

# Oregon Emerald

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## Worried About University? Come'n See Us Sometime

THROUGH the soft fir boughs of Oregon's lovely campus there occasionally stirs a hot ruffle of wind, carrying with it words of doleful lament about the University, that bubbling tub of social ferment—words swept from the mountains and plains of the south and east, and sucked from the concrete-lined canyons of the north.

Little notices of worry and anxiety fall softly on the grass. Now comes a loud clear call for volunteers to cleanse, cleanse forever the campus and classrooms of open, unabridged discussion. But it dies a lingering death before the cold, stone eyes of the Oregon pioneer, marching grandly toward the millennium—there to rest satisfied that he has carried the University of Oregon to the heights of cultural, intellectual excellence.

Who is worried? Who is anxious? Is the University a leading factor in today's society? Has it ever given up the task of meeting the grueling pace in social change? Has it ever refused its services in building into the social structure young men and women with courage, knowledge and frank acceptance of social responsibility?

Are the students disgruntled? Do they respect the government and tradition of the United States? Aren't they preparing themselves for the plunge into the torrent of social activity, to make a living as honest, clear-eyed Americans, and to keep this country's face in the sun rather than in the shadows of suppression, autocracy, dictatorship?

Of course they ARE! The students are alive! They talk and act as individuals. It is the job of the faculty and all education to remove prejudice and regimentation and bias.

Rather than hide behind the great, archaic gob of nineteenth, eighteenth, and seventeenth century conventions, institutions and morals, they prepare for leadership in a changed world of stream-lined trains, social security, Pan-American clippers and equality of the sexes!

Students want and are getting light! When the light is taken from the dark corners of the body-social and the things that breed there, ignorance not enlightenment dominates the world.

Visit the school. Listen to the babble. Watch the smiles go by. Then, thank God that some of the future generation has its feet on the ground and is willing to take on all comers!

## A Different Type Of Fine Entertainment

BEARING with them resounding praise from Northwest critics as near perfect in their fantastical, realistic, and romantic interpretations of symphonic music, the Christensen ballet dancers offer Oregon students good entertainment tonight in McArthur court.

Almost since man has walked, he has danced. Down through the ages this expression has taken different forms. Artistic dancers have used it as a means to convey an emotion, a thought, or an idea. The style of the Christensen ballet originates with Nijinsky, the genius who in his prime lost his mind and with it the capable fervor and magic which enchanted his audiences. The ballet is an outgrowth of Pavlova, fragile dancer of the Swan, as great in her field as the unrequited Sarah Bernhardt in hers. It is created to describe, to combine beauty and technical excellence into a great picture.

Tonight's artists began their work in a Portland studio. There every day for months the cast congregated and practiced. Day in and day out they worked to achieve the excellence they now can justly claim.

A different type of entertainment—a program offered by an accomplished group of artists—few will want to miss such an opportunity.

## Youth Gets a Peek Into Government Work

THE new National Institute of Public Affairs is today carrying out the wish of George Washington as stated in his farewell address to congress—to train the nation's ablest young people for public service.

Governmental problems have become so complex that rigid training and practical experience is required to handle them adequately. The era of pure horse sense is slipping over the political horizon and one of horse sense mixed with a strong dose of training is being substituted.

Each year a considerable group of the most competent college graduates in the country is taken to Washington for internship experience as assistants to government administrators. These students have already received a thorough educational background in public service. During their nine months training on a \$1200 or \$1500 fellowship they act as personal aids to executive heads such as secretary of the interior, becoming intimately acquainted with the department's problems.

Several times during a week these internes attend meetings at which guest officials discuss problems peculiar to their departments. They also

attend graduate seminars receiving partial academic credit for a Ph.D. after turning in a final report of their activities.

Upon graduation these trained young people are in great demand for various public positions throughout the entire nation. They have acquired vital experience and first-hand knowledge of the difficulties encountered in government administration and are as thoroughly prepared to work their way out of this tangled mesh as a clerk in public services of five or six years standing.

The first president had keen foresight. The public has acted slowly on his suggestion. This tardiness should be justified by greater efficiency in youthful public administrators.

## Don't Scrape The Moss Off

CARLYLE once said, "What an enormous magnifier is tradition! How a thing grows in the human memory and in the human imagination, when love, worship, and all that lies in the human heart, is there to encourage it."

The University of Oregon has had her experiences with traditions. Some of them were found wanting in value and were dismissed as college badinage.

Long recognized as Oregon's foremost tradition is Junior Weekend. This tradition will last. It should be glorified not only as a medium for advertising the school but a splendid occasion that is always remembered by all Oregon students.

## Miscellanything

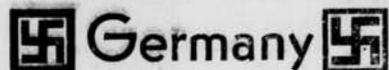
### Being Stuff From Heah and Theah

B-B-B-Brahms  
 Stokowski's coming west to play,  
 His famous orchestra he'll bring,  
 And in Los Angeles, they say,  
 Bing Crosby, soloist, will sing.

In this same, sunny, southern land  
 Where movies, palms, and culture grow,  
 They also have a hot dog stand  
 Designed by Michealangelo.

—H. S. G.

## A German Student's



Germany

By Carl-Gustav Anthon

LIKE so many incidents in international affairs the reoccupation of the Rhineland has been magnified to undue importance by over-anxious journalists and Geneva tourists. The amazing thing is the seemingly great astonishment on the part of diplomats that a nation, of the calibre of Germany, who had been expected, curiously enough, to continue indefinitely under the provisions of the Carthaginian peace of 1914, would have the audacity to reassert her "natural rights," when the bare existence under such provisions was no longer possible.

Today it needs no persuasion to convince anyone of the pronounced imperialistic aims of the allied peacemakers. There is no use to dispute the "right" to imperialism; what is important, however, is the willingness to assume the responsibility for the consequences. It is plain that the allies committed the same error in 1919 that Bismarck did in 1871. Bismarck seized Alsace Lorraine, leaving an unpleasant after-taste for the French; the allies enthusiastically dissected Germany, expecting it to live, after a fashion, more comfortable to the French. Accordingly, functioning as a wholesome biological law, a reaction set in, and wholesale "violations" of treaties began. Reparation payments ceased, a little belated perhaps; the army was increased, the navy was increased, and—the arrogance is unfathomable—German territory was reoccupied.

The first was tactically acknowledged, or rather, had to be; the increase of the navy has been officially recognized by Great Britain; and the occupation of lawfully regained German territory constitutes a natural step in the inevitable order of events. This could have been anticipated by the allied peacemakers when they devised the demilitarization clause. Quite naturally, Turkey, who had been restricted with a similar demilitarization arrangement in the coastal regions, merrily followed Germany's example a short time ago. But this passed almost unnoticed, for Turkey is not dangerous, not now, at least.

The significance of the Rhineland reoccupation, then, lies not in the fact that a little strip of territory adjoining France has been occupied by troops, but in the fact that Germany again asserts her claim to a dominant place in European politics. The reoccupation does not connote an act of hostility towards France, but represents only a minute step in catching up with the other European powers. Hitler knows, following the teachings of history, especially the present, that a nation can "confer" far more honorably and effectively with a keen blade on her side, than stripped as a beggar. One only has to study the attitude of the lofty-minded League of Nations which has a great deal of respect for the powerful nations and their leaders, instead of vice versa.

The talk about war, flourishing throughout the world, is just what it is—just talk. Hitler has not the slightest desire for war against France at the present. In the first place Germany cannot possibly afford war activities; secondly, she is not nearly prepared to meet the rest of the world; and finally, she would have little to gain at this time. But the unscrupulous talkers should bear in mind that such a multitude of talk creates dangerous misunderstandings and uncertainty in the political air of Europe. Those who advocate economic sanctions against Germany and think they can thereby force a downfall of Hitler fail to realize the strong national morale of the German nation. It takes more than a mere withholding of economic goods to extort from Germany the surrender of her national rights.

What is necessary, then, is not a dogmatic insistence on the terms of an impossible treaty, but an adjustment based on the needs of Germany, and the granting of certain rights which other nations enjoy and which will officially place Germany on an equal basis with her neighbors.



## The Marsh Of Time

Whether you like it or not, today's column is going to concern itself with the metropolis of New York City, and, more specifically, with New York street cleaning, no less.

It seems that the city of New York has 5,300 miles of streets, which distance is equivalent to five trips between here and Los Angeles, California. And these streets must be kept clean.

For this purpose, then, New York maintains a street sweeping force of 14,000 men . . . literally an army of broom pushers. Last year this clean-up army removed from the city streets over 18,000,000 cubic yards of waste.

And they did it under the most trying of conditions. Motor traffic has become so congested in metropolitan areas that many of the streets must be cleaned in the wee hours of the morning when most of the cars are idle. The average sweeper, working in traffic, spends more than half his working hours dodging cars.

Even so, scores of the broom-soldiers land in hospitals every year because they failed to jump quick enough. The workers don't mind though. They'd rather take a chance on getting a leg broken once in a while than go back to horse and buggy days.

But the sweepers real troubles don't begin until winter brings its necessary complement of snowfall. A mere one inch fall of snow will deposit 3,160,000 cubic yards of flakes on the city streets. New York's record snowfall of last winter, over 14 inches, swamped the street cleaning department with well over 44,000,000 cubic yards of snow to dispose of. So tremendous was the job that its cost tallied up over \$6,000,000.

Every winter brings out a crop of geniuses who want to help the department handle the snow burden. Some of them suggest underground steam

lines heated to temperatures that would melt asphalt paving before they even got to the snow. Last winter, one crackpot besieged the department with an idea which concerned itself with hot plows, which would dig up the packed snow and melt it as the same time.

Parades give the whitewings some of their toughest days. For example, when Lindbergh returned from Paris, the welcome parade resulted in 1,800 tons of telephone books, ticker tape, and papers which had to be removed all the way from the Battery to 14th street.

You think a street sweeper never picks up anything more unusual than cigar butts and papers. Phooey. Listen to some of the things street sweepers had to get out of Gotham's lanes last year: 4,000 abandoned automobiles, 60 cast iron safes, several hundred radiators and stoves, 51 goats, 2,435 monkeys, 994 horses, 46 mules, 399 cows, 10 hogs, 64 sheep, 2,181 rats, 11,302 rabbits, 3,020 guinea pigs, 5 alligators, 3 squirrels, 681 white mice, 4 bears, 8 bulls, 1 lion, 4 turtles, 1 tapir, 2 psalmis, 3 snakes, and 1 tiger . . . all of said animals being deceased, usually through violent contact with cars.

Great Scott, a New York street sweeper picks up more game in a week than a safari would in a year!

## Music in The Air

By BILL LAMME

### Orchestras Switch

Bands around San Francisco are undergoing a general change in set-up. Eastern bands trekking westward are George Olsen, Ben Bernie, Eddie Duchin, Freddy Martin, Jan Gerber, Little Jack Little, and Henry King.

Eddie Fitzpatrick and his 11-piece band have left Club Deauville to Ran Wilde, who opened there last night. Pendarvis is barn-storming his way east, and Bobby Meeker does an Ezra Meeker to take Paul's place at the Palace. George Hamilton's band with Veloz and Yolanda replace Griff Williams at the Mark Hopkins April 23. Williams is going to Chicago to fill an engagement at the windy city's famous Aragon.

### Wild

Ran Wilde (his real name, and what a pun to live up to) is an Oakland boy who got his start at Oakland's Athens club, the same joint which naturalized Horace Heidt, Tom Coakley and Del Courtney. Has played at hotels St. Francis, Palace, and Mark Hopkins, and is considered one of the most popular campus bands.

Wilde plays piano and the band features "sweet" music. Two of his best attractions are Virginia Mills, harpist, and his widely praised sax section. The theme song, and you mighta knowed it, is "Runnin' Wild."

They will broadcast every Monday and Tuesday night over NBC red network from 11:30 to midnight.

### Mild

Bobbie Meeker's entrance into the Palace replacing Pendarvis will be broadcast over the NBC red network from 11:00 to 11:30 tonight.

Meeker's group is essentially a show band and comes to San Francisco from hotels and night clubs in the East and Middle West. He has a glee club consisting of all the members of the band; Lynn Wakefield, song and sex appeal, formerly with Abe Lyman; Hooven, Harris and Hooven, which may remind you (Please turn to page 4)

A Spring Treat  
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## HELLO LANE

OREGON SONG SERIES  
 This is the first in a series of Oregon songs representing various periods in the growth of the University.

If you happen to pass as you're going to class  
 At Deady or old Villard,  
 Be sure that you greet each student you meet  
 In the manner they all regard. (Chorus)

Don't ask "How are you?" or "How do you do?"  
 Or just nod your head and smile;  
 That isn't the way they do, but they say  
 "Hello" in the good old style.

Hello Hello,  
 The lads and the lasses are going to classes,  
 Hello, Hello,  
 They're passing on "Hello Lane."  
 Hello, Hello  
 Whether in sunshine or rain,  
 It's the one friendly greeting  
 That they use as they're meeting—  
 Hello, Hello!

—W. F. G. Thacher.

\*Courtesy the University Co-op.

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## Play ❖ By ❖ Play

Marian Bauer

HEILIG—"Silly Billies" and "Farmer in the Dell."  
 McDONALD—"Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and "Song and Dance Man."  
 MAYFLOWER—"Don't Gamble With Love."

Once upon a time there was a feud between two families. And if you don't think that's enough material for a plot, "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" will cause you to change your mind.

You'll find real paths in this simple story of the backwoods which tells the tragic meaning of ignorance. But without its great story this picture would be a screen event.

Through the medium of color photography the full glory of the Kentucky mountains is brought to the screen. Every scene possesses breath-taking beauty and complete color naturalness. And to top it all, there's an A No. 1 cast with Sylvia Sydney, Fred Stone, Fred McMurray, Henry Fonda, and Spanky McFarland dishing out fine performances.

As a pure and simple daughter of the mountains, Sylvia is a natural. It is only when she attempts a Hollywood version of anger, temper, and grief, that her voice becomes shrill and squeaky. You'll fall madly in love with little Spanky McFarland, the only screen lover who can forget about physique, diets, exercises, etc., and get away with it.

"Song and Dance Man" is the rest of the double bill.

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