

Oregon Emerald

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

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We View With Alarm

THERE was a window open Wednesday in the libe.

True, it was only open about an inch and a half but life-giving air seeped slowly through the narrow crack and reduced the temperature to 113 degrees at 5 o'clock.

Now, there should be moderation, thorough consideration, before any sweeping reform of this sort is instituted. We should not be led into hasty and irreparable action—literally to go "off the deep end"—by existing conditions. In moments of great stress, we should not let ourselves be moved to snap decisions, perhaps under the subtle, unfelt influence of radicalism. Caution—moderation—perhaps, it was not best to do so sudden an about-face and open that window. No faculty vote had been taken, the interfraternity council had not given its opinion, no statements had been granted from the administration or from the ASUO.

WERE it not laying itself open to charges of radicalism, the Emerald could claim a moral victory in getting that library window opened. Of course, Tuesday's editorial on the subject merely expressed the deep regret students will feel next fall at leaving the warm, stuffy comfort of the old libe for the less drowsy atmosphere of the new building. Nevertheless, that window was open—air, fresh air, was violating the sacred precincts of the reserve room.

As most measures do, this radical reversal of policy may merit consideration. A room 30 window was open, open half way, three hours earlier on the next afternoon. Perhaps these signs can be interpreted as indicative of a newly-instigated policy of conditioning students to moderate temperatures and pure air before they are thrown into their new study environment. Spending a few hours every day for two or three years in the old libe's atmosphere would hardly leave the lungs fit for contact with air-conditioned breezes. In this respect, next year's freshmen class starting from scratch is extremely fortunate.

Even if there is a definite and constructive policy behind this sudden move for ventilation and not the sinister shadow of radicalism, of an attempt to overthrow the status quo, it couldn't have happened down in Van Buren without at least three votes of the city council. The Emerald is alarmed.

Fraternal Flagellants

THE abolition of Hell Week, which we proposed in a somewhat lengthy blast yesterday, is bound to work an injustice, we have been informed by a somewhat indignant collegian.

"Why," he expostulated, "there are a lot of fellows who won't think they've been to school unless they've had a bit of paddling. It's one of the things a guy expects to get out of college."

Now, we've been around a bit and we've heard of all sorts of freaks—flagellants among ancient religious sects and various Freudian oddities, which have such a morbid interest for dilettante psychologists. Still we never expected to come face to face with them here on the campus.

But, rah! rah! college. We want everybody to be happy, and if there be such that take an aberrant delight in being hacked and mill-raced we want them provided for.

Hence, we'll relax our hitherto uncompromising opposition to hazing—enough at least to accommodate these self-scorchers who want nothing left out of their college experience.

WE PROPOSE that when Hell Week is done away with—and it will be, sooner or later—we install a dark cell, well equipped

with knouts, bastinado cudgels, racks, cats-of-nine-tails, Catherine's wheels, and all manner of playful little instruments of torture. There our flagellants can put themselves into the hands of the fraternal sadists to whom we called attention yesterday.

And a good time will be had by all. Thus we would hew to the line of democratic ideology, giving representation to the desires of the minority. That minority of those who want to be hazed and those who want to do the hazing—we believe the two groups do only constitute a minority of the campus—could thoroughly enjoy themselves.

And we normal students could sit back and laugh at them, the way non-Greeks at present laugh at the indignities suffered by fraternal novices in the name of brotherhood!

Men and Nations

By HOWARD KESSLER

Tired of it all must be Lev Davidovich Bronshtein, Russia's contribution to a demonstration of perpetual motion. Comrade Bronshtein, or Trotsky if you prefer, has been rushing through three continents for most of his life.

About the only undisputed title he carries today is that of the most travelled world political figure alive. Too, he has been called the world's loneliest man, and "the most tragic figure of our time."

For Trotsky, the end is not yet.

As he siestas in Mexico, charges are heaped on his head in Moscow. On Wednesday last, his fellow-conspirator, the journalist Karl Radek, admitted that Trotsky had made the deal with Germany and Japan. Generous slices of the USSR would be dished out to the enemy in return for support for the Trotsky faction. So says Radek, ex-disciple of Trotsky who acknowledged the error of his ways in 1929 and was admitted back into the party in 1930.

Trotsky says no. But that may not save him from the assassin's hand, because Stalin says yes, and Stalin, after all, controls the press.

On the Spot

Don't be surprised, therefore, if you hear about the Jew with the pointed beard and the thick-lensed glasses being gobbled up by the GPU one of these Mexican Sundays.

Who is Trotsky? What has been his life? Twenty-six of his 57 years have been spent in exile.

He has been deported from Russia, France, Spain, Austria, Norway, and Turkestan.

Louis Fischer, ace Russian correspondent, calls him "the world's ablest publicist who has more ideas in a fortnight than many writers have in a life-time. He stands head and shoulders in culture, mental stamina, and personality above Stalin."

He has lived in London, New York, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, Fountainsbleau, Oslo, Bucharest, Helsingfors, Constantinople, Belgrade, Budapest, Cadiz, besides Russia and New Mexico.

Born of a farming family in the village of Yanovka, October 26, 1879, Trotsky was expelled from grade two for protesting against his French teacher, never gained much formal education, but read omnivorously.

He was arrested for radical activities on January 28, 1898, and served two-and-a-half years in various prisons, before escaping with a forged passport bearing the name "Trotskii." Exit Bronshtein.

From 1902-05 he was a roving reporter for the Communist organ, Iskra, of which Lenin was publisher. Back to Russia he had the satisfaction of being thrown into a dungeon once more.

Trotsky Trots Out

The order was "exile to Siberia." On the way out, Trotsky feigned sickness, was taken to a hospital from which he escaped. Then followed several years of wandering and deportations until 1916, when he visited the Bronx, New York for several months.

News of the Romanoff downfall sent Trotsky scurrying back to Russia with his charming wife and two sons. After the July revolution of 1917 he was imprisoned by Kerensky, but shortly afterwards he became Lenin's closest associate and commander of the Red Army.

In this position he showed extraordinary organizing genius, turning out troops that decisively defeated the Whites and Allies.

Lenin, dying in 1924, left control of the USSR in the hands of Trotsky . . . and Stalin. The contest was sharp and brief. Stalin earned his adopted name of "Steel," and Trotsky was left mumbling, "Stalin is the outstanding mediocrity of the party." Which doesn't flatter Trotsky himself.

The conflict was between world revolution, liquidation of the peasants, anticapitalism; and Stalin's mild capitalism, concessions to the peasantry, and concentration on Russia's problems.

End of the Trail

The vain and sickly Trotsky was pushed around in Russia until his exile in 1929. Each year he has become steadily more unpopular, where in 1923 he was the idol of the masses. And each year he has been accused of plotting against the life of Stalin.

Last year 16 Russians, including the first ranking Zinoviev and Kamenev were executed after an orgy of self-castigation. All pointed to Trotsky as the brains of their plot and disclosed his conspiracy with the German Gestapo to assassinate Stalin, whom he hates as man never hated before.

Well, here he is just a few hundred miles south of us, and we feel sorry for him, for he knows no peace. Ridden with tuberculosis, he can have but a few years of natural life.

Ridden by Communists eager for Stalin's approval, he may not be left to cough his days out

QUACKS

By IGUESSO



THURSDAY'S sleep-walking tale brought echoes from the Theta Chi house archives. It seems Football Manager Fred Smith is one of the walk-in-their-sleep clan.

Comes the story of how Sterling Boyd, likewise a former football manager, and Smith put on a dual act one night.

On a trip to the coast some time ago, the lads had a double-decker to sleep in. Deep in the night and long after the stroke of twelve, Brother Smith, asleep but active, rises up in bed, leans over the side, and starts digging clams. Prompted by such inspiration, Brother Boyd begins to do likewise. No clams, but decided amusement for others of the brethren was the result of the evening's efforts.

Heaven preserve Able Director and Super Designer Horace Robinson from attempting to produce "Ethan Frome" here. Accorded Mr. Robinson has been an excellent reputation for daring and boldness in trying the new, and for successful handling of difficult productions. In drama department discussions and disagreements, however, this time we would be inclined to agree with Mrs. Seyboit, who would have none of directing "Ethan Frome."

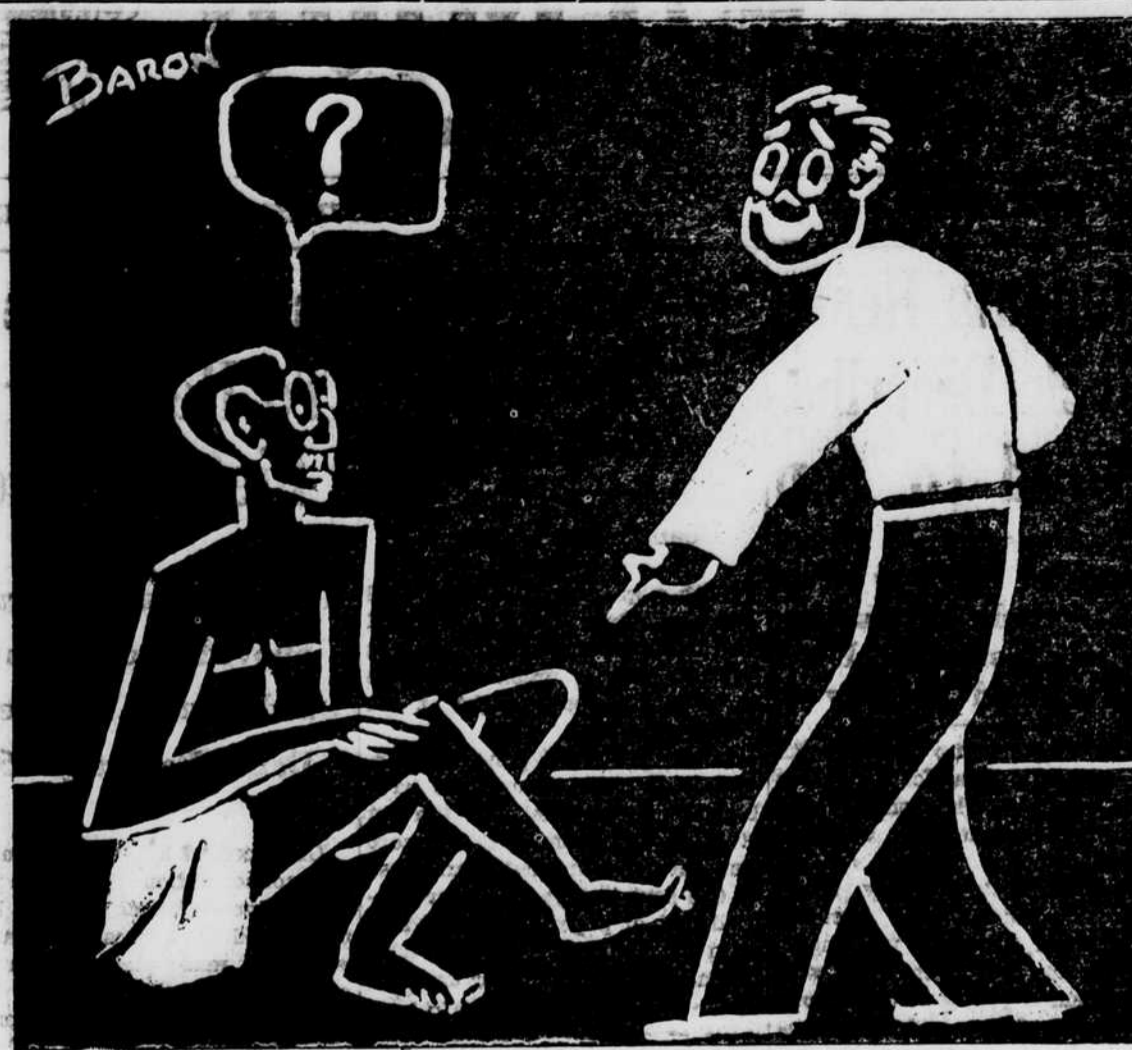
There are two reasons. If "Ethan Frome" is really super-art, then it is too much and too good to spoil by production here. And if it isn't, are, or if you don't understand art, then it's a play unenjoyable to watch anyway. It is sadness, dreariness, and futility of life all rolled into one. Tears, Philbert, for those who go; and tears, Philbert, for connoisseurs who mourn judgment in selection.

WHILE speaking of the drama department, it is rumored that a waiting list miles long has already been piled up of applicants for the participating parts in the famous risqué "Handling" scene in "Pursuit of Happiness," the current play now in production. Remember the show? Played in Eugene last winter with Frances Lederer as lead.

Quacks from up Alpha Chi way tell the story of how Senior Irene Honstead assumes a puritanical appearance when she wanders out into Oregon's mist occasionally. A green and red plaid silk scarf tied around curly ebony locks and down under chin reminds one of New England maids of long ago. Purpose of the headgear is to keep locks in curl for Honstead admirers.

DUCK TRACKS . . . Notice the resemblance between Elizabeth Soules, Alpha Phi, and Movie Star Jane Wyatt, who was here recently in "The Richest Girl in the World." . . . Speaking of similarities, drop up to the law school some time, look by chance at Tony Yturri, and you'll begin thinking Dean Morse is still here. . . . Can you tell the difference offhand between the two titian-thatched Kappa's, Peggy Carper and Irene Wells, or do they confuse you too? . . . If that's so easy then how about the Evans twins, Jo and Bea? . . . If you REALLY recognize good or supposedly good modern literature, a recent edition of Prize Stories of 1936, edited by Harry Hansen, and winners of the O. Henry Memorial Award, is recommended. . . . Two more pretty girls with sparkling eyes (a daily feature) are Ruth Weber and Helen

Joe C. Solves 'Dress Problem'



Mahatma Gandhi: "What can I do for you, son?" Student: "How's about lending me your clothes for the Beaux Arts Ball tonight?"

Jones. . . . Wish I had a fine purebred cocker spaniel like Rex Applegate's. . . . Quack, thirty, quack.

Hop's SKIPS & JUMPS

By ORVAL HOPKINS

A week or so ago I made remarks in this thing relevant to members of faculties who take falls out of students. The point of the piece was, and I still stand there, that the student has no comeback, that the prof can blast him from ear to there without so much as a how've you been.

If there is something to be corrected (note the if) I do not think the method which apparently is being adopted is the right method.

I grant that in the first place the prof in question asked for it by taking out one of the loyal sisters of I Will Arise (O. R. Cohen). Basically a man is not to be eternally condemned for waltzing one of his alleged students around a bit. It's simply sticking out the chin to do it.

Nevertheless, it's a small thing to single out one instructor in such a personal fashion and hold him up to unnecessary ridicule. Obviously, it simply is that the campus is dry of real excitement and in order to stir a little up, somebody got the idea that a mythical most-hated title would do the trick.

Even in our fast, sophisticated day, of which we are so proud—you may define "sophisticated" for yourself—there must still be such an element as respect. It might even be called manners, or courtesy.

At any rate, there isn't such a terrific over production of it that we should toss what remains overboard.

AND another thing.

Practically in the midst of this most beautiful of campuses are several eateries which depend, body and soul, upon student trade. It is true that they employ a small modicum of student help and probably figure they're even-stepen thereby.

Furthermore, nobody knows better than yours with love that these folks are not in the business for their health nor for the

furtherance (or furtheration) of some poor lad's education.

Just the same they also could use a little of that same courtesy just tasted. There are many universities, and this is no myth, which maintain their own coked drinking establishments, run for the student body, by the student body, and no outsider has a look-in. It's possible, albeit not probable, that such could be the case here.

The point is that it's not hard to say at least thank you when a body pays his check instead of simply accepting the lucre without a sign or a goodbye or a kiss my neck.

Campus Calendar

Girls in the infirmary today are: Betty Dye, Jean Beard, Amy Johnson, Anne Herronkohl, Louise Plummer, Jean Silliman, Barbara Burnham, Ellen Adams, Virginia Ireland, Muriel Nicholas, Dorothy Blair, Jeanne Sherrard, Veneta Brous, Dorothy Hagge, Jerry Chessman, Betty Onthank, Miriam Gilbert, and Ruthalbert Wolfenden.

Boys in the emergency hospital are: Brock Miller, Walter Wood, William Fornas, William Dougherty, Rollin Boles, Gordon Williams, Ben Forbes, Clifford Thomas, G. Lanthrop, Pat Frizzell, Vernon Bugler, Douglas Pelton, Wayne Harbert, Homer Graham, Edgar Moore, Walt Bratney, Bill Zimmerman, Norman Rankin, Herbert Ehrsam, Fayette Thompson, Albert Holzgang, Woodrow Robinson, Gene Wade, Edwin Stanton, and Jerry Turner.

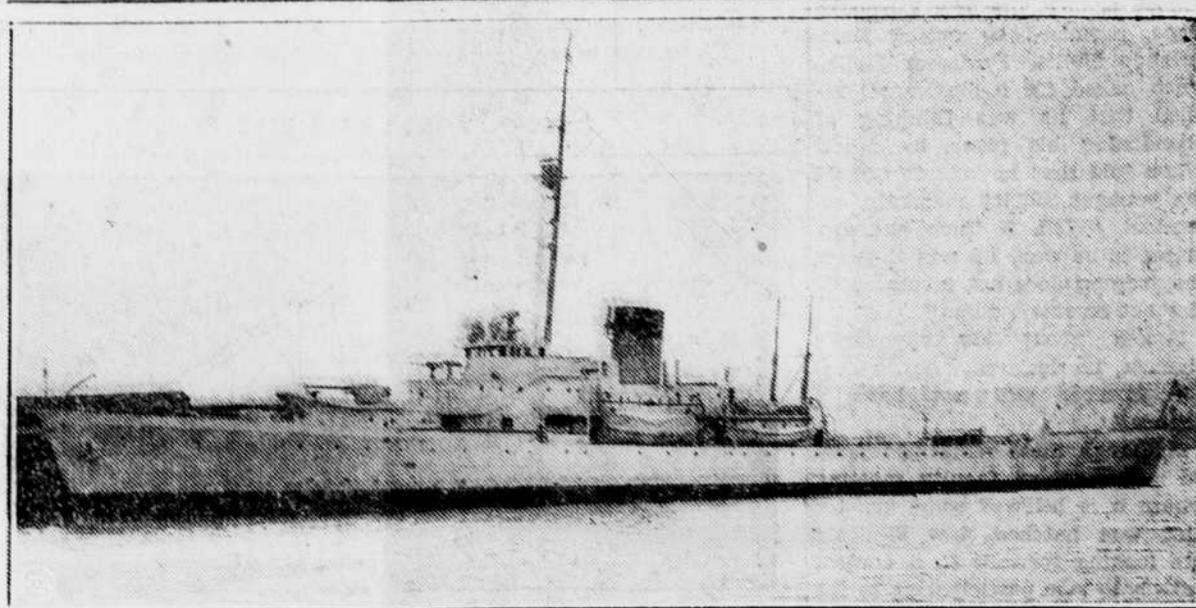
Order of the O will meet today at noon at the Sigma Chi house.

Women's basketball officials will meet at 4:30 this afternoon in Geringer hall.

Westminster house will be open for games and dancing tonight. Five cents admission.

MME. MCGREW IS ILL
Mme. Rose McGrew, professor of voice, who has been ill with laryngitis and influenza for several days, is reported to be recovering her health rapidly.

Cutter Ready for Duty



The "Samuel D. Ingham," newest and largest United States Coast Guard cutter, pictured at "home" in Port Angeles, Washington. She will be based at Unalaska next summer for service with the Bearing sea patrol.

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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, Monday, holidays, examination periods, the fifth day of December to January 4, except January 4 to 12, and March 5 to March 22, March 23 to March 30. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rate, \$3.00 a year.

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VOEGTLYS VISIT HERE

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Voegtly of Burns, and graduates of the University of Oregon, were visitors on the campus Wednesday and Thursday. They returned to their home Thursday night. Mrs. Voegtly, a graduate of 1926 and an art major, was affiliated with Alpha Gamma Delta sorority, and Mr. Voegtly, a graduate of 1928 and a music major, was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

ONTHANK GOES TO PORTLAND

Karl W. Onthank, dean of personnel, leaves today for Portland where he will transact business matters until Saturday afternoon. Dean Onthank is due in Corvallis Saturday to confer with members of the Westminster foundation at their conference slated there.

GRIFFITH TO LEAD FORUM

Glenn Griffith, secretary of the campus YMCA, will lead the morning forum at the First Methodist church Sunday. All students are invited to the forum which meets at 9:45 in Rev. Ristow's study.

The latest feature in the Tonsorial Art
VACUUMIZED HAIRCUTS
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Miner Building

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