

Oregon Emerald

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Picnic Rules—By PDQ

SOMEHOW or other, this evening, we feel in our bones that another excellent weekend is approaching. Even though our prowess as a weather prophet has not been scientifically tested, it will be safe to venture that in the next month a number of very perfect picnic weekends will present themselves to the Oregon campus.

Speaking of picnics, two news stories in yesterday's Emerald come to mind. One headline read, "Trips to Coast, Picnics Cause Grief Next Day." The other said a bit facetiously, "Weekend Picnickers Meet in UO Infirmary Next Day."

Although it has never been our nature to be overly timid, we should like to pass a few words of warning to would-be Oregon picnickers. First of all they should remember that the great outdoors is a place for hardy individuals. Numerous pitfalls await the unwary child of the city who ventures into the land of farmers and fences, poison oak and posies, skunks and swimming holes, bulls and barbed wire.

A few suggestions for those who feel the call of the wild might be apropos at this point. In the first place brush up on the laws of trespass, poaching, etc. Farmers are sometimes unsympathetic about wandering college students who carelessly cross their fences at the wrong places. In the second place don't take the dog along unless he is so well behaved that he will "heel" at the slightest command.

To those who are allergic to poison oak and other flowers we have little to suggest, unless it be that they audit botany classes until they can identify the prolific flora which send them home swollen, smarting, or sneezing.

Picnickers who have contacted skunks always tell us that the best rule is to return by a roundabout way, bury your clothes 100 feet from the house, and take tar soap baths every half hour until the smell diminishes.

The cardinal rule to observe about swimming holes is "Never jump into a strange one."

In spite of all the propaganda about Ferdinand, "the bull with the delicate ego," we would point out that there are many yet remaining in this countryside who have not acquired his delicate sensitivities.

And, oh yes, barbed wire. You'll have to pardon us at this point. We are mending our pants.

No Guppy Gobblers

OREGON holds national collegiate championships in basketball and rifle shooting but, alas, we apparently haven't even an entrant in the national goldfish eating championships.

Oregon State, on the other hand, is quite up and coming in the art of devouring cold-blooded animals alive. Witness the feat of one Marion Salisbury of the Beaver institution, who the other afternoon sat himself down at his boarding house table and nonchalantly gulped down 139 slimy angleworms.

Now this seems to put Oregon State undisputedly in the championship class. What with goldfish gobbling supremacy appearing to lie pretty definitely in the east, our Beaver friends had to deviate slightly from the accepted course among eaters of the bizarre. Thus Mr. Salisbury and his angleworms.

SPEAKING of goldfish, Gordon Southworth of Little Middlesex university in Waltham, Mass., holds the guppy-gobbling title at latest reports, for Joseph Deliberato of Clark university of Worcester has shamefacedly confessed that his story of 89 goldfish at one sitting was an April fool hoax. Southworth swallowed 67 finny creatures alive, and that's the record the other fish eaters are shooting toward.

Well, if we at Oregon didn't have our national basketball championship we might try, at that. But Oregon, with two national titles in the course of a month, isn't particularly interested. If any Oregon student wants to gobble goldfish, devour angleworms, or bite the heads off live snakes, even rattlers, it's all right. But he'll have to enter competition unattached. We really don't need any more national champs just at present.—P.F.

Round 'n' About

with WEN BROOKS

Always used to think I'd get married someday but . . . well, I don't know now. After three weeks of batching . . . you'll understand better when I outline a typical day's program. The alarm clock starts ringing about six. Bob shows no signs of life (he's a good actor) so I reach out of bed and shut the thing off. Then it's back under the covers. Sometime between the hours of eight and nine the sun breaks into the room most annoyingly. Hard on the eyes, you know. So we turn over on our backs away from the stuff.

Around noon I feel it's breakfast time so I get up and start the fire. Then it's up to the corner grocery for a quart of milk. I come back and set the table, then yell at Bob, "Hey, squirt! Soup's on!"

"What . . . soup again?" and Bob slowly pulls the blankets up higher around his neck.

I say, "We've got some canned beans too!" That does it. Bob is up in a flash, into his clothes and yelling, "What are we waiting for? Let's go out and eat."

"Go out? But, Bob, the beans are on the table?"

"I know. Let's go out and get something to eat."

Well, we consume the beans, milk, and bread and Bob rushes off to his I o'clock at the Pi Phi house . . . maybe it's the Alpha Phi . . . can't keep up with the guy . . . while I proceed to dump our two dishes, two spoons, and glasses in the sink. (We have a dishwashing party once a month . . . come on over!) Well, then I get to looking around. The place looks kind of messy. Looks nice outside though, so I go outside.

Yep, it's great to be batching. Bob's a regular, too. Always willing to lend a helping hand . . . to my neckties, shirts, or what-have-I. Will even take a fellow's girl off his hands . . . doesn't even bother me with little details such as telling me he's going to. Great-big-old Bob! All seriousness aside, batching is fun. And a fellow learns things. Actually fried a steak the other night . . . hamburger steak . . . but it sure was good! . . . Gotta say that, you see, it was my turn to cook!

Yesterday I tried my hand at umpiring a baseball game. And let me tell you something. If you want a sure-fire way to be popular, just become an umpire. I'd yell "strike" and fifty others would simultaneously yell "You're crazy!" So I'd call the next one a "ball" and my fifty admirers would emit various gurgling noises from their throats that sounded suspiciously like, "Throw him out! It was a strike. Right over!"

Then I'd call a fellow "out" on base and the pitcher and the infield, being closer than the runner's teammates, would close in on me with, "He was safe a mile!" They were right on top of me so what could I do but say, "Okay, you're safe." Think Hobby would really like to have me umpire games for him . . . here on the home diamond. What am I offered?

That tennis court dance went over pretty well yesterday afternoon. I don't imagine anyone had a good time . . . my roommate had something to do with the dance . . . but still it was a success, financially. And these "mixers" should become more popular each week. I'm all for them . . . they give a bachelor a chance.

Well, really, I can't think of a thing to say today. Perhaps I'd better just forget this column idea . . . HEY! Please not so much enthusiasm! After all!

Side Show . . .

By GORDON RIDGEWAY

The same eprsons who are curious to know who will be ahead of the game when the Spanish people have finally settled down to the task of attempting to lead normal lives once again are also wondering who will be pulling in the chips when the last chapter is written about Japan's "incident" in China. Despite the list of many battles won by Japanese soldiers, considerable opinion in this country holds that the persons eventually to bask in the glory of triumph will not be those residing in the vicinity of Tokyo.

Such a belief seems to rest on the theory that Japan will wear out before China, and some such policy seems to be the one being currently practiced by General Chiang Kai Shek. The number of pitched battles in China have been few recently, and it can't be because the Japanese have conquered all there is to be taken. It appears that China has decided to sit back and wage a bit of guerilla warfare in the hope that Japan will be led to the waste of considerable money and energy in the attempt to rebuild that which they have already destroyed with their guns.

Almost unquestionably the Chinese would be pleased and abetted in their schemes if a general world conflict were to break loose. Another world war couldn't possibly bring the Chinese to a much worse state of misery, and they might stand to gain, because it would be their one big opportunity to cast off the yoke of Nippon. It would be an application in the Orient of the ancient adage about England's troubles being Ireland's opportunities. General warfare would almost certainly throw Japan upon her own industry and resources for the production of her goods for the sustenance of both civil life and military operations.

It is doubtful whether the islands could produce enough for those purposes, as is indicated by the amount they have to import from America. War would certainly cut off this source, and their fascist allies are in no position to lend aid of an economic nature.

General war would also greatly widen Japan's battle front, since she is almost certain to suffer attack from Russia.

All in all, it looks like a match between the proverbial Chinese patience and the modern ways of the West which Japan has adopted in so definite a manner.

UO Students Plan Radio Programs

Production Class Presentations Set Tonight, Saturday

Several radio programs by the classes in radio production are to be given, D. E. Hargis, speech instructor, stated yesterday.

Saturday evening's program over KOAC at 8 will begin with "Conversation Piece," a serial arranged by Mark Hanna, member of the speech faculty. The presentation this week will be a courtroom scene with Tony Harlow, Norman Foster, Justin Knowlton, Bob Henderson, Charles Kern, and Sam Hughes taking part.

The second quarter hour will be taken up with an interview on the school of journalism, its courses, vocational training, and extracurricular activities. Les Harger is to interview Wendell Brooks.

Mack, Skipworth Sing
Celebrating Easter with selections from Handel, Bob Mack and George Skipworth will sing for the musical part of the program, "Thy Rebuke Hath Broken His Heart" and "Behold and See If There Be Any Sorrow" are among the pieces. Alan Torbet will introduce the singers.

"Treasure Trails," the last 15-minute presentation is a continued story. Actors are Sadie Mitchell, Marion DeKoning, Warren Waldorf, Wendell Brooks, Carl Robertson, and Mr. X.

Announcer for the entire hour is Freeman Patton.

New Program Tonight
An entirely new radio program of questions and answers, "Answer Me This" will go on the air tonight at 5 over KORE. William Ralston is the announcer and Donna Davies and Jeannette Harbert will take care of the questions.

Yesterday on the regular "Words of the Poets" quarter hour over KOAC, George Hall read from the works of Robert Browning. There was a musical background.

Lane High Schools Enter Paper Contest

All Eugene Lane county schools are expected to compete in the annual Lane county high school journalism contest now being held.

Clarence Strong, president of the Lane County high school's principle association, recently made arrangements to have the mimeographed papers judged by a committee of Sigma Delta Chi. The committee will also present a critique of the papers, which are due April 15. They will be judged by May 10.

June Justice, Subotnick Top Jitterbugs

June Justice and Leonard Subotnick, jitterbug champions of yesterday afternoon's "mixer" dance, now sport a new skirt and a jacket, respectively, as evidence of their superior ability to "swing it."

Over \$12 profit was made on the dance, according to Chairman Lloyd Sullivan, representing Skull and Dagger, which co-sponsored with Kwama.

Free Beechnut gum was distributed, and the prizes were donated by Washburne's and Gordon's.

Faculty's Triple

(Continued from page one)
year appeared in the campus production of "Peer Gynt," among others, he doesn't seem to mind the work necessary for such activity.

"It isn't hard at all," said Dr. Horn, "because it's a hobby, and, as such, relaxation." As for learning the lines, that took him only three hours, which substantiates his statement that he does not find memorizing very hard.

"By acting in this community enterprise I keep in condition," declared the English professor. "My voice in the classroom is better, and my physical condition far superior."

When Passing Through to Portland and Way Points Stop at the SPA for a

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Double Milk Shakes Also — ONLY A DIME —

SPA SALEM

Heredity Influences European Politics, Thinks Dr. Huestis

The influence of hereditary traits on current European politics was explained by Dr. E. Huestis, professor of zoology, to the members of the Active club at their luncheon Thursday.

Dr. Huestis first explained how

hemophilia was transmitted to the royal families of Spain and Russia. In Spain this disease finally caused the people to lose faith in the royal family because there were no capable heirs to the throne, while in Russia the monk Rasputin rose to power through his influence on the Romanoff heir, who suffered from the dread disease.

Another trait discussed was the inherited capability of members of the English ruling class, by which they guide the course of European politics.

The college of the City of New York library last year loaned out 1,113,635 volumes.

A GOOD DEAL!

Fellows, you're in the right "league" if you bring your date to Seymour's Cafe for Easter dinner. We're serving Fried Spring Chicken, Baked Ham, Roast Young Lamb and Fried Rabbit, and the price is only 60c. We are also serving a special Easter breakfast.

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FIRST FLOOR

TELEVISION EXPERT SAYS:
"It's Refreshing to Let up—Light up a mild, good-tasting Camel"

READY? A television broadcast is about to begin. Everyone feels excitement in the air. Philco engineer Richard E. Waggner knows exactly what to do. He passes Camels, takes one himself . . . a mild, good-tasting Camel! "It's grand for one's poise to let up—light up a Camel."

PHOTO OF Waggner directing Katharine Aldridge and Shane Kelly. Dick is one of many experts in television who find Camel's mildness just right for steady smoking. Let up—light up a Camel, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

RECEIVING the show with a home set: Mrs. Dorothy Temple, who runs a home, has a job too. She is enjoying a cigarette—a Camel—for, like so many women, she finds a delicate fragrance in Camels that is very appealing. "Camels taste so good," she says. "They do have a wonderful mildness."

THE SMILE OF ANTICIPATION: Dick finds a spare moment to enjoy a Camel. "Camels are quite different," he says, "mild, full-flavored. I smoke all I want, and they never jangle my nerves."

FOR SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST—CAMELS

COLUMBIA STUDENT, John C. Wright, Jr., class of '39, speaks for many a college man when he says: "Camels are what I call a real cheerful smoke. They have a rich, ripe taste that I like, and Camels certainly are mild! Yes, Camels sure set me right. I don't wonder that people say: 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' I would—any time."

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