

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## Success Formula

YESTERDAY a chunky little man with a youthful face walked to the front of the stage in Gerlinger hall and talked before a capacity crowd—talked in an easy, direct manner with a charm and candor that completely captivated his audience. He spoke with the forcefulness and positiveness that marks the man who knows his subject thoroughly and who, fully cognizant of that fact, does not hesitate to express his opinion. And as he spoke he skillfully wound in amusing anecdotes and commented on existing conditions in the Far East with a tongue-in-the-cheek type of humor that set his audience howling gleefully.

There can be no question that Jimmie Young, world-famous International News Service correspondent in the Far East, was definitely one of the best received assembly speakers of recent years. Probably it could be truthfully said that in the past two years only one other assembly speaker drew as large a crowd and held it so well. That one speaker was Ruth Jennings Bryan who spoke here two years ago.

IT is possible that a comparison of the two speakers might indicate what qualities assembly crowds desire in a speaker. Certainly both of those mentioned had an admirable stage presence, an ease and charm that contributed much to their success. But that quality, while certainly a prerequisite, is not, of itself, sufficient. The speaker who draws a large crowd and holds its attention during an hour address is one who has something to tell and can tell it with the air of one who knows.

It is unquestionably difficult to pick assembly speakers who will speak "with the air of one who knows." But it might be noticed that the man who has actually seen the situation he is talking about, the man who has, so to speak, been "on the ground" frequently is the possessor of this quality. A man's pretty apt to believe what he sees with his own eyes and hears with his own ears.

And speaking of desirable qualities in assembly speakers it might be well to mention the subtle type of humor so successfully employed by Jimmie Young.—H.O.

## Who Can Play?

"IT'S amazing! This is one of the smallest football squads I've ever seen," said Manny Vezie, new assistant football coach, a couple of days after his arrival at Oregon.

"Why, at Notre Dame we had huge squads—well over 100. We had more than three thousand men in school. Around here there are two thousand men. Look at the football turnout. Fifty-seven men." Vezie shook his head sadly. "Why don't more men come out for football?"

The answer to that is that Webfoots are laboring under a slight delusion. They seem to think that a man has no chance to play ball unless he weighs in excess of 200 pounds, runs the 100 in 10.5 seconds, and has a mean disposition.

"I only weighed 162 pounds when I played first string end for Notre Dame in 1929. Things can't be much different now than they were then," said Vezie. "All a man needs is the will to work, and the desire to play football to make the team."

"OUR quarterback weighed 148 pounds in 1929—and that was on a national championship club, so weight makes little difference if the kid wants to play and is willing to work," added Vezie.

Coach Tex Oliver is of the same mind. Oliver said, "there are as many football players who are not out for spring practice as there are in suit. There is a place and a suit for any man who wants to turn out."

Oliver is the kind of a man who will give every man a break who turns out. Tex needs the men, for he goes through the toughest schedule in the history of the school next fall—ten tough teams. He'll need all the material possible, because injuries will be prevalent. Santa Clara, Texas, the coast conference, and Idaho, rejuvenated by Francis Schmidt, are listed on the Duck schedule.

Surely, it is a chance for a lot of men to get the training football gives, the trips, and the pleasure. It is a chance for the school to show its support of Oliver and the team with physical moral assistance by turning out.—K.C.

## What Other Editors Think

### Now in My Time

By **ROMEYN BERRY**

On the campus, this war has been fought, so far, without any of the horrors of patriotism. Quietly and without fuss, the word "must" has been restored to the vocabulary of youth. Youth knows it, but prefers not to discuss the matter or hear it discussed. If we've got to have a war, for God's sake let's have it this time without bugles, flag-flapping, and spoiling the movies with four-minute speeches from middle aged, articulate incompetents.

Forums, movements, discussion groups, and undergraduate editors have taken on a reticence never previously observed by campus dwellers. Nor are over-willing professors leaping this time to address students on the issues of the day. Hell, everybody knows what the issues of the day are, and the less said of them the better!

The legal right of free speech always exists, but in times of stress there grow up recognized social limitations upon the exercise of that right. In other words, I have a legal right to say 'most anything, but you have the social privilege of pasting me one on the nose if I say the wrong thing. If I then invoke the law, the court will sustain me in my rights, fine you \$1 for assault, suspend sentence, and dismiss you with the thanks of the community. This is not right but it is true.

What has been said of free speech applies in part to academic freedom; a subject which frequently gets embarrassing to everybody in war-time. Freedom of thought and freedom of expression are the very blood and breath of universities. Even in war-time, freedom of thought and expression must not be circumscribed—from above or without—in universities. But it can be usefully soft-pedaled by academic persons themselves as a matter of good judgment and good manners. Truth, if it is truth, will keep.

In that other war, a handful of professors scattered across the land were persecuted for unpopular pronouncements. The persecutors were ashamed afterwards when they'd cooled off, but the persecuted never made much of a success in the martyr business, even with their own colleagues. They weren't guilty of what they'd been persecuted for, of course, but they'd indulged in loose talk at the wrong time, which is bad manners. It was the verdict of society that while the incidents had been unfortunate and discreditable to the administrations of the colleges involved, the victims got just about what they asked for and had coming to them.

The example of the present day upperclassmen is held aloft for the emulation of their elders. "Must" has caught up with them. They realize it and have no intention of even trying to avoid. They have a date for the middle of June, and mean to keep it. Their minds are adjusted and they'd prefer not to talk about it or have it talked about.

And in the meantime, there remain to them two months of the spring for the fullest enjoyment of youth and life, undefiled by the bugles, flag-flapping, and four-minute oratory that were once confused with patriotism.—Cornell Alumni News.

## International Side Show

By **RIDGELY CUMMINGS**

A couple more sessions like the Sigma Delta Chi luncheon that followed INS Correspondent Jimmy Young's assembly talk yesterday and I'll be in danger of forgetting I'm a peace-monger.



Cummings There is something intellectually stimulating in the discussion of international military and naval strategy that makes one almost forget that the basic element involved is human blood, bone, and sinew. It is as easy and as pleasant as playing a game of chess to talk of relative tonnages, efficiencies of guns, strength of fortifications, geographical advantages, and relative economic strengths.

Jimmy Young has a fire-cracker mind, a hair-trigger wit, and a multitude of facts and figures at his finger tips. But like many quick thinkers he has a slight tendency toward facile generalization and over-simplification.

### With Grain of Salt

One is inclined to take with a grain of salt his statement that Japan is more of a "nuisance" to

the United States than a "menace." In fact his remarks at the luncheon tended to qualify this broad statement, for he pointed out there that the very "stupidity" and "fanaticism" of the army clique that rules Japan might lead them to make war on the U.S. in the Pacific.

Yosuke Matsuoka, Japanese foreign minister, has been trotting around Europe talking to Hitler and Mussolini and it is logical to assume that the Axis is putting pressure on him to promise to create a "diversion" in the Pacific if the rapidly worsening relations between the U.S. and Germany come to open war.

### Stupid Enough to Try

Although Young thinks Japan can't win—and I agree with him—he admits they are just stupid enough to try.

From the Philippines yesterday came word that Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, air marshal and commander-in-chief of Britain's forces in the Far East, has gone into conference with Admiral Thomas C. Hart, commander-in-chief of United States naval forces in the Far East.

Significantly, the two commanders met in Cavite, U.S. naval base in the Philippines.

(Please turn to page five)

## The Passing Parade

By **DOC HENRY**

Please, fellows, don't get me mixed up with Humbert Seesall Jr.'s column which comes out twice a week especially on Wednesday and Friday. My column comes out on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. There was a printer's error in giving me a by-line on yesterday's column—

Pete Lamb and Bob Whitely, ATO's, inviting girls over for lunch after the assembly, were their faces red when they were told an emphatic no!!!

Don (Esquire) Kirkpatrick, Sigma Nu back from the air corp. in time to look after Marge DeBolt, Pi Phi; Gene Brown, ATO, claims that he can't get a date since Don came back.

Another one of these triangles everyone tries to keep out of—Jim Marnie, SAE — Dorothy Wheeler, Chi O, and Bert Meyers, ATO who is working in Portland now. He comes down nearly every weekend though.

John McWayne, Pi Kap, Ellie Forrest, Gamma Phi, and of course, Paul Hillard, DU, along with Harold Chung Hoon go to Portland to attend a dinner party, in celebration of an anniversary of Punahou high school in Hawaii—and Paul isn't from the islands. He was going along for the ride.

Jim Harrison, Pi Kap, plants his pin on Edith Smith, a Portland girl, he met her one weekend during spring vacation and dropped the pin the next, fast work, Jim.

Vic Brown, another Pi Kap, gives his pin to a girl in Los Angeles. No further information on the subject available.

She doesn't smoke, she doesn't pet,

She doesn't drink, she doesn't bet,

At least she says she hasn't yet—

And when she's 40 she'll be single yet.

Emerson Page, better known as Waldo, transfers to OSC for spring term to take advance flying, but makes five trips back to the old stomping grounds the first week—must be some attraction over here. Len Ballif, of Humbert Seesall fame, another of the flying transfers, makes four trips back to Oregon out of a possible five, beating a path between Corvallis and the Pi Phi house.

Marilyn Blanchard, Gamma Phi, seen in Joe's Shine shop putting a high gloss shine on Dick (Cruiser) Ashcom's shoes. If this were after elections I would say that Marilyn was paying an election bet.

My apologies to Pat Carson of Highland house—I misinterpreted the name, it should have been Pat Lawson who gave a Fiji the brush-off.

Majeane Glover, DG, has had Rich Werschkul's Beta pin for about two months—Emma Verdumen, DG, is going steady with Joe Lebenzon, Alpha Chi.

Pat Cloud, Phi Delt politician, plants his pin on Marge McClung, Chi O.

Campus rumor has it that Barbara Todd, Alpha Chi's candidate for Junior Weekend queen, is going steady with Porky Andrews, Sig Ep prexy.

Shirley Munro, University house, is going steady with Bob Nagle, Kirkwood. They had a vacation all winter term.

I'll be seeing you.