

Oregon Emerald

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New Fields to Conquer

A LITTLE over a year ago Frances Brockman broke her arm. Fears were expressed that she would never play again.

Today Miss Brockman leaves for the East to compete in a national musical contest of young artists, after winning highest honors in the Northwest.

Her meteoric rise is the result of strong determination and hard work coupled with a natural gift for music.

Oregon acclaims Miss Brockman with pride and wishes her well in the eastern contest.

Bow for the General, Girls

"WE came through Eugene, where I was told the students held a pacifist strike last Friday. Those things make me laugh. You know, the boys don't really feel that way, but coeds get to talking to them and telling them a lot of tearful stuff and coax the lads to get up a strike. It doesn't mean a damned thing, we all know that. . . . It's just to please the girls, as said, that makes these funny strikes. . . ."
Ha, ha and ha!

With those words Major-General Charles J. Bailey, visitor in Portland yesterday, settled the whole economic and moral problem of militarism versus pacifism in the columns of the Morning Oregonian.

The term, "strike," which he employed, was used either inadvisedly or as a result of misinformation. Happily, students at the University of Oregon are under the moderation of a faculty of such enlightenment that it isn't by means of a walkout that we demonstrate our destestation of war.

But this hair-splitting won't counter the reasoning with which the old soldier probed the bottom of student pacifism. It must be answered in its own kind.

The flaw in his logic is his misunderstanding of the feminine heart. What would make a girl lachrymose in her plea for pacifism? "There's something about a soldier, tra-la-la, and, contrary to his reasoning, there isn't a girl but who would cry her eyes out to see her Jonnie stripped of his natty R.O.T.C. uniform. See him swinging down the street. Stout fellow. It fills her heart."

Freud showed that "libido" may be used to prove anything, and here evidently is a case in which it can explain the interest in pacifism or war.

Friend of the University

TWENTY years ago Charles C. Whitten moved to Eugene from Denver, Colorado. He became interested in real estate and developed the major portion of upper College Crest, living for many years in his home on Inspiration point.

Mr. Whitten had many friends in the University and was interested in the welfare of the University.

Mr. Whitten will bequeath to the University \$500 to be used as a loan fund for students. This fund is to be known as the Elizabeth Whitten memorial fund in honor of Mr. Whitten's first wife.

By donating this fund to the University Mr. Whitten did three things: he established a lasting memorial to his first wife; he showed his friendship for the University; and he displayed a sympathetic heart and good judgement in leaving this memorial to needy students.

Many students have never heard of Mr. Whitten of Inspiration point before. Many will soon forget his name. But there will

be those to whom the Elizabeth Whitten memorial fund will mean the difference between gaining a higher education and going back home. They will remember Mr. Whitten for what he was—a true friend of the University.

The Governor Acts Wisely

THOSE interested in higher education in Oregon will have little to worry about in the coming shakeup in the state board personnel if Governor Martin maintains as wise a policy in his choice of members as he did in his recent reappointment of E. C. Sammons.

Mr. Sammons in his six years on the board has gained an understanding of the intricate problems which face the group, and as chairman of the finance committee has been in a large measure responsible for improved administration of that department.

He is a man who has fought for the policies he believes right. He has shown remarkable judgement in his choice of policy. Governor Martin is to be commended for keeping Mr. Sammons on the board.

Last night four of the unteem candidates for editor of the Emerald sat about mildly poking fun at each other. All were agreed that the other was the logical man. Diogenes was conspicuous in his absence.

The Day's Parade

By Fred Colvig

Feared a Flop

THURSDAY last, a man very shrewd in his knowledge of young men and women expressed the fear that the nation-wide demonstration of youth against war would fail its purpose. No passionate anti-militarism would be raised. A few serious-minded votaries of peace would speak and parade, but most students would hang back and rack wise from the crowd. Instead of there being rallied thousands of young people earnestly vowing themselves to peace, he was afraid that the affair would be something of a lark, like a football rally.

And It Was a Flop

The event, as it came off Friday, bore out his apprehension too well. Youth was represented in the serious minority and in the boisterous majority that he anticipated. Four or five students stood and declaimed against compulsory military training, boasts in war appropriation, and America's naval policy in the Pacific. Their oratory was given the sympathy of an interested little group in front; the curious indifference of the greater part of the assemblage; and the boohish heckling of a group of boozers who should be back on the farm calling hogs.

But, Do Students Want War?

Yet would we be right to assume from the fizzling of this demonstration that the youth of America prefer war to peace? Hardly. Every shred of real evidence, such as the collegiate peace poll last fall, shows that the young men and women of the United States are opposed to war. Then, why can they not assemble and in one voice proclaim their feelings? It is because American students are not politically minded. It is a sad admission, but not one student in five gives a whoop how this country is run.

Post-War Smart-Alecks

The reason for the political indifference on our campuses is mostly because we have always had it too easy. Our institutions are democratic, and there is no personalized despotism at which to direct an assembled anger. Most American college students come from comfortable homes, and they take their good fortune in a most composed manner. All this is true, but this political complacency may also be due in some measure to the smart-aleck attitude which has characterized post-war youth—an attitude which only lately is beginning to lose countenance.

Masses Aren't Indifferent

Well, the scene isn't too rosy in this country now, with the Huey Longs and the Father Coughlins and the Dr. Townsends tempting the hotly discontented sub-college strata of our people. And it won't be well for those of us with the advantage of education to lapse into bovine content. If we are not learning to rule ourselves, to champion our sincere beliefs, to direct the intelligent government of this country, then we may as well have stayed on the farm.

The Passing Show

THE WORST YET

THERE was a time when the ethics of the American press forbid dragging family quarrels, no matter how spicy or entertaining, into the public limelight, but those days are gone. A breakfast table quarrel doesn't even have to be spicy or interesting any more; it need only concern Communism, pacifism or some other Hearst phobia to become "page one stuff."

Thus we witness on page one of a local newspaper, the charming spectacle of a Seattle mother's attempts to prevent her daughter, a University coed, from going to Russia under the auspices of a Communist newspaper because she fears her daughter may be converted to the Russian way of thinking during her stay in the Soviet. But snooping reporters brought back even more than details of the quarrel: they got "A Seattle Mother's Warning Against Red Teachers."

We have long wondered how long the Hearst press would stop its red-baiting campaign. We have seen professors branded as "reds" because they spoke against war and Hearst militarism; we have seen student pacifists crucified because they paraded on Armistice day; we have seen high school teachers ridden on a rail because they told their students capitalism had not been completely successful; and now we witness a whole family sacrificed that the public may be "warned Against Red School Teachers."

Is there no limit?—Washington Daily.

Anything Goes

By Dick Watkins

CAMPUS — The feature attraction on the boards this week will be the one-night stand of Leo Davis & his orchestra out at Willamette Park, tomorrow night, and if all goes well, 12 o'clock privileges may be extended to those on the campus who want to go out there to hear him. . . . Davis, who is nationally recognized as the "Colored Guy Lombardo," has played engagements from coast-to-coast, including McElroy's Roof and Jantzen Beach in Portland. . . . there are 11 musicians in the outfit including a darn good brass section. . . . following his coast tour, Leo Davis is slated to move into one of L.A.'s choice nitespots, the Cotton Club. . . . Dancing is due to begin at eight bells out at the Park, so should be a good bet for mid-week dates. . . . JIGS — From all reports, the Dime Crawl last week was a marked success, financially and otherwise, and may be the incentive for other similar affairs during this term. . . . anyhow, with that in mind, and other ideas lined up, plus regular Wed. nite dancing out at the Park from now on, there is no point in trying to start up an afternoon campus dance this term, so all parties concerned, have mutually agreed to drop the subject till further notice. . . . A Wed. dance would have been impossible anyway, due to faculty opposition, which meant it would have to be swung on a Sat. or Sun., which would be absolutely OUT. . . .

throughout the Pacific Northwest; there is a feeling of gratitude in the heart of every one who has been privileged to hear her play, for a something, poignant, thrilling and cherished which can never be taken away while life remains

Tri Delts Present Broadcast Today

By George Bikman Emerald Radio Editor

Breaking the ice in the new series of Tuesday Emerald of the Air programs Delta Delta Delta will present fifteen minutes worth of words and music today at 4:45 over KORE. Anne Barton, Cherie Brown, Betsy Salee will sing, and Madelle Beidler and Joy Carlisle, and Theresa Kelly will play. Living organizations which would like to broadcast similar programs should get in touch with Zollie Volchok.

The Women's National Radio committee last week chose these programs as best on the networks: Musical advertising — General Motors symphony concert.

Musical sustaining — Columbia Concert Hall.

Non-musical advertising — The March of Time.

Non-musical sustaining — You and Your Government series.

A dramatization of the history of the National Tuberculosis association's work will be broadcast over CBS this afternoon at 2:15. On NBC the Beauty Box theatre will repeat the production of "Naughty Marietta," with Franca White, motion picture and radio soprano, and John Barclay, tenor, in leading roles at 7. San Francisco's Grace Cathedral choir will sing special Easter hymns at 9:30.

East Will Hear

(Continued from Page One)

breaks—because they come only to those who are ready to take advantage of them but because of her tireless study and effort to perfect herself, to become one of the finest violinists in the country. With the start she has, there are many Northwest critics who have heard her play who are willing to guarantee that she will become a world-famous musician provided she continues with here career. She throws her heart and soul into her work. Her renditions are done with as complete finish and mastery as she is capable every time she plays them. There is never a "slack" moment during one of her concerts and at the conclusion she is inevitably greeted with long moments of breathless silence, as though the audience were afraid of breaking a fragile spell.

Trip Means Much

This trip means a great deal to Miss Brockman and much to the University of Oregon which has seen her blossom from a good average violinist into one of the outstanding musicians in its history.

She leaves for Philadelphia with the good wishes of the entire campus, her friends in Eugene and

The Curious Cub

By Fulton H. Travis

It is with great pleasure that the Curious One presents Brandon Young, a talented and already well-known musician. Brandon has appeared in concert with the Junior Symphony, the University Symphony, and has had incidental harp solos with the University of Oregon band. She is a freshman music major.

Brandon is one of the refreshing people in this world who has no definite set with regard to her reading. She is perfectly frank to admit that she "really enjoys" reading popular magazines and again, she has no definite preference. "Anything that is really interesting, readable and clean. I very much dislike the too mushy triangle type of story." There's a bouquet which is a real one.

She enjoys horseback riding, golf and swimming; no amount of persuasion and suggestion was capable of making her add to the list.

The University? "I think it's all right. I enjoy the contacts I have made and feel that I am benefitting greatly by my musical training."

Brandon, to keep the statistics straight, was born in Eugene, September 28, 1916. She is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta and is also a member of Tau Delta, underclass music honorary.

Her one burning desire, she says, is that she has always wanted to tackle someone—like they do in football; or, failing that, to hit someone on the chin.

Saturday Wreck Puts Mikulak on Sick List

"Iron" Mike Mikulak was released Sunday from the Pacific hospital where he had been placed following an automobile accident on Saturday evening. The accident, which occurred on the corner of Nineteenth and Fairmount, resulted in slight lacerations over the right eye, slight concussion, and a traumatic injury to the back. Mikulak was alone when the accident occurred.

Business Fraternity Holds Meeting Tonight

Herbert Large, president of Alpha Kappa Psi, business administration honorary for men, announced yesterday that an important meeting of that group would be held at 7:30 tonight in the men's lounge in Gerlinger hall.

A number of special guests will be entertained at the meeting and a speaker, as yet unannounced, will address the group.

\$500 Bequest Swells University Loan Fund

A loan fund for students at the University of Oregon of \$500 is established by the will of Charles C. Whitten, Eugene, which was recently admitted for probate.

The fund is to be known as the Elizabeth Dudley Whitten memorial fund in honor of Mr. Whitten's first wife.

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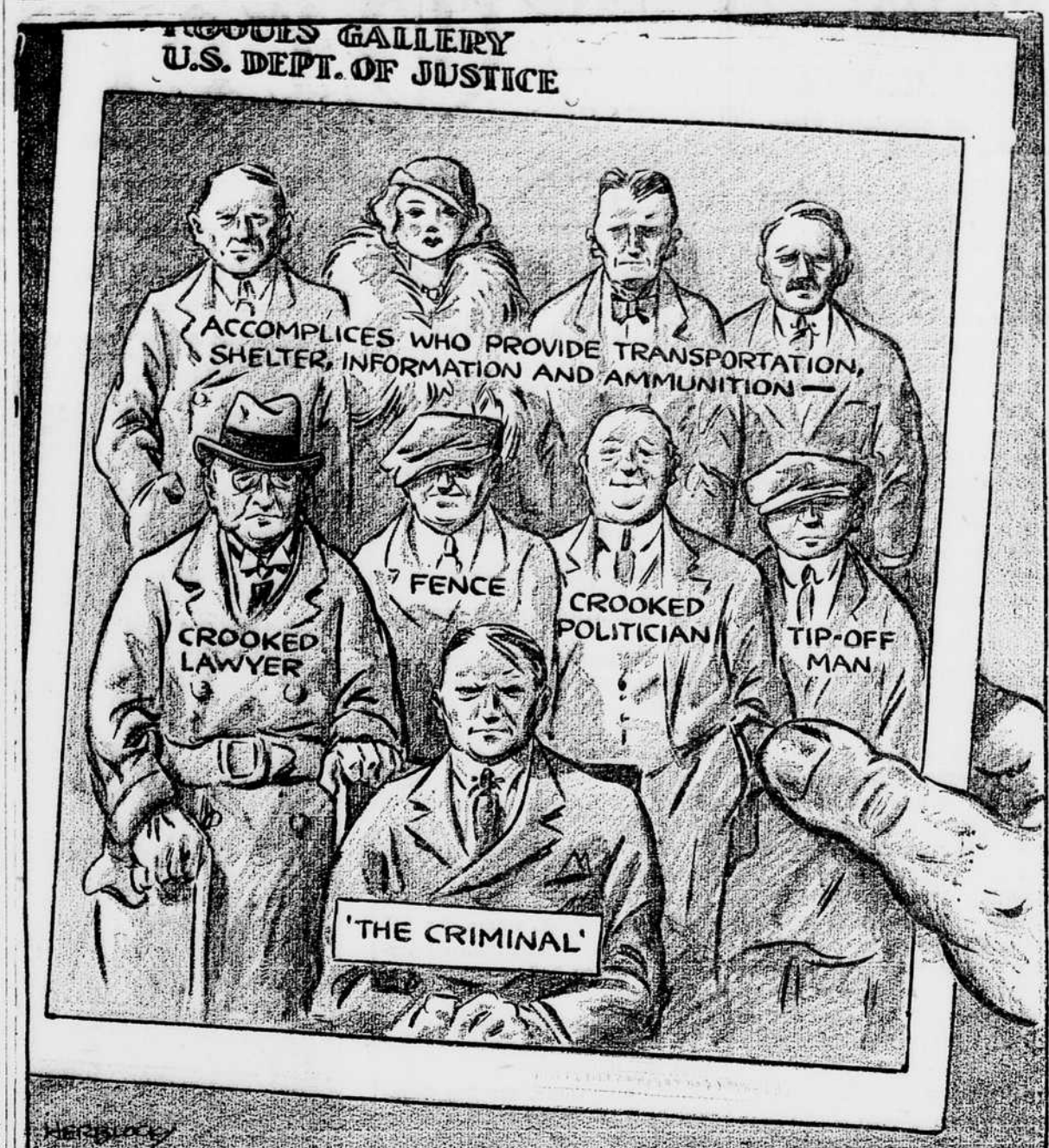
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SENIORS

MANY MEMBERS OF THE CLASS HAVE NOT ORDERED COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS AND CAPS AND GOWNS. FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF THESE THE TIME FOR ORDERING HAS BEEN EXTENDED UNTIL NOON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20TH.

PLACE ORDERS AT THE THE 'CO-OP'

Getting the Group Picture



Again I See in Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn

The Mishaps of Musley Welligan

His Methodist parents had christened him Wesley T. Mulligan, but that made no difference with us. The Irish in him, I suppose it was Irish,—constrained us to dub him, in all affection, Musley Welligan. And like the good sport he was, he accepted it graciously.

When I first saw him, I fell for him, Derby and all,—it was one of the kind with the crown elevated about two inches above the rim, and we were pals for years, until he became eclipsed in the Titian halo that glistened from Emma Washburne's head. That was about the time his name became inverted, for he neither saw nor talked coherently afterwards.

There was probably no one who more frequently, cheerfully, received free tickets to those matinee performances we called "extra sessions," than Musley Welligan. Even if he had a fairly correct recitation all prepared, President

Johnson had so contracted the habit of greeting him with "Kumbakattoo," that Wes could scarcely sputter two words before the fell pronouncement had fallen.

The mishaps which besprinkled his career as a student always reminded me of the only declamation Wes ever attempted before the Laurean Society. It began, "Happiness, Mr. President, is like a crow perched upon the peak of a far distant mountain." We all tried to give him a psychic boost, and he stammered on to a close, but it left me an ineradicable cartoon of a crow a-top Spenser's Butte.

One moon-lit night we had come back from a boat-ride up the Mill Race with the Converse sisters,—Florence and Helen and Grace,—and were rather inclined to be reluctant to leave the porch,—the moon was simply elegant, you know. Now there was a young brother in the Converse menage who was sometimes inspired to interpose harmless innuendos, just to make sure that we remembered

his existence. And, about midnight,—it may have been later,—there came a vigorous tap or two on the ceiling above us. Wes forthwith caught up one of the cars which we were carrying home to stow away, and rapped from below, accompanying it with "Come off the perch, old man."

The next day, Helen confided to me that those taps came from Converse pater, no spirit at that, but a Christian gentleman, not to have followed up a horrible opportunity.

That same night as we were going home, we were approaching

(Please turn to page three)

EASTER STYLES WILL GO ON PARADE IN Thursday's Emerald

There Are Reasons!

Last week the Emerald printed more advertising lineage than any other week since 1929.

There are several reasons for this.

1. The advertising department is wide awake and on its toes.
2. The merchants of Eugene are realizing more and more that they get value in return for their advertising dollar in the Emerald.
3. Students and readers of the Emerald are realizing more and more that Emerald advertisers are dependable merchants and as a result patronize them.
4. Emerald advertisers know that the best way to reach and appeal to the live college market is through the Emerald.
5. Spring is the season when students are eager to learn of new styles and want to know where they can buy them at prices they can afford to pay.

It Pays to Advertise in the Oregon Daily Emerald