

# Oregon Emerald

An Independent University Daily

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## Let the Dead Bury the Dead

ONCE again the rights of student government at the University of Oregon are in danger. Upon the insight and careful deliberation of the members of the ASUO rests the heavy responsibility of preserving their governmental privileges.

Today in Geringer hall the associated students convene in general session. At that time an amendment, purporting to return the selection of editors and managers of student publications to popular vote and all its accompanying political intrigue, will be presented.

The amendment which is to be offered will come as a direct protest to the recent action taken by your duly chosen student officials in the removal of Douglas W. Polivka from the editorship of the Emerald. The ouster originated with the publications committee and was approved by the executive council, both of which bodies have majorities consisting of your student leaders.

To thoughtlessly and inadvertently vote on the amendment which will be proposed would serve as an open admission of a breakdown of confidence in your administration and in the ideals of representative student government.

No democratic administration can withstand repeated tamperings with its integral workings while misguided minorities seek political martyrdom at the expense of efficiency, without bogging down under its own clumsiness.

Less than a year ago student government at Oregon faced an analogous situation when the associated students were literally buried under an avalanche of amendments, the greater part of which were inconsequential and which served only to gum up the governmental machine.

That was a trying period, but clear and thorough thinking on the part of the students in weeding out the maze of unwieldy material made it possible for the students to continue to control their own affairs.

Now another crisis confronts you. Your representatives have acted for your best interests. They were elected by your vote. Support them by your vote.

## An Editor Gets in Wrong

THERE is an ancient legend in the craft of journalism that it is part of the editor's lot in life to "get in wrong." The hide of the rhinoceros is as the thinnest parchment compared with the sensitivity of that ideal editor who speaks his piece though all the world says he's wrong. And this is called "freedom of the press," a thing to be respected and cherished.

There are, however, certain logical and natural restrictions upon this freedom. When the editor is not himself the sole owner and operator of his paper, it can no longer be the vehicle exclusively of his own emotions and opinions, but must reflect so far as possible the combined judgment of the group of owners.

This does not mean that the position of the editor becomes one of slavish subservience to his colleagues. As the presumed expert on editorial pol-

icies the editor assumes new responsibilities as the leader, and so long as this leadership is wise and fair minded and honest it deserves support even though it does not always suit all the colleagues. When opinions as to what is wise and just become irreconcilable, the proud man steps out, leaving it to the colleagues to find a more suitable editor.

This, in effect, is what has happened in the case of Douglas Polivka, till yesterday editor of The Emerald, the paper of the student body at the University of Oregon. Mr. Polivka's ideas, as displayed in the first four issues under his direction, met with deep protest from students and others who believe they are just as sincerely concerned with the welfare of the University of Oregon as Mr. Polivka.

In attempting to express that feeling of outrage and indignity which pervades the entire campus under the politically manipulated Kerr regime, Mr. Polivka was not clever nor entirely fair. He did not stop with complaining of the state board's delays but dragged in personalities which many felt unwarranted. He accused Willard Marks, board chairman, of political inhibitions and ambitions. In rather clumsy fashion he attempted a de-bunking of Candidate Joe Dunne's claims as a friend of higher education, thereby violating the tradition which says that campus papers shall remain non-partisan. He was stubborn in rejecting friendly counsel. There could be no course but complete separation.

Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that the Polivka case will not be interpreted as setting a precedent for putting a bridle on Emerald editors. Any paper which is run by committees becomes as spineless as the amoeba. Unless the new editor is accepted and respected as a leader, regardless of occasional differences his task will become impossible. Recent years have seen tremendous growth of the University as a meeting place of ideas and opinions and The Emerald in the midst thereof as a sparking leader in interesting discussion. If the paper becomes a dried and shriveled offering on the altars of the Great God Shush, we shall mourn!—Eugene Register-Guard.

## Hallelujah, Brother!

WE who are now in college know that the movie idea of university life held by the general public is so much guff. You can look until you're blue in the face and you'll never find the gay parties and "rowdy-dow" atmosphere favored by M-G-M, Warner Bros., et al. in their campus epics. The intellectual life is, in reality, a bit dull and grey in tone and lacking in the carefree abandon said to have been enjoyed by the earlier generations.

But once or twice every year the campus does take on the hectic tinge favored by the movie makers. We refer to the rally trains and other apertunances of the big games in Portland. Then comes release from the grey routine and, gentle reader, do we like it!

Who can deny the pulse and swing of the carnival spirit, the lift of excitement and expectation that electrifies the atmosphere of the rally train and blots out cares and sorrows? Who can resist the crackling bedlam of the noise parades, the insistent pulsing of the bands, and the thin, cold prickle of anticipation that races up and down the spine in the creeping hours before game-time.

And who doesn't thrill to the climax of it all—that endless half-minute when the roaring stands quiet down to a death-like hush, waiting—waiting—until the shrill blast of a whistle signals the kick-off and the pigskin soars against the empty sky. For that time at least we're all of us the Joe College of fiction, completely and wholeheartedly, and gentle reader, do we love it—do we love it!

## De Die in Diem

### Joe College Disappears

AMONG the many stupendous changes taking place in the world today, is the evolving of a new type of college student. If one will open his eyes and observe he will note that he is being permitted to witness an upheaval in the development of the younger generation.

The war era and its succeeding, approximate fifteen year period brought to us a swift, giddy, and thoughtless group of people. The college student is not different or worse than the rest of the population but gives you an emphasized view of the trends of the day. As usual the college men and women have done their part to impress upon us the foolishness and unsteadiness of the post-war period.

However, anyone who has been thrown with the college group for the past three years has noted a change. The "rah-rah" boy is already "old stuff." It has long been unfashionable at the better schools to engage in the unreasonable type of football rallies. The bearcat runabout and the conks overcoat are alike in abeyance. Cheer leaders still hold forth at the big games but mostly for the delectation of the alumni in search of their youth. Most striking and amazing of all is that the undergraduate is beginning to admire mere scholarship!

The day of the "polite moron" seems distinctly past. Time was when the impeccable frame of this personage loomed large upon the campus horizon. Mere grinds, bookcrackers, and scholars were dirt for his elegance. He trod the campus amid the jingle of many watch-chain keys, the aimless flop of the 29-inch bell bottoms, and the aroma of gin, perfume, and ignorance. But his day is definitely doomed on the campus. Somehow it has taken the depression to suggest to young men and women that one doesn't succeed in life by failing in college and that courtesy and smartness in the polite sense make the gentleman and the lady. Such is the evolution as it walks hand in hand with fate and time. —Kentucky Kernel.

## Harrison Calls

(Continued from Page One)  
A.S.U.O. meeting in which the subject of Polivka's reinstatement is to be brought up.

The committee claims that the statements as printed by the News were not taken directly from the meeting, nor were they given indirectly by those present.

The account of the meeting was given to the News correspondent upon request. However, according to Newton Stearns, former managing editor of the Emerald who gave out the story, the infor-

mation had been misinterpreted by the News' reporter and was not an accurate statement of the information given him.

Stearns told the News that the committee had met merely to discuss the question, and that the petition was an independent venture of a group headed by Mervin Rodda. This was done independently of and without sanction of the "Committee of 50."

The affidavit to this effect was signed by all of the members of the committee. Mervin Rodda, head of the committee circulating the petition, himself denied the validity of the story as printed by the News.

## Stearns Resigns

(Continued from Page One)  
for the oversight, but consider it a reflection on my professional reputation to have the omission thought intentional on my part." Stearns made no mention of the alleged distortion of the news story in his reply.

With the exception of the resignation of Donald Olds as associate editor yesterday, no other changes have been announced on the editorial staff. Bauer assumes his duties as acting managing editor with this issue.

## Seein' Things

By SAM FORT



## Tramping Norway in Winter

BY RICHARD NELSON PUGH

(Editor's note: Mr. Pugh is a 1929 graduate of the University of Oregon. All publication rights of this travel sketch are reserved by the Oregon Daily Emerald.)

On my last Sunday at Jorgensen's I read from the Sayings of Odin.

"One should take leave. The guest should not stay Always in one place. The loved becomes loathed If he sits too long In another house."

It was timely advice. The hour of my departure was drawing near. That afternoon I went for a short walk down the winding road to the river and up again to the parish church perched in high-steeped aloofness upon a hill top. Returning home, I was introduced to a group of Oslo relatives, who had arrived for an afternoon and evening's visit.

Among the visitors was an Oslo university student, and a brother of Herr Jorgensen. He had two ambitions, one to study in Germany, the other to go to America. He was filled with the egotism of inexperience, for which there is no cure but time alone.

The next day it snowed. I worked outside just the same. Issak Aas, a neighboring farmer, had been hired to do some cultivating before deep snow made it impossible. Our work was to place a fertilizer of lime and manure about the orchard trees, mixing it well into the soil with spades.

All morning and late into the afternoon we struggled against the stony soil of the hill-side. We had company. Below on another ridge two ploughmen whipped their horses forward into the blinding storm, making one desperate effort to finish the fall ploughing. Issak, serene of countenance, took all as a matter of course, even joking at times. I marvelled that in all the years of his struggle with the elements there on those upland ridges he had not become as hard and silent as the stony soil from which he wrested a living.

For the first time I pondered upon the advisability of continuing the Russian expedition. It would be bad enough not to be able to speak the language of the Russians but this snow and cold—worse, so I was told, in Russia than in Norway—was something new to be reckoned with. Moreover, I had no Russian visa. I had failed to get it in Berlin, but hoped to get it in Stockholm or Helsingfors. The odds in this matter were also against me.

That night, tossing restlessly on my hard narrow cot, I recalled that my step-mother had long ago come from Norway. Where she had come from in Norway I had not the slightest knowledge except that in a picture I had seen that her home had been on an island with no signs of vegetation upon it. There was a chance that I might spend the winter with relatives. Next morning I wrote to my step-mother, informed her of my desire to spend the winter in Norway, and asked her for an introduction to her relatives. They might know of some place I could work for my bed and bread, I added.

A summer of study at Oxford had made severe inroads on my bank account. There had followed a disastrous campaign on the continent, where in one night I had lost twenty marks in a drinking bout with a band of Nazi. What remained was in danger of complete extinction by the falling value of the dollar.

In these desperate straits I determined to go north at once to be as close to that remote island as possible when news of its whereabouts should arrive. Accordingly I made my departure two days later, thanking the Jorgensens for their many kindnesses and friendly deeds, and assuring them I should write often. I set my course northward along the ancient high-road to Trondheim.

## En Passant - - -

Editor's Note: This column will contain material by nationally known authors on matters of current campus interest. Today's article is taken from the booklet, "Gentlemen Preferred," and is published by permission of Elizabeth Woodward and the Ladies Home Journal.

### ON WITH THE DANCE

You may enjoy such carefree pastimes as standing like a statue in the stag line, chinning with the boys in the dressing room, or making long treks for food during intermission. But all of that is rather unprofitable. So our first suggestion about dances is: Learn to dance.

You must be very conceited if you think you can get along without knowing how. Even if you aren't inspired on the subject you can at least master a simple slide-together-slide step. Get your sister or a willing victim to let you fall over her feet. She'll give you some pointers in self-defence. It's far better to waltz to everything than to take prosaic steps around the floor while your partner groans inwardly. "Will the marines never come?"

If you have a little imagination, natural rhythm and agility, and enough curiosity to practice some new steps by yourself, your popularity on the dance floor will increase by leaps and bounds. You may be bashful, homely as sin, cross-eyed, or even a moron, but if you are a really good dancer, you may feel safe in asking the most popular girl to dance. She'd love to.

Now meditate upon the various grips and holds involved. Consider the sad predicament of the poor defenseless girl whose partner seizes her firmly, slides his hand under her arm, and grabs her by the back of the neck. She can do nothing but suffer the agony of

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knowing that your frantic clasp has dragged her dress up in back, exposing three inches of slip. How can you expect a girl to dance gracefully if she is practically hanging by her neck?

If through carelessness or conscientiousness you get a partner who can't follow you, and who falls over your feet with monotonous regularity, don't prolong the agony. Suggest some refreshments. Or even ask her to sit down because (looking interested) you want to talk with her. If your young lady does burst out with some remark about how thirsty she is or how hot it is in here, it's perfectly possible that she is only thirsty and hot. But it may be that your dancing is a sort of slow death to her. Just keep that in mind.

Don't be agitated about what to say to a girl when you're dancing with her. If the young lady with whom you are dancing keeps making remarks like: "Quite a crowd here," or "Good music, isn't it?" or "What's the name of this piece?" just answer her politely but briefly and she will soon quiet down. Never be guilty of the above bromides yourself. It is far better to preserve a dignified silence. This gives the impression that you could talk if you wanted to—but you do not choose to talk.

(To be continued)

## European

(Continued from Page One)

friendly of late. When the King came over, France hoped to win the entire friendship of the country. Now, I think, the people— they realize that France should have given the King more protection and they will be more sympathetic with the Nazi movement in spite of France."

Hitler had been in power just seven months when Kopp left Switzerland for America. As a student of foreign trade, and after several years of study at the school of commerce in St. Gallen, just fifteen miles from his home, Kopp feels that however Hitler's commands may hinder foreign trade, the unification of controlling powers in Germany is beneficial. Before, the chancellor's proposed economic changes were powerless against the friction of thirty five different parties. Now all the sixty-five million people are, for the most part, united.

Last year, in order to acquire a better speaking knowledge of English, Kopp attended the Sandy high school where he took U. S. history, civics, English, and printing. He liked American history and it was easy for him. "Ah, those other kids, they didn't know any-

thing! Every time we had a test I was exempted."

There was a girl in the high school who bothered him, however. "She was always behind me saying, 'I want to see you, I want to talk to you.'—I didn't like that. I didn't know what it was about. She asked how I liked the American girls and all kinds of questions. Finally I didn't answer any more. She asked too many questions!" —That was his first interview. Last night he was prepared, and when asked what he thought about the Oregon girls he replied, "I don't think about them!"

## Who Cares?

By BOB MOORE

OWED TO WINTER  
By a COED WHO KNOWS  
There comes a time in young coeds' lives

It's winter with its cold and strifes.  
We skip out of bed two minutes late  
For eight o'clocks that begin at eight.  
Then flop into our long undies  
And wrap us up in foxes and bunnies.  
Until only our cold wet noses protrude.  
For breathings sake, we leave them nude.

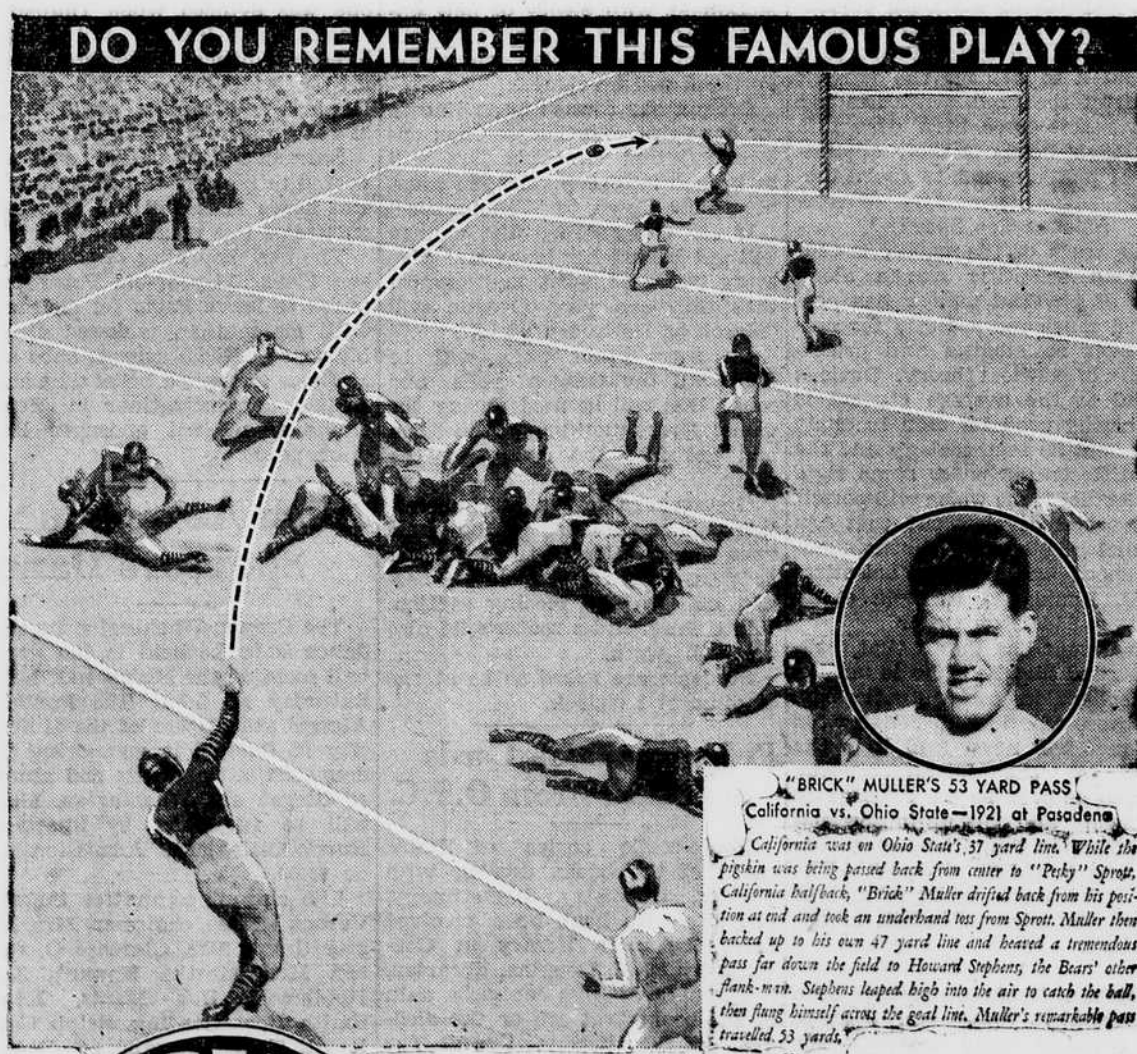
Fairly swallowing a bowl of mush,  
We start to class in mud and slush.  
Then there's the feel of balls of snow  
Striking us on the back and below.  
We remember our hankies in our dressers  
While having coughs with our coughing professors.

We creep upstairs as night time falls  
The roofs are leaky with wetty walls.  
The beds are cold, the pillows damp;  
We lie awake with a stomach cramp.  
Such is life in the great wide West  
But what can we do with a cold on our chest.

## Turnout for Debating Expected to Be Large

A large number of students are expected to participate in the try-out for the men's varsity debate team to be held in Friendly hall, room 13, next Tuesday night, according to W. L. Dahlberg, assistant professor of English and one of the three judges.

John L. Casteel, director of speech, and James Carrell will also act as judges in the tryout.



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