

# Oregon Emerald

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Problem in Renovation

WORK now underway on the reconditioning of two classrooms in Deady hall give hope to the sweltering and sleepy undergraduates. According to a recent announcement remodeled lighting and ventilation equipment is being installed, with a view toward making these rooms completely modern.

If the experiment with ancient Deady proves a success, officials see an opportunity to improve outmoded classrooms of the entire University. Such an improvement is not in the least a luxury—rather, it is a necessity.

Classrooms at the University are predominantly of the ancient type—small, poorly lighted, abominably ventilated, and in general, a distinct hindrance instead of a help in getting an education. The number of modern rooms has been increased during the last few years, but too many classes are still held in out-moded quarters.

If the experiments in Deady are successful, the University certainly will make every effort to extend the remodeling to the remainder of the campus buildings. If they are not, the work toward discovering an effective method of renovation should be continued until the problem is solved.

Even the best of Oregon professors are hampered at the present by conditions over which they have no control, conditions which make students sleepy, uncomfortable and unattentive. For those of the faculty who are shy on lecture "personality" the task of surmounting poor acoustics, stale air, and bad light is almost impossible.

The value of classes at the University will be greatly increased when classrooms are made more fit.

## Half Light Gives Half Truths

OREGON'S answer to the sex education question has been the love and marriage series. In these a variety of speakers give a variety of opinions on different phases of one of the most complicated social problems with which youth is connected. This series, together with the bits of information given in a great number of classes, constitute the University's contribution toward undergraduate understanding of sex.

That the love and marriage series is of value, almost everybody will admit. It brings statements and opinions to the attention of students. On the other side, however, it must be realized that the lectures often take digressing (and occasionally, diverse) views, according to the ideas of the individual speakers. This is too often apt to bring about thinking in all directions with students more confused than elucidated by the information they have received.

In addition a majority of students, only recently freed from Victorianism, have a superficially curious attitude, an attitude which draws their attention to less valuable details of the entire program.

TO enhance the value of the University's program of education in this difficult field a more comprehensive and cohesive program seems necessary. As Dr. Beck pointed, "It is too bad that some aspects of marriage have not been adequately discussed by mixed groups like this one." The acquired reticence in regard to sex limits the value of the lecture series; it follows that this reticence is not wiped out by a few talks once a year.

As far as students are concerned a more regular consideration of problems of sex meets with their approval. The latest Student Opinion survey indicates that 61.9 per cent favor compulsory sex education in colleges. In comparison, the poll reveals that only ten per cent of the schools of these students offer any courses satisfying this demand.

GREAT strides toward frankness have been made in the past decades. Today, however, we find that sex has come out into a half light, which illumines but part of the problem. To return to the hush of Victorianism is impossible. The only alternative is to go forward with the present trend, establishing complete frankness and understanding. If this is done correctly the moral standards of the past which are valuable may be incorporated into the present. Otherwise a sordid "understanding" will replace the former complete lack of information.

Part of the program of preventing this may be accomplished with constructive and continuous education on sex. The University would be contributing to progress in the field if it would establish regular and comprehensive classes in sex education.

# University Student Becomes Amateur 'Lance Bearer' at Ballet Russe; Sees Backstage Life in Raw; Enjoys It

By GENE EDWARDS

I get a kick out of ballet—but it took a ballet at Eugene to give me the biggest kick of all. It happened this way:

In spite of the size of the Ballet Russe, there are times when they too wish to add even greater numbers to the spectacle—people to stand around and hold things or merely to furnish background. In theater parlance such extras are called "supers," but in plain language they are just "stooges." The advance dope on the ballet called for seven of these "stooges" and quite naturally I grabbed at the chance.

"Be at the theater at seven." I was. Five minutes to seven in fact. But where was the ballet? Inquiry showed that they had been on a late train and were at that moment rushing to the theater.

Suddenly, trucks backed up to the door and trunks, scenery, lights, people, and more people descended upon the scene. And as each person added to the melee there was a rising crescendo of Russian, French, German, and English filling the air. The import seemed to be one of general consternation and I could sift out "petite" and "kleine" references to the stage.

And the mothers! Yes, the ballet carries a liberal representation of "stage mothers" looking after every possible aspect of their teen-age, ballerina daughters. Each of them (the mothers, I mean) had quantities to say about the situation and would likely still be saying it had not the regisseur general asserted himself and cleared them out rather preemptorily. I was watching two of them disappear volubly down the dressing-room stairs when a single bolt of Russian hit me so completely in the ear that I almost jumped high enough to chin myself on the cat-walk. It was the regisseur again—but I was relieved to find that his explosion was directed to the general area of the dressing rooms and not at me. The chap who was busily engaged in stretching his left leg over an idle trunk spoke English and seemed to understand my dismay as he said, "That only means 'hurry up.'"

They did. For even before the scenery was swung into place, girls whom I'd swear had disappeared laughingly downstairs but a moment before emerged in tights and makeup.

Meanwhile I had learned that there would be no "supers" because—if they used "supers" where would the company be? But I do not discourage easily. I eased about ducking the regisseur and

alternately smiling and glaring at people in direct proportion to the looks which they gave me. I might be part of the local management or something.

But there wasn't long to think it over for there was a sudden hush over the glaringly test-lighted stage and the dynamic toes stopped beating the floor, the flood of Babel ebbed to silence and gesturing arms were still for the first time of the evening. I lurched helplessly toward the vantage-point of the switchboard and tried to make myself very much thinner than even my normal. Massine surprised me by carrying a light over directly beside me to ease a dark spot on the stage.

But the "Swan Lake" was on. I crouched, and a double pounding filled my ears—my heart and the toes of the sixteen white-garbed girls whose precision announced the corps de ballet. I was happy—and Alicia Markova had just held a remarkable "arabesque" so close to my curtain that I might have risen to take her hand myself. But then there was the Prince, Michel Panaeff, and it would never do to out in on this dance.

But such a dream could never last, and while I was already getting a tremendous "kick" out of it, and unexpected exit of Marina Franca's caught me right on the button. My chin was out and connected with her poised toe right there. She was solicitous but the regisseur was upon me. Vitriolic Russian burned into my ears. Never have I heard such an intensified whisper. And not trusting to any transfer-value from the Russian, he gave me a free translation saying, "Out! Out into zhee poob-lick! OUT!"

I came to very soon, fairly well integrated in a third-row chair and not quite in the lap of one of the "mommies."

Throughout the balance of the performance Markova's face seemed nearer, Slavenska's "brises" meant more, and Guerard's "Blue Bird" was even more celestial for all of my unorthodox prelude to the ballet. I quivered with pleasure throughout "Gaité Parisienne."

But then it was over—the last bows were taken and the theater was irreverently empty. The curtains were open now and scenery was crashed amazingly once more to reveal the unyielding back wall. Panaeff passed with a pleasant word, and Danilova smiled enigmatically as she disappeared up the aisle. The stage was nearly empty and my show was complete. Yes—I got a kick out of the ballet—and WHAT A KICK!

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for Spring

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We endeavor at all times to keep in stock a selection that will agree with both appetite and budget.

NEWMAN'S FISH MARKET  
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You can get complete Radio, Electrical and Schick Shaver Service at—  
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Mailed advertisements must have sufficient remittance enclosed to cover definite number of insertions.  
Ads must be in Emerald business office not later than 6:00 p.m. prior to the day of insertion.  
Arrangements for monthly rates will be made upon application.

• Student Service  
FELLOWS: Bring your car to Jim Smith Richfield Station at 13th and Willamette for A-1 service.

• Barber Shops  
IT PAYS to look well. For your next haircut try the Eugene Hotel Barber Shop.

• Picture Framing  
PICTURE framing for all kinds of pictures and certificates. Oriental Art Shop, 122 E. Broadway.

• Lost  
OVERCOAT, green covertcloth, on campus. LIBERAL REWARD FOR ITS RETURN. Joe Frizzell, Alpha Hall.

BROWN SHAEFFER "Lifetime" pen last Monday. Phone Sherry Ross hall. Reward.

RING—garnet set. In Taylor's Wednesday afternoon. Reward. Return to Suzanne Barendrick, Pi Beta Phi.

• Found  
All found ads will be published FREE by this department. A minimum charge of 1c will be made claimants upon the return of the lost article. Call for lost articles at the University Depot lost and found department.

The following articles have been turned in during the week to the lost and found department:

- Text books:
    - Writing and Thinking
    - British Poetry and Prose
    - First Principles of Speech and Training
    - Handbook of Business Correspondence
    - Introduction to Chemistry
    - Interpretive Reporting
    - Political Problems
    - Logic and Scientific Method
  - 2 umbrellas
- If you have a claim to any of these articles call for them at the University Depot.

• Books  
NEW AND USED BOOKS, school, fiction, technical books. 31 7th West.

• Plumbing  
EXPERT PLUMBING—Chase Co. Plumbers. Repairs and installations of all kinds. Servicemen always ready. Phone 243. 936 Oak.

• Ski Repairing  
SKIS  
Expert repairing done and hand-manufactured skis both hickory and maple sold at bargain prices. See Kaarhus, East 13th and Moss.

## In the Mail

### ANOTHER ACCIDENT

To the Editor:  
I have just come from witnessing another accident—the second in a week—on our peaceful, quiet campus here in Eugene. This accident, like the other, happened at the intersection of Thirteenth and University streets. Also like the other none of the drivers of the cars involved were students of the University. (City councilmen, please note.)

In the accident last week a University student who was inconsiderate enough to be walking along the sidewalk at the time the three drivers were trying to hog the intersection almost paid for insolence with, at the least, a broken leg. It so happened that he saw the careening car coming his way and managed to get out of the way.

Your point in terming the step taken by the city council in establishing a stop street on Thirteenth at University and Kincaid as "a step in the right direction" was well taken. May I point out, however, that it was only a step and rather a hesitating one at that.

The council ruling called only for a ONE WAY STOP AT EACH INTERSECTION. Only traffic going west on Thirteenth will be stopped at University and only that going east will be stopped at Kincaid. This will, I admit, help a great deal, but it can not and will not prevent drivers from stopping upon entering the campus and then speeding up to dash out the other end.

For a long time the question of traffic through the campus has been a thorn in the side of the University. The problem has always been whether the campus should be closed off as are most other college campuses in the country or whether it should continue to be—as it is now—an excellent training in the art of dodging and humoring motorists.

Ask any campus authority and the answer will be, "surely the campus should be closed off," but what has been done about it? One of the reasons given for this inaction has been that Thirteenth street through the campus is the only way out the people living in the Fairmount district to town. This argument can very easily be refuted. With

## Looking Back ... WITH JIMMIE LEONARD

One year ago—The Oregon wrestlers lost to a strong Linfield college squad, 19 to 10. Bill Lauderback, Webfoot, won from a heavier opponent. Mort Meyers, Clarence Francis, Harry Spence, and Harry Shaffer won their matches.

Jack Dallas and Sherman Wetmore, freshmen, broke Pacific coast records in the breast stroke and backstroke.

Ronnie Robinson, small son of Mack Robinson, track star, served as ringbearer for the futuristic wedding of Marjorie Bates and Pete Mitchell, Oregon's ideal campus couple.

Five years ago—The Webfoot basketballers defeated WSC, 25 to 20. "Spook" Robertson, veteran Duck, led scoring with 10 points.

John Stark Evans, professor of organ and director of the Eugene Gleemen, was recovering from an illness that had confined him to his home.

Ten years ago—Oregon men came to the conclusion that "as car drivers, women would be good butchers." One lad said: "Women drivers are terrible. They can't apply their 'woman's intuition' to an automobile." Another student said: "A woman drives a car dogmatically."

Twenty-five years ago—Two Sigma Delta Chi pledges were seen on the campus in dress suits.

a little work on the strip of University street connecting it to Eleventh, the traffic could be rerouted to go down Eleventh or even out to highway 99 if necessary.

Perhaps when some student is struck down and killed or seriously injured some action will be taken on the question but that would be like, to use the time-worn phrase, locking the barn after the horse is stolen.

Sayonara.

## CAMPUS CALENDAR

Orides will not meet next Monday.

Phi Beta initiation examination will be at 5 o'clock in AWS room of Gerlinger today.

# Better than a Letter!

Let The Emerald tell the Folks "What's Doing."

Dear Son:  
Those Oregon Daily Emeralds your mother and I are getting every morning keep us posted on what's happening "down at the University" better than any letter you've ever written!

Then, too, the paper is a daily reminder that we're not forgotten, even if you are too busy to write. Though of course we couldn't expect you to do the work of The Emerald's fifty reporters in "covering the campus."

Thanks for the year's subscription. We get so much pleasure from reading The Emerald that I'm even glad to pay that trifling \$2.00 bill you had them send me.

Regards,  
DAD.

### Don't Miss Another Issue!

Arrange to send The Emerald Home TODAY!

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