



University of Oregon, Eugene

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The Oregon Daily Emerald, official student publication of the University of Oregon, Eugene, published daily during the college year, except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, examination periods, all of December and all of March except the first three days. Entered in the postoffice at Eugene, Oregon, as second-class matter. Subscription rates, \$2.50 a year.

ON EMERALD DISTRIBUTION

THIS business of restricting the Emerald's distribution is as distasteful to us as to anyone else—and judging from the telephone calls and complaints we're receiving, the campus is finding it exceedingly distasteful. Nevertheless, the measure seems necessary under the present financial circumstances of the A. S. U. O.

Having had approximately \$750 slashed from its anticipated income this term by the attorney general's adverse decision on compulsory fees, the Emerald has no choice other than to adopt whatever methods suggest themselves in order to insure a full publication schedule for the rest of the year.

One of the retrenchments is the reduction in the number of copies printed, and in order to insure that these reach the proper persons—namely, those who are paying for them through their A. S. U. O. fees—it is necessary to establish an unwieldy system of distribution and checking at the Co-op store.

Second of the retrenchments is the raising of the price on Emerald subscriptions, in order that the coffers of the Emerald may be swelled to the extent of assuring a full calendar of publication in case of an unforeseen drop in advertising revenue.

The Emerald is acutely conscious of its own drop in circulation by reason of its loss of contact with many former readers and contributors. Yet the Emerald cannot support itself on advertising alone, and until the fee difficulty is adjusted, the present restricted distribution must be continued.

THE WARNER CONTEST

THE annual Warner contest for essays on the problems of the Pacific area has become established as one of Oregon's most important scholastic competitions. But in these times it contains two weaknesses that seem to lessen the benefits of its philanthropy.

Every year \$400 is presented to nine winners of the contest. The number entering the contest is remarkably small for the size of the award. The reason for this is the restriction that only those students who have taken certain prescribed courses on the history and problems of the far east may enter. Of course, this clause was inserted as an inducement to enrollment in these courses, and, as such, some stimulus has been evidenced.

The weakness is that it limits eligibility to such a close number of specialists in this field, and keeps out students who would like to make an investigation of this sort but who either have no time for the courses prescribed or no particular taste for the classroom curricula offered. It would seem that the attraction of, say, 35 students to a cursory perusal of the field would be as valuable as the attraction of a dozen who go through the courses only to clear the requirement.

Further, the dispensation of such a sum of money at this time to the admittedly creditable cause of advancement of a certain field of student interest seems slightly incongruous at a time when 200 students are hanging to their college work only by the margin of a few dollars granted by the CWA.

For the donor of the award the University has only respect and gratitude. But in these times any philanthropy that could be possibly conceived of as being wasted is cause for serious concern. Extreme care in the disposal of such a sum of money is requisite to the attainment of utmost effectiveness, especially when so many students are in actual need.

Note: The following editorials are written by candidates for the editorship of the Emerald, to be selected in the two weeks following April 10. These test editorials are published as specimens of the editorial ability of the candidates, to aid the publications committee in making its decision.

ELECTIONS—COMING UP!

JUST four weeks from today members of the A. S. U. O. will be asked to go to the polls and elect the officers who will govern them during the coming school year.

In the natural state of things at this time each year, when the days are fine for getting outdoors and the nights are even finer for tennis court dances, rallies, and serenades, things get going in a big way along the student political battle front. Candidates are tripping over each other in an effort to grab the public eye, and the campus supplies of cigars and throat disks are taxed to their utmost. But no such exhibition now.

Last year the usual furor was calmed perceptibly when but one band wagon rolled quietly up for the big race—a band wagon of such proportions that its presence was enough to stifle all opposing political forces.

But where are the political band wagons this year? True, there are whisperings of politico-mechanics as they buzz around supposedly getting their machines in working order; secret sessions at fraternity and sorority houses; and vague rumors that so-and-so is lining up with so-and-so who is counting on so-and-so and so-and-so to back him and his so-and-so ticket. But up to the present it's all talk, and not much of that. No candidate has yet stepped forward openly and declared himself for or against anything.

What is the reason for this apparent want of

initiative? It cannot be a lack of live issues. The campus is teeming with problems, solutions of which would nobly grace any candidate's banner. It cannot be a lack of interest, because never before has there been shown more concern in campus doings than in the past few months. Perhaps it is the absence of the old soft soap, the ballyhoo, and the gradual disappearance of the back-slapping politician of years gone by, who helped to make the spring term one of excitement and disquietude.

Such a trend would be welcomed by many; but the present situation, with no rallies, no band wagons, no ballyhoo, no soft soap, and very few whispers, gives us a feeling that perhaps it would be a relief to hear once more the booming, "Have a cigar, Bill."

"LIST OF FORTY"

LAST fall term the Yeomen were asked by the department of physical education to name forty men from whom they would select athletic teams for the coming year of intramural competition. Lettermen or anyone engaged in varsity competition were not to be permitted participation in intramurals. Through the entire year the Yeomen are limited to this initial selection of forty members. In the fraternities, however, some of which have a greater number than forty, intramural athletic teams may be chosen each term from the men then connected with the houses. No all-year list is required from the fraternities.

During fall term Willard Jones and Budd Jones were permitted to participate in intramural basketball even though it was well known that both were receiving basketball scholarships. The director of intramural athletics, Paul R. Washke, maintains that at that time no potential varsity basketball team had been named, although both of the Joneses were practicing with the rest of the varsity timber, and it was generally conceded that the two athletes had been "farmed out" the preceding year to Southern Oregon Normal.

Varsity tennis practice is now under way and from the Yeomen's list of forty athletes have been selected George Economus and Tom Mountain as prospective varsity material. John Economus is a candidate for the frosh team. Consequently these three will not compete for the Yeomen.

While the athletics director may be justified in barring the Economus brothers and Mountain, this action places an unusual handicap on the Yeomen, who are making a desperate bid to repeat last season's triumph. When the Yeomen compiled their list of forty they were careful to choose men who were proficient in particular sports. The loss of the three tennis players leaves the Yeomen, through no fault of their own, minus the services of any capable racket wielders.

With the Jones case in view it perhaps would not be inappropriate to waive the subject of a varsity tennis squad temporarily, thus allowing the Yeomen stars to compete. If the athletics director, however, cannot be reconciled to such a viewpoint, the Yeomen should at least be given an opportunity to replace the Economus brothers and Mountain with other independent men who were not included in the initial list.

Up to the present school year the Yeomen were allowed to draw their athletes from all independent men. The fraternities complained at this obvious unfairness, and the intramural committee heeded these protests by limiting the Yeomen to a list of forty men selected at the beginning of the school year. The clumsiness of such an arrangement is apparent. Some of the forty members have dropped out of school, and the Yeomen are obliged to petition the committee if they wish to effect replacements. Secondly, the talents of many independent athletes were not "uncovered" until after the year was well under way. It is impossible to add these men as long as the original forty is intact.

As a solution for ending the perennial intramural squabble, the Emerald suggests a plan whereby a distinction can be drawn between a Yeoman and a mere independent. For some time the Yeomen have assessed "official" members certain dues. "Athletic membership" costs nothing. There is no sound reason why Yeomen athletes should not pay Yeomen dues if they expect to compete for the organization. Placing such a standard on Yeomen membership would render unnecessary such an awkward device as the present "list of forty."

OVERFLOW

THE Overflow Trophy this week goes to a friend of ours who graduated from the school of education last year and was sent into the hinterlands to teach high school biology, and initiate the rural youths into the mysteries of science.

Teacher thought he would astound the peasants by demonstrating the effects of alcohol on the rate of growth, health and spirits. So he got himself a couple of rats and put them on a diet.

Number One he fed a simple fare of grain. Number Two got, in addition to his regular meals, a ration of liquor. Each day he would take the varmints out of their warrens and check up. The class was all agog in expectation of seeing Number Two wasting away under the effects of strong drink.

Well, it didn't work. The only difference that showed up was that Number Two seemed to be getting a lot more fun out of life than the Teetotaler.

The class was beginning to grow skeptical when the ravages of rum failed to set in according to schedule. So our friend made the supreme sacrifice of scientific integrity to the demands of expediency. He began to chisel on Number Two's rations of wheat, giving only about half enough, without telling the class.

This worked better. Even the solace of his daily dram-cup was not enough to compensate for the loss of his meals, so one morning little Number Two left this world of pain and debauchery by turning up his toes and dying. The death was shamelessly attributed to acute alcoholism and the morals of our future citizens were saved.

Runner-up for the Overflow Trophy this week is a new pulp magazine that has made its appearance on the stands.

This inspired little book is entitled "BREEZY DETECTIVE STORIES." Its cover portrays Jack Dalton of the North Dakota State Police coming through a window, gun in hand, to surprise a comely young lady in tiddies.

Carry On

By STANLEY ROBE



Attaching Realism to Higher Education

(From the Daily Nebraskan) THAT American education is being rapidly changed to meet the demands a "new deal" has been evidenced during the past few months. The most recent addition to this adjustment in our institutions of higher education is the American University's recently announced plan to open a school of public affairs.

Briefly the school will consist of a laboratory course designed to study government through direct contact between students and officials in round table discussions. The course will be offered one semester, and in addition, will be open to a limited number of graduates and undergraduates from universities and colleges.

At first blush, there appears to be nothing significant about the idea. In reality, however, it represents a significant gesture in American education. It indicates that our system of education is answering after a fashion the crying need for realism in university curricula. The true significance of this addition to the American University was recently summed up by David Lawrence. He said: "Our inspiration for this ambitious program is the challenge to education which has come with the stirring times in which we find ourselves today. Text-books alone are not sufficient. In natural or applied science we do not

depend only on an outline of theory. The laboratory is the place where fact and theory are surveyed in the test tubes of practical experience. So must it be with the social sciences. Here at the seat of government we shall be creating a laboratory in the field of public affairs, an opportunity for those steeped in the doctrines of what government ought to be to fuse their viewpoints with those who every day are responsible for what government really is. Here can be surveyed the facts of government, the great forces social and economic, that press upon the governmental structure and render it responsive or not to popular will. Here can the human equation in government be analyzed. Here can the call to service to the youth of the country to participate in public affairs be given a realistic inspiration."

What Mr. Lawrence wants, in short, is a new type of student. A student who has adopted a sense of realism in solving for himself the social and political problems of today. If realized, he will be far different from the student of the past decade. During the glorious twenties university students, like many others, bowed in humble subservience to the almighty dollar. Graduating, as they did, from universities indulging in promotional

publicity, youth re-echoed the buoyant optimism of financial and industrial leaders. Caught in a capitalistic dragnet, undergraduates, it seems, displayed little interest in the governmental graft and corruption exposed many times during that period. Evidently youth had lost sight of social idealism.

Whether educators will answer this challenge is a moot question. It is evident, however, that progressive institutions are taking steps to instill in undergraduate minds a sense of social idealism. Iowa, Syracuse, Princeton, and other universities have established schools of citizenship, round table conferences, or institutes which have made notable contributions to the study and understanding of current problems of American life.

It is apparent, then, that one shortcoming of our educational system is being adjusted to demands of a new era. Conservative institutions of learning should soon discover that a revision of antique curricula is necessary. They should realize, too, that university undergraduates must be trained to face problems from a realistic point of view. Out of this overhauling should come the type of youth described by David Lawrence—youth blessed with ideas of their own and imbued with the ideal of public service.

Georgie Bennett whispers confidentially that there are a number of women on this campus that smoke CIGARS in secret. This leaves us in a quandary, and an old disused quandary at that. Who are these women? It is imperative for the safety of our male students that we expose them. How would YOU like to go out with a girl that had succumbed to the wiles of the insidious cigar? Suppose you were dining with an apparently demure and dainty companion in a public restaurant, and she calmly pulled out a fourteen inch perfect and lit it! The situation is intolerable! Gentlemen, we are sitting on a live volcano, and it behooves us to move!

OGDEN GNASHES "Do not smirk, with bloated pride On those who frequent College Side. Your grades may average two-point-two, But you don't have the fun they do!" "Prepare to meet your maker!"

Here is something else that rouses anguish in our breast. A

number of young gentlemen who dine at one of the local boarding places walked into to lunch the other day and discovered Paul Ewing calmly sitting and SEWING on an apron! They asked him whose it was and he replied with aplomb that it was his. They raised their eyebrows, and he went on to explain that he needed an apron for his Camp Cookery class, and had therefore proceeded to make one. Ye Gods!

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Innocent Bystander

By BARNEY CLARK

EVIDENTLY all this radical talk has undermined the ranks of the R. O. T. C. Witness the incident at the parade yesterday:

Here it is, a solemn occasion, the entire unit drawn up in two lines, with the officers in front. Our noble lads are standing stiffly at attention, while their superiors call out gruff orders intended only for themselves. An officer barks out a sharp command. There is a long, tense silence as the ranks wait anxiously for the reply. Suddenly a voice from the rear rank pipes up in the best third-degree manner:

"So you won't talk, eh?" That took the whole heart out of the parade. Nobody took any interest in it after that.

We start the term with the Great Trunk Mystery, and now along comes another to plague us.

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Reading and Writing

PEGGY CHESSMAN, Editor

Editor's note: The following article is written by Fred Colvig, the Emerald's rambling literary reporter.

A NOTE for the pest that corners a guy and tells him about the new book he's just read: there's a mess of new books at the circulation desk in the old library for rent and for seven-day loan.

Bringing Ferenc Kormendi, young Hungarian author, brilliant, so they say, before his first American audience is his novel, "Escape from Life"—"modern, realistic, cynical, perverse," as a book in which the writer "sees chance as one of the great deciding factors in the life of man."

"Greed, love, murder and hate, all dominated by the sands and cliffs of Weymouth," is the way a critic hits off "Weymouth Sands," the new novel of James Cowper Powys. A rather compelling atmosphere you may like it, if you believe critics.

"Passion Spins the Plot" is a novel of the Idahoan, Vardis Fisher.

Plays: "Mary of Scotland," by Maxwell Anderson, which, in New York now, bills Helen Hayes; "The Lake," three acts by Dorothy Massingham in collaboration with Murray MacDonald, Katherine Hepburn's new vehicle—no, Bruce, not canoe—what's she want with vehicle in "The Lake"—that's what the guy this was copied from called it—pass!

For med students — "Men in

White," by Sidney Kingsley. The soft-treading file of white-garbed doctors and nurses through the big hospital, an "initiation of a young doctor to the rigorous realities of medicine." It is the first play of the mantle to be palmed with Burns Mantle "four stars." Bernard Shaw brings in another volume — three plays, "Too True to be Good," "On the Rocks," "Village Wooing." You know G. B. S.

And Ralph Roeder's much talked of "Man of the Renaissance" is here. The man is a composite figure of Savonarola, Castiglione, Machiavelli and Aretino, a figure which some critics have called incomplete, but all critics agree that the volume is a valuable study of many faces of the Renaissance.

It's good to see a work like "Martin Luther, Germany's Angry Man," by Abram Lipsky, judging solely by the flashy cover, sprucing up those stuffy old religious fellows.

To toss off three others: "The Cross of Peace" by Philip Gibbs; "Thomas Mann, a Study," by James Clough; and "A Native Returns," in which the author, Louis Adamic, rediscovers his native land, Yugoslavia, sent there from America on a Guggenheim award.

GAMMA ALPHA CHI BALL TO PARADE FASHIONS

(Continued from Page One) after their arrival at the houses. Sherwood Burrs' ten-piece band will play for the dance, and will also provide the musical accompaniment for the style show, which will be a feature of the intermission. Dresses ranging from extreme sport styles to the dressiest fashion will be displayed by the mannequins, 15 campus girls selected by Dick Neer, Ed Schweik, Jim Emmett, Neal Bush, Tom Clapp, Dorothy Cunningham, and Nancy Suomela.



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