

# Oregon Emerald

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## Oregon Women to the Polls

IN the midst of a wild car painting, speech-making drive for ASUO membership comes a quieter but nevertheless heated campaign—the annual elections of the associated women students.

The battle for offices in the AWS might well be an additional vantage point for student body member supporters. The least vivid imagination can visualize signs emblazoned on the windshields of model T's and V-8's, and streaming across posters plastered on the campus telephone poles—"Car-

ry your AWS candidate into office with a student body ticket!" . . . "Put over your party with an ASUO ticket!"

The most innocent bystander can imagine the ASUO loyalists arousing bored coeds from the lunch table with fiery noontime speeches, in impassioned oratory urging the ladies to go to the polls with STUDENT BODY CARDS!

But somehow the AWS campaign has avoided—or missed—according to the beliefs of the individual, all that. Nominations have been made, perhaps not silently, but at least without the hue and cry of more virile student body affairs. Little campaigning has been going on, and what there is has been mostly individual—and somewhat under cover.

The lovers of action who remember with longing the clattering rallies and fiery torchlight parades of last spring's ASUO election may look disdainfully upon the AWS preliminaries, wishing for a bit of that spirit to arouse this phlegmatic campaign. A casual observer might venture that small interest was being taken in the AWS.

That is how it might seem. But today the polls open, and the number of University of Oregon women student body members who vote will furnish a conclusive index to the interest in the associated women students.

It is always hard to predict, but chances are that the interest of the Oregon coeds, in this organization, compressed beneath the ordered calm of AWS nominations and campaigning, will burst forth today at the polls. And high odds might be safely given that nearly every woman who owns an ASUO card will put her word in the ballot box.

## A Place for New Blood

PETER ODEGARD of Columbia university, author of the American Public Mind has said that the only intelligent organizations he had been able to find on most college campuses in the United States were international relations clubs.

Tonight the International Relations club, which has brought to the campus this year and last, such informed speakers as Sir Herbert Ames, Adamantes Polzoides, and Vernon Bartlett, will hold a reorganization meeting in the men's lounge of Gerlinger hall.

There has scarcely been a time in the history of the world when the knowledge and understanding of international affairs means more to students than at the present chaotic time.

Participation in the affairs of Oregon's International Relations club can furnish a valuable contribution to the alert student who wishes to learn more about world affairs that he may be informed and understand more clearly the complexities of our modern existence.

There is a place for new blood in the



veins of the International Relations club. Thinking Oregon students should avail themselves of tonight's opportunity to be a part of a worthwhile group.

## The Day's Parade

By Fred Colvig

TO think that the dove of peace will come out of the conference at Stresa all freshly white and inspiring is to be a foolish idealist. Indeed, what hope of peace can be seen in a convocation that has all the markings of a council of war?

Mussolini, flying a giant amphibian plane, like a marauding eagle swoops down from the sky to light upon the lake at Stresa. What peaceful tidings does he bring? He brings the plan he outlined the other day at Rome. He insists upon the guarantee of Austrian independence, as if it were not true that he represents one of the major threats to that independence, as if it were not transparent that he fears German extension southwards.

And for France to talk peace—how silly!—with her border from Belgium to Switzerland bristling, piled high with concrete and steel and alive with blue-tunicked men, dickering on the sly with Russia, voting millions for war, her politicians every day raving delirious militarism.

Russia peaks over the fence, angles with France in a very tentative manner, not wishing to commit herself until she knows what she can get out of the Stresa conversations. Conferring diplomats must tread softly in eastern Europe if they want to touch Russia, was the admonition that issued from Moscow the other day.

Germany is a subject not admitted to the polite conversation of nations. Into the wound she is making by her abrogation of the arms restrictive provisos of the treaty of Versailles she now would pour the salt of demanding restoration of her pre-war colonial power. And her poorly concealed lust for extension along the Baltic has the rest of Europe almost apoplectic.

Britain's romantic Anthony Eden races over the continent trying, it is said, to arrange peace for Europe. Great Britain got into the ill regard of France, Italy and Russia by not showing enough anger at Germany's treatment of the Versailles treaty. It might be suspected that England, rather than being purely altruistic in purpose, is trying to find where she stands in this militaristic jockeying for power.

How right was the European manager of the United Press who said that never before in the history of the world has there been such a pressure for war!

Peace, hell!

## Again I See in Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn

### The Faculty Arrives

During that summer of 1876 when the Centennial Exposition was in progress in Philadelphia, and the National Conventions had nominated Hayes and Tilden respectively for the Presidency, and sporadic cases of small pox were startling the populace of the Willamette Valley, and the one University building was lifting, huddled, its lonely mass from the fern and stubble—the Faculty began to arrive in relays.—President Johnson, Professors Bailey and Condon, Mrs. Mary P. Spiller of the Preparatory Department, and her Assistant, Miss Mary E. Stone.

You should see the issues of the weekly papers to sense the curious and appreciative interest centered in those new college professors, and the laudatory excerpts quoted from the newspapers of their former houses. Their property purchases are mentioned and the very considerations itemized. The Faculty members were like as many new toys and the townspeople veritable children in their acquisition.

The hurrying years of a subsequent half-century have erased every one of those old landmarks which we used to associate with our First Faculty. Churches now occupy the sites of two of those semi-sacred precincts—the Congregational reflecting the sun through garnet windows where Professor Spiller, bereaved of hus-

band and two adult children, lived in misunderstood severity; and the Baptist where Professor Bailey converted the "Auntie Hanchett" home into a hospice for generation after generation of students.

How often I used to swing with Herbert and the Twins from that great oak in the Condon lot on the corner of Eleventh and High! And when Regent Friendly supplanted that old mansard-roofed cottage with his beautiful new residence, we all lamented the passing of a loved memorial, albeit acknowledging the changing modes of the Avenue.

The President had purchased the Eristow home on East Tenth Avenue, in what was "no man's land," a low one-story dwelling, long since moved across the alley and facing on another street. It was practically on the outskirts of habitable Eugene in that vicinity and approached by boards laid across the mud or dust.

And the Faculty, you may be (Please turn to page three)

## Bob Garretson On Radio Today

By George Bikman  
Emerald Radio Editor

Bob Garretson, the gifted freshman of the music school, whom most of you don't know a great deal about, but will eventually, so why not now, will go into a fifteen minute session with the studio grand today at 4:45. And he'll make it sound grand, too. Classical music, conscientiously played. An Emerald of the Air presentation.

One of history's great tragedies—the destruction of Pompeii by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 79—will be recalled in graphic fashion next Sunday, in a special trans-Atlantic broadcast over the Columbia network. The broadcast, the first ever scheduled from the ruined city of Pompeii, 12 miles southeast of Naples, will be heard here between 9:45 and 10 a. m.

The date of the Emerald radio contest hasn't been announced, but it's to be begun not more than three weeks from now. Woody Truax, who's managing it, says that the cash prizes will be greater than they have ever been in the past. Last year Sigma hall winners, received \$50 for their efforts. All programs are to be 15 minutes in length. Details will follow shortly.

## Anything Goes

By Dick Watkins

RADIO — In answer to thousands of requests, Fred Waring & his Pennsylvanians will again repeat that 20-minute "Lullaby of Broadway" fantasy on their show tonight at 6:30 over CBS. . . . one of the sweetest things we've heard on the air yet. . . . the 61st annual running of the colorful Kentucky Derby on Saturday, May 4, will this year be under commercial sponsorship for the first time in Derby history. . . . Ferde Grofe's orchestra plus the Buccaneers male octet will join the Burns & Allen program beginning next Wednesday. . . . Ever notice how infrequently Joey Nash's name is used whenever Richard Himber's band broadcast is given by that automobile concern? . . . Ted Husing, he of the gift of gab, will shortly publish his book, "Ten Years Before the Mike" . . . the "Hour of Charm" program, featuring Phil Spitalny's 32-piece all-girl orchestra (and plenty good, incidentally), can now be heard on Tuesdays at 6:30 over CBS.

When two is company I don't make a crowd

I'm your best friend  
I am your Lucky Strike

Never a bitter, undeveloped top leaf in me. Never a grimy, tough bottom leaf. I use only the fragrant, mellow, expensive center leaves... the leaves that give you the mildest, best-tasting smoke. I do not irritate your throat. No wonder I'm your best friend.

LUCKIES USE ONLY THE CENTER LEAVES... CENTER LEAVES GIVE YOU THE MILDTEST SMOKE

They Taste Better

It isn't codfish—and it isn't cranberries

It's an ultra-short wave radio telephone antenna—before being raised above the dunes of Cape Cod.

For some years, Bell System engineers have been studying ultra-short waves. They have developed automatic transmitters and receivers which may be connected with regular telephone lines at points far from central offices. They hope such radio links will be useful in giving telephone service to points difficult to reach by usual methods.

The installation on Cape Cod—which is now undergoing service tests—is just one more example of Bell System pioneering in the public interest.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Why not telephone home one night each week? Bargain rates after 8:30 P.M.—reverse the charges if your folks agree!