

# Oregon Emerald

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ing of happy, lazy, retreat from books, but also heightened and stimulated aesthetic appreciation of things that are never taught in school.

To see massive squadrons of clouds, marching majestically across the sky over the fragrant, brilliant earth is something that defies analysis, logic or philosophy. The feeling of exultation that comes from watching the mild contortions of a capricious and richly endowed nature, if not absorbed and remembered, are ghosts that haunt the developed and precise mind. Only the stupid are completely oblivious to beauty.

And so when, and if classes are ignored and studies cast into a cluttered corner in favor of space and freedom and joy, there should be reflection not on what is left behind but what is before—the show of shows as interpreted on the rich settings of nature's stage.

One of the most convincing arguments against the student activity fee referendum is the fact that the petition pushers seem to be having difficulty in getting any signers from among those persons who really are in a position to know "what it is all about." When street corner stragglers and beer-parlor hangers-on have to be solicited in order to obtain enough signers, there must be something radically wrong with the measure.

A fraternity at University of Texas has a dog named Dammit Scram. Imagine what goes on in the poor canine's mind when someone holds out an enticing bone and calls, "Here, Dammit Scram."

## Anthony Eden

By Robert R. French

Editor's note: This interpretive article about "England's Traveling Salesman of Peace" is written by the noted correspondent, Robert R. French, exclusively for, and published here with the permission of, the Association of College Editors.

In the early spring of 1917 a German corporal and a British lieutenant lay directly opposite one another in trenches on the petrified battlefield of Ypres. Eighteen years later corporal and lieutenant faced each other across diplomatic tables in Berlin: Hitler, dictator of 60,000,000 Germans, and Captain Anthony Eden, British lord privy seal.

Throwing over the treaty of Versailles with a proclamation, Hitler had ordered military conscription and demanded economic union with Austria, inclusion in the reich of German-speaking Czechoslovakia, an air force equal to Britain and France, an army to cope with Russia's and a navy of 400,000 tons.

Such was the ultimatum presented to Sir John Simon, barrister and British foreign secretary, and his aide the Rt. Hon. Robert Anthony Eden. They had flown from London to Berlin in an attempt to pacify the leader of a nation, conscious of its re-awakened powers and its pride smarting under fifteen years of humiliation. European peace and disarmament had ended in a pitiful expose of armed hatred and bitterness, and what Europe had feared since the treaty was a reality.

**Sir John's Companion**  
That the scholarly Sir John Simon should be accompanied by Eden was no surprise to diplomats who have spent the past few years at Geneva. At the league he was looked upon as the spokesman for Great Britain, because of Sir John's growing skepticism toward the league and disarmament.

As lord privy seal in the foreign office, he is the opposite of his superior in background, talents and environment. Sir John was already a man of some years when the world war broke upon Europe, and events since have made his lawyer's logic the more penetrating and concise, his mind more complex and sophisticated, but left his diplomacy as blunt as ever.

Eden's generation is the "lost generation" of the war. By 1915 his eldest brother had been killed in action; his second, the present baronet and eighth in line, was a prisoner; he, himself, was just leaving Eton; and the fourth, a child almost, was to be killed at sea. From Eton, where he had been a prize linguist, he joined the King's Royal Rifle corps in 1915. At nineteen he was the youngest adjutant in the British army and the youngest brigade major before he was twenty-one.

**War From the Trenches**  
More fortunate than most of his fellows at Eton, the Ypres salient, the graveyard of youth, gave him a Military Cross. Thus while men now near three score and ten, who watched the unrolling of the world war from business or government offices, are stolidly cynical about disarmament and peace by way of Geneva, Eden sees the league as the last and only straw. Seventeen years old when the war began and only thirty-eight now, he has experienced in action the disillusionment and horror of the greatest of modern wars, and Geneva to him is more than the dream of a tired, haggard, broken Woodrow Wilson.

Returning from the war he went to Christ Church, Oxford, studied the Near East. He became expert in its languages, traveled through its countries in vacations and wrote a delightful book, "Places in the Sun," about his journeys. In 1922, when he came down from Oxford, he was defeated in his home constituency, Durham, by the socialist candidate. But a year later he invaded Warwickshire, the constituency of his aunt, the dowager Countess of Warwick, defeated her, later married her step-daughter Beatrice Helen, and has been M. P. for this seat ever since.

After three years learning the ropes in the House, he took a private secretaryship in the foreign office. He was appointed parliamentary private secretary to Sir Austen Chamberlain in 1926, lost his position when the Tory government went out in 1929. But he returned with the National government (Tory) in 1931 as parliamentary under-secretary in the foreign office, both positions held only by M. P.s.

## Anything Goes

By Dick Watkins

**BANDS 'N SUCH**—the MULT-NOMAH Athletic Club seems to be putting 'on the dog' these days in a big way, for it now boasts of its own private dance orchestra, known to the trade as the Winged "M" Rhythm Band... they are due to make their initial appearance at the club's informal spring dance this Saturday eve...

**OTHER prominent name bands** that are due to move in and out of the newly renovated Jantzen Beach Park during the coming summer months include Ozzie Nelson, Hal Grayson Dick Jurjins, Del Courtney, Jay Whidden and Ray Barbeck... add all these to those we mentioned yesterday, Anson Weeks, Henri Busse, Ben Borie, & Eddie Duchin, and it makes quite a formidable array of Al musicians... begins to look as though Portland is making up for lost time pronto, and is headed out to become the dance music capital of the West for the next few months at least...

**A GIGANTIC sports dance** with 2 bands is to be held next week on the U. of Cal. campus to raise \$1500 to send some of their prize athletes Eastward to compete in national sports events... Cal. has a good chance to win the I.C.A.A.A.A. meet this year for a change, hence all the furor...

**COLLEGE STUDENTS** are apparently good for something (thank heavens), at least in the opinion of Hal Kemp, noted orchestra leader... Kemp, the of the far-famed staccato trumpet effects, recently remarked: "College students are the only people who understand and appreciate modern dance music... it takes better musicians today to play the syncopated rhythms of contemporary jazz..." thanks, pal!...

**RECOMMENDED DISCS**—two darn good bets by genial Jan' GARBER, "In the Merry Month of May" and "In a Little Gypsy Tea Room"... "The Lady in Red," a fast stepping Eumba brought hot off the griddle by Xavier Cugat & his Waldorf-Astoria Tango band, plus "Adios, Muchachos," both numbrs from

the new musical filmshow, "In Caliente"... "Driftin' Tide" & "Experiment" from Cole Porter's "Nymph Errant," recorded by Ray Noble, with his usual finesse... and ah! here's the nugget on the list... remember those two catchy little novelty tunes "I Lift Up My Finger and Say Tweet, Tweet," & "Laughing Marionette"?... well, anyway, Jack HYLTON and his famous English orchestra waxed them, and have done one swell job on both sides... these all are put out by VICTOR and are worth a good listen... *Faasta la Vista*...

## Hogg, Hoyt Make Air Debut Today

By George Bilman  
Emerald Radio Editor

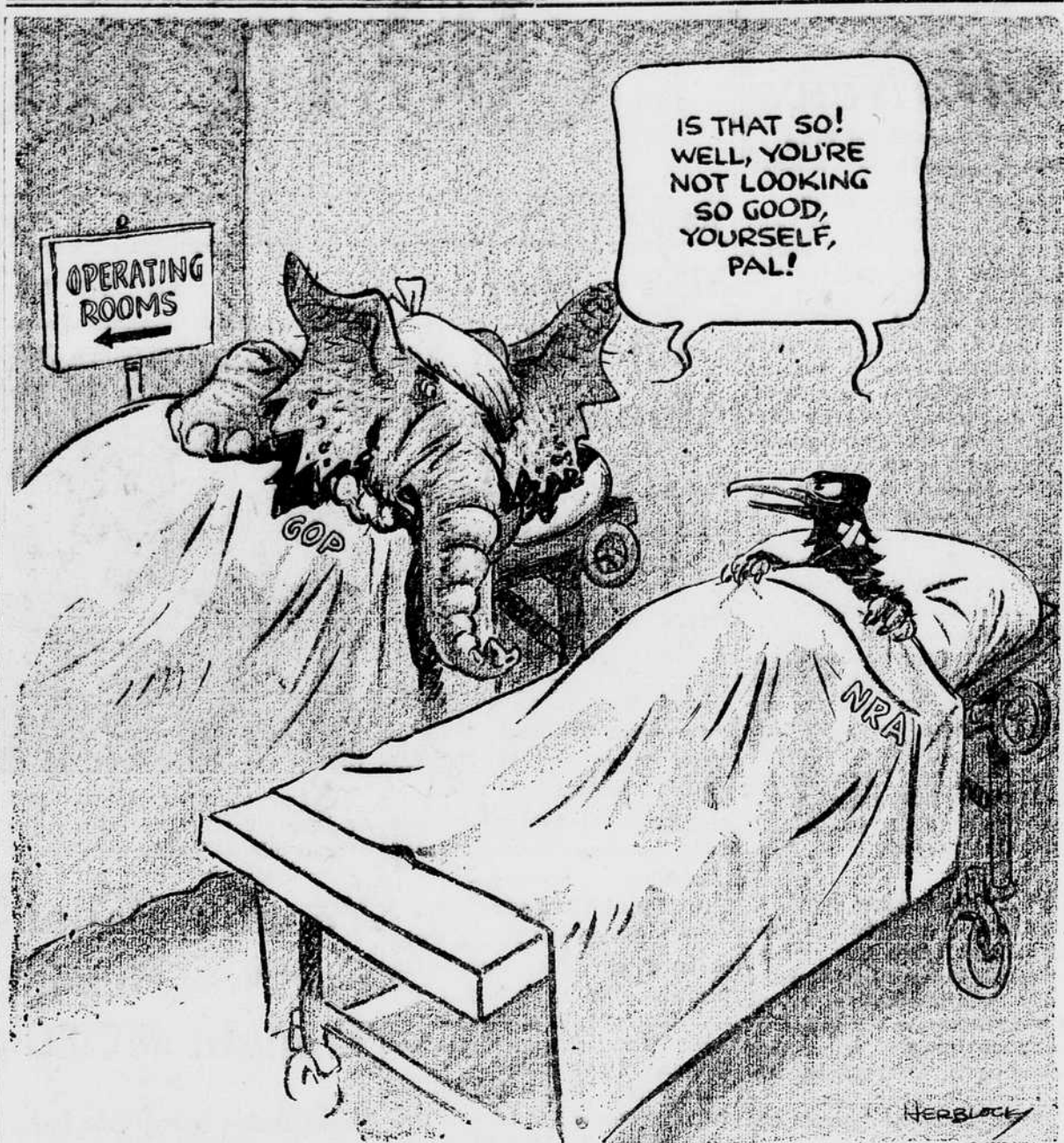
Johnny Hogg, pronounced oa, will be presented in a tarty but not untimely debut when he tenorizes on the Emerald broadcast today at 4:45 over KORE. His program will include "Solitude" and "O' Faithful," Lenny Hoyt will also make his first appearance in our series, doing the piano accompaniment.

Bruce Eliven, editor of The New Republic, will be heard over the NBC network at 5:45 today, speaking on the subject, "Our Navy, What For?" At 7:30 The House of Glass, a new dramatic serial of life in a small country hotel by Gertrude Berg, creator of the Goldbergs, will be inaugurated. Mrs. Berg herself will play the leading role.

Proceedings of the annual convention of the United States chamber of commerce in Washington will be summarized by the CBS by Merle Thorpe of Nation's Business, this evening. Thorpe, who has been editor in chief and general manager of the official organ of the chamber since 1916 will talk at 7:05.

**Guest of Chi Omega**— Katherine Greenwood, former student at the University from Portland, spent the weekend visiting at the Chi Omega house. Miss Greenwood is an affiliate of the sorority.

## The Picture of Poor Health



## Again I See in Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn

**The First Time We Went to Bat**

My uncle Sam and I were returning by buggy from the Belknap Settlement north of town, whither he had gone to make final arrangements with his future wife, and had just made Blair's Crossing when the Oregon and Califor-

nia R'y train smoked and cindered past us to the little old brown depot. One coach had flapping along its sides a great streamer on which was painted ALBANY BASEBALL EXCURSION.

And so it was. My! but we did things in a big way in those days! All which has been brought back to my mind, like a dream of some

far Elysium, by our last Friday's game when we tried out our new diamond under the eaves of the Igloo, and by sundry references which I have run down in our local weeklies of that distant day. Eugene City and the State University had scarcely become accustomed to a petite Chinese bride for whom the cook at the St. Charles Hotel had paid \$150.00, and a copy of Vick's Floral Guide had recently come to the Editorial

(Please turn to page three)

## Gold to Buy the Bricks

**A STUDENT union** at Oregon would be a fine thing. Every one is agreed to that. No member of a club or honorary would look with disfavor upon new and adequate meeting rooms; no thoughtful student would wish to condemn a project which promised proper auditorium space for lectures and recitals; no lover of student social gatherings would veto a plan for a ballroom on the campus; in short, no student of the University of Oregon would disapprove of a student union building.

But favorable campus opinion has never constructed a building and optimistic words have never laid a corner stone. What is actually needed as the foundation of a successful campaign to secure a student activity center is some assurance that there will be available some funds for the scheme—some method by which the dream of a student union can be clothed with practicability.

The needed ways and means for the construction of a student union seem evident from the figures released yesterday by J. O. Lindstrom, University business manager, which appear in this morning's Emerald. In brief, Mr. Lindstrom's figures show that at present the University is in a position, with the aid of a federal loan, to launch a building program amounting to approximately \$400,000. Such a project would and could be paid for out of the building fund built up from the \$5 student building fee, and the debt resulting might be retired at the same time as that on the new library.

Of course, there are other buildings needed on the campus, which would of necessity be included in such a program. But \$400,000 is a lot of money, and with it can be bought thousands of bricks, tons of plaster, and millions of nails. Of such things, not dreams, are student unions built.

## A Message Home

**IN ten days** the students of the University of Oregon will put away their books and pencils for three days. In ten days the usual academic atmosphere of the campus will give way to a moving picture conception of college life. In ten days it will be Junior Week-end.

There will be dancing, swimming, and playing. But who knows of this? Certainly, the Mothers of Oregon, who will be the honored guests during this weekend of festivities, cannot be expected to sense the approaching occasion from their homes throughout the state. And, even if they did know that Junior Weekend was not far off, they would hesitate to pay their offspring a visit without an invitation.

It will soon be too late to send that invitation. Do it now, and have every Oregon Mother on the campus May 10, 11, and 12. Suitable and informative programs for mailing may be obtained free of charge at the Co-op.

## An Entrancing Interlude

**STUDENTS** hail spring because they like clean air, tinted with gold, and young, tender leaves and buds, hanging softly on the mellow silence of the nights.

The days are warm and tug pleasantly at such things as studies until something snaps. It is usually not the languid sun rays that go unheeded. And though grades bow to the rush of spring, the world should not end all this awkward imbalance.

To students who feel the drawing force of Eugene's rich lowlands; to students who love the prospect of the flower-drenched meadows or the cold, sharp brooks or the murmuring firs should come not only a feel-

UNDER A STRAIN?..

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!



**FREDERICK HEATH—MEDICAL.** Heath says: "I'm in first year of medical school now, with the idea of specializing in neuro-surgery. Anatomy 'lab' takes three afternoons a week. Tuesdays and Thursdays—embryology. I spend three mornings a week on bio-chemistry, three on physiology 'lab' and lectures. And I have to face an exam in about one subject per week. I relieve the strain by smoking Camels. I prefer Camels, because when I'm feeling tired or distracted they unlock my supply of energy—soon refresh me. Camels are extremely mild. Not just mild-tasting, but *really* mild. They never tire my taste or get on my nerves. Camels taste so good 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

**SOCIAL LEADER.** "The minute I begin to feel tired, I stop and smoke a Camel," says Mrs. Ludlow Whitaker Stevens, of New York. "Fatigue disappears. It's remarkable the way Camels renew your energy."

**STAR PITCHER.** "I like Camels, and I've found that after a hard game a Camel helps me to get back my energy," says Carl Hubbell, star pitcher of the N. Y. Giants. "Camels are so mild they never ruffle my nerves."

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