

Pink's Lemon-Aid

By JOHN PINK

Yesterday I wrote a lengthy column concerning Dr. Arthur Marder. I don't want to see him leave the campus, and I said that in quite a few more words than I do now. Probably in the heat of my creative efforts I pointed out too many incongruities with this University. In other words I guess I just shot off my mouth too loudly and at the wrong persons.

As is my custom of late, I went over to the press around 12:30 after our good editor had departed for his bed. I wanted to check that column personally since our good editor is quite a humorist in his own right (but he can't tell right from wrong) and often times playfully inserts his cute notes into my efforts. I saw that my column wasn't going to be set. So I left.

I knew I was safe from our good editor's humor for that night anyhow. I am glad now it wasn't set up for our good editor is very mad at me. It seems the coat I sacrificed to him the other night has turned up missing, or in other words, it has failed to turn up at all. Owing to the fact that I was in the rat trap in which our editor hangs his only other coat immediately preceding its disappearance, I was the logical candidate for his suspicions. They are more than suspicions, though. Sometimes I think they are direct accusations.

I think our good editor will be glad his newly acquired coat is missing. He would feel very sad when it fell to pieces on him about the third time he wore it; he would probably think he got "gyped" as the gyps say. But anyone knowing the major characteristics that comprise our editor's personality will find it difficult to imagine him being "gyped" by anyone, let alone by an unlettered Astoria fisherman. (By the way, I wish he would let me alone.)

I was picking my way gingerly down no man's land between the breastworks thrown up on either side of the walk from the old lib to Commerce the other early morning, when out of the stillness and the black of the night a vision came to me.

All over the campus I saw men working. Like swarms of busy ants, they were busy here and there digging, erecting, landscaping the University grounds. No one bothered them. No one seemed to know what they were doing, other than they were doing something. This went on for some time, then faded away. Trailing in its misty wake came an idea.

I would get me a gang of men and start digging up the University grounds. No one would ever suspect me. So yesterday with ruler, pad, and pencil I carefully examined a plot of clear ground near the imposing front of the library. I think I will start building a filling station there.

(Editor's note: Never deal with shysters.

Since Pink has revealed that I am the victim of his duplicity—to the extent of \$1.75—I might as well recount the circumstances.

Since I am a kind, simple soul, I readily accede to John's request I give him the above sum for the coat, especially after he told me it was to buy flowers for his aging grandmother. Completing the transaction, I invited the viper over to our mansion for scones. I went to bed. Pink went home with the coat.

The next day a man in a car stopped me. He inquires if I have seen John Pink. I says no but I would like to see him about a coat.

A brown and white checked coat with one button missing, inquires the man in the car.

Yes says I.

He starts to grin. I knew the jig was up.

That's my brothers coat he says. I gave the whole suit to Pink four years ago.

I says oh.

Moral: Never trade with shysters.

Pink is going back to stealing fish Monday—pickings are too slim around here. We—his creditors—are going to call a mass meeting.

We will present him with a warm, fluffy suit to wear home—a coat of tar and feathers.—L.M.)

At a recent meeting of the Pi Mu Epsilon, national mathematics honorary, officers for next year were elected as follows: director, Gordon W. Link; vice-director, Ben J. Winer; secretary-treasurer, Mary Catherine Soranson. Professor Edgar DeCou, head of the mathematics department is the permanent secretary of the group. The organization voted to con-

tribute ten dollars in prizes to be awarded to students who attain outstanding results in a competitive mathematics examination, to be given next year.

Dr. Kenneth S. Ghent is in charge of the committee to make arrangements for the fraternity's annual banquet which will be held soon after junior weekend.

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Men Without a Class

By BILL CUMMINGS

BLOC trouble is not the only thing which is worrying the political powerhouses of the sophomore class. They have a question to settle which is not limited to any one faction, but affects the whole list of soph voters, including a certain group of students who can best be classified as "men without a class."

These men without a class are the unfortunate leftovers of '38 and '39 who have not yet received junior certificates. The question is: Should they be eligible to vote in the forthcoming election of junior officers.

THE issue cropped up during the Kemler-Burdick campaign last year, when the campaign managers bought class cards in wholesale lots, shoved them in the faces of everybody without class cards (from first-term transfers on up to a assistant professors) and told them to vote. And vote they did, although many of them had no idea who was running for what, and cared less. But it was the novelty of the thing, here was a row about the matter, and now it's being aired

again with reference to the 1938 elections. An official verdict has not yet been announced, but in all probability "men without a class" will again be allowed to cast ballots.

NOW there are many students on the campus who have been around here for a long time and have not yet met all the requirements for a junior certificate. (One slip, somewhere along the line, and it's like trying to get an appointment to West Point.)

Most of these students have no interest in the affairs of the sophomore class, and certainly very few of them would derive any benefit from the class after the new officers were elected. When they failed to get their junior certificates, they should have forfeited the right to vote in class affairs.

This leaves a large group with no class voting privileges, but not many of them would be broken-hearted. And the election would then be limited to the sophomores who have the right to vote and who have enough interest in the thing to make their votes count.

Other Editors Believe . . .

Small Matter

(The Washington Daily)

By ELENA SBEDICO

"While the rose said to the sun,
'I shall always remember thee'
Her petals fell to the dust."

—Rabindranath Tagore

Columnists are great egoists who put their dreams, ideas, and half-baked realism in the front stalis and stand by, wearing the soiled apron of their servitude (spotted with printer's ink and boloney), flinching a little as the listless reader pokes their wares to test the ripeness.

Too often the columnist is sincere, even intense and for this reason he becomes grotesque. Perhaps he is not lost. There may be hope for him in the stable confines of a dependable firm. He will reform then. He will become a respectable Lion, Moose, Elk, or Rotarian. Or perhaps he will remain an embarrassment to his friends, shouting his gnat-voiced ideology to the sun—while his petals wilt. And the windmills of the world may continue to invite his Quixotian cutlass. Perhaps,

even, he will die on a Spanish battlefield wondering a little at the last, the blood-taste bitter in his mouth, if he were right, if it were worth his youth and if he had ever been sure just what it was all about.

But these young columnists are frequently shoddy. They are in love with words. Meaning is secondary. They speak of war, injustice, poverty and know only half-truths. Their skin is too thin. Eager to impersonate Aatlas in the public print they at the same time shudder at a coarse-grained word, a coarse-grained truth.

In short, the collegiate columnist sees himself stripping the bandages from the eyes of the people. While he remains the most pitiable of the blind.

And what, after all, does he want with truth! He should be willing to interpret his little farce in pantomime, play out his story upon a slackened stage while the audience sleeps.

And if he would escape the final defeat of bitterness he should guard against taking himself too seriously. Too, he must remember always to laugh so he may not weep. Time is too temporary and the noise of crying is too much with us.

In the Mail

A SOCK FOR SOC

To the Editor:

May I take advantage of the medium you offer to welcome to the fold Sigma Omega Chi, the newest campus "honorary"?

In step with the past is this newest movement—especially in the delicate selection of its name. Nevertheless, I should like to suggest application of the old Greek maxim, "Know Thyself," by the thirty newly-honored students. Can you sincerely say that selection for membership into your group has been on the basis of any scholastic achievement? Are the achievements of the members—even taken as a whole—such that would give them even the negligible distinction of being rated in the upper half of the

enrollment in social science courses here at the University? Individually, do the new SOCs really believe there is any honor attached to this affiliation—or is it just another new pin?

All too many, by far, organizations already exist blaspheming the name "honorary," and above all, you budding "scientists" would be the last to justify the existence of anything merely because of precedence. So, take a friendly tip from, perhaps, an old "sourpuss"—while you are still young and formative, change your name to "Social Science Socialites," or "Association for the Pleasant Interaction Among Social Science Students."

Either of the aforementioned names would serve admirably

the purposes outlined by the group. I think the aim to aid the underprivileged—giving to charity all profits from "big dances" or "musical comedy shows" is most noble, and heartily approve of the show of social consciousness—but why drag in this business of "honorary"?

Meet, then, little Junior Leaguers, the second Tuesday of every month, and carry on your "social interaction"; write home, little status-seekers, an tell Mom and Dad that you have been chosen by an "honorary" as one of their very own—but if you can so kid yourselves, and remain "social scientists"—woe be unto the social sciences!

Respectfully,

R.R.