

Oregon Emerald

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Dog Is Man's Best Friend

THE dog is man's best friend. So the saying goes. But there came a time in the history of man when the dogs, being the good friend of man that they were, decided that man was getting nowhere, fast. It seemeth that man had at this time arranged a contest to discover the King of Canines.

So the dogs gathered themselves together and decided that after this contest, which they would suffer to go on, the King of Canines would become ruler of the land. And man in his foolishness had great parades, made catch slogans, formed blocks of voters to elect his favorite dog. Nor did the dogs prevent this for they knew that when a king of their family had been elected he would rule.

BUT the foolish men did gather with great fanfare, as they did plot late at night, speculating upon the possibility of their candidates winning the sorority vote, or the independent vote, or of lining up a strong bloc to put their candidate on the throne. And the dogs did smile secretly at this great to-do, and did sleep through all the meetings dreaming of bones.

The day of election did come, and after that with great pomp, came the enthronement of the Kanine King. It so came to pass that a small mongrel, being of indeterminate breed, but of exceedingly fine nature, did win the election. But the dogs were satisfied and they did support him as king.

And it followed in the course of events that the dogs did execute a coup de etat, which in the vulgar meaneth a seizure of the government, and the foolish men were surprised.

AND a dog did rule in the land. Then did men meet secretly in an effort to overthrow the rule of the dogs, but so just was the rule, that man became satisfied. And the dogs did legislate that a new king should be chosen each year in the following manner. A sizeable bone, being the symbol of power, was thrown far by the most-favored man, and the dog which first recovered the bone did become the king. And the succession of Kanine Kings ruled wisely and well.

And when man became thoroughly approving of the rule of the dogs, the committee of elder mastiffs (which did contain two St. Bernards, an English bull, and two police dogs) legislated that man might also run after the bone.

AND man was happy since he had been granted equal rights by the dogs after having become sufficiently wise to deserve these. And the men did run after the bone, which was the symbol of power, but the dogs were the quickest and did maintain the Kanine rule.

So it came that peace and wisdom fell on the land, and nevermore did man foolishly parade, nor sit up late plotting of blocs, thinking up catchy slogans, or wondering how the sorority vote, the independent vote, or the SAE-Fiji-Phi-Delt-Kappa-Sig bloc vote would go.

In the Mail

GROWN UP!

To the Editor: The Emerald deserves congratulations for its realistic treatment of this year's anti-war strike. In previous years, the Emerald, while mildly sympathetic, has seemed to look upon the strike as good fun for a bunch of adolescents, and in so doing proved itself to be the most infantile of all. Personally, I think the Emerald's grown-up attitude this year is highly commendable.

When I took part in the anti-war strikes of two, three, and four years ago we sometimes asked each other whether or not this one would be the last one we would have a chance to participate in. Sometimes I thought so, but I am glad I was wrong.

In those years the war clouds were just visible on the horizon. This year they seem to be almost overhead. I believe with all my heart that the question of whether or not America gets into war can be determined by us, the would-be cannon fodder, if we will. That's why I think a forceful,

B. B. Shots

By BERNADINE BOWMAN

Those who heard Ruth Bryan Owen at the assembly yesterday can well understand with what qualms I undertake an attempt to convey, in writing, the charm of that well-known lady. However, the informal talk she gave after the luncheon in her honor at the DG house really deserves to be shared by all.

The talk concerned her trip to Greenland. Very few women make the trip and she was the first diplomat to ever go there. She went with a group of approximately fifty on a very small boat. The trip took her hundreds of miles beyond the arctic circle and 1200 miles along the coast of Greenland, the largest insular possession of Denmark.

None of the Eskimo villages which she visited are contacted by boat more than three times a year. One of them hadn't been contacted in three years.

To the Eskimos Mrs. Owen was "the lady from the land across the waters who stood beside the king of Denmark."

She was feted in true Eskimo style. Such delicacies as squares of whale's skin, smoked reindeer tongue, and raw fish were served—which, she assures you, are all right once you have adjusted yourself.

Having enjoyed the hospitality of the Eskimos she asked permission of the captain to give a party on the boat. She was not daunted when told there was nothing to serve but said coffee and sugar could make any party, and found some cookies to serve the heads of the villages and their wives. The rest of the village gathered around the boat in their small boats and enjoyed the western movie and the Mickey Mouse that were shown on board. The latter caused such a sensation that one of the crew said that everything on the island would probably henceforth be dated as before and after Mickey Mouse.

Mrs. Owen thought her guests should be given some favors and scored a success by giving them as many small wooden spoons (the kind you use on picnics) as there were children in the family.

Mrs. Owen's popularity caused her to have a godchild to be named after her in Greenland. The little girl is the glamour girl of the island—a sort of Greenland debutante—because she has a dowry of a fork, spoon, and a music box that plays "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

This world so far apart—so far off the beaten track—made a very deep impression on Mrs. Owen. She dedicated the following poem to Greenland:

When I have watched your mountains sink
Below the far horizon's brink,
And all your icy peaks that gleam
Although I can no longer see
Like frozen music in a dream,
Your loveliness and majesty,
I will not bid a last adieu
I know I will come back to you
When I have beat my weary wings
Against the bars of little things
That hedge me straight round-about,
And shut the winds of heaven out,
I'll know the cliffs of Greenland rise,
High, sheer and silent, to the skies,
And like the creatures of the air,
My spirit will find haven there.

realistic and determined strike by hundreds of thousands of American students next week is anything but futile.

As a word of constructive criticism, I think the Emerald does many of us an injustice when it calls us "isolationists." We so-called "isolationists" only realize that another war will have the very same causes as the last one; namely, rival imperialisms, exploiting not only their own peoples but their industrial empires as well, and seeking to maintain a status quo of profit-seeking robbers, except of course where the status quo would prevent them from gaining new industrial domains regardless of the cost in human blood (witness Germany, Italy, and Japan.)

Only a united movement of workers, students, and all the victims of this exploitation can insure peace and prosperity. If we who want to see this world unity of the people for peace are "isolationists," then Karl Marx was a believer in "collective security," as an Emerald column writer suggested the other day.

If the "collective security" crowd's plan to line up imperialist England, France, and America against imperialist Germany, Italy, and Japan is "Marxist" then somebody is crazy. Just where do we workers and students get off in this scheme to rebuild two rival military alliances? We do all the fighting and dying, and the bosses do all the profiting. To claim that Karl Marx ever would have perpetrated such a nefarious scheme on the working class is ridiculous.

The fact that the Communists have abandoned their traditional anti-war stand and are now the most jingoistic front-rank members of the "collective security" bloc is no reason for laying the idea onto Marx. In the first place the Communist Party today is a long way from being a Marxist party, and secondly, Marx has been unfairly blamed for enough bloody ideas already without trying to saddle this one on him.

All the "collective security" bunch want us to do is to go through the slaughterhouse all over again to "make the world safe for democracy." Didn't we get enough of that the last time?

Charles Paddock.

PERSONAL?

To Messrs. Klapper
Ridgeway
Kessler

As an outsider, just an innocent reader of the Emerald, I have been wondering if you all might not be accused of "pointless flag-waving." So far we have had Van Loon from both sides—J. T. Adams, a Dayton lawyer, a few odd farmers, and a very mysterious promise from Mr. Ridgeway that we may find "intolerance regarding the Jewish race" so close to home as in Lane county.

Pardon me gentlemen if I remind you, as has apparently been done at least once, that all your pretty talk is not worth much more than my own humble and unscientific expression would be, unless you have a few facts with which to back up your statements.

Granted, Mr. Ridgeway, that you have demon-

Round 'n' About

By WEN BROOKS

It may be trite but the campus really went to the dogs yesterday and we're still going! The dog's traditional task, that of barking, has been usurped by man and tonight students will be yelling, barking, and bawling for their favorite shaggy-haired pooch as it promenades in the Igloo at the annual AOWS carnival . . . this time a circus and a dog show combined!

Campaigning ATOs paraded the campus yesterday noon heralding their Red Dog as the "biggest thing since Weston." They even went so far as to present sororities with personally autographed greetings from their pooch . . . his compliments with a smeared ink foot print on the bottom of the page! Gamma Phi's Jean Farrens retaliated, sending the ATOs sympathy from her little black Scotty, Mister Gump. And don't think Jena didn't have difficulty getting Mister Gump to sign the message!

Not so long ago Keith Osborne dug into his pockets for the price of one pooch. Doris De Young now calls him "Gooch" . . . the dog. And Elma Johnson has a pet named "Muffin" thanks to Del Utter. And at this moment Phil Bladine and the editors are discussing the possibilities of a dog editorial! Pretty soon we'll all be barking!

Cupid scored again the first of the week. His victims: pretty Eleanor Swift and Bill Rosson, the soldier-golfer. Real victim . . . one ATO! And those men about town, Chuck Eaton and Ned Simpson, plan to head for Honolulu this summer . . . with newspaper connections practically assured either there or in Japan, I hear. Japan's a mighty big little nation!

Next year's editor and business manager of the Emerald will be decided next week when the EAB acts on petitions. Most hotly contested post is that of editor . . . with Bill Pengra, this year's managing editor, Bud Jermain, present city editor, top notch writers Pat Frizzell and George Pasero, Figi's Phil Bladine . . . among the petitioners for

strated that there is a good measure of discrimination against some prominent individuals, but where is your case for intolerance against the Jewish people in Lane county?

T. H.

I would like to unofficially appoint the three of you to a committee of investigation of 'intolerance regarding the Jewish race'—in "our own estimable Lane county."

Houses to Start

(Continued from page one)

Judging arrangements for the floats were also announced at the meeting. This year members of the art and music schools will do the deciding.

There will be another canoe fete float meeting Monday night, Hoffman said.

Making Friends

(Continued from page one)

who were undergoing such terrible torture.

Wrong Home Life?

The people in Denmark also receive an exaggerated idea of American home life through lavish portrayals on the screen, according to the woman diplomat. Mrs. Owen believes that something should be done to alleviate this condition, as "millions of people only know us by shadows on a screen."

Mrs. Owen went on to describe the simple, wholesome beauty that she had noticed on a trip through Denmark with four young children, two of her own. She especially commended the honesty that was everywhere evident.

The final portion of Mrs. Owen's speech concerned a Fourth of July celebration that she experienced in Copenhagen. Flags of every state in the United States were evident at the scene of the celebration—the American National park—said Mrs. Owen, "and 30,000 Danish people celebrated the Independence day of America."

"Good luck, future ambassadors," said the radiant Mrs. Owen as she concluded her talk.

'With Fear and

(Continued from page one)

smooth dramatic ballroom number that would rate a top billing in any ordinary show.

Then there's T. Hamilton O'Toole . . . none other than Smokey Whitfield! and Edward Burtonshaw as Adam Phineas Teeter. Frederick Waller plays Leland Brooke, and Durwent Banta "Spicy" Spicer.

The cast of 40 students is completed with Dale King as Mr. Quincke, Donna Davies as Cassy Fletcher, Helen Taylor as Prissy Green, Florence Shumaker as Puss Brown, George Hall as T. O. Burnshaw, Gene Edwards as Barrie Colt, and Patience Harland as Gayle Foster.

Esther McKeown, who wrote "Rhythm in the Breeze," sings the starring role in her number with the backing of the chorus of fifteen voices which she has directed in

the editor's desk. There will probably be others. SAE's Dick Litfin and Sammy's Milt Weiner are considered most likely boys to step into Hal Haener's shoes as business manager of the paper.

Members of Mrs. Ernst's play-writing class had the opportunity of seeing first hand the difficulties involved in throwing together a musical show when they sat in on the first dress rehearsal of WITH FEAR AND TREMBLING Thursday night. It was the first time Robinson had gone through the whole show in sequence with Art Holman's boys out front and believe you me it was a job! The rehearsal got under way at eight. Members of the cast did not leave Johnson hall until 2 a.m. . . . with some of the technicians and Robinson staying even later.

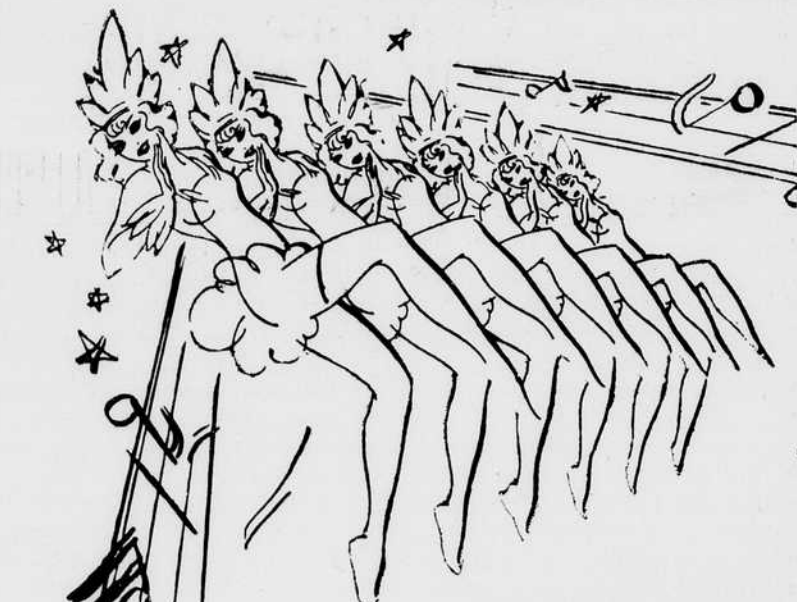
Stevie Smith was at the rehearsal, getting an especially big bang out of Pat Taylor's P-O-E-G-W-T-M- speech . . . and eloquent bit of political humbugery that will bring the house down. You'll find out what the initials stand for later. Mr. and Mrs. John Stark Evans dropped in to watch a few numbers. Shumaker was also there . . . and, of course, his pipe with him.

Due to a rather subtly written cut caption in yesterday's Emerald, many students thought Betty Jean Caldwell had been dropped from the chorus. The caption read, "Betty Jean Caldwell . . . will not perform 'With Fear and Trembling' when the show of that name opens Monday night." All I can say is, the caption, though misleading, is right. B. J. is the central figure in the chorus scene . . . and a striking one! She will definitely be in the show!

The show is due for some good publicity tomorrow when the Oregon Journal comes out. A full page of pictures . . . U. of O. PRESENTS; Director Robinson is on the floor on all fours in one shot. The caption reads, "Even a director has his ups and downs . . ." Comedian Gedney posed the picture with Robinson. In the grand finale Lorraine Hixson presents a glamorous figure at the side of Gene Edwards. Singer Lorraine does herself proud with "Solitude" in the last scene.

It would be impossible to list the stars of the show. There are too many talented students. The show has lots of variety . . . a serious number will be followed by comic relief . . . with lots of the latter. If any criticism were to be made it would be that the show is too much of a good thing . . . too much talent tossed into one show with the observer continually wondering, "What next?"

the show. Singers are Marcia Jean Burt, Pat Shea, Leota Reetz, Steinhauser, Charleen Jackson, Don Childers, Gerald Childers, and Wanda Milledge, Miriam Hale, Gene Edwards.



- Life!
- Pep!
- Vim!
- Vigor!
- Fun!
- Music!

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Rifle Champions Receive Plaudits

General Bowley of Ninth Corps Area Sends Letters

It was not "all over but the shouting" for the University's national championship ROTC rifle team, the sharpshooters found yesterday, after resting on their laurels for a week.

Two letters congratulating the marksmen on winning the national championship and Stan Warren on winning the national individual championship were received at the military department yesterday from Major General A. J. Bowley, commander of the ninth corps area.

The first letter was addressed to Col. Robert M. Lyon, commandant of the University ROTC, and requested that the congratulations

be conveyed to them. The second was addressed to Stan Warren. Colonel Lyon has known Major General Bowley for a number of years. In fact, he first met him at West Point. Col. Lyon was a cadet and Major General Bowley was then a captain. Major General Bowley had just returned from service in the Philippines at that time. "He was quite a hero in our eyes," Colonel Lyon said.

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THIS IS WHAT A FRESHMAN SAYS . . .

Arnie Milstein, prominent student on the campus, says, "I don't purchase very many clothes but what I do buy is quite expensive, so to have them last longer and look better I have them laundered or dry cleaned at the . . ."



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