportunity. Order today!

Advertisement for Ford V-8. "YEAH! MY FORD V-8 WAS ANYTHING EVER SO COMFORTABLE?" High-hurdling MAY NOT BE IN YOUR LINE—

but you can still use as much quick energy as you can get. Have a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast tomorrow. These crisp, crunchy flakes are full of energy, easy to digest. They'll set you up for the day.

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