

Man of the World

By WALTER ENGEL

The boy stood at the window of the living room. He did not wear "tin pants." That would have attracted attention to the fact that he was a freshman; it would have pointed him out as a member of a particular class. And he did not feel that he was really a member of any class; he could not identify himself with any definite group, for he was an individualist. His baggy, gray tweeds and loose-fitting leather jacket classified him as such. In his mouth was a calash pipe large enough to apprise the world that he was a man.

He sighed as he regarded the people in the distance walking slowly along their aimless paths upon the huge world. They were not people. They were not individuals. They were merely small parts of the whole; their only contribution to society was to form a part of the masses. He looked upon them with a sort of ironic pity and shrugged his shoulders.

"What's eating you, Farlan?" somebody wanted to know.

The boy turned and raised his eyebrows at Cooper, who stood at the fireplace smoking a pipe. There was nothing about Cooper that attracted attention . . . or about the three fellows tangled up upon the couch. Farlan jerked his head toward the window.

"See that man out there," he said, "and that woman beside him pushing that carriage?" He paused for a moment, as though choosing his words. "You could almost call that tragedy."

"Why?" asked Cooper.

"Oh, the tragedy isn't their own," explained Farlan. "I'm speaking in a larger sense. I don't suppose those two are facing any real calamity. But they aren't individuals. They're just part of the many. They're just . . . well, you know . . ."

"Assuming their portion of the tragic burden of the masses," Cooper finished for him.

"Yeah! That's it," Farlan felt proud because that was just what he had been about to say. "Those two aren't really living. You see, some people are individuals. They do their own thinking. They live their own lives. They're free. They're not . . . they're not . . ."

"They're not tied down by social mores," Cooper came again to his rescue.

"Just what," inquired one of the men on the couch, "can be done about it?"

Farlan frowned. "Just what is it that holds a man back? As long as he isn't tied down he still has a chance to express himself . . . to be an individual. But what does he do? He gets married. He gets tied up with some woman, and first thing he knows he's got a family. And then he slaves away the rest of his life for them, and has to forget all about himself. That's the injustice of it all."

The red-headed youth at the far end of the couch sat up. "What do you want him to do . . . desert his wife and kids?"

"No," Farlan replied a bit impatiently. "He shouldn't get himself tied down in the first place. If a man wants to get any place he's got to realize that woman is inferior. He should regard her a dangerous being trying to get an easy living off him. He should be hard and . . . and . . ."

"Callous."

He looked at Cooper. "Hard and callous," he said.

"How about Kitty?" Red asked.

"Did you ever tell her that?"

Farlan grinned. "Of course, I didn't say you can't have a lot of fun with 'em. But you've got to tell yourself that they're just there for amusement. Let 'em know their place. Kid them around for awhile and then leave them."

The others laughed, and Farlan started away in disgust. They were too dense. How could a man of the world explain his point to these

creatures of the masses? He was glad that he had the courage to be free. The phone rang.

"I'll get it," he said. He walked to the booth, and lifted the receiver. "Hello," he said, then, after a moment, ". . . oh, yes, speaking. Yes, it's me; what a silly question. Sure, I'm listening. Say, what's the matter, anyway? Huh? What's the matter . . . are you cryin'? Well, it sounds like it. Listen, get down to the point will you? Sure, I can take it. What! What was that again? Are you tryin' to kid me? How do you know it was me? . . . No! No, I didn't mean it like that. I . . . I thought . . . I . . . sure I want to do the right thing. No, I wouldn't. You can trust me . . . I'm not a heel. Well . . . yeah . . . Good-bye."

He hung up the receiver and swallowed. When he came out of the booth he was visibly shaken.

"What's the matter?" Red asked. "Anything wrong?"

"No, no . . . nothing," said Farlan, walking slowly to the window. He stood gazing at a blurring world outside. He wished the tears would stop running down his cheeks.

Essay Contest Time Limit Extended

The time limit of the Bennett essay contest has been extended until April 25, Prof. George S. Turnbull, of the journalism school, said yesterday. The topic for this year's contest is entitled "The Influence of Pressure Groups in a Democracy."

Essays are limited to 5000 words. All who plan to submit an essay are requested to notify Mr. Turnbull, who is chairman of the subcommittee on awards in charge of the contest.

Last year's winner was Charles Paddock, junior in journalism.

Stage of the World

(Continued from page one)

degree of success in defeating the last bonus bill to pass congress, but now their ridicule is being thrown to the winds. Had laughter come before rather than after passage of the bonus some real influence might have been borne against the bill. Now these students are needlessly laying themselves open to the criticism and retaliation of the potent veteran bloc of our population. Why invite such criticism when it is too late to accomplish anything?

In case some of you are wondering what the Veterans of Future Wars is—students "united to force upon the Government and people of the U. S. the realization that . . . all of us who will be engaged in the coming war deserve, as is customary, an adjusted service compensation, sometimes called a Bonus."

We demand that this Bonus be \$1,000, payable June 1, 1965 . . . We demand immediate cash payment plus 3 per cent compounded semi-annually for 30 years back to June 1, 1935 . . .

"Soldiers of America, unite! You have nothing to lose." This is an excerpt of the manifesto of the organization. Its "National Commander" is Lewis Jefferson Gorin of Princeton. Auxiliaries are the Home Fire Division at Vassar, which is demanding free transportation to Europe "to view the future burying ground of our yet unborn sons," and the Foreign Correspondents of Future Wars at City College in New York, which was organized "to establish training courses for members of the association in the writing of atrocity stories."

All that is good for a laugh, but the laughing is too late to do anything except make the U. S. a little more peace-conscious.

Subscription rates \$2.50 a year.

Satirist Fisher



—GEORGE ROOT

Vardis Fisher's Newest 'No Villain Need Be' Has Pungent Campus Satire

NO VILLAIN NEED BE. By Vardis Fisher, Caldwell, Idaho, The Caxton Printers. \$2.50.

"No Villain Need Be" by Vardis Fisher brings a satiric close to the tetralogy on his life—the first being "In Tragic Life," the second, "Passions Spin the Plot," and the third (the climax), "We Are Betrayed."

Unlike First Books

Unlike the first three, this book dwells on Vidar Hunter's (Fisher's) struggles against suicide and tasks in rebuilding his life, his sincere attempt in facing his inner-self, his pungent satire on the campus life in Wasatch college (is it the University of Utah?), and the pillorying of the present American creeds.

Emotional Depth

It is a psychological novel, full of emotional depth measuring a

man's life, teeming with derisive chapters on American conventional morality. In the course of his attempt to discover himself, Hunter teaches at universities in Utah, Chicago, and New York. Eventually he "matures" and goes back to Antelope Hills, (Idaho). Thus he bridges the American crude frontiers with the brimming life of the metropolis.

Alf. Fajardo.

Dr. Miller Goes East

Dr. Vern W. Miller of Salem, graduated from the University of Oregon in 1927, has gone to Chicago to take a post graduate course in special surgery. Dr. Miller is a staff member of the Oregon state hospital.

Send the Emerald to your friends. Subscription rates \$2.50 a year.



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Make a Portable Help
Raise Your Grades

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or
RENT 'EM

the
University 'Co-Op'

We're Not Fooling You
When We Say That



BRUCE
and
JACK and BILL

Are the Best
Soda Jerkers
In the City

Have Them Mix
You One

Shadows of the Past

SOLILOQUY IN RUSSIAN
By GEORGE TELTOFT

Here are your letters, your thoughts,
Your every word and phrase.
To remind me of our meetings past
and gone,
And of our kisses by the brook . . .

I recalled the evening-shadowed
lane
And the bench of coolish green,
And how I pressed
Your hand with mine.

Softly to me your eyes were speak-
ing
Of the young girl's love . . .
Tenderly the leaves were trem-
bling,
As the breezes gently sighed.

And the words of love suddenly
I was whispering to you,
You squeezed my hand
And I put my arms around you.

Here are your letters, your thoughts,
Your every word and phrase,
Where are those meetings past and
gone?
And the stillness of the great green
woods?

Library Furnishing

(Continued from page one)

In 1934 and 1935, 10,690 books were added to the shelves of the circulation and reserve libraries. This amount was somewhat larger than any of the three previous years.

Efforts are being made by several groups connected with the University to provide funds for furnishing the new library. The Pomona college women's glee club which appeared here Saturday brought about \$100 for the browsing room fund. Other sources are being tapped to provide money for the furnishings.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST

Russian
Tvoee pisma, tvoee rechi,
Tvoee phrasae i slova.
Vspomnil ya baelaeyee vstrechi,
Potseluyi oo roochya.

Vspomnil temnooyou alleyou
I zelenoyou skamyou
Kak rookoi poszal svoeyou
Rookoo nesznoy youvoyou.

Mne glaza tvoyi sheptali
Liubvi devichei namek.
Tiho listia trepetali
Veyal neszno veterok.

I slova liubvi nevolno
Soost moeeh vdrug sorvalis,
Rookoo tea men szala bolno
I tselooyas obnialis.

Tvoee pisma . . . tvoee rechi
Tvoee phrasae i slova . . .
Gde sze vae baelaeyee vstrechi?
Roshch zelenae h tishina?

Long-Delayed

(Continued from page one)
method is to cover as much territory as possible.

The directorates who have helped Toni Lucas to put over the Dime Crawl are: Betty Jane Burnett, Alpha Phi; Eleanor Edlefsen, Gamma Phi Beta; Katherine Cummings, Pi Beta Phi; Marjorie Baker, Kappa Alpha Theta; Marjorie O'Bannon, Alpha Gamma Delta; Margaret Keene, Delta Gamma; Genevieve McNiece, Sigma Kappa; Marjorie Will, Alpha Chi Omega; Gladys Battleson, Alpha Omicron Pi; Bertha Sheppard, Zeta Tau Alpha; Betty Howell, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Dorothy Dickinson, Chi Omega; Barbara Lively, Delta Delta Delta; Ona Dee Hendrickson, Phi Mu; Gretchen Smith, Alpha Delta Pi; Barbara McBreen, Susan Campbell Hall; Dorothy Lachman, Hendricks hall; and Ruth Horack, Orides.

Civilization

A SKETCH
By HOWARD KESSLER

He thought: "Guess I'll take in a movie for a little rest and recreation."

He paid and went in. He sat down.

Just behind him, a baby sitting on its mother's knee sucked her finger and ran it around in the man's ear. He moved, across the aisle.

The monster was coming through the window of the bride's apartment, his claws outstretched, his evil eyes agleam. The girl lay, face downward, on the bed. The monster stealthily approached, bent over to encircle her soft neck with his deadly fingers. A tense moment. Loudly spoke up a man three rows back: "Don't worry, lady; it's only the Fuller brush man!"

Two portly men beside him began to talk. "I figger I should have made a birdie on that last hole, but . . . " "You ought to have used a spoon. I told you that." "No, I don't think so. You see . . . " He moved.

He sat down beside a burly workman with the asthma, who had eaten well of garlic. Furthermore, he kept leaning farther and farther over the arm of the seat. A huge, 6 foot 6 athlete subsided in the seat just ahead, and he could see just the heads of the actors. He moved.

He sat down next to two girls who shortly pulled out a sack of peanut brittle. The grinding was dreadful. Four newcomers moved in behind and each one cracked him in the back of the head with his elbow. A college youth nearby kept making bright remarks. He moved.

The final cinematic clench was pending. Romance was in the air. Behind him a girlish voice said protestingly: "Don't John . . . John, stop . . . please stop . . . oh, John, don't . . . John . . . Stop! . . . Ohhhh John!"

He stood up, thumped his chest

with his fists, and yelled like hell. They carried him out, screaming and kicking.

Calendar

(Continued from page one)
promptly at 7:00 tonight to meet the Oregon State foillists. There will be a short business meeting preceding play.

There will be a combined staff meeting of both the journalism and advertising staffs Thursday night at 7:30. All members are asked to be present.

Master Dance meets tonight at 7:30. All members and pledges are asked to attend.

Asklepiad club will meet tonight at the home of H. L. Armentrout at 7 o'clock.

Orides will meet at the women's cooperative house, 14th and University, for their Dime Crawl at 6:30 tonight.

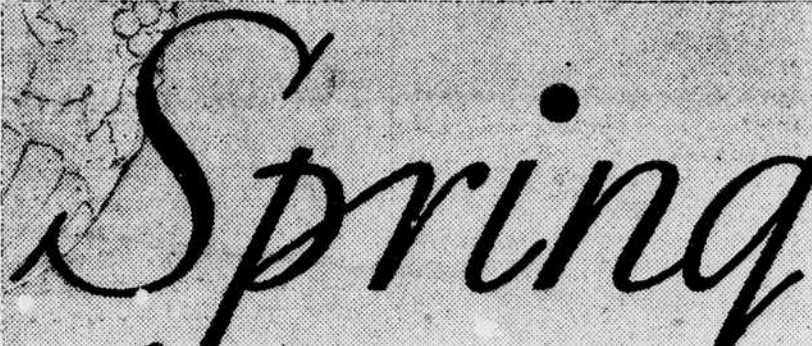
Independent men who desire to play intramural softball are asked to be at the field tomorrow afternoon at 5. Come with tennis shoes prepared to play.

YMCA cabinet will meet this afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Y hut.

A Denver (Col.) theater has a dog on which it mounts an advertising sign. This dog is trained to stop and look into windows so pedestrians and shoppers will see the advertisement.

LOST—Looseleaf price book. Call R. Roberts, Hotel Benton, Corvallis, or return to R. L. Coshier Co., Bloomington, Indiana. Reward.

Accepted Fashion Highlights Are
Now Being Featured In Eugene



Spring CLOTHES

..... for the Smart Collegians

The Newest Fashions for

Spring..Created in Styles

and Prices that are

Sure to Please

Eugene merchants now have on hand complete stocks of accepted fashions for the coming season.

This new merchandise is featured day after day in the Oregon Daily Emerald. It will pay you to watch for the good values the on coming season.

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EASTER LOOKS

—See to the style of your glasses at this season when "looks" mean so much, when appearance is foremost in everyone's mind—at Easter time. If you have delayed having Modern Glasses made—Glasses optically better and stylishly superior, stop by and see what we can suggest in glasses in the new smart-vogue.

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