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Oregon's Job Aspirants Ignore Uncle Samuel

THIS June about 300 students will be graduated from the University of Oregon. Every graduate will not have a job. Few of them will have the job that "satisfies." What are the new jobs to do?

Back in March 1932, after this country had experienced three awful years of crashing prices, unsalable commodity surpluses, restricted credits, falling banks, closed factories, increasing unemployment, and the breakdown of distress relief, the New Deal made its bow. Charles A. Beard made the statement that "Franklin D. Roosevelt . . . accepted the inexorable collectivism of American economy . . . and sought to work out a policy based on recognition of the main course of our economic history."

At any rate, Mr. Roosevelt brought with him a tremendous expansion of the personnel and function of government. In the 33 months between March 4, and December 1, 1935, Mr. Roosevelt and congress added 234,196 jobs to the payroll of the federal government, and increased the inauguration day payroll of \$800,000,000 to \$1,225,000,000.

The effects of this collectivism have been interpreted in a variety of ways. But to a young man who is fresh out of college, willing, ambitious, seeking a minimum of security and imbued with a genuine desire to make an honest living in a clean, forthright way, the New Deal MIGHT MEAN A JOB. But does it?

In December, 1933, the Social Science Research Council appointed the Commission of Inquiry on Public Service Personnel to make a survey of the broad problems of public personnel within the United States, to outline a program for future action, and to present its findings and recommendations to the American people early in 1935.

In the commission's published report, the prospects for a career in government for any young man are kicked squarely in the solar plexus and left rolling in the muck of partisan politics.

The great majority of "top spots" in government service are still political plums. Ordinances such as the federal "Four Year Law" adopted in 1920, setting a definite term of office for appointive administrative offices, are still in effect. By far the largest number of newly created bureau jobs are not included in the civil service lists and are still the polling places of rotund Mr. Farley's popularity contest.

General provisions prescribing residence requirements or geographic apportionment as the bases for appointments still stand on the federal books.

Veterans' preference regulations still ignore the merit system in the efficiency of the public service.

This is not all. But it is some indication of the prospects that will face patriotic Oregon graduates. Will they work for the government? Better to say—how could they?

The Church Habit And Easter Sunday

SUNDAY is Easter! Oregon students who are not regular church attendants might well arrange to roll out early that morning and attend services. Particularly on Easter morning do regular and faithful church members open their doors wider than ever to occasional attendants.

A special sunrise service at 6:30 is being planned by the Student Christian council. The group will gladly welcome all who join them in services scheduled to be held at the open-air theater behind the music building. Eugene's churches are also planning special programs at regular church hours, as they join Christians the world over in commemorating the resurrection of their Lord and Savior. They, too, ask all Eugene to join with them.

Oregon's R.O.T.C. Heads Doing Creditable Work

BEFORE any more be said on the military drill issue on this campus, the positions and attitudes of Colonel E. V. D. Murphy and Major Roscius H. Back, heads of Oregon's ROTC unit, should be commended. These men, in the discharge of their duty as supervisors of this rather touchy course, have won the respect of both opponents and proponents of required military training.

They have consistently maintained a tolerant, reasonable attitude toward this problem and have recognized fairly and with good grace objectors whose objections have fallen within the broad limits imposed by the faculty committee on military training.

A recent investigation into Oregon's military unit made by several of the faculty's proponents of optional drill found little evidence of any harmful effects on the minds of students with regards to their attitudes toward war. And any statement to the effect that this school's ROTC attempts a regimentation of the students against anti-war propaganda is not warranted by the facts.

It is one thing to favor military drill as a healthy and expedient attribute to a young man's development, and quite another to favor military training as a required subject in a college curriculum. The manner in which this course is handled by Colonel Murphy and Major Back makes the subject not undesirable in a college education. The course at Oregon could justify its worth as an elective.

Things Are Looking Up Goodie-Goodie..Wahoo

"GOODIE-GOODIE" tops the nation musically this week. A month or so ago it was "Music Goes 'Round." On the coast "Wahoo" rates all the honors.

They are silly tunes. Not much meaning. Lots of zip, though! Maybe this new "swing" music did it. It does stir the feet.

"Songs reflect the feeling of a nation." Maybe that fellow was right. Seems like there was a depression a few years ago. "St. Louis Blues" in fifty different arrangements was the rage then. Everybody was blue. "You're Going to Lose Your Gal." "Somebody Stole My Gal." People were losing things. Plaintive "Shantytown" satisfied the melancholy of the nation. Things didn't look so good.

But these newer tunes. They're happy tunes. People aren't so worried any more. They laugh now instead of sigh. The music is goin' round and round. Things are looking up. Goodie-Goodie . . . Wahoo!

For Student Drivers Who Enjoy Breathing

WEDNESDAY afternoon Eugene residents and students were thrilled and impressed by the Ward Safety Show, a graphic portrayal of the causes and consequences of automobile accidents.

Though two race drivers demonstrated many common driving faults, it was the attitude of the crowd that unwittingly revealed the real reason why 36,000 Americans died in motor cars last year.

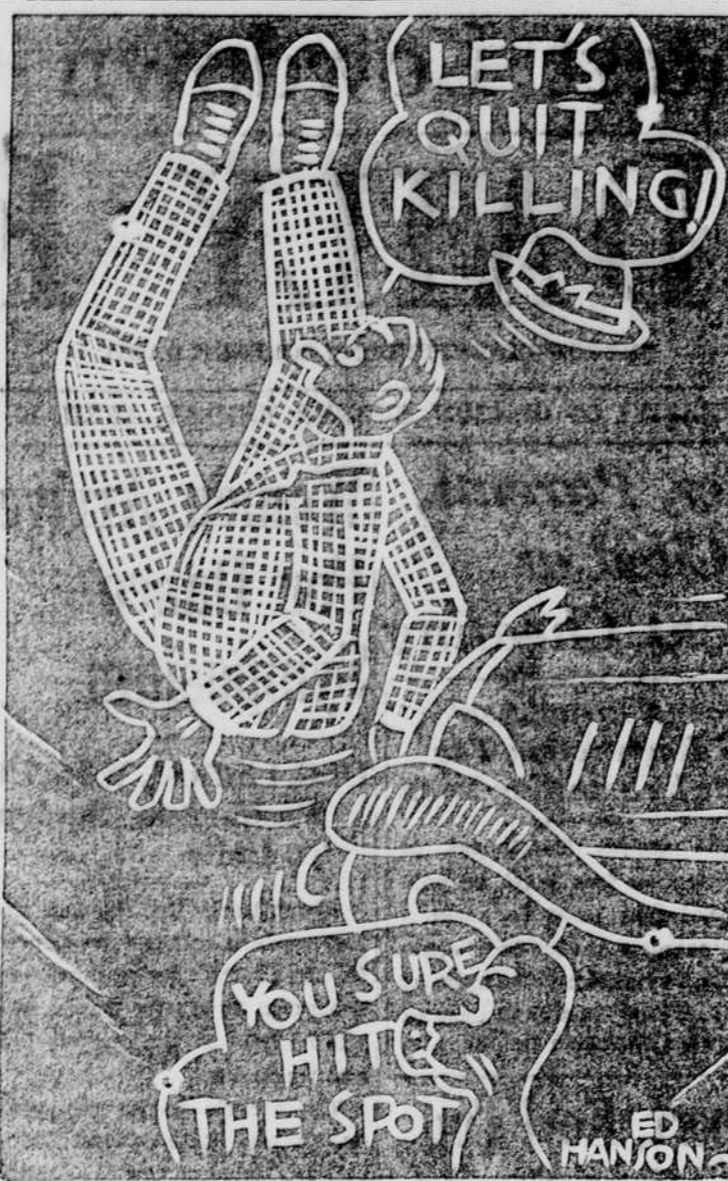
They gasped at the spectacular performance. To them it was something beyond the capabilities of the ordinary man, a feat of daring and unusual skill. Actually, any driver with average physique and mentality could, AND SHOULD, have been able to duplicate any of the stunts without danger. Anyone who cannot handle a car that well is a potential highway menace, and should not be allowed to drive.

Yet 99 per cent of the drivers were so poorly trained in the daily (and dangerous) task of piloting a car that they were awed by what should have been rudimentary to them. To the majority of motorists, the ability to shift gears, give correct signals, and stay within the limits of the law is the sum of perfection. Actually it is but the bare beginning of the game of driving: a game that requires fully as much judgement as does football.

Not much can be done for those who are already driving. Their habits are set and it would take too much effort for them to start learning all over again. But here is a suggestion for student motorists that will pay big dividends: take pride in your driving. Really learn how to handle a car, how to analyze split-second traffic situations, and how to establish reaction patterns that will think for you in an emergency. Learn your own limitations and stay within them. If you do you'll stay out of trouble yourself, and you'll be able to keep rubber-tired fools from getting you into trouble. And, incidentally, you will be following the only method that really promises to cut down America's automobile death rate.

Recently a European composer composed a song entitled the "Gloomy Sunday." As a result of this little tune, 18 people sought the happy hunting ground at their own hands. A boon to wash day! Monday could never be so blue.

Salvador McBanach wonders what happened to his last year's white shoes. He wanted to contribute the crepe soles to the old Oregon spirit.



Music in The Air

By BILL LAMME

Sontest Blues

Are you a dreamer? Do you lie in bed nights longing for things? Does seeing your room mate wearing a \$55 Pavanne and driving gaily, albeit dumbly, around in a gas buggy, make you peacock green with envy? Cheer up, fellas. That noise you hear is opportunity k-nocking at your door. All you have to do is enter a contest. And radio is spawning contests like a female salmon that really gives, so there's plenty of chances for everyone. S'really very simple. One sponsor sloganizes "a child can win our contest," so that's why we mention it. You can win, too. Maybe.

Is it a wrist watch you want? Then listen Sunday, NBC at 8, Sunset Dreams, write a jingle and await results. More jingling might result in a watch offered by Wendell Hall, NBC, at 5:15 Fridays. Also five watches weekly are offered by Vox Pop (a program, not somebody's old man) of NBC, at 6, on Tuesdays. Here you must wright a question or submit a problem.

Like these: (1) I'm a sweet college girl. Should I let a boy kiss me after he takes me to the show? I'm a sweet college boy. How do I go about meeting nice girls?

Our own answers would be: (1) Yeah, unless you want to let him kiss you before the show. (2) By going about. But just between us, why do you want to meet a NICE girl? If automobubbling is your

heart's or feet's desire, answer a question given on CBS Thursday at 6:30, and if you're lucky you can ditch the kiddycar. If you need broadening just one answer to a question will bring you a trip to Europe (CBS Saturday at 9:00). And if you need cash!!!

File these gold mines for future reference. Tuesday, NBC Crime Clues, 9:30 . . . Wednesday, CBS Gang Busters, 7:00 . . . Monday to Tuesday, CBS Goldbergs, 2:45 . . . All you do is answer questions, praise products . . .

If you ain't got no radio and can't find one to squat attentively in front of, you can win a radio by listening to NBC 12 noon, except Saturday and Sunday . . . then you'll have a radio so you listen to contests and win a radio . . .

Radiography

Don't let listening to the radio keep you from going to the show tonight. About all there is: Dickie Powell KOIN-CBS at 6:00, trying to make up for the flop of "Colleen" . . . Marion Talley making up for the time lost raising chickens, KGW-NBC at 7:30 . . . Fred Waring making music, KGW-NBC at 9 . . . And if you have no Saturday morning classes, you lucky stiffs, you can stay up to hear Jimmy Dorsey at 11:00 KSL-CBS . . . and to sample Paul Pendarvis at 11:30 GKW-NBC.

The Marsh Of Time

By BILL MARSH

Alcoholic movie comic W. C. Fields employs a Chinese houseboy in his Hollywood domicile.

A while ago the houseboy tipped into Fields' presence, and bashfully brought forth the information that he had been discussing the little matter of money with some Japanese houseboys employed in the neighborhood. "They telles me they get fi' dollahs a week more than me," he observed. "So I wance raise . . ."

For a while Fields eyed the young Chinese, then blurted through the side of a mangled cigar, "Well, don't you think it's worth five dollahs a week not to be a Japanese?"

Do you gals want to know how to scent up a room to smell like a Parisian lounge, and do it inexpensively? Try this. Take two drops of perfume, and spill them over an electric light bulb that's been heated. And if it doesn't work, don't blame me. It was somebody else's idea.

What causes a hum? When in the air, a fly's wings will beat about 21,120 times a minute. If you don't believe me, the next time you see a fly take a good look at the little beggar and count his wing beats for yourself.

Comes it a story from the populous East concerning a genial old gent who had a sense of humor which he took right to the grave with him.

Prior to the aforementioned chappie's departure for the great beyond, he made it clear to all his friends that he wanted absolutely no weeping, and no display of sorrow at his funeral. Further than that, he expressed a wish that his friends would enjoy themselves, and have a good time at his last touching rites.

And so, on the day of his funeral, his friends, respecting their departed comrade's wishes, proceeded to start a crap game within spitting distance of their ghostly host's casket.

What a scene that must have been.

Minister: (Praying) "And so the departed one's spirit . . ."

Guest: (Ferspiring) "Come seven, dammit . . ."

Minister: (Praying) ". . . forsakes its earthly and mortal shell . . ."

Another guest: "Hah. Crap. My bones."

Minister: (Praying) ". . . ashes to ashes, and dust to dust . . ."

Guest: "And back to back."

How much is this shirt worth? Mrs. Jewell Called To Sick Daughter

Apropos of our little highway death here last Sunday, comes the information that out of 100 train-car crashes, over 35 are caused by automobile drivers smashing into the side of moving trains. My gosh, how do they do it?

Mrs. J. R. Jewell, wife of Dean Jewell of the education department, was called to San Jose last night, where her daughter Margaret is ill with pneumonia. Doctors are using Oxygen tanks, and her condition is reported as being quite serious.

Send the Emerald to your friends.



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