

OREGON Daily EMERALD

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Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Our Achin' Back

The score last night was sad enough. Letting those corn-growers go back to their northern farm was bad enough. But to have the public address system konking out right at half-time . . . what a snafued situation!

So Oregon's new football coach, Jim Aiken, wasn't introduced to an iglooful of students and townspeople, eager to welcome him to the fold.

So the March of Dimes collection flopped completely. That means a loss of an estimated \$600.

Yell King Tom Hazzard reports that a PA technician told him the McArthur court set-up was six years old. It should have been replaced or improved four years ago. Huh!

We don't know who is responsible. We intend to find out. We hope someone will exert enough pressure somewhere to insure an adequate public address system next time.

We're sorry, Mr. Aiken. We're sorry, litte polio victims.

Change Step

Lt. Gen. Lucius D. Clay who bosses military government in Germany, has ordered his forces to adopt a "hands off" policy in Germany, and to give the Herrenvolk a free reign. This, says the General, is an "effort to restore democracy."

This new policy may be a good one. It would be presumptuous of the Emerald to offer easy answers to the war and state departments' tough problems.

It is apparent, however, that this latest policy shift is just another in a long line of about faces on the part of the United States—policy changes that make other peoples wonder a little about our sanity.

First there was the non-fraternization fiasco, which was so absurd that most good officers refused to enforce it. That was followed by the "talk to 'em on the street but don't go in the house" policy which was equally unenforceable. On each of them the United States gave ground and lost face among the conquered people who were ready to do our bidding.

The big "de-nazification" campaigns followed and General George Patton was soundly reprimanded for stating an elemental truth. Military government limped along, using misfits, the aged, and the children to operate the railroads, the postal system, and the local governments. Eventually somebody saw that we were not about to let the Germans starve—that either we would have to feed them or we would have to allow them to feed themselves.

As a "Christmas present" military government big-wigs granted "amnesty" to the "little Nazis," the small fry who could have been running the railroads, the postal system and the rathaus for a year and a half — if the United States had been ready to make up its mind.

The horror films, showing the concentration camps and the pogroms were suddenly withdrawn from army units and troops were instructed to help the poor Germans now, to make them see the light by kindness, to treat them as victims of nazi wrath. Maybe this was a good idea, too, but it made all our threats sound hollow. The Germans certainly had reason to question the wrath behind the American big stick.

This most recent policy shift may result in good things of itself, but, as a further expression of America's indecision, is likely to make us even more a laughing stock among a people who were ready to accept us as masters less than two years ago.

Reading without thinking gives one a disorderly mind; and thinking without reading makes one flighty.—Confucius.

Here's my strength and weakness, gents. I loved them until they loved me.—Dorothy Parker.

SOAP BOX DERBY



By ROY FRANCIS

The American infatuation with all things speedy, and the resultant hurried mode of life, has resulted in a form of expression which, while legally within the bounds of democratic freedom, and the curtailment of which would constitute undemocratic action, has within itself the seeds of destruction of democratic government. I refer, of course, to the many and diverse columns explaining things in the newspapers and the equally large number of radio commentators.

Experts

It is true that our complex society almost requires a citizen to be an expert on everything in general before he can advance an intelligent opinion, and that the columnists and commentators at least enable him to engage in what passes for intelligent conversation. Notwithstanding such possible value, I believe that the column purporting to "explain" policies or facts is a most pernicious form of adult education. Unless its purpose is more to stimulate than to convince, the mode of expression is a very perverse form of enlightenment.

In our every day hurry to do things to have time to do those things which we don't want to do but which are necessitated by our concept of ourselves and attitudes of others, we hurriedly scan the headlines, and approve or disapprove according to whatever bias, right or left of center, we happen to possess.

Columnists

Or else we read the columns and agree or disagree; then, while shaving, or performing some other task, we listen to a commentator and agree or disagree. If it happens to be a newscast, we listen just long enough to approve or disapprove whatever action has been described.

Approval or disapproval; agreement or disagreement; these are not the criteria, are not the essence of democracy. Democracy denotes social activity representative of the general will; it is purposive volitional social behavior. It stems from a positive mental process; agreement and approval are negative instances at best. The situation we are facing is that we are losing the habit of positive thought which is essential to democratic living.

Telling the Editor

ABOUT COAL MINERS

Having just read your blast directed at me in today's Emerald, I am frankly shocked and absolutely incredulous—and amazed at the thought that my purposely humorous and thoroughly innocuous little article should bring such results. I am not only surprised to find that anyone read it in the first place, but I am speechless at the thought that anyone could take offense from it, for never at any time was it intended as the "bleating of one more sheep" against labor unions and federal decisions. Far be it from me to oppose either.

What really amazed me most is that you, who at least think of yourself as a sensible, clear-thinking college student, would receive such a nasty connotation from what was intended merely as a light, humorous bit about national affairs; and one that was liberally sprinkled with "if's" and "should-this-happen's." I was not trying to solve the problems of the universe nor defy governmental authority.

All I ask of you, Mr. Bishop, is that you read again my first and only contribution to the literary world—not with an eye toward my criticism of labor, but with an eye to what I considered the humorous possibilities latent in the situation.

One final word, Mr. Bishop. Although I do not resent your derision of my writing—I am an art major, not a journalist—I take particular offense at your reference to my so-called useless life. True, I have never been a coal miner, as you have, but I seldom have felt the need to file my nails merely for the lack of something to do.

Carolyn Hinson

FOUND: Parker pen Saturday. Mervin Englund, Rm. BB-11, Vet's Hall.

FOR SALE: All wool double breasted blue-grey shark skin suit, size 40 long. \$40.00. 922 5th St., Springfield. Phone 2378.

ABOUT JIM CROW

The Eugene chapter of the American Veterans Committee, after a preliminary hearing of facts from the One World Club concerning Jim Crow methods in operation in connection with campus housing, wherein a colored and a white girl were not allowed to room together as friends, wishes to announce its support of all groups which are seeking to democratize the University.

It is an intellectual farce if an administration of a university which teaches racial and religious tolerance should revoke that theory by an opposite practice. Such a practice should be immediately abrogated in favor of voluntary freedom as opposed to involuntary discrimination.

Sincerely,

Ray Johnson, Chair.
Jack Caldwell, Vice Chair.
Bruce Bishop, Treas.
George Holcomb.

Clips and Comments

(Editor's note: This column was originated three years ago by the present editor. Miss Hayden is continuing "Clips and Comments" to inform the Ducks of interesting happenings on Pacific coast campuses. Readers are invited to send in verified items of interest from other schools.)

Spectacular plays and touch-downs which sent UCLA Bruins to the Rose Bowl to suffer humiliating defeat at the hands of a powerful Illinois eleven will be reviewed in films entitled "Bruin Grid Thrills of 1946 and Rose Bowl Highlights" as this year's annual UCLA alumni grid show.

Lavish to say the least was the "Orchid Ball" at Southern Cal. The Junior all-university Candlelight-Orchid ball concluded a week of junior activity which included a tree planting ceremony, all-U assembly, and girls' baseball team with UCLA. Reportedly it was the "biggest, bestest, most lavishly decorated dance of its type ever to be held in America."

From Cal at Berkeley comes the most interesting excuse for getting a D in a final that we have ever heard. The girl concerned had fainted in the library and hit her head on the floor. The next day she took her final, and then she found out that she had a brain concussion. When she got out of the hospital she went back to her instructor with the D final saying, "I'm sorry I had a concussion and wasn't quite right when I took this."

And then there was the girl who swears up and down that she watched a pogo stick race on New Year's eve.

Oregon is not alone in low GPA circles. Three campus leaders at the University of Washington received the low-grade axe. "The failure to hit 2-point may knock 25 other campus bigwigs out of office," reports the University of Washington Daily.

LOST: Black and Grey Parker "51" pen. Phone 569. E. Jean Johnson.

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HEY MEN! SHOES! JUST IN!

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