

Oregon Emerald

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PAUL DEUTSCHMANN, Editor
HAL HAENER, Business Manager

Clear Day, Please

At last the campus is to have a real no date "mixer" dance. Tomorrow afternoon, from 4 to 5:30 on the tennis courts Kwama and Skull and Dagger are going to put on "The Oregon Mix."

From all indications this dance is going to be absolutely a no-date affair. The committee in charge have figured out a neat bit of strategy to see that people come singly. For singletons the price will be but ten cents. For couples the charge will be 25 cents. Economic reasons, if nothing else, should force even "steadies" to go by themselves.

The mixer dance will be a good thing for the Oregon campus. It fills a need which has been in existence for some time—a need for low cost, strictly informal entertainment.

WHILE such advantages can be realized by the students themselves, another important value of the informal affair should be noted. "The Oregon Mix" is an experiment in friendliness. It is difficult to conceive of a tennis court dance under a spring sun which would be anything but friendly. As such it makes the stay of every student a little more attractive; it fosters the "one big happy family" feeling which is too often lacking.

We confer a friendly blessing on "The Oregon Mix" and invite everybody to attend. And we send exhortations to the goddess of April for a clear day minus the showers.

Round 'n' About

with WEN BROOKS

With WEN BROOKS

Progress and culture are mighty fine things. You bet! Science has given us all manner of things for improving on nature. If young ladies don't like their faces they can have them lifted. If they don't want to go to that bother and expense they can at least paint up so no one will recognize them. Kind of nice . . . sometimes. Yep, science is great. And our culture has inbred in us a desire to constantly "keep up with the Joneses" regardless. Some of the things the Joneses do are a bit absurd, if you stop to think about them. They're silly . . . but we all follow along. We're great followers, imitators . . . luckily for the advertisers.

Some things do seem just a trifle foolish, however. The girl who spends two hours and more dollars in a beauty parlor giving her face a mud bath or her hair the once-over, then spends another two hours at the house before a mirror, putting on all these finishing touches so as to please the man, supposedly. And she finally gets herself into such a beautiful state that the slightest little breeze on the way to the dance ruins her hair . . . her whole evening!

And how many times have we fellows dragged ourselves out of bed a whole half hour early in the morning just for the privilege of torturing our faces with cold water and a dull blade! We've got to keep up our appearances. I often wonder how some coeds keep from developing terrible inferiority complexes . . . using the mirrors as much as they do.

Still, all in all, the shave in the morning and the hair-dress for the girl do a lot toward making us feel fresh and alive. The clean looking, well-but-not-overly dressed person is at an advantage. It's unfortunate, however, that some people spend so much time on outward appearances, become so absorbed in dress and outward show, they have no time for doing things and enjoying more real values of life.

Speaking of the more real things in life . . . I understand one Kappa Sig has acquired a new nickname. They call him "Sooner" Bob Smith now and all because of a kiss, reports have it. Seems he had a date not so many nights ago and as he said "good night" . . . he kissed her. She smiled and simply asked him why he hadn't kissed her sooner? She won't have a chance to ask him that question again!

Now kissing is a rather odd subject to talk about. A kiss is quite sacred still to some, a mere formality to others, and a lot of fun for others. To add a sour note . . . it's also one of the best ways in the world to spread germs. Don't kiss when you have a cold! An AP note in Monday's Guard: "Kissing is the greatest factor in the spread of tuberculosis, Charles L. Newcomb, head of the national tuberculosis association told interviewers in Seattle yesterday."

Yes, kissing can be infectious in more ways than one. A kiss can really be catching, no kidding! And oh boy!

Some people just like to see their name in print, says Betty Hamilton. One of the boys she had in mind is known as "Shorty" and the other she claims would like a little publicity, Jim Mount. Would suggest you fellows get in touch with the Onceover Lightly girls. Incidentally, which is it . . . Sally or Sadie . . . Mitchell? See both names used so often it's confusing. And reliable sources

'Keep Out of War' Is American Feeling, Oregon Scribe Finds

(Editor's note: This is the second of a series of articles written by Howard Kessler, senior in journalism, as a result of his tour about the United States last term.)

By HOWARD KESSLER

A barber in Covington, Kentucky; a policeman in Seattle, Washington; a lawyer in Dayton, Ohio; a filling station proprietor in Houston, Texas; they all want isolation for the United States.

"Keep us out of war" is their demand of the administration. And their sentiments are reiterated by bootblacks, merchants, farmers and steel workers throughout the nation.

At least that's what I found in a three-month automobile trip over 11,000 miles of this country. More than a hundred interviews brought a 90 per cent response in favor of American neutrality in case of a war abroad. Of all the questions asked, those concerning our foreign policy were the most decisively answered. And that is interesting, in view of the aftermath of Munich, and the acute inflammation of the vocabulary shown by the state department in Washington.

The Naughty Nazis

When I left Eugene in December the papers and magazines were filled with horror stories from Germany; editorials, with searing invective, castigated Herr Hitler and his lieutenants; pictorial weeklies flayed the Nazis with exposes of their sinful private lives and abominable public crimes, and Life pontifically announced that "Every American is horrified and indignant at the treatment of the Jews in Germany"; public officials vied with each other in the use of over-heated adjectives; and it seemed to me at the time that all America might soon rise up in wrath and scotch the German snake.

It didn't take me long to learn that the published opinion of the American press, and the private opinion of the American people are far from being synonymous. A paunchy Irish cop in Seattle evidently hadn't read the papers.

"I don't think it's any of our damn business," he abruptly replied, when I asked what he thought our attitude should be toward affairs in Europe. Well, (I considered) a little shocked, maybe he didn't understand my question. Maybe he thought I was asking him about the price of eggs in Madagascar. So I asked again, hopefully.

What Shall We Save Next Time?

"It looks to me, son," he replied this time, seeing my bewilderment, and anxious to make things clear. "It looks to me like we got our hands full over here, without sticking our nose in something that doesn't concern us. Those Germans and Japs ain't going to come over here and take the United States. And I don't think we should let 'em take South America. But, hell, they ain't that dumb! Why not let those guys in Europe fix things up between themselves. We didn't do so hot the last time. And why should we go over there to protect England and France when they couldn't go over to Czechoslovakia to protect them guys. See what I mean?"

I was beginning to see his viewpoint, and, with practice, I found I could even agree with parts of it. He went on to tell me about his son, who was with the navy in Mediterranean waters, and I suggested he visit the boy he hadn't seen in five years. And he said, by golly, maybe I will, thanks a lot for thinking of it. So we parted the best of friends, and I hope his son is in good health when Pop arrives.

A Tip for Hamilton

Expressed in a wide variety of terms, I found that Pop's opinion was almost exactly that of nine-tenths of the people I interviewed. Most of them were very hazy about the neutrality laws we should adopt, but quite earnest in their desire to keep out of foreign wars by any means at all. They don't like Roosevelt's flirting with England and France. They don't like all this talk about secret diplomacy and alliances that might lead us immediately into a war if it came to blows in Europe. And if the Republicans care to make an issue of it in 1940, I feel certain that the majority of Americans will support them. George Gallup may think otherwise, as his poll shows most of the citizens in favor of the president's foreign policy; and since his interviews were more scientifically selected than mine, George deserves some consideration. But, personally, I'd be willing to bet that America will vote for a policy of non-participation in European affairs at any time in the near future that a ballot is taken on it.

In the Mail

OPEN SESAME!

To the Editor:

Nice work on the edit yesterday re tennis courts. It appears that the University department responsible for the court's jurisdiction is guilty of one of two things, i.e. either of maintaining a prize job for somebody as "caretaker" (who ever heard of concrete with a fence around it needing a caretaker?) or else playing possum and sleeping for some reason or other not explained. Maybe it's agin the moral grain of somebody or something, but anyhow, before this thing gets too silly let's get those courts open for use on the real tennis day of the week—Sunday. After all, it's a pretty innocent relaxation, even for Sunday, isn't it?

Open sesame!

—A raqueteer.

have last year's Junior weekend queen still seeing that ATO even though she returned his pin. Just a little vacation and variety, it would appear. The spice of life . . . and why not?

Helen Ingle was on the campus Monday. She was a sophomore here last year, is now attending Willamette. Seems, in a little heart to heart chat she had with the editor and one Lloyd Tupling, Helen let it be known that the rumors she was married are entirely unfounded . . . in other words, false. And she doesn't like them—evidently is not so old yet! Helen Ingle, boys, is not married.

Looking Back... WITH JIMMIE LEONARD

One year ago—Nils Carlsen, in charge of the chemistry supply room, said that if all the department's glass tubing were placed end to end, it would reach to the Three Trees Inn and back four times. It would have saved a lot of steps for some of the campus soaks.

Paul Deutschmann and Lloyd Tupling were running for the position of Emerald editor.

Strange as it may seem, the women footed the bill once. The epic-making event was the Gamma Alpha Chi dance, where exploiting coeds were exploited.

Two years ago—"Willy Nilly"—the green menace—was terrifying the campus males and females. Morn, noon, and evening the Kappa girls in their newly-acquired \$25 auto.

Betty Howell and Ingrid Liljequist put a green coat of paint over the rusty demon. The crate was seen many times at the Three Trees and once in Corvallis. On the way to Corvallis the gals had to stop at five service stations, and at each station ambitious attendants would rush out, only to be greeted with: "Just water—thanks."

Three years ago—Eight Oregon swimmers—Jim Hurd, Jim Reed, Chuck Reed, Harold Sexton, Bob Chilton, Bert Myers, Vern Hoffman, and Leonard

Eugene Kids To Get Eggs Colored by YW

Transformed from their conventional white, three dozen eggs, sporting the latest, gayest, and most popular spring colors and designs, will be distributed Friday morning to children of the WPA nursery school.

Donors and colorers of the Easter eggs are members of the YWCA community service group headed by Lois Onthank.

The group will meet right after dinner tonight to color the eggs. Mrs. John Stark Evans, executive secretary, announced.

Scroggins—were placed on the All-Northwest swimming squad.

Four years ago—The Emerald put out an extra edition.

ASUO ticket salesmen were trying hard to match the 1236 membership of the ASOSC.

Five years ago—Observers were heard to remark that dogs put students to shame when it came to drinking from a fountain. It seemed that two German police dogs had copied the art very successfully from students.

Ten years ago—An Emerald columnist eulogized Phi Gamma Delta for its symbol of democracy; SAE, annual Easter tea, purity, and wholesomeness; Thetas, their fire pole; Alpha Phiis, agility in handling sneak dates; and Delta Gamma, warm southern hospitality, pillars, and red bricks.

Miss Hays to Play On KOAC Program

Eleanor Hays, senior in music at the University of Oregon, will play several piano selections on the school of music program tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock over station KOAC.

The program includes "Viennese Waltz," Freedman; "Intermezzo in C Major" by Brahms; "Nocturne,"

Respighi; and "Finale in Sonata in G Minor," Schumann. Miss Hays is a student of George Hopkins, professor of piano and her home is at Portland.

Dr. R. C. Clark, head of the history department, has been asked by Secretary of State Earl Snell, to write the historical article for the 1939-40 edition of the Oregon Blue Book. The article will be a short history of the settlement of Oregon.

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KEEP POSTED ON THE NEW ARROW SHIRTS

— THIS WEEK'S POST

Enjoy this week's Post

CAN WE KEEP OUT OF WAR?

TODAY the colossal poker game of European politics has a new player: Franklin D. Roosevelt. What made him decide to sit in? Will this new strategy keep us out of war? A noted European correspondent analyzes a critical turning point in U. S. foreign policy.

Gambling With Peace
by DEMAREE BESS

"If my son ever discovered the truth about me.."

What would he think, Johnny Kelsey wondered. He'd always been "the swellest guy in the world" to his son. Then one night Johnny got drunk and ran over a man. He knew his friends would "fix" things, hush it up somehow. But there was one person Johnny still had to face—his own son. . . . Read in your Post tonight this dramatic story of a father and son, by the author of *The Late George Apley* and *Wickford Point*.

A NEW SHORT STORY
"Beginning Now..."
by J.P. Marquand

HE COURTED HER WITH A SANDWICH KNIFE! Two soda poppers go after the same job—and the same girl. In *Second Man*, Jerome Barry writes the story of a triple-decker frame-up.

IMAGINE MOVING A MOUNTAIN! Rolling a giant river from side to side! Lifting an ocean liner over a 70-foot dam! When U. S. public-works engineers push Nature around, they make those ancient Romans and Egyptians look like amateurs with Meccano sets. Garet Garrett tells you the amazing story in *Great Works*.

AND The Great World Money Play, the story of Secretary Morgenthau and the gold-standard crisis, by Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner. . . . A Mr. Tutt story, "Private Enemy No. 1," by Arthur Train. . . . ALSO—short stories, serials, editorials, fun, Post Scripts and cartoons. All in this week's issue of the Post.

WHY SOME INVENTIONS MAKE MONEY..and some don't

Why did a rubber-heel improvement make millions for an obscure cobbler—and an idea for gum wrappers lose a manufacturer \$6,000,000? Here are fascinating stories about dozens of inventions. Clues as to whether your gadget may be worth money. You'll find how to protect your idea. How to know if it's worth patenting. And what to do if you think "That Idea's Worth Millions."

by FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

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