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Ripe for Any Tinhorn Messiah

EACH noon with the natural sound effects of tooting horns, screeching brakes, grinding gears, and tapping feet, station KOBE in this city broadcasts a feature called "What Lane County Thinks," and you can spin the dial for a long time before you will find better entertainment.

The program is a natural. No script, no highly-paid performers—and still, from the standpoint of human interest, it can well hold its own with any radio feature in the country.

It's such a simple thing, it's a wonder no one has thought of it before. A portable microphone is rigged up on one of the busiest street-corners in town with two operators in charge—one to drag in unwary passers-by, the other to catechize them on topics of current interest.

Funniest of the unpaid performers are those stricken with "mike" fright, who gurgle unpleasant sounds into the instrument and blurt out naive answers.

Most distasteful to amusement-seeking devotees of the program are the "stuffed shirts" who "really" know why the Townsend plan, for example, won't work. Fortunately for seekers of entertainment these intelligent bores are rare; unfortunately for defenders of American democracy quite frequent are those whose artless answers betray not reasoned convictions, but only an adherence to simple prejudices, misguided hopes, plausible hearsay, and all those things that confound public opinion.

Here indeed is prey for the demagogues among this unreasoning mass if the people. Play to their prejudices, tease their hopes, ply them with rumor—that's the formula. No wonder that Dr. Townsend's epidemic of economic stupidity has swept the country!

And here indeed is material for educators and for public-spirited journalists: How, how for heavens sake to bring light to the great deluded masses—how to confound the demagogues!

Brass Band For Brass Band

THE pacifist youth of America is hurrying to organize its forces before world war should again draw this nation into its maw. Gone are the early days of the movement, when earnest young men and women worked only to shape the dialectics of their cause, and it is well, for pacifism might have ended there in the realm of ideology.

Now is the day of the pacifist militant, the only true worker for peace. A realist, today's pacifist knows the how and why of war, but also he knows that the peace movement, to be effective, must tarism when the awful test comes.

have greater momentum than the forces of militarism.

"War is a fact; peace is an ideal," recently stated a cynical young professor, whose lectures in modern history bear only too well the proof of his assertion. But perhaps the table has turned; perhaps peace also may be a fact.

Back in 1917 there was quite a powerful movement for peace, but it was an intellectual movement, powerless before the militarist propaganda that flooded the country—irrational as that propaganda was—and unable to withstand the clamor for war.

Our young pacifist today is a realist. He knows that he cannot fight emotion with the force of intelligence. He knows that he must match the war-birds brass band for brass band, flag for flag, marcher for marcher, and pretty girl for pretty girl. He knows that he must carry his fight into the legislatures of the land and into the organs of public opinion.

Probably never before has pacifism become such a powerful movement. But the forces of militarism are still potent in their age-long sin against civilization.

Pacifist youth must drive ever more mightily.

The Safety Valve

Letters published in this column should not be construed as expressing the editorial opinion of the Emerald. Anonymous contributions will be discarded. The names of contributors will, however, be regarded as confidential upon request. Contributors are asked to be brief, the editors reserve the right to condense all letters of over 200 words and to accept or reject letters upon the criteria of general editorial importance and interest to the campus.

Editor, the Emerald: I am appreciative of your editorial in yesterday's Emerald from the standpoint of your interest in independent students and the light in which you evidently saw the election situation; however, I feel definitely that your attack on Fred Hammond and his supporters was unjustified. All houses which said they would back the ticket did so. Sororities were not included in this group. I was aware of what I was getting into.

I was further aware of the fact that whether I ran on Fred Hammond's ticket or not I had made up my mind to support him for what he is and not for what he might promise, for he made no promises. The dorm harbors no resentment because their candidate lost to a popular man. I feel in no way double-crossed; just plain defeated, and Fred Hammond still has our support. I hope I have cleared up an unfortunate misunderstanding.

Walter Eschebeck.

Editor, the Emerald: It is unfortunate to be forced to begin a new administration by explanations in the "Safety Valve," but I feel that general campus opinion was not reflected in your editorial in yesterday's Emerald concerning the alleged fraternity walk-out on independents. My strongest conviction is still cooperation between affiliated and unaffiliated students. The dormitories likewise have this under-

standing. I regret that there was such a belief, since there is no justification for it.

Fred Hammond.

Editor, the Emerald: Yesterday your paper carried an editorial headed "Dorm Man to the Wolves." Whoever wrote that masterpiece of misstatement is to be complimented on accomplishing his purpose—if his purpose was to garble the facts in a way that would cause the independents to believe the fraternities had knifed their man. That the "Hammondites," as your analytical genius called them, deserted Eschebeck is a bald-faced lie, and it cannot be excused on the pretext of ignorance. The most naive freshman knows that the fraternities went down the line for Eschebeck, and he also knows that Jim Hurd was considered the best vote-getter on the Finley ticket. Yes, he even knows that it was the sororities that elected Hurd and defeated Eschebeck, but of course the editorial writer of the Emerald, perched high on his pedestal of unlimited knowledge and information, wouldn't know about the doings of the lesser minds.

Will you explain for us just why that editorial was written, Mr. Editor? Or will this letter go the way of other copy that is contrary to the moods of The Mind? All year the Emerald has sung the psalm of greater unity among the many diverse factions on the campus. Was that editorial your idea of the way to build up good-will between two of them, the fraternities and the independents?

W. E. Thomason.

(Editor's note: To Mr. W. E. "Tex" Thomason we say "Nuts!") The editorial which he praises so highly was written because of our firm conviction that if support for Eschebeck's candidacy had been urged a little more strenuously among the houses supposedly attached to the Hammond ticket, the young man would have been elected. In other words we think it very peculiar that the securely-knit Kappa Sig machine should break just at this particular joint. A more temperate editorial, we'll admit, would have contained the prophecy that independent feelings will be salvaged with a few committee appointments.

Miscellanything

Being Stuff From Heah and Theah

We Have It on Authority

(From the Hampshire Gazette) March 13, 1799

BUONAPARTE'S DEATH
A few days later dates, than those received by the way of Salem, the New York Gazettees give many particulars of the assassination of Buonaparte and his officers at Cairo. The account thus far partakes of officiality.

On the 14th December, Mr. Fawkener arrived at Lord Grenville's office from Vienna, in an extra packet boat, bringing dispatches from Sir Morton Eden, his Britannic Majesty's Minister at Vienna, dated Dec. 3. . . . These advices state, that on the 2d, Dec. an express arrived at Vienna, from Constantinople, communicating advices from Baron Herbert, dated Nov. 17th; and asserting that Buonaparte having convened the Arab chiefs at Cairo, for the purpose of communicating to them his plans for opposing the hostile Beys and Pashas, the envoy from the Bey of Tripoli, drew a pistol from his girdle, and shot Buonaparte dead;—that a massacre of the French officers and soldiers ensued; and that the consequences were, the advance of the hostile Beys, and the capture of Alexandria, by the Pacha of Rhodes, assisted by the English squadron.

Thus circumstantially narrated is the event. The great distance of the scene of action from Europe, and the various languages which intelligence has to be translated into, render it extremely difficult for Americans to ascertain the situation of the French in Egypt. If the subject is worth their attention, our readers can make some calculations on the probability of the event from the above particulars.

PATRIOTIC SONG
By R. Tyler, Esq.
Sung at Windsor, 4th July, 1799

Come all ye federal heroes,
Who crown this festive board;
Come crown your sparkling glasses,
Let union be the word;
And when our brimming bumpers
We quaff this merry day
We'll gayly sing, we'll gayly sing,
Huzza America.

Our fathers fought for freedom,
Against despotic laws;
Through hunger, cold and hardships,
They gain'd their glorious cause,
By cheerful hearts supported,
They never knew dismay,
But gayly sung, but gayly sung,
Huzza America.

They fought the British Lion,
And tam'd his noble rage;
And can't we their descendants
A paltrou'd frog ensue;
We'll teach poor Monsieur Fricasee,
That in the face of day,
We'll bravely fight, we'll bravely fight,
For fam'd America.

Let venal French directors,
Insult our native land;
With indolent demeanour,
A Tribute base demand,
We'll teach intriguing Frenchmen,
The tribute which we pay,
Are cannon balls, are cannon balls,
From proud America.

Great Adams rules our councils,
And we obedience yield;
Brave Washington shall lead us
Again into the field;
For when they are united,
We fear no foreign sway,
But boldly shout, but boldly shout,
Huzza America.

Let's join our hands together,
In token of our love,
In one firm band of union,
Recorded now above;
And as a band of patriots,
We swear this sacred day,
That we'll defend, that we'll defend,
Defend America.

The Marsh Of Time

Observed with glee: Hiking me down Kincaid street with rain pouring over the frame until I assumed the appearance of an ornate fountain, noticed one of the University's dirt-dragging dump trucks. Seated in the shelter of the cab, the driver and his assistant puffed thoughtfully on stogies and listened to strains of music coming over a radio installed in the truck.

Ah me! The world grows soft and rots from within. Too many luxuries. It was only a few years ago when driving a truck was a job for none but the most virile of strong men. And today, playing nursemaid to and unwieldy dump truck is accompanied by music and radio entertainment.

Sic transit gloria.

Q. What is that funny smell?
A. That is fresh air. It's possible for the non-combatants to breathe again, now that the odor of campus politics has blown over for another year.

This gets us. It seems that there was a certain prisoner in an eastern hoosegow, who was sentenced to the hot squat—the electric chair, you dope. More or less naturally, the chappie had an inner urging for freedom . . . in short, he wanted to escape.

And escape he did, very neatly, too, for while he was taking the well-known scam, his wife was upstairs keeping the keeper busy in . . . well, let us say in an amorous manner.

Unfortunately, though, the fugitive was captured and returned to the clink. And now . . . ha . . . and now he's suing the guard for \$100,000 for alienation of his wife's affections.

Quip following the opening of a tremendously successful New York show. Seems that one of those bustling, self-esteeming and tremendously important citizens muscled into the head of a line waiting to get their ducats for the evening's performance. Croaks the citizen, "I want a seat on the lower floor, right in the center and away front. Have you got one?"

And quick as light, comes one back the annoyed box office man, "Sure. Can you play a violin?"
Any of you lads and lassies think you're pretty good spellers? Okay. Take this sentence down, and then have someone dictate it to you. No cribbing, mind you. Here it is. "An embarrassed cobbler passed a harassed peddler who was sitting in languorous ease on a cemetery wall gnawing the desiccated bones of a rhinoceros while gauging the symmetry of a lady's contour and her beautiful coiffure."

Less than two errors for anyone who has not studied the sentence makes the practically Phi Betes.

Music in The Air

By BILL LAMME

Women Suffrage

When two women get together you have gossip; when three women get together you have a club. As the size of the club increases the dames search about for a greater aim, a more gargantuan goal.

If the membership is four or its multiples it is inevitably a bridge club. From bridge they progress into sewing, literature and up into such things as clubs organized to see that anemic children get grade "A" milk or to see that no movie "pitchers" of corrupting tendencies are exhibited to the citizens of fair Centerville.

All of which leads up to the fact that 20,000,000 women organized into 27 clubs which are represented by the women's national radio committee have voted their choice of radio's outstanding programs.

The citations: For the best educational program, America's Town Meeting of the Air.

Rudy Vallee and his varieties get first for NON-MUSICAL programs, which is just what we've always thought.

Cities Service concert with Jessie Dragonette first in light music. Were formerly heard coast-to-coast but now released only in the East.

The award for best children's program went to Wilderness Road, and not being a kid any longer we've never heard it.

No award for serious music was made because "none of the features considered conformed to the standards established by the committee."

In comedy, one, two, three were Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Burns and Allen.

Listed List

Our award for serious music goes to the yodeling contest and the Hoosier Hot Shots on the barn dance at 8:00 KGW-NBC . . . the dope sheet lists Irvin S. Cobb as one of America's foremost novelists; must be a pre-empt for novelists, for who ever heard of Cobb novels . . . Irvin is guest tonight of Olsen and Shutta at 7:30 KGW-NBC . . . Frances Anthony Fay, president of Amalgamated Hatters, Inc., presides at 6:00 KGW-NBC . . .

F. D. Roosevelt, who is president of the United States, competes with Irvin Cobb (7:30 KEX-NBC) as he addresses Jefferson day diners . . . two other programs worth listing: Smith Ballew's Shell chateau at 6:30 KGW-NBC, and Ziegfeld follies with Al Goodman at 9:00 KOLN-CBS . . .

Spraying of California fruit orchards is often done by means of airplanes. While flying at low altitudes, they lay down a barrage of gas, which exterminates insects.

Bennett Essay Deadline Saturday

Saturday is the last day on which essays in the Philo Sherman Bennett contest can be turned in, George Turnbull, head of the subcommittee on awards in charge, said yesterday. Prizes of \$25 and \$10 are offered for the best and second-best essay on the subject of "The Influence of Pressure Groups in a Democracy."

The University of Oregon is one of 24 state universities at which prizes are offered for essays on some phase of the general theme of the principles of free government. The essays are limited to 5,000 words in length, and all undergraduates are eligible to compete.

Dean Allen

(Continued from page one)

and it gives one a thrill to hear their hearty voices shouting the fine old German songs. Last night they had a Bock Bier Fest that was still going at 3 o'clock this morning. Almost everybody seemed to be on hand for a hearty breakfast even though the facts of astronomy shortened the night by one hour. Tonight it is a costume ball. Sally (his wife) and Bill are in the midst of it, but it suddenly occurred to me that although I had been attending those things all my life they are not really compulsory. The movies on board have been exceptionally fine. The conversation on the screen is all in German and it is fine language training to try to catch as much as one can of the foreign tongue.

"One has to go abroad to realize what depreciation of currency means. When I was last abroad, rough neck Americans were pasting bills of local money on their suitcases and on the sides of their busses, and asking when prices were quoted, is that in francs—or marks—or in "real money?" Now the tables are turned. It hurts like the devil to pay \$3.40 in American money for a package of laundry just because one is out of travel-marks. Travel-marks (good only for travel purposes and obtainable only before one starts) are four for a dollar. If one hasn't got them, or hasn't enough of them, one has to pay \$2.75 in travel-marks. . . .

"Railroad tickets in Germany are for sale astonishingly cheap to foreign Olympic year guests. A young plant pathologist on board outlined a trip taking him and his wife into every part of Germany and back to port, and the cost, for the two of them, was \$19—\$9.50 apiece. The reduction is 60 percent—that is, one pays only 40 cents for a dollar's worth of travel. . . ."

Lady Primrose

(Continued from page one)
for a directed verdict, but his motion was overruled by Judge Orlando J. Hollis.

After deliberating half an hour, the jury returned the decision at 10:45 in favor of the plaintiff, awarding him \$1265.

Members of the jury were Donald Courtney, Joe Hillis, Stanley Darling, Harold Weston, Nora Hitchman, George Stanbrough, Clay Baxter, Robert M. Offett, George Jameson, Denny Braid Evelyn Shields.

Choir Plans

(Continued from page one)
prano. "Sadly Groaning, Guilty Feeling" (Igemisce) solo tenor. "From the Accursed" (Confutatis) bass solo. "Ah! What Weeping" (Lacrymosa) quartet and chorus.

No. 3. "Oh Lord God" (Domine Jesu) offertory for soprano, mezzo-soprano, tenor and bass.

No. 4 "Holy" (Sanctus) Fugue for two choirs.

No. 5. "Lamb of God" (Agnus Dei) soprano, mezzo-soprano and chorus.

No. 6. "Light Eternal" (Lux eterna) mezzo-soprano, tenor and bass.

No. 7. "Lord, Deliver My Soul" (Libera me) solo for soprano, chorus and final fugue.

Personnel Named
Personnel of the polyphonic choir: first tenor, H. Carroll Auld, Charles Aydelott, Charles J. Fahey, Berkeley Mathews, Bruce McIntosh, Clarence Redmond, Ernest Savage, Allen Sherrill.

Second tenor: Frank Chambers, Albert Chamberlin, Irving Elle, Norman Gaeden, Fred Huston, Donald Nixon, Dean Connaway.

First bass, Fred Bales, George Callas, Greer Drew, Donald H. Farr, Arthur Grafious, Lloyd Greene, Robert Henderson, Bruce Higby, Ellsworth Huffman, Win Jenks, Kenneth Kirtley, Louis Larson, James Lewis, Almon Newton,

Liberty Helper



Irene du Pont, above, munitions and chemicals magnate, has contributed \$10,000 to Crusaders, Inc., and \$86,750 to the American Liberty League, records submitted in the U. S. Senate probe of the former organization revealed. Du Pont was the largest donor of funds to the league on the senate list.

Lovisa Youngs To Sing Monday

Madame Rose McGrew, professor of voice in the University school of music, is presenting Miss Lovisa Youngs, contralto, in a recital in the music auditorium Monday, April 27 at 8:15 o'clock. Harold Ayres will accompany Miss Youngs at the piano.

She will sing the following numbers:

I
Torelli Tu Lo Sai
Pergolesi Se Tu M'Ami

II
Franz Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Schumann Ich grolle nicht
Brahms Nachtigall
Strauss Traum durch die Dammerung

III
Saint-Saens Armour, viens aider
From "Samson et Dalila"

IV
Gretchaninoff Berceuse
Sibella O Bimba, Bimbetta
Valverde Clavillos

V
Curran Nocturne
Ayres The Silver Sea
Ayres I Send My Heart
La Forge Songs of the Open

Robert Rugh, Bill Sutherland, Frank Trout, Gene Wade.

Second bass, Frank Bennett, Kenneth Ely, Wilbur Jessen, George Skipworth, Robert Smith, Sloan Wharton, William Gregory, Gerald Morrison.

First soprano, Viola Barker, Anne Barton, Madelle Beidler, Louise Burneson, Ann Erskine, Mary Field, Rose Gore, Carolyn Grannis, Ann Herenkohl, Dorothy Howell, Roberta Humphreys, Mary Kern, Ruth Leonard, Carol Meald Courtney, Joe Hillis, Stanley Darling, Harold Weston, Nora Hitchman, George Stanbrough, Clay Baxter, Robert M. Offett, George Jameson, Denny Braid Evelyn Shields.

Second soprano: Mary Eliza Angell, Mary Margaret Black, Cherie Brown, Pearl Coy, Donna Davies, Mary Graham, Lela Hall, Alice Holmback, Phyllis Johnstone, Mary Kingsley, Norman Loffelmacher, Margaret Peterson, Dorothy Rader, Barbara Webster, Lois Whipple, Doris Wilzen.

First alto, Marjorie Baker, Lorraine Beardsley, Janet Beistel, Carmen Curry, Lucia Davis, Jane Henderson, Erna Huston, Esther

24 Students Cast For Guild Play

Technique Classes, Guild Players Join in Giving "Dinner at Eight"

"Dinner at Eight," the Kaufman-Ferber scintillating cross section of life drama at a dinner party, scheduled for an early production by the University theatre, involves a cast of 24 actors. All but one minor character has been chosen. Horace W. Robinson, director announced today.

Selection of "Dinner at Eight" for production by the University theatre is made possible by combining the entire enrollments of both the Guild Hall players and the technique of acting class, according to Ottilie Turnbull Seybolt, head of the drama division. With actors fresh from successful performances in "Street Scene" and "Outward Bound" it is believed that the forthcoming play will prove a very satisfactory choice for the final campus production of the school year.

Characters Listed
Characters and players in order of their first appearance are as follows:

Millicent Jordan, Marian Bauer; Dora, Portia Booth; Gustave, Gerald T. Smith; Oliver Jordan, Walden Boyle; Paula Jordan, Patricia Neal; Ricci, George Bikman; Hat-tie Loomis, Eleanor Pitts; Carlotta Vance, Helen Chambers; D. A. Packard, Robert D. Henderson; Kitty Packard, Virginia Scoville; Tina, Adelyn Shields; Dr. Wayne Talbot, George Smith; Larry Renault, William Cottrell; Eddie, Charles Barclay; Waiter, Robert Winstead; Max Kane, Dan E. Clark II; Mr. Hatfield, Leonard Love; Miss Alden, Mary Elizabeth Webster; Lucy Talbot, Helen M. Roberts; Mrs. Wendel, Margie Tucker; Jo Stengel, Richard F. Koken; Mr. Fitch, Ernest J. Savage; Ed Loomis, Virgil Garwood.
Six Sets Required

Six different settings will be required to identify various locales such as the Jordan drawing room, Larry Renault's hotel suite and Dr. Talbot's office. The settings are being designed by Horace W. Robinson in such a way as to allow for double quick scene changes, eliminating tedious waits between scenes. The set will be constructed by the class in theatre workshop under Mr. Robinson's personal supervision. The technical staff will be chosen from the workshop group.

Lange, Joella Bayer, Helen Nickachiou, Helen Osland, Elizabeth Onthank, Margaret Ruth, Donna Shake, Kathryn Shelley, Elizabeth Stanley, Bonnie Tinker, Jean Gulovson.

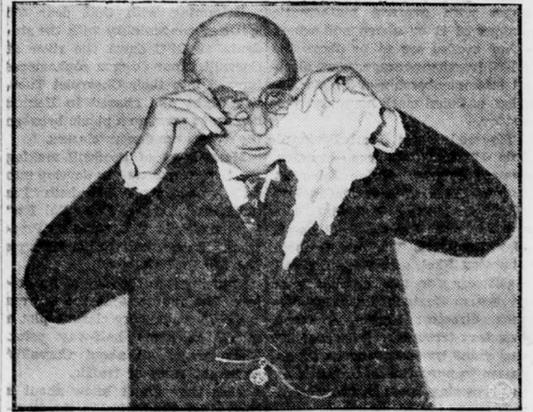
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Secod alto: Lorraine Barker, Jewel Bauman, Ethel Bruce, Julianne Fortmiller, Euphemia Laraway, Hazel Lewis, Elizabeth Ruggles, Margie Tucker, Aileen Guy.

Miss Henry Visits Campus to Wed Soon

Miss Elinor Henry of Seattle, 1934 Oregon graduate in journalism, was on the campus Friday in the course of a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Henry of Eugene. Miss Henry is completing a short vacation from her work of handling publicity for the Whitman pageant to be put on at Walla Walla in August. Her marriage to Wilfred Brown, Oregon 1930, Seattle night man for the United Press, is to be a June event in Eugene.

LOST—Gamma Phi Beta pin on campus Thursday night, April 23. Reward for call 772.

Morgan Faces Arms Probers Again



This excellent candid camera snapshot of J. P. Morgan is on his reappearance before the senate munitions committee.

Huge Bridge Section Gets Sky Ride



Swinging high above the waters of the bay, this huge fabricated section of the steel deck frame of the San Francisco-Oakland bay bridge is being hoisted into place by traveling cranes. Moving far overhead, the cranes lift the section slowly upward from the barge on which it had been taken into the bay. By this engineering feat, all the framework for the two decks to carry nine lanes for vehicles and two interurban tracks will soar into place.