

Oregon Emerald

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Oregon

EDITORIAL OFFICES: Journalism building, Phone 3300—Editor, Local 354; News Room and Managing Editor, 353. BUSINESS OFFICE: McArthur Court, Phone 3300—Local 214.

MEMBERS OF MAJOR COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS Represented by A. J. Norris Hill Co., 155 E. 42nd St., New York City; 123 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.; Ed. Ave., Seattle; 1031 S. Broadway, Los Angeles; Call Building, San Francisco.

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The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, Eugene, published daily during the college year, except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, examination periods, all of December except the first seven days, all of March except the first eight days. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates, \$2.50 a year.

Student Body Drive Really Important Now

By 8 o'clock last night 750 student body cards had been sold in a spring term enrollment of about 2400.

Perhaps the most commonly heard argument against the purchase of the spring term card is based on the feeling that the card does not offer value received. Some students declare that they do not like baseball, nor track, and that the actual, tangible benefits—dollar for dollar values—are not worth the five dollars.

To those who enjoy the type of athletics offered in the spring, the card is a good out and investment. How about those students who disagree?

The case for the spring term card need not be based on school spirit, although spring term inevitably brings out the decadence of a fine, old-fashioned thing called "loyalty"—an expression too often snubbed by many of today's college pseudo-sophisticates. Even if it must be admitted (and it is tough to admit) that Oregon students cannot see beyond their noses, cannot appreciate the psychological value to themselves and to the school arising from cooperation and devotion to a cause, there is still a powerful argument in favor of the student body card.

Aside from the imminent possibility of drastically curtailing spring term activities, the future of the ASUO will be adversely affected. The difference between 1,500 spring term cards and the present 750 is the difference between starting next year's operations with a large operating deficit, with little or no money in the bank, and starting with some money on hand with which to meet expenses.

Students in this school appreciate the ASUO and the many activities that it makes possible. But should they refuse to cultivate a little sound business insight, they are seriously hurting the one institution that offers them expression in managing their own affairs, the one institution that offers the students the feature for which they cry to high heaven—a colorful, broadening, highly entertaining extra-curricular activity program.

It is one thing to admit a weakness in attitude. Student body disloyalty indicates just this. But since this is a matter of taste, we suppose there are natural limits on sensitivity. However it is quite another thing to admit careless, selfish stupidity and short sightedness.

Students at the University of Oregon will not be guilty of this if they will just think about what is happening and act sensibly by purchasing a student body card.

Youth Inherits The Earth

THERE is nothing that grips the attention of this sensation-seeking world like a spectacular feat of youth.

In 1927, when a skinny youth from Minnesota crossed the Atlantic in what today must seem like a ridiculous little airplane, he fired the imagination of the world.

No less thrilling and indeed far more important to the happiness of mankind was a spectacle which took place in St. James Park, London, last week.

Gathered around a shining council table was perhaps as remarkable a group of young men as the world has ever assembled. There was Sir Anthony Eden, foreign minister of Great Britain at only 38; Dino Grandi, Mussolini's rocketing 41-year-old diplomat; Premier Paul van Zeeland of Belgium, 42, a graduate of Princeton; Joseph Beck, foreign minister of Poland, 42; and Pierre-Etienne Flandin, 46 years old, premier of France for a stormy term and now directing his country's diplomacy.

Fancy must soar too high to bring down a hope

that these young men can solve the problem of war and peace for simmering Europe, yet there is something stimulating in the fact that five nations should ignore the ancient faith in age's ripe wisdom and commit themselves to men barely out of their thirties.

The age of the older diplomats is past. No longer does the world pin its hopes on men like Stresemann, Clemenceau, and Briand—when they died they carried away with them the gray-beard tradition. England's older diplomats yet living—Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare—have seen their portfolios given to young Eden.

Youth has inherited an earth too bewildering for men whose minds were moulded on pre-war conditions. The diplomat of today is portrayed in the figure of that slim, youthful Briton, Anthony Eden, speeding from capital to capital by airplane.

But it is still the same old world, filled with the same old conflicts. Things just happen faster.

"Veterans of Future Wars?" Will It Do Any Good?

"WAR is imminent. It is high time that we openly admit that America shall be engaged in it. . . ."

"To this end the Veterans of Future Wars have united to force upon the Government and people of the U. S. the realization that . . . all of us who will be engaged in the coming war deserve, as is customary, an adjusted service compensation, sometimes called a Bonus.

"We demand that this bonus be 1,000 dollars payable June 1, 1965. . . . We demand immediate cash payment plus 3 percent compounded semi-annually for 30 years back to June 1, 1935. . . ."

"Soldiers of America, unite! You have nothing to lose."

This manifesto was published in the Daily Princetonian a short time ago, written by Lewis Jefferson Gorin, Princeton student and National Commander of the Veterans of Future Wars. Since its publication, this novel idea has captured the imaginations of college students throughout the country—chapters being organized on 50 of the country's campuses. While college wages have formed auxiliary organizations to heckle the government for money "to establish training courses for members of the association in the writing of atrocity stories," United States Congressmen and bigwigs in veterans associations have snorted about young "cowards," "publicity seekers," and communists.

Under the leadership of Commander Gorin every manner of mock organization has been established, and with every new move patriotic oldsters grow notter around the collar.

To the immediate post-war generation of youth, but recently immersed in the backwash of "the fellowship of all peoples" following the bloody drenching of the World War, the possibilities for cynicism arising from such an organization are attractive.

Many of them remember the Armistice. Most of them were just in the plastic age when the reaction from the conflict, the loud and altruistic speakers for peace were in high gear. Most youths have seen the pictures of gutted men and moulded bodies.

Now Europe again approaches the death grip. The situation with respect to the United States is greatly analogous to that of 1914. And it is about time that those who will march down Main street in khaki, should raise their voices against the U. S. participation in another war.

Although this organization is clever, fertile with opportunities for horse-play, and appealing—what will it accomplish? It is effective propaganda for debunking war. But will it prevent war?

It isn't talk, and fun, and college humor that youth needs in its fight against war. It needs an effective neutralizing agent in the form of an aroused and vigorous anti-war press—keeping its skirts clear of communism and extreme pacifism—to combat the vicious influence of those who profit from war.

Take the profit out of war today, whether by stringent government legislation or firmly imbedded neutrality laws, and perhaps "us kids" won't have to cross 3000 miles of water to "save the world for democracy!"

An Unhappy Story Of Tragedy in Spring

YESTERDAY a jaunty young don, adorned with the pastel shades of mild, peeping spring tripped from out his fraternity and trickled toward the stream of students winding their tired ways between classes. Encouraged by a hint of blue sky, the springster beamed like an arc light.

Crossing that area just in front of Condon hall, once a street, but now resembling the bottom of the Sacramento river, he slipped and flopped.

As if transformed by magic he arose the spirit of the rainy season in Ethiopia, caked with mud. And in his mind drummed a little poem about Oregon's spring—

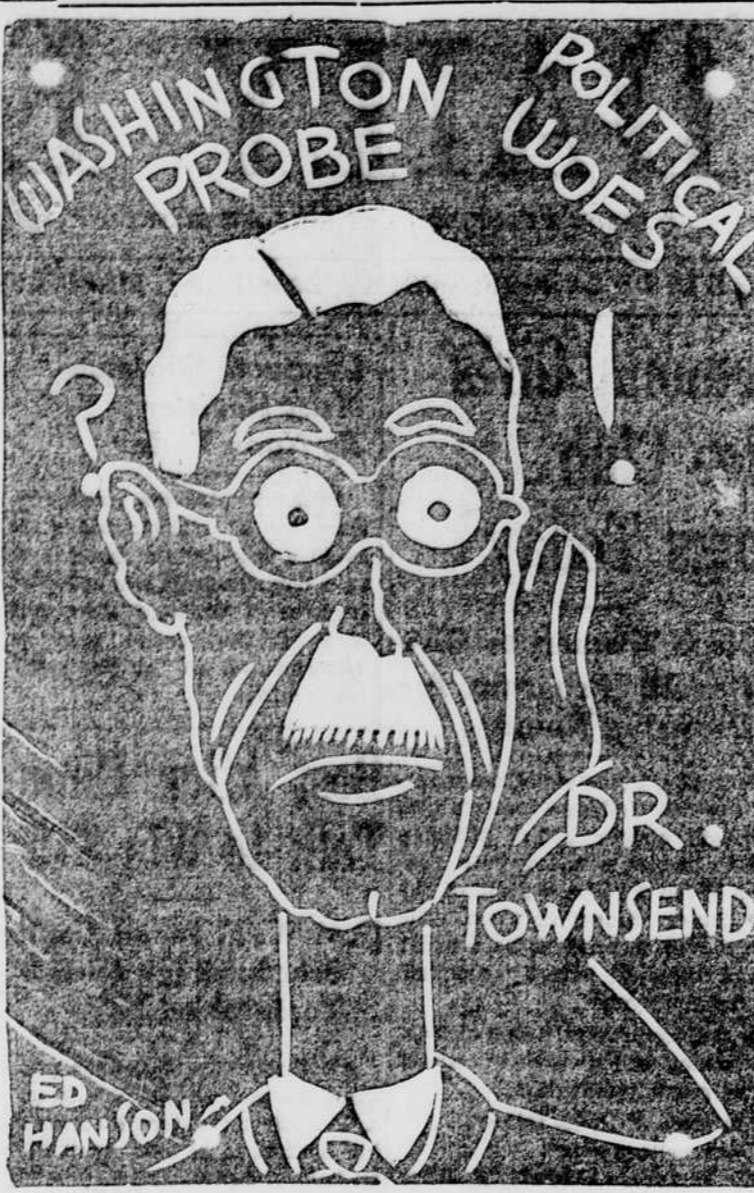
Oh happy spring time,
Oh happy spring time,
Oh nuts!

36 Pedges

(Continued from page one)
Mary Louise Busche, Portland; and Kathleen G. Houghm, Eugene.

Alpha Chi Omega: Margaret Goldsmith, Klamath Falls; Margaret Thorness, Astoria; Betty Cleator, Portland; Vieno Osterlund, Astoria.

Chi Omega: Ruth Heiner, Redwood, California; Dorothy Hutchins, Medford, Ore.; Mary Kem, Medford, Ore.; Winogene Palmer, Coronada, Cal.; Louise Robison, Taft, Ore.; Doris Jean Robison, Taft, Ore.; and Harriett Webb, Coquille, Ore.



Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

The other eve the Bystander finished his stint at the old Royal (plug) and toddled down to the Side where he found Clara Lou "Little Lodos" Helffrich, Hat Kistner, The Marshmallow, and Berke Mathews all huddled together in a booth. Merriment was in the air, and gales of laughter swept the assembled company as "Little Lodos" and the Bystander put on an impromptu wrestling match. B. Clark taking the first two falls with a quarter-Nelson and an airplane-spin.

After a brief pause for breath, the happy throng adjourned to the Theta nunnery where The Marshmallow and

the Bystander convulsed the gathering by rolling Kistner rapidly up in a rug. Very comical she looked, too, crawling out of her improvised cocoon. Marsh then attacked the Steinway with his homemade version of "Sleepy-time Down South," desisting only when Regan McCoy floated down from the cell-blocks upstairs with the startling information that there were freshmen studying up there and couldn't he tune the piano some other time?

One thing about the Phi Psi, they'll eat anything. . . . it's training that does it. Marsh demonstrated by plucking a daffodil out of a vase and consuming it, stem, petals, and all. He called for seconds, too, and was well on his way into a third before his appetite gave out. He also ate half a sheet of notebook paper tendered by Berke. He was forced to regurgitate the second half by clever action on the part of Clara Lou, who, failing to extract the morsel by tugging from the front, ran a forceful finger BEHIND his clenched molars and shoved it out from the back! You have to hand it to the little lady; it takes brains to produce a dodge like that (AND a strong stomach!).

Music in The Air

By BILL LAMME

Ponderous Paul Pendarvis ranks high in San Francisco's aggregation of bands, and he's really the tops. Near him come Eddie Fitzpatrick Jr., Veloz and Yolanda, and Al Lyons, but Pendarvis rates the college crowd patronage in the bay area.

Lyons rates on vocalists, arrangements and showmanship. Veloz and Yolanda picked a poor theme song but make up for it with the smart arrangements of Shep Fields. And have Jerry Shelton, young, four-eyed and much-discussed accordionist, Lyons was presenting one of the best arranged radio programs but is off the air now while working theaters.

"I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket" is the hit song of "Follow the Fleet," and is the inspiration for many a lousy joke. . . . Jack Hyflon says there is more hot music played in England than here. They like their music like they like their jokes; simple, not subtle. . . . Louis Armstrong had to record his last bunch of discs three times before he got a set without mistakes.

Some radio artists gain following and fortune by appearing in films, but many of them lose caste even though the fault is not their own. Eddie Duchin lost some prestige by being cast in a poor picture, more than by seeming to be a conceited prig. Popular Hal Kemp got himself laughed at by his exaggerated motions in leading his orchestra in a recent short.

One who didn't lose by going Hollywood was Fats Waller. Alpha Chi Omega: Margaret Goldsmith, Klamath Falls; Margaret Thorness, Astoria; Betty Cleator, Portland; Vieno Osterlund, Astoria.

Consoling item for local musicians bemoaning the important foreign orchestras: There are 7000 musicians out of work in New York city. About five hundred are on relief, the rest "open for engagements."

The Marsh Of Time

Daffodils. I love them. Stewed, fried, boiled or poached. But most especially stewed. They're more tender that way.

Now then, can any of you bright lads and lassies tell you Uncle Willie what a gourmet is? Well, a gourmet, according to Webster, is a person of discriminating taste in matters of gastronomy; an epicure. In other words, he likes to eat. And most especially, he likes to let his taste sensations run wild over unusual eatables.

Some gourmets go into hysterics over rattlesnake meat, while others, more conservative, prefer the bland flavor of pickled eels. Still others lay down their stomach to such palate tickling delicacies as shark's fin soup, or even nicely aromatic ten-year-old eggs which have to be approached with caution and reverence lest the odor overwhelm the beholder before he gets a chance to swallow the first delicious mouthful.

No, I'm not spoofing. Out across the ocean (the Pacific ocean, to be exact) many, many well-born Chinese regard a thoroughly and completely rotten egg as the acme of delicious foodstuff. They hold such decayed hen fruit in the same high esteem which we of the Occident are willing to grant to caviar, anchovies and fresh oysters gently fried in simmering butter.

They put them away to ferment just as other peoples put fruit juice away to turn into wine. Can you see a Chinese papa receiving an unexpected call from his boss, and telling his young son, in accents whistled, "Quick, Hung Lo, scamper down to the egg cellar and bring up some of my best twelve year old stock. Don't stumble and break them now, or I'll whale the pants off you before I hang you out to air."

Things and stuff: When Shakespeare first blew into London town, he eked out a bare living by holding the horses of gentlemen who stopped outside taverns and entered therein for food and refreshment. . . . gloomy note to the obese: for every 25 pounds of excess beef you lay on your bones, there are created some twenty miles of additional blood vessels in your body which must be fed by an overworked heart. . . . When, and if, a 49th state is admitted to the United States of America, Texas can be split up, you know, and Hawaii and Alaska are ambitious territories, our flag will undergo quite a radical change. . . . Instead of having six rows of eight stars each, the blue field will be studded with seven rows of seven stars each. . . . Why don't floods come in summer when the water is warm? They shot him.

During the Spring Term Meet Your Friends At GOSSER'S — Delicious Hamburgers — Three Blocks From the Campus Down 13th

For Your Mother On Mother's Day Send Her Your Photograph "It Will Make Her Happy"

Ginger and Fred Are Here Again!

Sunday Ginger and Fred come to Eugene again. The Heilig theatre will show the dancing pair in their latest production, "Follow the Fleet." The story can be traced back to an old Belasco success, "Shore Leave," if one cares to bother. There's not much there in the way of plot, but there is plenty there in the way of steps.

Among the new Rogers-Astaire creations are bits of their best and bits of their worst. They've got a comedy number that's a wow, the best they've ever done. The "Face the Music" number is really tops, also. The third number which ranks near the top of the heap is Astaire's fiasco on board ship.

It's too bad Hollywood can't give the famous pair another script like "Roberta" to work on, but "Follow the Fleet," although not much for plot, is a whale of a show when Ginger and Fred get those feet clicking.

Europe Firsthand

By Howard Kessler

Excerpts from notebook, on Toledo, Spain: "Fifty miles south of Madrid, ringed around by the wild, desolate gorge of the Tagus, lies the historic and now almost deserted old city of Toledo. . . . barren seclusion. . . . capital of Visigothic Spain. . . . essentially a desert city. . . . harsn, brilliant beauty. . . . cathedral second in Spain. . . . Aloantara bridge, most beautiful in Europe. . . . never was there a town so magnificently faithful to its past. . . . exposed to devastating winds. . . . unsmiling in its arid austerity. . . ."

"When God made the sun, he placed it over Toledo, (not Southern California after all) . . . cathedral required 270 years to build. . . . King Rodrigo sees the lovely daughter of Count Julian, a Toledo nobleman, bathing in the Tagus, and, well, such things do happen. . . . he forces his way into her chamber, and in revenge the father admits the Moors to the city."

As I stepped off the train, a brown, bold-eyed urchin of 14 ran up and started firing questions at me in Spanish. Useless to explain that I didn't speak Spanish, that I wanted no assistance, and would be please go home like a nice boy. He would not.

He hung at my heels or around my neck during the mile-long hike from the depot to the city clinging to a rocky hill, making periodical lunges at my one small case, which I repelled through sheer superior strength. I ignored him; I cursed him in fluent American; he smiled stoically and came back for more. I shouted "Adios!" He cried, "Mi amigo!" and put his arm affectionately on my shoulder.

Of course, I knew what he wanted: to show me all the monuments, take me to a hotel, help me find entertainment. . . . for a price. Spain is haunted with professional guides as well as professional beggars, and I challenge you to stop a poorly-clothed man on a Spanish street to ask him for directions, and get away without tipping him a coin.

At last I got rid of him by walking out of the city, out onto the brown Castilian plains. He grabbed my arm frantically, and pointed back up the road; I shook my head, and pointed down.

When I returned to find a pension, I got myself into the worst maze of a lifetime. The streets of Toledo vary in width from 6 to 12 feet, depending upon importance, and no automobiles may penetrate into the city. The cobble-stones and blank stucco walls all look the same, and twenty alleyways branch off from each intersection.

As it was noonday, and I wore my sweater, jacket and coat, and carried a suitcase, I was soon panting like a pony with the heaves. I asked for a hotel, followed the wave of the hand (which was the only interpretation I could follow), asked again in five minutes, and was directed back from whence I had come. There were no stores, no policemen, no names on the streets.

So it went for one and a half hours, up and down, always in search of the sunlight, and never quite finding it. Finally, a wrinkled old lady washing clothes in a public trough, commanded her grandson to guide me, which he did with such consummate skill that in five minutes we were in the Plaza de Zocodover, Toledo's only square of importance. And before a pension I ran into the Pest again.

Joyfully he grabbed me by the arm and dragged me inside, stood by while I haggled for a room and board at a dollar a day, and followed up the narrow stairs to the cold and dimly-lit apartment. I pushed him out the door, but he demanded two pesetas, and threatened to become indignant if I would not pay. He started what might have been a long argument, but glimpsed a heavily-booted American leg swinging into action, and discreetly fled, calling down upon my head the wrath of whatever gods he worshipped.

During the Spring Term Meet Your Friends At GOSSER'S — Delicious Hamburgers — Three Blocks From the Campus Down 13th

For Your Mother On Mother's Day Send Her Your Photograph "It Will Make Her Happy" Kennell - Ellis

For Your Dessert Ice Cream Specialties Bricks and Sherberts Eugene Farmers' Creamery Phone 638

Women Hosts

(Continued from page one)

son, speakers; Harriett Sarazen decorations.

Officers and Cabinet

Outgoing officers and cabinet are: Elaine Sorenson, president; Mary Nelson, vice-president; Phyllis Adams, secretary; Margilee Morse, treasurer; Clara Nashom, world fellowship; Elaine Comish, industrial relations; Eileen Donaldson, vocations; Annette Surdam, religion; Lillian Warn, current events; June Yates, community service; Marian Beyeley, membership; Loy Reeder, bungalow chairman; Lois Luvaas, luncheon

club president; Theda Spicer, Eugene girls; Doris Mabie, social chairman; Ruth Weber, Seabeck chairman.

Incoming cabinet is: Elaine Comish, president; Clara Nashom, vice-president; Margaret Carman, secretary; Lillian Warn, treasurer; Edith Clark, world cooperation; Ruth Weber, religion; Eileen Donaldson, public affairs; Dorothy Dill, personal and family relations; Ellamae Woodworth, community service; Margilee Morse, membership chairman; Lois Reeder, bungalow chairman; Marilyn Ebi, conference chairman; Louis Burneson, president of luncheon club; and Katherine Markovitch, chairman of freshman council.