

# Oregon Emerald

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## Will the Student Body Ever Open Its Eyes?

YESTERDAY'S Emerald told a sorry little tale. Hugh Rosson and Thomas Stoddard have resigned.

Campus talk reflects pessimism as to why the resignations were offered at this time. Some persons remark that Rosson and Stoddard are "getting out from under." "The end is near."

The foregoing attitude is answerable in one word: **PHOOEY!**

No man likes to be called names. No man likes his name drawn through the mud. And a man the calibre of Hugh Rosson does not want to take it and will not.

Hugh Rosson has worked hard. He has been confronted with the overwhelming tasks of wiping out a huge ASUO indebtedness, of staying in the running with conference schools possessing 10 and 20 times the resources, and yet ducking the brick-bats directed toward him by those who do not only disagree with the system of modern intercollegiate athletics, but insist on reading collusion into the earnest efforts of a fine man.

The faculty and the students respect Hugh Rosson. And today, after the impassioned bitterness of the recent fee struggle has been boiled out of the considerations, there should be no person who doubts the integrity, ability and character of this man. And when he leaves this school, a big void will be left that will be hard to fill.

But "Pa" Rosson is still here. The students are still here. The buildings, fields, traditions, and spirit of the University are still here.

This paper believes that the don't call it school spirit, call it the "will to progress"—has been under a bush.

For a long time, a small number of active students have dominated the student body and have been the self-appointed ambassadors to the people of the state. They have been effective, it is true. And in some ways they have been constructive.

However they have also been cynical. Much of this may be attributed to a hangover from the old days when personalities and not issues dominated student difficulties. In this respect both sides have been at fault—but at the last election the ASUO lost. And now the reverberations and refusals to be objective have cost this school Hugh Rosson and Tom Stoddard.

This type of fight will not cost us more—the problems that face the ASUO today are presented as issues, and the personalities seem willing to cooperate in their solution.

The majority is organizing. And it will not attempt to crucify the minority but will supplement it in an effort to attain harmony in student affairs and yet give a true impression of the University student's attitude. No person will be able to accuse this school of subterfuge, or unfairness, or suppression. The avoidance of this impression is the primary objective of the new group.

Whether it be a review of the present organization or definite steps toward reorganization—the ASUO is still on its way up the ladder. And if someone will "get off the dime" people of this state will soon know of the real ideas and ideals of a great student body—that of the University of Oregon.

"If the Townsend pension plan became a law," says one college paper, "five-sixths of the faculty would approve of sleeping on the tables."

Communist pursuits of the one or two actives on the campus has been on the decline the past two or three weeks. Even red fades in this kind of weather.

We don't mean to be alarmists fellows—but putting Mrs. Finnegan back in her salty nest was an unpardonable, if not a criminal pursuit. Had the sea lion been allowed to roam, it is not inconceivable to believe (as Darwin would say) that she might have parented some mountain goat-ions—which are a rarity in any community. Perhaps she was farmistically inclined. She may have wanted to pull a plow, to smell the freshness of the earth, to watch green sprouts spring from the earth. Whatever may have been her ambitions, Mrs. Finnegan was thoughtlessly taken back to the Pacific to resume her life as any ordinary sea lion.

## Dad Wellington Is Gone; The University Misses Him

HE was a friend of the University—fought for the University and for education—he was proud to be reckoned a friend of education. Thus speak other papers of the recent passing of Earle Wellington, staunch University supporter. And well might we add the University was proud to reckon Mr. Wellington a friend of the school and of education. Oregon students and faculty appreciated him. They respected and admired his active work for the school in politically strenuous times like the Zorn-McPherson struggle and the chancellorship question.

They enjoyed the warmth of his personality at Junior Weekends, Dad's Days, and all University functions. They were proud to see him as president of the Oregon Dads and later the Federation of University of Oregon Organizations.

In times of economic stress when others would cut high education, Mr. Wellington, himself not a wealthy man and not a college graduate, fought for education. "He was a friend of education"—there is no higher tribute.

The University will deeply miss Earle Wellington. The nation misses the lack of more men like him to fight for education, who will place as high a value upon it as he did.

## Another Russo-Jap War in the Offing?

FOR the first time since 1904, Japan was yesterday cut off from the rest of the world. Her cables were dead; her telegraph keys clicked no messages beyond the island shores, her radios were stifled. Japan was silent.

Two days before the declaration of war against Russia in February, 1904, Japan was also silent to international communication. Then also her cables were dead, radios stifled. On the night of February 8, the Russian fleet was attacked.

The ominous quiet, viewed in the light of recent Japanese affairs, is significant, and dangerous. Only serious cause could have resulted in so drastic a step as complete censorship and martial law.

Last November, Japan pushed into northern China, threatened annexation, paused, and then mildly withdrew. Last week Japanese troops engaged in border skirmishes between Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia, blustered, were met with a surprisingly firm Russian proposal, paused, and meekly accepted the arbitration plan. The reason for those inconsistent actions is not difficult to find.

In Japan there has been for years a struggle between elder, more pacific statesmen and the powerful young militarists. It was the elder statesmen who balked at what they feared to be the too-aggressive acts of their countrymen, and brought the marching feet of Japanese troops momentarily to a halt. Not once, but several times they annoyed and maddened the Selyukai, the war party of Japan, whose policy was one of continuous expansion. So, the events of the past two days.

Admiral Saito counselled caution. He was assassinated.

Takahashi counselled caution. Takahashi was "bumped off." Other and lesser leaders also advised caution. They have been exterminated.

Now, the militarist party is comparatively free to proceed with its aggression in China and Mongolia. Whether war will result, remains to be seen.

## A German Student's Germany

By Carl-Gustav Anthon

IT is an odd but very characteristic feature in present-day Germany that almost all members of that Nazi clique in Berlin are being ridiculed by the German people, while Hitler goes absolutely unharmed.

Air-Minister Herman Goering's reputed vanity gives rise to an unceasing flow of jokes and anecdotes. He is said to wear a different uniform almost every day. When a water pipe broke in his basement he is supposed to have demanded an admiral's uniform; when he pays his church taxes he wants a cardinal's hat, and even the snappy bellboys' uniforms in the Adlon Hotel in Berlin seem to have aroused his envy. Missing a certain "pour le merite" medal and searching all over the town for it, he finally found it pinned to his nightgown.

Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Germany's propaganda minister, fares no better in this mania for coining anecdotes. He is the champion of "talk," and especially of that particular kind of talk commonly referred to as "misrepresentation." Illustrating the size of his mouth, a characteristic story may be noted here. While the eminent Goebbels was taking a nap, two flies were going to measure the length of his mouth by running a race from one corner of the mouth to the other. They ran, and when the one fly arrived on the other side he found his friend already there. Three times they ran and three times the same fly emerged the victor. Being questioned, thereupon, the victorious fly admitted that he saved time by running around the other way, that is, around the back of the head.

Such and similar stories circulate daily among the people. But I have never heard a joke on Hitler. There is a reason for this. Hitler seems unattackable. His utmost sincerity, his irreproachable personal life simply don't provoke ridicule. Ridicule arises only where weaknesses are apparent. This is the case with Goering and Goebbels and the late Roehm, but Hitler's person does not reveal weak spots, and people take him seriously. His personality too is powerful, too dominant, too inspiring. He is the "Fuehrer," the leader of them all, and they respect him. Not that they would not dare to make fun of him; Germans, after all, have a sense of humor. But Hitler is no source for humor; "Hitler" means dead-earnest loyalty and respect to his faithful supporters.

A majority of the campus fraternities have tabled the athletic survival program. That takes care of the board all right, but not many athletes would approve of sleeping on the tables.

## The Marsh of Time

By Bill Marsh

I hear that John (Splutter-Puss) Engstrom, varsity pigskin expert, is anticipating a visit from his uncle. His uncle, being a somewhat well-heeled automobile magnate from the East, is toddling over the country in a V-16 and expects to arrive in Eugene most any day now.

Naturally, with all this opulence about to come hither, John is a trifle excited. Well, who wouldn't be excited with half the dough east of the Mississippi about to steam up to his front door in a car half a city block long?

### Luxury vs. Necessity

There has seeped down from the Kentucky hills a tale about a bearded rustic who bought a parlor organ. You know, one of those monstrosities you see in grand-mother's drawing room, upon which you tread with both feet at the same time you are operating the piano keyboard. Well, anyway, this mountaineer bought one of these things.

As he was moving it into his cabin, one of his neighbors looked out. Snerred the neighboring hillman, "Looky thar! Buyin' a organ, and I'll bet 'e hain't got a drop of whiskey in th' house. Some folks don't show good sense no how."

Did you ever happen to think what a lot of fun social functions would be if occasionally they were removed from behind their cloak of manners? Wouldn't it be fun to have, say an exchange dinner, with no signs of etiquette or good behavior at all?

### Daydream

I can see it now. Dinner is served, whereupon the men all stand up and gallop madly into the dining room, leaving the more or less bewildered gals clustered around the fireplace and radio. The house mother is seated yet,

and, before she can rise up in startled indignation, the house president will stick his map out of the dining room and shout, "Hey, ma, will you hurry up? We're not going to wait here all night, you know."

Somewhat haltingly, the women enter the dining room and seek out the men who have brought them. At this point the men all sit down and start eating. Before the women can sit down another officer of the men shout, "Well, for Crisake, are you going to eat or aren't you? Whatt'ya stand around with your teeth in your face for?"

By the time the women have finally got the swing of things, the men are finished with the cocktails. Now the waiters enter, and, before the women have had a chance to get a good mouthful of food, the cocktails are removed. But . . . and lay your last thin dime on this nag's beagle . . . by the time the main course shows up, the women will be right in the thick of things, matching unruly elbows and audible gustatory sounds with every man in the place.

Watta picture. Shouts one of the conspirators to the house mother, "Hey, mom, chuck down a slab of grease will you?"

The dignified house mother, after a hurried consultation with the rowdy on her right, picks up a cube of butter and hurls it accurately down the length of the table. After dinner, instead of politely cracking out with borrowed cigarette cases, the men should, after a few preliminary sputterings, set fire to a group of the foulest, most smelly, nauseating and generally repulsive two for a penny cigars that it's been possible to purchase.

Oh, I can't finish this thing out. Add or detract any little improvisations you like. I still think it would be funny as blazes.

## Stetson to Address Teachers in Spokane

F. L. Stetson, of the department of education, will address the meeting of the Northwest Association of Secondary and Higher Schools to be held Monday, April 6, in Spokane, on the topic "Experimental Secondary Schools of the Progressive Educative Association."

Dr. Stetson is director of research for the Northwest association, and a member of its commission for accrediting higher schools.

Under a WPA project the University of Colorado will start a survey of the state penal institutions.

## Oregon Student

(Continued from page one)

council or at the meeting tonight.

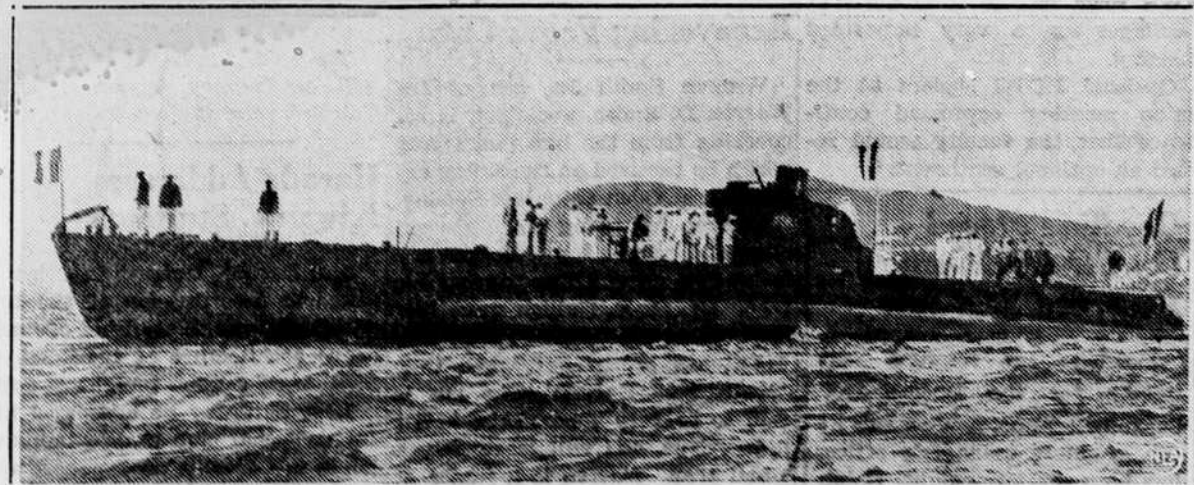
General plans of action for the group will also be discussed by the council, in order to get the student federation in better working condition. Monday the group acted as sponsor of the Oregon and University of Washington debaters at a symposium discussion of neutrality.

Ten years of medical research received national recognition when Dr. O. H. Wangenstein, head of the department of surgery at U. of O. was awarded the Samuel D. Gross prize in surgery.

## One Wrecker Captured-But Here's Another



Delighted with their success in halting tank advances and capturing the supposedly invincible weapons from their Italian foes, an exultant crowd of Ethiopian soldiers are shown swarming along as one of their number demonstrates a tank taken in the battle on the Ogaden front. The event was pictured by H. V. Drees, NEA Service staff cameraman.



A triple-threat star in naval lineup has been developed in the form of the submarine, the Perle, shown at its launching. Not only will it serve in the offensive capacity of submarine, but also it can be used as mine layer and mine sweeper. If the Ethiopians could capture this they would probably gloat more than they are in the top picture.

## Air Y' Listenin'?

By Jimmy Morrison

Ned Gee and Chuck French, the renowned radio team will be presented on this afternoon's broadcast at 3:45 p. m.

### Disc Deals

Clyde McCoy's recording of "Sugar Blues" (Decca) is perhaps the corniest ever done. His distorted trumpet wailings and fake kisses were beginning to get under the boys' skins, so to show their appreciation of Clyde's efforts they placed it gently under one of the davenport cushions and then sat down for a bull session. Strangely enough, that record still creeps to their ears more frequently than any other on recording broadcasts after midnight.

Paul Whiteman has just turned out two danceable records for Victor. One is a pair of "westerns" which are already popular everywhere—"Saddle Your Blues to a Wild Mustang" and "The Wheel of the Wagon Is Broken."

"Wah-hoo!" That's the name of one of the other tunes Paul put down on the disc. This is one everybody will be singing in a week. It's another "Music Goes 'Round and 'Round,"—but with a different theme. Finally somebody got up nerve enough to hang a bunch of "razzberries" on all the dripping cowboy songs and sentimental ballads on the ether these many moons. People are beginning to ask about the other side of this record, "What's the Name of That Song?"

### The Air Angle

Willem van Hoogstraten's Portland Symphony orchestra, in a richly varied program of classical music, will be heard tonight at 8 on the Standard Symphony hour broadcast, originating in Portland.

"On the Trail," from Ferde Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite," a selection from "Gitanilla Suite" by Lacombe, and "En Saga" by Sibeliuss are among the outstanding numbers, also compositions by Mendelssohn, Bach, Hadley, Beechoven, and Chabrier.

### NBC-CBS Programs Today

3:00—Woman's Magazine. NBC.  
5:00—Fleischmann Variety Hour. KPO, KGW.  
6:00—Maxwell House Show Boat. KPO, KFI.  
6:30—Ed Wynn, comedian. KSL, KOIN.  
7:00—Bing Crosby; Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. NBC.  
Horace Heidt's Brigadiers. CBS-KSL.  
8:30—Camel Caravan. KSL, KOIN.

## PROMENADING

with POLLY



Even though the future for this weekend does look a little gloomy we can always find plenty to do—no doubt there will be plenty of bridge games going on—there is nothing like a good game of contract to rouse one's spirits—but that's not all—Even though spring seems to be rather slow in getting here, the windows in the EUGENE SHOPS show great promise for the very brightest season yet—the gay prints and bright colors brighten the very dullest of days—POLLY was feeling particularly low till she cast her eyes on this parade of spring FASHIONS—Now the future seems very rosy—Here are a few tonics for the blues . . .

Navy blue and white are always leaders for early spring and POLLY found the CHAMPION at BARNHART'S . . . It has a smart white braid trimming on the slit bell sleeves and around the small becoming collar . . . The back is a winner too—it's an accordion pleated and the skirt has pleats for easy freedom—Just the frock to slip on for Sunday tea or a dance out at Willamette Park . . .

## COED'S CORNERS

By D. C.

This week we have a big surprise. The author's name we keep in disguise. It's a co-ed's room you will surmise. Though 'twas seen through a young MAN'S eyes.

Author's suggestion: Don't ever tell Jane Lagassee you'd like to write a story about a sorority house room. She'll take you up on it. It doesn't do any good to be joking. Her sense of humor doesn't work that way. THEREFORE:

With restful motif of green and white the KAPPA'S have brought American Colonial from the outside into this room (second floor, north side) in the colors, if not the design. Looking between green print curtains and through the single window one can see the fourth brick from the corner, forty feet up on the Chi Omega house next door.

GIRLS: It's not a large room, about nine by twelve. Three girls and four elephants room there. RUTH MARY SCOVEL, MARGARET JOHNSON, and JEANNE SHERRARD, and four (miniature elephants). The girls in this room go in for animals. Four pigs, four elephants and two Scotty dogs sit on bureaus and bookstands.

CONTENTS: The room certainly was clean when we (Jim "Judge" Kilpatrick, as my bodyguard, and myself) got there. The door to the room opens on the south. Across from the door are one bureau, (with light, and good-looking, green, dressing-table set), one study table with small white radio atop (with light), and one window, above heat radiator, (also with light, in the daytime), in that order from left to right.

East side in corner, next to window, a closet door (which they would not open). This might or might not explain why the room was so clean. They claim it's clean at all times, not just for special occasions). Then a bureau with mirror and light, and a book-stand, with light.

South side, going on around the room: A brown, comfortable studio couch, and the door from the hall. West side: Bureau, behind the door (with mirror, light, and another green, dressing table set to carry out the restful green-white color scheme), and two closet doors (also not opened).

Plaster wall and ceilings in cream; grey single-coat wood work (well preserved, judging by fraternity standards), and light-stain floors.

Mystery: A cat sits on the studio couch. What's its name. It must be gosh-awful. It belongs to Ruth Mary and she won't tell. Anyone who finds out, can write the next article on fraternity and sorority rooms—with my compliments.

Pictures: One special print, "In Disgrace" hangs over the couch. Little boy standing in and facing into a corner with his dog. The dog looks quite ashamed. Rest mainly photographs. Several good-looking ones.

Plants: Three, one of cactus ancestry sits in the window. All give an unnecessary feminine touch to a room which already could belong only to girls, both in content, arrangement and well-followed color motif.

Fun: The rug. They TOLD us it was a "bear skin," but we just laughed and laughed because we knew there was fur on it. Then they TRIED to pass it off as a goat skin, but we snickered and chuckled because we knew they were only "kidding."

Addition: Six lights, three mirrors, three closets, three bureaus, one window, one waste paper basket (empty), three girls, four elephants, one chair—and ONE STUDY TABLE.

Result: A room which could only belong to girls, and a room any girl should like to belong in. Ruth Mary wants to paint her book-stand white. Good idea, if she'll paint the rest of the furniture and the woodwork white. This would carry the American Colonial effect even better. A few more curves on the bureaus and tables would help. Miniatures and "Minuet" pairs carry the ideas of that period, also.

On leaving: Frank Nash, hiding back in a dark corner down stairs (not alone) sprang out to examine our credentials.

With about 50 cases of flu on the campus and a goodly number of cases of the measles, it keeps one busy writing notes or calling up all our friends—A much simpler and more appreciated gesture would be to send one of the clever cards on display at the ORIENTAL ART SHOP—There are funny ones or sentimental ones—according to your mood or inclination—Someone you know would appreciate your thoughtfulness . . .

All you COEDS have to be home by 10:30 Friday night you know—so that sort of eliminates prospects for a dance or anything—We suggest for a pleasant evening—THE BROADWAY, INC. FASHION SHOW—You can read all about it in their ad in today's EMERALD . . . There will be live models showing hand knit frocks as well as other new spring styles—lots of entertainment too—tap dancing n' everything—see you there—



P. S. I didn't see any good looking clothes on the campus this week so not being of a hypocritical nature I'm not writing any up—Looks like we might buy one of these new fall suits or dresses—just to brighten up the campus a bit, if nothing else . . .