

Oregon Emerald

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The Swan Song Of an Editor

THIS is the last issue of the 1935-36 Emerald. In this, my last editorial, I would like to tell of a few things that I have learned on the job.

1. As chancellor of Oregon's system of higher education Dr. Frederick M. Hunter has a "hot potato" in his hands. But he is a man who can handle the job and he will. He needs time. He needs the confidence of the public and the patient cooperation of under-paid faculties. He needs more state money and less state criticism.

2. The University faculty has a full measure of "big" men. If, however, forces in the University and through the state—particularly in Portland—do not defend its character and perpetuate its purposes, the University of Oregon will seek a level of mediocrity and remain there.

Several years ago, the University school of business administration lost David Faville and John Ray, the school of social science lost Donald Erb. These were good men. They left because of "circumstances" involving administrative difficulties, salary inequities, and general unrest in the system. Chancellor Hunter should and will remedy these troubles. But not he nor any other individual or single group can effectively deal with critics that pester University professors with charges of "communism," "obstructionism," and "anarchism." This sort of criticism not only severely limits University professors who are content to be "good" and remain so, but it drives some of them elsewhere.

This criticism cannot be stopped but it should be counteracted. There are many persons in the state who simply do not understand why so little radicalism or news of social ferment should come from Oregon State college, and so much from the University. The two schools will never be the same. They were established for different purposes. At Oregon State the actions and reactions of the body-social are incidental—it is a scientific school. Radicalism or anything approaching it is effectively "controlled" by Mr. Claudius Ingalls and the "Gazette Times."

While the students and professors on the University campus are among one of the most conservative elements in the state, they do discuss social ferment as a legitimate subject in a school of liberal education. And when, for example, one of Oregon's first professors, Dr. Harold Noble, finds it necessary to define communism, anarchism, or syndicalism in his teachings of modern European history, charges of subversion are both absurd and damaging to Oregon's faculty. A newspaper editor can criticize the allied powers for the merciless Versailles treaty; a college professor is an "obstructionist" for doing the same thing.

The professors should be encouraged to give the students a realistic slant on life, based on the recorded facts and not empty national pride and prejudice.

3. It is difficult but possible to stimulate objective and tolerant thinking among different factions of students. It is possible to avoid bickering campaigns as between the large block of students and a small group of radicals. It is possible to unite campus factions on a friendly basis and to hold debate or opinions backed by facts and not prejudices. The only effective defense against the impatient initiative is intelligent, consistent, and honest opposition. And it appears that the majority of students on this campus are

Slugsy Gunn

(Continued from page one)

Ah, how well I remember my first glimpse of the dear old Oregon campus! In front of the library I stood looking at what I thought was a group of statuary, but which later turned out to be some FERA students raking leaves.

Then I went over and sat down on a concrete slab, and pretty soon a big, handsome mug with a doughnut tattooed on his sweater, came over to me and hawled, "You're sittin' on the senior bench!" So I smiled, and said, "Thanks, young fellow, for telling

me, Do you want to be my guide?"

"Yeah," he says, like a well-bred college student. "First, I'll show you the millrace."

"That would be nice," I cooed. "I've never seen mills race before."

So we go over to a river that's flowing right through town, and I stand on the bridge and look up and down.

"But where's the mills?" I ask. "Down there," he says, pointing to the water, and when I lean over, he gives me a push, and slamblooy, in I go. But I still didn't see no mills, and I'm just beginning to think that I been did.

On the whole, however, everything has been just ducky. I've learned to love the beer at the College Side, to admire the wise

old philosophers of the bull sessions at the Delta Delt Dek house, and to polish my apple and eat it too.

Now, we go out into the cold, grey world (Hearts and Flowers). Some of us will work for the government (Prisoner's Song); some of us will go back to the land (My Bonnie Lies Over Erosion); others will become military officers (Put Your Little Arms Around Me); some will become barbers (Hail, Hail! The Gang's All Here!); politicians (Oh, Give Me a Fence I Can Ride!); or editors (Mad song from Lucia).

As for me, my dear public, I feel it my duty to teach others what I myself have learned (Anchors Aweigh!).

unwilling or unable to offer opposition of that stripe.

4. The "best interests of the University" are best attained by an unabridged presentation of student activity in the realm of governmental theory. For, if the University of Oregon cannot sell itself to the state on the grounds that it stimulates interest and concern in the affairs of government, it will never justify itself as a beneficial instrumentality of the voters.

5. It seems to me that the University has spent too much time apologizing for its own health, that the apologies are fine bullets for her enemies, and that her supporters from within and without are too hesitant in justifying the University before the people of the state.

6. I have discovered that college professors as a class are "good eggs," and that their professorial chair was earned like the glass top desk of Mr. Hardknock Babbit—by hard work. And that if the laymen would look on the college professor as just another man with a few complete and reasoned convictions rather than some "damned theorizer with no practical sense," the higher education-layman relationship would be much improved.

Miscellanything

Being Stuff From Heah and Theah

By LAURENE BROCKSCHINK

WITH May flowers this year comes a deluge, not only of rain but of commencement exercises in every town, village, and hamlet. It is for this reason that Professor Casteel, better known as the Sage of Gopher Hole Center (there's nothing but sage there anyway) has at last come into his own.

Marching solemnly behind the school board of three and the high school marm, he ascends the flower bedecked platform to heartily welcome and warn the graduating class of '36. It seems that with contributions from Eugene high school and surrounding farms the total of seniors has mounted this year to the sum of three.

The gas lights have been touched off with a match and the program is raring to go. But wait a minute, the sweet undergraduate in squeaky new shoe is ushering in the last of the cowboys who came to hear their old friend, which has got larnin'.

Everyone from miles around (at least two miles) has got his cows milked and the chickens fed so are attending the annual get-together. One fellow was so excited he wore a tie. His neighbors suspect him of having gone to town this year.

At last the long-awaited address begins. Having to approach his audience through two flower-entwined pillars, Casteel manages to get only one ear tickled. The whole atmosphere on the platform radiates "Here Comes the Bride," and there is a slight slip-up as the professor begins his "Do you take" ceremony. But with a cough and a sigh he begins on "Finding Your Horse in the Dark." It was going to be illustrated but the subject had to be turned out to pasture.

The masterpiece in elocution apparently pertains to the getting of more than the merely practical out of schooling, such as being able to find one's horse in the dark. The topic was suggested by some chestnut that had been dragged out of storage, but the natives went wild. Not wild over the speech you understand, but over the cunning youngsters in the third row who were playing games, such as pushing one another out of the seat into the aisle.

Between sticking his thumb in the glass of water provided and brushing stray flowers out of his hair, the speaker reaches his climax. One and all applaud; well, at least one did. He was not contacted later, or we would have discovered if he worked on commission or straight salary.

The whole thing was a huge success, except in one respect. The parents were happy at having seen a real live professor, the graduates were released from their torture, the visiting youngsters had a good time, but the professor couldn't find his car in the dark.

(We hereby gratefully thank Mr. Casteel, of the speech department, for the use of his name, as well as some of the gags.)

Letter From Dean Allen

Editor's note: Following is the concluding installment of Dean Allen's letter, written as a representative of the Oregon Planning commission.

The story was not easy to get. It was easy to see how it had all happened as one sat under the spell of the personality of this modest country preacher, but Pastor Clarenbach himself had far too much of a tendency to give the credit to others. I wanted the story of the man himself.

It was nearly thirty-four years ago that Pastor Clarenbach got the idea that Soest could, by careful planning, convert its greatest liability into its greatest asset. The town was very old. It was founded 2,000 years ago. Much of it was run down. The narrow, crooked streets were mud. The place was badly lighted. It had no good hotel. Nineteenth century progress had brought in more or less commercial enterprise and shops and factories were located in the wrong places, originally beautiful old-world structures were plastered over with blatant, tasteless advertising, and the place, looked back upon from the point of view of the modern inhabitant of Soest today, was a mess.

Pastor Clarenbach organized a little group to study the problems of Soest. He brought in experts of all kinds to advise. By intensive study a plan was finally formulated, but nobody wanted it. They called it theoretical and impractical. But the idea became clear to an enlightened few of what could be done that would make Soest a famous and prosperous city. It was to work out a program in which the most up-to-date modernization should go hand in hand with a scrupulous salvaging restoration of the beauties of the Middle Ages. Its age was to be made Soest's asset instead of its liability.

This was no job for amateurs. The modernizing engineer, in put-

ting through the much needed wider street without the advice of the artist and the historical student, would do more harm than good. The artist alone, or the medievalist alone, would tend to stop all progress. Then, too, every business man believed in his divine right to do what he would with his own property. It took 15 years to get the plan going.

It all centered finally in Pastor Clarenbach. The story is too long to tell in detail. The bed of the moat was cleared and made into charming gardens. Prizes were offered for business men who conducted their advertising most successfully in the spirit of Old Soest. Incidentally, Pastor Clarenbach is pro-advertising and not anti-advertising. He can teach even a moving picture operator how to bring his picture palace to the eye of everyone without making it an eyesore and that is "going some." Pride was aroused in the householder for the antiquity of his ancient dwelling. The old coats of arms were regilded, the old mottoes furnished and made to appear as they were when Luther came to Soest, streets were made practical for modern traffic in such a way that the medieval beauty of the place was enhanced rather than lessened. The scars of Nineteenth Century business enterprise were gradually removed, the schoolhouse was made into the much needed first class hotel, the playfield into the present charming gardens and parking place for the cars of the tourist who now flock to Soest. Better schools were built in more appropriate places.

All over Germany now are planning associations that have the same name as Pastor Clarenbach's little group—Heimatpflegevereine—and these are associated with many other powerful groups. The pastor himself is at the head of the movement for all Westphalia—and Westphalia represents the most advanced regional planning

in Germany if not in the world, and Soest the most successful plan fully and successfully carried out.

The very business men who were so actively spoiling what was left of Soest thirty years ago are now the strongest supporters of Pastor Clarenbach, because the money is jingling in their pockets that proves that civic beauty has great possibilities of private profit than letting every man carry out his own sweet will with his own property. The remarkable thing is that every bit of this was carried out without the slightest compulsion. The only force used was moral suasion and public opinion. Only one man ever defied Pastor Clarenbach. He was a painter and used his own judgment in painting his own house. Public opinion and ridicule forced him to repaint it.

Now even the great motor speedways that are being built in every direction across Germany are so laid out as to respect the ideas for which Father Clarenbach fought almost in vain for 15 years and for which he still fought on with increasing success for the last ten—ideas for which people in Oregon like Robert W. Sawyer and Mrs. Jessie M. Honeyman are now fighting an uphill battle such as Pastor Clarenbach was fighting from a decade to 30 years.

Every bit of it was done by moral suasion and by the simple argument that it would pay. Only this month, on April 2, 1936, was an ordinance of which I am enclosing a copy passed by the city council of Soest which says, in effect, that nothing affecting the civic beauty of Soest may hereafter be done without the approval of the Burgermeister (mayor) and "one by-him-chosen-adviser." So long as Pastor Clarenbach lives the "by-him-chosen-adviser" will doubtless be the pastor of the ancient church in the little nearby village that is not even part of Germany's famous show city of Soest.

—E. W. A.

New Buildings Will Be Ready For Use When Students Come Back to Oregon Campus in Fall

By GERALD CRISMAN

The new infirmary will be ready for use by July 15 or sooner, those in charge believe. This will be the first building completed of the four under construction on the campus.

When school opens next fall term, the swimming pool and new library will be ready also. The men's new physical education building is now approximately two months under construction and one third done. It will be completed by November 1, but offices and classrooms will be ready before then.

Carpenter work on the interior of the infirmary is under way at the present time. Doors are being placed, cabinets installed, and baseboards will soon be placed in the rooms. All interior walls are being painted cream over the smooth plaster. Plumbers will go to work installing the bathroom equipment soon.

All floors in the baths and showers will be tiled. As soon as the brick lay's finish on the library they will transfer to the infirmary. Brickwork should start in about three weeks.

On the library, brickwork has been finished on the wings and is nearly done on the stack room. The south side of the building is decorated with stone work so it is taking more time. In all, ten different colors of brick are being used in the building.

Partition work is well under way on the two top floors. Lighting conduits and wiring are being installed by a crew of electricians throughout the building.

Pouring of the first walls of the physical education building will be done Tuesday. Forms are in place

for most of the outside walls of the north end of the structure. The south end will join directly onto the Igloo at a level with the Jelloo floor. There will be passage ways between the two buildings. The south end will provide room for activity courts of basketball, volley ball, tennis, and boxing. This end will be one story in height.

The north end will be two stories in height counting the basement under this portion as one story. Offices and classrooms will be located here. A roof of the same level will cover the entire building in spite of the fact that one half is two stories and the other one story. Construction is of wood and concrete with a little brick decorative work.

The swimming pool is to be 32 feet from the roof to the water. Size of the pool is 30 by 60 feet and it will be 10½ feet deep in the deepest end. Spectators will be seated on a sloping grandstand on the south side of the building. Shower rooms are located under the grandstand. At the present time, the roof has been lowered and the south end of the old gymnasium is ready for demolishing.

The three tunnel units, from the heating plant to the new physical

education building, in front of Friendly hall to the Gerlinger tunnel, and from Gerlinger to the new library, are still under construction. The former has been completed past Fourteenth street and has three quarters of a block to go. The two latter are nearing completion and will probably be done first.

When these tunnels are completed, the University will have a tunnel system carrying lights, heat, and from Gerlinger to the important buildings on the campus. This will make maintenance of services cheaper and easier.

Group to Study Government Setup

Herman Kehrl, director of municipal research, has been appointed to head a joint committee of state legislators and members of Oregon state planning board, who will study the entire administrative organization of the state government for the possibility of simplifying its structure.

O. K. Burrell, associate professor of business administration, Frederick Arpe, 1935 University graduate, and Clare Vause, Stanford graduate, were appointed to assist Mr. Kehrl in the work which will start June 15.

The committee, after making the study, will report the reorganization of the executive and administrative departments of other states, and will recommend changes for Oregon's system to the governor and legislature.

The group will study plans and legislation whereby the governmental functions of cities,

Audience Pleased As Master Dance Interprets Jazz

By LILLIAN WARN

America takes her hat off to what pleases her, and Wednesday night was no exception when the University of Oregon enthusiastically encoored two jazz interpretations presented at the annual recital of Master Dance and the physical education department in Gerlinger hall and showered the variety of other numbers with applause.

Grotesqueness, emotion, humor, and anger were only a few of the sensations experienced by the audience with the exception of a few rough patches, due doubtlessly to inexperience, most of the technique was good.

To quote reactions of the audience, "Water Patterns," a group number executed under green lighting and depicting the ripples, whirlpools, waves, and breakers of the sea, was the "best of any." It was soothing, there was an evenness of technique, and the music was an original composition by Catharine Holman, the accompanist.

Catharine Holman not only composed other numbers of the recital, and accompanied most of the dancers, but took part in "Duet" with Mary Frances Robinson—a Paul Whiteman arrangement, which won an encore.

"Jazz by Gruenberg, danced by a group of 15 with all the sauciness of modern youth in its lilt, drew the first encore. The audience refused to halt its clapping until the dancers returned. They were dressed in short, black and yellow costumes which carried out their theme of notes and melody.

"Grotesque" in fierce blue and yellow masks, and vivid green trousers, was the appropriate title to accompany a Boogie-man number by three boys who refused to have their names revealed. "Anger," a solo by Virginia Kerns in a unique costume with red lighting, was most outstanding.

"Primitive Scene," another group number in three parts, deserves recognition for its presentation of the primitive and its silent shout of "War!" that filled the spectators' ears at its conclusion. Marion Smith was the tribal warrior who played upon and led native superstition and worship with the war drum.

Josephine Overturf in "Valse Boheme," faded before her very short but effective part in "The Vogue" that pleased the audience tremendously. She was given excellent support by the group of ragged urchins who finally at-

tained the sublime by touching her modeled gown.

Shirley Bennet, president of Master Dance and general chairman of the recital, did a humorous sketch of a harmonica player in greasy trousers, a brick-colored shirt, and large artificial hands. "What's de Use," a negro spiritual by Ethel Johnson, was well done as was "Jewish Lament," done in dull purple and black by three boys and two girls. Eh, Eh, forgive us our sins, was its theme.

"Quest for an Ideal" and "Trepak," two other group numbers showed much work. A very different number, "The Choice" from "Rossetti's painting, "The Blessed Damsel," was danced by Maxine Goetsch.

"Dance de la Guitana," a Spanish group number led by Rose Gore concluded the program advised by Mrs. Faye Knox.

Smith Will Choose Geologic Park Aides

A candidate and an alternate for appointments as geologic aides in the National Park service will be selected by Warren D. Smith, head of the geology department. Only men are eligible for the positions which will pay \$30 a month and room and board.

Candidates must have had general geology and introductory field geology to qualify. The jobs will be in connection with the CCC campus but will be under the government and will offer chances for advancement in government naturalist work, said Dr. Smith. Any man interested is asked to see him this week.

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Special vacation excursion roundtrips will be on sale here June 3, 4, 5 and 6. Leave Eugene any time on these sale dates. Return by midnight September 30.

	Example Roundtrips
SAN FRANCISCO	\$18.75
LOS ANGELES	30.35
SACRAMENTO	16.80
KLAMATH FALLS	6.85

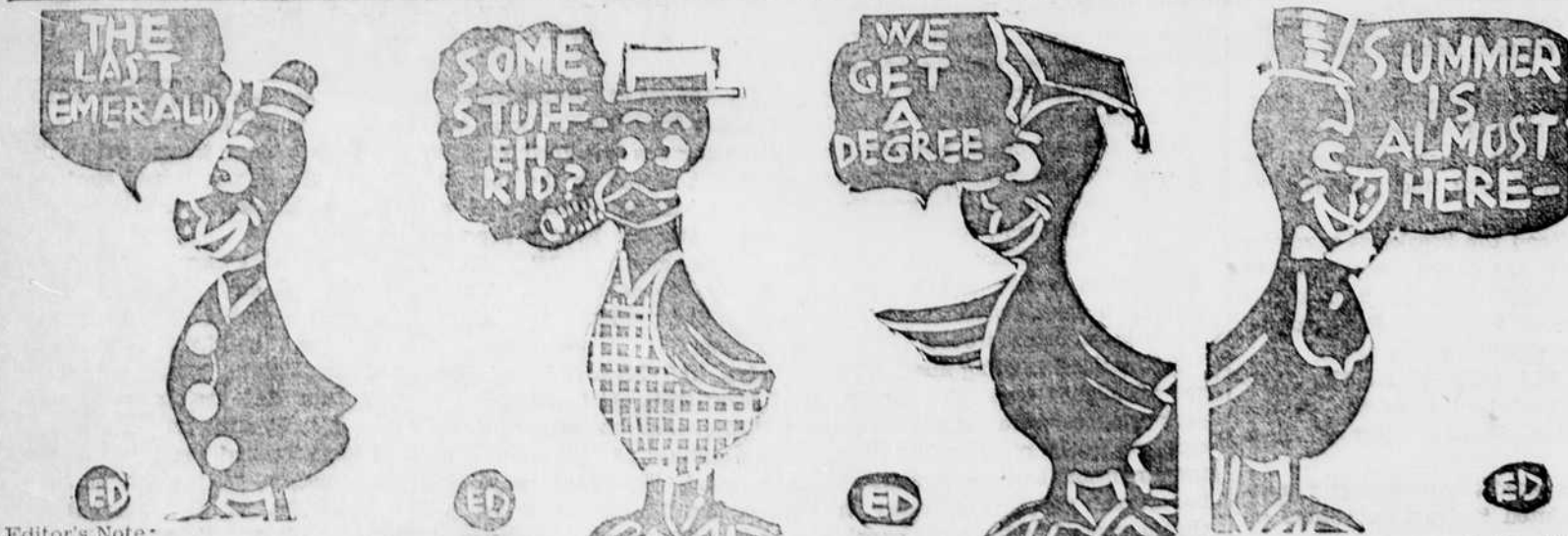
Low coach tourist fares on sale daily, for example:

	One Way Roundtrip
SAN FRANCISCO	\$12.00 \$19.35
LOS ANGELES	19.00 29.00
PORTLAND	2.49 3.75
KLAMATH FALLS	4.56 8.00
MEDFORD	4.12 6.60
MARSHFIELD	2.45 4.80

The fares shown above are good in air-conditioned coaches and chair cars. Also in tourist sleeping cars, plus small berth charge. The roundtrips have a 30-day return limit.

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Editor's Note:

Ed Hanson's famous banjo-eyed duck appears in the Emerald for the last time today. The whimsical little fellow, with the ever changing moods, spouts

his last philosophical wisdom on pages of the Emerald.

Hanson, a sophomore in journalism, is leaving the University at the end of the term to take up

work in Portland. He has been working on a comic strip since last fall and hopes some day to develop it into syndicate material. Faithfully every day for the

last year Hanson and his little webfooted friend have added sparkle to the Emerald editorial page. Good luck to little Anonymous Duck and his creator.

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