

Oregon Emerald

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Before Tarnish Sets in . . .

BETTER than two weeks have passed since the Oregon basketball warriors defeated Ohio State. A dozen days have gone by since the conquering heroes returned with their arms full of beautiful trophies.

At the present time the national title cup is being sent to Portland to be repaired. (It was broken when Anet and Hull crashed into it at the conetst in Evanston.) The other (which has been displayed at a downtown store) will be returned to the campus and placed in the ASUO ticket office safe.

Unless the safe is dustproof, in a couple more weeks the trophy will have a fine coat of dust. When the broken cup returns it will probably also be put into safe-keeping. The two can keep each other company, gathering dust and cluttering up the safe.

TO date only one suggestion for display of the awards shows any sign of practicability. The co-op board indicated that when its new quarters in the Humanities building are completed considerable display space will be available for the trophies if the student body so desired.

While such a suggestion might be cried down as an undue commercialization of the basketball awards, it is not without merit. In view of the utter lack of action on the part of organizations connected with the ASUO and the school, it seems like the only hope.

The national basketball trophies, in any event, should not suffer the fate of every other award won by the University of Oregon athletic team. If no other location for them can be found perhaps the suggestion of the co-op board should be utilized. But in any event action should be taken—before the cups are tarnished from standing in safes and dusty corners.

University of Texas students have organized a folk-dancing club to keep alive the dances of long ago. We trust that the college students of the future will do nothing like this for the big apple, the shag, and other jitterbug dances of the present.

Onceover Lightly

By PAT TAYLOR and SALLY MITCHELL

This business of eating goldfish and angleworms may be O. K., but we'd like to get a line on what the fish think about it—or the worm's angle.

With boys usually wantin' lights off all the time, and University officials usually insistin' they stay on—the lighting effects at the inter-dormitory formal Saturday night, might have been arranged as a sort of compromise—with the lights blinking on and off all evening.

With all this girl dating going on, next year's Leap Year won't be any fun at all.

Things have been picking up at the Delta Gamma house the past week, with three new pins finding their way there. Genevieve Treadgold came home with Bill Lonigan's Fiji pin, and Harriett Scott now has Frank DeWitt's Delt pin. Then, too, Marge Maddren accepted Ted Holmes' Phi Delt emblem the other night.

Betty Milne, Alpha Chi, is wearing Jack Lockridge's Fiji pin, and Nancy Cooper, Theta, has Chuck Coate's Fiji pin.

Jack Mercer, Delt, surrendered his pin to Neva Barber, AOPi.

Owed To The Spring:

Smoked glasses—cut classes
Burned noses—wet toeses
Bloodshot eyes—new interest in guys
Swimmers Delight—big appetite
Pastel sweaters—pastel skirts
Kerchiefs bright—Hawaiian shirts
Brown, tans, reds, pinks—freckles
Beer busts costing lots of shekles
Mosquito bites and weekend trips
Poison oak—and then warning slips.

To William Edward Tupling, 7-pounder, who was born last night, may we extend our welcome. We will be looking forward, Bill, to your bright sayings. Your proud father was just in and instead of passing out cigars, he simply says, "Won't you have a match."

When someone smelled something burning on the set of "With Fear and Trembling," last night, Horace Robinson, director, remarked, "I hope it isn't ham."

Tragedy Knows No Holiday . . .

TRAGEDY thrust its keen edge into this community of 3000 Oregon students with lightning swiftness Easter Sunday and left death in its wake—a calling card of warning.

Too often during the preceding years has this same specter of horror—the calm mill race, the lazy canoe, a bump, a quick, terrifying flip, a struggle for air, silent calm and new tragedy—thrust itself into the complacent campus life.

Sunday's episode was not an unusual chapter in the history of canoeing on the mill race. Lucky escapes have occurred for a year or two and then another drowning has added a new victim to the list.

THERE is an old saying: "Fight and run and live to fight another day." Apply its thought when associating with water. Precautions are not hard to take nor do they cause a curtailment of pleasure. Canoeists should be wary of the upper reaches of the race where the water comes in from the river. Its swift current and treacherous eddies have been the scene of most of the drownings during recent years.

Beautiful spring term days bring a wanderlust urge and the canoeists flock to the race. Perhaps they will heed Sunday's tragic warning. Be safe: dress appropriately for a sudden ducking, be able to swim, and then stay down in the race where the current is slower. What happened Sunday has been warning enough—it is a type which urges no repetition.—P.B.

Round 'n' About

with WEN BROOKS

This show business is a funny one. In it you get a conglomeration of every type of individual . . . the talented actor and the ham . . . the wise-cracking bit player and the comedian. And then when you throw in a group of chorus girls, singers, dancers, and an orchestra . . . you've really got a mess! Then when you realize that every actor and actress and would-be actor and actress is usually possessed of a temperament . . . if not a permanent . . . you've got something even if you wonder what! That's what Horace Robinson has to work with in producing WITH FEAR AND TREMBLING.

Staging such a show is not only hard on the director, and the musical score writers who have to keep changing lines of music, tempos, and so forth to meet new requirements . . . but it's hard on all those in the show as well. Rehearsals for months in advance. Rehearsals every night including weekends for two weeks before staging the show. That's the price students and directors alike pay to put on a show for us. More power to them.

The girl who will probably attract the most attention in the whole show is ace-comedian . . . and a natural . . . Pat Taylor. Pat, incidentally, had her twentieth birthday yesterday. And it is rumored that it wasn't ONCEOVER LIGHTLY . . . but twenty times . . . for Pat last night by the girls in Hendricks. Alyce Rogers, Junior Weekend princess, is no longer in the chorus in WITH FEAR AND TREMBLING. Alyce, it seems, missed a rehearsal last Saturday night . . . and received the penalty! No need to mention the name of the Kappa Sig responsible.

And maybe you don't think Maxine Glad has been kept busy since winning the election Monday night. That phone . . . rather both of them . . . at the Alpha Phi house were kept ringing constantly with Max taking first one, then the other, and maybe you don't think Max got tired of saying "Thank you. Yes, I sure am tickled!" to all the students who phoned congratulations!

Yesterday night after lunch Queen Maxine was mill-raced, getting off to a glorious start in the canoe fete activities. Lloyd Hoffman was one of the guilty parties . . . and seems quite interested in the gal (who wouldn't be?) . . . but Chuck Eaton sent the roses!

And the Easter bunny left more than eggs at the AOPi house Sunday. Nina Schmor is now wearing a diamond! Understand the AOPi's have a new pledge whose platinum blonde hair is the real thing. They call her "Salty," fellows, but reports say she's awful sweet!

With rain yesterday it looks as though spring had actually hit the campus! Also hit any plans for tennis-court dances this week! Incidentally, any students . . . might as well say fellows . . . who have life-sized drawings of Petty . . . are requested to get in touch with the girls working on the AWS carnival for Saturday night. They want the sketches for something but don't ask me what.

Vern Pomeroy started work at Lipman-Wolfe's in Portland this week as assistant merchandizer. Martin Schedler, frosh leather pusher on the mitt and mat team, has talked himself into a job at the Valley Printing company's campus store on Twelfth and Hilyard. Paul Deuschmann's cigarettes taste very good. The packs about gone. Deutsch . . . should know better than to leave cigarettes on your desk in the shack! Pat Carson and Bud Aronson are "in shares" on a little black pooch now and have you seen George McGill's DEACON? Cute pup!

Well, that about does it for tonight. See Cummings is with us again with his CALLIOPE and should be able to get the real dope on politics there if anywhere. Cummings gets around! Incidentally, fellows, there are reported over 200 ASUO cards in the men's dorm.

Six per cent of the college and university newspapers in the United States own their own printing plants.

Kessler Observes Amazing Opinions On Jewish Problem

By HOWARD KESSLER

The most amazing opinions I heard in over 100 interviews conducted during an automobile trip through 24 states last term, had to do with the Jewish problem.

Would you say, for instance, that the following statements are typically American, or do you think they are the mouthings of a Nazi Bund storm trooper?

"I don't believe anything I read in the papers about all this Jewish persecution in Germany. The papers are all owned by Jews."

"In about 25 years the same thing will be happening over here. Anti-semitism is growing rapidly in the United States."

"The Jews got what was coming to them in Germany. They had too much power."

"There are too many Jews in this country. They control the movies, the theater, the radio, the press, all the organs of public opinion, and they see that only their opinion gets a hearing."

Vox Populi?

Well, these replies to my question, "What is your attitude toward the Jewish problem?" were given, respectively, by a Southern Pacific ticket agent; a Dayton, Ohio, lawyer; a barber in Covington, Kentucky; and a dentist in Cartersville, Georgia. And, surprisingly enough, they were reiterated in some such forms by most of the people with whom I talked.

In "This Week" for January 1, 1939, Hendrik Willem Van Loon wrote: "Of course we must find a place for all these exiles. We are not the sort of people who can live happily while millions of others starve to death or are doomed to a life

of bondage; it is just not in the American character to sit by with folded hands and let such things happen."

Now, Mr. Van Loon is an outstanding humanitarian and an excellent scholar, but it probably would be a great disappointment for him to go out among the "average" Americans and attempt to persuade them that it is their duty to save the Jewish people in their hour of need. Socrates found out long ago that the "dull, Athenian ox" reacted in a very ungrateful way to his constant prodding. In America, as in Athens and any other country you care to name, the lethargy of the masses is in direct contrast to the vigor of that small body of idealists who push and drive them to reform and reorganization.

The Bread and Butter Man

Yes, it is quite in keeping with American character to sit by with folded hands while the Jews in Germany starve. So long as his own bread is well-buttered, your typical American is not apt to arouse himself for long in the pursuit of an ideal that has little to do with his immediate welfare. If he becomes convinced that his security, that the security of his wife and children, is threatened, then, and then only, will he take to the warpath. And just now he cannot see what the prosecution of the Jews in Germany has to do with his job and his wages.

Definitely, most Americans do not want a large scale influx of refugee Jews to this country. That might mean the loss of jobs or lower wages for some Americans.

Similarly, many Americans resent the success of Jews in business and finance. This I found particularly true among farmers, of whom there are 20,000,000 in this country.

"Did you ever see a Jew on a farm?" one Iowa farmer asked me. "Of course not. Jews take all the easy jobs, and cheat us poor farmers out of a living."

This scarcity of Jews in manual labor and agriculture is responsible for a great deal of the anti-semitism in the United States today. And their evident superiority in other fields accounts for the rest.

nation-wide anti-war strike.

Paul Raymond resigned from the law school faculty.

Six years ago—Everyone remembers the Wheeler-Woolsey comedy, "So This Is Africa." It was showing at the McDonald theater. The two comedians went to Africa and found beautiful maidens hanging from trees.

Five years ago—The Chi Os pledged a new member. Marshall Harrison, formerly of SAE, was "it." The girls came home during the afternoon to find Harrison moved in. His brothers had brought in all his stuff and had deposited it on the window seat in the dining room.

Looking Back...

WITH JIMMIE LEONARD

One year ago—Said Dr. Jameson to Dorothy Good: "Would you like to have me deprive you of your hearing so that you wouldn't have to listen to my asinities?" Miss Good calmly replied, "Yes."

The SAEs and Kappa Sigs staged a murder and fire for the benefit of visiting high school bandsmen.

Chuck Miller, Kappa Sig, lay in a pool of catsup-blood at 2 a.m., after "Cowboy" Terjeson had gone "berserk" with a gun filled with blanks.

SAE's visitors awakened at 1:30 a.m. to find the house filled with smoke. As they dashed out the door, they were doused with water to cool them off.

Oregon defeated Willamette, 5 to 3, in a rainy baseball game.

Two years ago—The University theater was presenting "Ethan Frome," a story which vividly portrayed the life of a lonely and desolate New England fishing village. The featured players were Patricia Neal, Walden Boyle, and Margie Tucker.

The law school mock court session began. Young and ambitious lawyers were Robert Miller, Harry McCall, Arthur Barnett, Hale Thompson, Antone Yturri, and D. R. Dimick.

Three years ago—Helen Jones, a junior, won the canoe fete contest with the theme of "Stardust." Miss Jones was a member of Delta Delta Delta.

Oregon's baseball squad took it on the nose, 11-6, from a potent Linfield group.

Four years ago—Margaret Ann Smith was elected to the AWS presidency.

UO students took part in a

LOST

GREEN SCHEAFFER lifetime fountain pen, probably on 11th between Kincaid and Hilyard, Sunday. Please phone Vincent Gates, 3632-W.



MR. and MRS. NEWT

The Show-Off

Toldyas!

We hate to brag but from the first we claimed that Benny Goodman's "And the Angels" was super and sure to be popular. Today there are very few living organizations that don't have that recording—practically every band in the country is playing it—and the tune just seems to be everywhere. In fact, the last time we said goodnight I could have sworn I heard "the Angels Sing."

Riot!

The trailer of Warners' "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" created a minor riot in its New York showing. Boos and catcalls accompanied scenes of bund meetings. And the final title "It was our American duty to make it—It is your American privilege to see it" brought cheers and thundering applause from the audience. . . . Keep it up, Hollywood, and we'll be right over there fighting 'em.

Sorry!

Eight years ago Universal released a second-rate actress because, among other reasons, she didn't have enough sex appeal. Now Universal studios would give anything to have Bette Davis under contract again.

What!

A young woman gave birth to twin girls and promptly named them Hitler and Mussolini. The amazed doctor spluttered: "Why

THOSE names, Mrs. Blah?" Sneared the young mother: "The name is MISS Blah, doctor."

Dreams!

If the frosh's dreams come true, CHUCK FOSTER and company will swing out for the Frosh Clee. For the past year he has been broadcasting nationally from that very popular Hollywood nitespot, Topsy's Roost. CHUCK FOSTER'S smooth musical aggregation certainly deserves the title "name band," and it would be swell if he should come Frosh Gleeing. Sorry we can't be there. We're gonna "Get Out of Town" counta cause we told!

Gleemen Receive Invitation From San Francisco

George H. B. Wright, canon precentor, has invited the Eugene Gleemen to sing Sunday morning, July 9, at the Grace Episcopal cathedral in San Francisco, John Stark Evans, director, announced yesterday.

The Gleemen, who have much of sacred music in their repertoire, will accept this invitation if it doesn't conflict with previous engagements made in San Francisco.

Dill Pickle Club Hostesses Selected

Hostesses for the remainder of spring term Dill Pickle club meetings were named Monday evening at a YWCA cabinet meeting, by Marcia Judkins, Dill Pickle club president.

Hostess duties include planning and serving a special dish on the regular club meeting date, Wednesday noon. Membership in the club includes about 30 girls who eat their lunch at the YW bungalow.

Girls who will play hostess today include Belrae Jonrud, Hazel Oldfield, and Iola Dunning.

FOR THE FIRST TIME! The Amazing Story of STALIN'S SECRET OPERATIONS IN SPAIN

A revealing document by the only general to escape the Red Army purge

The Author
W. G. KRIVITSKY

This former general in the Red Army, after two attempts on his life, is now hiding in the U. S. As Chief of the Soviet Military Intelligence in Western Europe, he was on the inside of every major international step taken by the Kremlin. He is the only man now alive and free to tell this story.

Stalin's Hand in Spain

JOE Mc CARTHY WINS BALL GAMES EVEN IN HIS SLEEP!

He's baseball's most successful manager—and he never played in a big-league game! This week's Post tells you about the man who keeps the Yankees on top; how he won pennants in both leagues, three world series in a row—one of them with an "invalid" pitcher; and why they think he hatches his craftiest ideas when he's asleep!

Busher Joe McCarthy
by JOE WILLIAMS



Mr Whalen whips up a World's Fair

Here's the story of how Grover Whalen sold businessmen and statesmen on his Flushing Meadows empire. Turn to Money Makes the Fair Go.
by FORREST DAVIS

ALSO—BROADWAY'S LIGHTEST JOB MAKES HIM RICH. You know those fancy electric signs on Broadway? Jack Alexander tells you about a Young Man of Manhattan who ran \$50, and an idea about them, into a million-dollar business. See page 20.

THE WITCH DOCTOR OF ROSY RIDGE. A new short story by MacKinlay Kantor . . . THE SHERIFF TAKES STEPS. Dancing steps—and without music! M. G. Chute shows you what that led to . . . PLUS short stories, articles, serials, fun and cartoons.

DID YOU EVER TELL A SMALL LIE...too successfully?

Mr. Burroughs was trapped. How could he match the colorful war record of the man next door, a hero to all the boys in the neighborhood? In an off-guard moment, Mr. B admitted a few little war experiences himself. He didn't realize he was lighting a fuse he couldn't let go of! . . . An amusing story for all well-meaning prevaricators.

Mr. Burroughs Tells a Lie
by RICHARD THRUENSEN



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