

As Barney's Presidency Comes to an End

Epitaph of a Great President

IN the bustle and excitement and "politics" of the spring pre-election activities, the retiring student body president and his work are often forgotten.

Finishing an eventful term is President Barney Hall, whose announcement of an attempt to straighten out the awards system is also, probably, the announcement of his last major service in office. Barney turns over the gavel in about three weeks.

But, for an executive like Hall, writing his official obituary three weeks before the final event is risky business. The restatement of the requirements for winning letters and numerals is much needed, especially since several new minor sports have been recently recognized.

LACK of definite rules has, in the last two years, created much difficulty in determining winners of awards. Special decisions have been required in all border-line cases and, naturally, the decisions have not always been consistent. The rules which have existed have been loosely interpreted and poorly enforced.

Since the right to wear a letterman's sweater

should also, in most cases, carry the concurrent privilege of membership in the Order of the O, that body should, it seems, have some part in selecting award winners. True, the society selects those members of which it approves but it is not altogether good that some award winners are permitted by the University to wear sweaters which the official letterman's group does not approve of their having.

Since the minor sports awards have been extended, some revision of the requirements for winning them and some statement of the form they shall take is also needed. Minor award winners are not granted Order of the O membership and the society has little claim to the right to recommend minor letter winners.

The suggestion has been made that each minor letter bear some emblem to denote the sport in which it was won. This will also probably be considered by the executive committee in the special session which President Hall has called.

BARNEY Hall is, in this writer's opinion, the best president the ASUO has had in the past four years. He will be remembered as one of the wisest, most tolerant, and intelligent men ever to wield the official gavel.

Hall's ability to recognize the rights of his constituents has been matched by his conscientious service to the University and the associated students. Democratic in the extreme and more than willing to listen to all the sides of any situation, President Hall has nevertheless been firm in his decisions.

He has worked always with the eventual good of Oregon and its students in mind—and in following a truly long-sighted policy, has not hesitated to act to remove certain "sore spots" previously tolerated only because they had been long-accepted.

NEVER a politician, Barney came to the presidency quietly, served firmly but quietly, and is retiring with the same unassuming modesty. His work has been typified by action, intelligent action, rather than fanfare. Recently he was accepted for the University of Oregon Medical school in Portland and is to enter next fall.

Reviewing Barney Hall's regime restores a somewhat shattered faith in the process of student democracy. It will be a long time before student government finds another executive so capable. —L.M.

From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

Guest artist for today's column, my six silly readers, is none other than a horrid publicity man for the Paramount studios—and he certainly would be surprised to know it.

Why I should use his stuff instead of writing my own I don't know. But it's come 'n the editor's mail—which I always read when his back is turned—and I decided it might be of some slight interest.

I thought of rewriting it, but then I thought well, shucks, why should I—the man gets paid good money for turning out this sort of thing, and who am I to try to improve on it?

Anyway, I deleted the most blatant publicity, and left only the choicest items. Now wasn't that good of me?

The tempo of the dance changes with the hands on the dial of your watch as you cross the country, LeRoy Prinz, Paramount dance director, declared today.

In Hollywood, despite the whoop-la of screen musicals made there, is in reality the most sedate place in the country when it comes to the dance. The tempo picks up from the outskirts of Hollywood to North Platte, Neb.

It picks up decidedly from North Platte to Huntington, W. Va., but east of Huntington, is where the boys and girls really "go to town"

"The popular idea is that the college boys and girls are the only ones who go in for conformationistic and exhibitionistic dancing," Prinz said. "But they can't hold a candle to the dowagers and bald-headed playboys of New York. If you go to a swanky Gotham night club, the only way you can be safe is to wear a suit of armor.

"Imposing dowagers hike up their skirts and set their sequins shimmying and the coat tails of bouncing bankers flap you in the eyes. Boy, do they have fun!

"But if a gang of my dancing girls went to a ball room in Hollywood or any beach resort and started in dancing like that, they would be heaved out the back door."

The Paramount dance director admits that Hollywood started the craze for eccentric

ballroom dancing in its effort to secure "showmanship" in musical films.

"But the eastern night clubs and not the fraternities and sororities are the ones where eccentric dancing is carried to the extreme," Prinz said. "In 'College Swing,' I originated a dance called the 'College Swing,' from a group of gag steps which I picked up at various colleges and universities in the west.

"But those steps were occasional variations on some rather sedate ballroom dancing routines. Put together, the steps make a colorful dancing exhibition.

"It is hitting the east now and by the time the east gets through with it, that dance will really be something to watch.

"Oh well, dancing is supposed to be a form of recreation where one can have a lot of fun. And the east is where they are at least using the most energy at having that fun. The middle west is not far behind, the west is a little further behind, but Hollywood can't even hear the music of the dance bands."

Did you think that was a funny story?

Education Prof Has Law Book Started

Dr. C. L. Huffaker, professor of education, is writing a book on the Oregon school system to be used in the required University course, Oregon School Law and Oregon System of Education.

Farrar and Rhinehart will publish the book which will probably be out next fall.

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Congratulations, Dutch; Too Bad, Tup

OF recent years there's been something of a tendency the world over to rail against the hardness, the brutality, of reality. Various "escape mechanisms" have been glorified; our movies are means of "escape," our books, our art, even our philosophies, have fed upon the trend toward fantasy and fancy for relief from poverty, government oppression—or even the supper's dirty dishes.

Dictators thrive upon and cater to the revolt against things as they are. But no one, dictator, artist, or novelist, has successfully eluded the reality that there is only one victor in every contest.

Unfortunately there has to be a winner—and a loser. To Victor Paul Deutschmann who is to edit the 1939 Emerald go my heartiest congratulations. To Lloyd Tupling, defeated candidate, go my heartfelt felicitations.

FEW on the campus will realize that the battle for the editorship of The Emerald in their senior year has been, although an exceptionally friendly one, for three years a big motivating factor in the careers of these two men. From the beginning both were marked with the stamp of distinction. From the beginning it was obvious that their talents were along slightly different lines. Both are completely competent newspapermen.

This race, perhaps unfortunately, doesn't go to the speedy. There are many other factors involved and the trial period is so long that no judge who hasn't spent the major part of three years with the "horses" can advance a real opinion—and any judge can pick upon isolated incidents to support his opinion. Having worked with you for three years, Tup and Dutch, I have an opinion—you're both so far across the finish line that the task of editing the "prize" would be a breeze for either of you.

Fortunately, I'm not the judge. If I were, the case would still be "hung" after three years of deliberation. The educational activities board and the executive committee have

selected you, Dutch—and because your competition was so keen I think it must have been one of the most difficult choices made in regard to The Emerald in the past few years.

GOOD or bad, both of you fellows have had a hell of a lot to do with this year's Emerald. One of you has the job of carrying on, of improvement, of maintaining at least the illusion of progress. You'll expect to do a lot of things with the campus and with the paper which you can't do. Unfortunately, you'll also be expected to do a lot of things no one could do. You will know why you didn't accomplish all you expected to, Dutch, but you can never make those who expected you to do more understand why it just couldn't be accomplished—now.

Dutch has the problems, Tup; you have the memories and I wish you'd add to them a slightly pleasant one—that you have been, in my opinion, in many ways—and especially in the makeup of the paper—one of the greatest managing editors this little sheet has ever had. You know what that means; the records show there's been some great ones.

I sign this editorial of congratulation and felicitation with, naturally, a few regrets. I'm happy to know that this battered desk and this one-lunged typewriter are going into such capable hands. Experience has taught me that editing a paper in a closely-knit community such as this campus is always tough. I know that sometimes it's been too tough for me and I believe that potentially Paul Deutschmann can do a better job of filling the position than I did.

Enough time with the crying towel. When they stick their necks out around here and are wrong, swat 'em, Dutch; when they stick them out and are right, stroke them till they purr. There's a one-sentence editorial policy, successor, which no one can deny is both firm and constructive. Good luck if you try to follow it. —L.M.