

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## No Swimming Sign Posted

IT won't be long, with warm spring days just ahead, until the University of Oregon student mind turns to thoughts of swimming, and consequently to the millrace. Those students who are not helped into the race by obliging friends and fraternity brothers probably will don suit and head for the school's "little creek" for a swim.

Before they do it might be well to point out a few facts concerning swimming in the millrace. (1) The race has been condemned for swimming by both infirmary doctors and by Eugene health authorities. (2) Every year the infirmary has a number of cases of sore throat, or other afflictions, directly traceable to the millrace. (3) The race is a part of the Willamette river which has been a serious problem in stream pollution for many years.

As appealing as the millrace may seem on warm spring days it should be remembered that the water is polluted with all kinds of germs which have been put into the Willamette river through city sewages. Until some solution to the problem of stream pollution is worked out the millrace will be unfit for swimming.

The University tank may not seem as attractive as the millrace, but it's a great deal safer.

## Go Look at Spring

IF you want to see what spring looks like, go down to the back steps of Villard and stand under the lilac bush that is beginning to bloom there now.

Look out across the old part of the campus and watch the sun filter through the tall trees and strike the grass. Open your eyes wide, and then breathe deeply. If you pick the right day, especially one of the brighter mornings, you will be sure you have located the exact spot where spring lives. Thursday morning was rather nice. Spring came out for a while.

If you had heard the Old Testament verse before, you would stand there and think "What have I to do any more with idols? I have heard him and observed him: I am like the green fir tree . . ."

Idols dictate the winter. Spring is an elusive, pulsing thing. The idols of winter are mechanical: strict schedules, dark classrooms, sickness of hate and war. Spring is pucky. It defies the winter idols, then runs away.

Out by Villard it's easy to believe that God's in his greenness and all's right with our world—for a moment at least. Go look at spring taunting the winter idols.—P.E.

## In Years to Come

THE interclass rivalry that typified the college life of the heroes of the stories we so avidly read as high school dreamers is overshadowed at the University of Oregon by the intense "cliques" created by living groups. It is the pep and interest incited by closely knit Greeks, dorms, and co-ops that make up Oregon's school spirit . . . and such an arrangement has its faults. Snobbishness is a possible result.

Last night's junior class party was a step in a new direction . . . it was an attempt toward creating a bond of friendship and unity in one undergraduate class, toward building a fighting spirit in the third-year students that will help toward a bigger Junior Weekend.

THE Junior Weekend directorate, which arranged the affair, thought of it principally as a way of letting all the juniors in on weekend plans, as an attempt to make each member of the class of '42 think "This is my class and my weekend. I want it to be big!"

But the idea has many more possibilities than that, for al-

though there were many juniors who didn't come up to Geringer last night, those who came probably gained a little more realization of just what the "Class of '42" really is. For the first time since they heard Dr. Erb deliver the welcoming address back in September, 1938, these proud holders of new "Junior Certificates" found out they had something in common.

A faculty member was as excited as Gene Brown himself over the party yesterday. She declared she had been praying for something to bring class spirit back to its own ever since she came to Oregon. She had a faraway look in her eyes as she reminisced that "democratic get-togethers like this one are what old grads remember longest."—H.A.

## From All Sides

Exchange by Mildred Wilson

No longer can any son of Eli or Nassau deny that Harvard men are the ultimate connoisseurs of what's what in feminine pulchritude. The "savoir faire" of the sons of Harvard was officially recognized recently when nine men were asked by the American Society of Beauty Culturists to cast their unbiased glances over numerous contributions to what makes a strong man meek—submitted by Wilfred Academy for girls.

—The Harvard Crimson.

Pi Tau Phi, honorary at the University of Pittsburgh, believes in simplifying things.

Seems as though payment of the Pi Tau Phi award to the outstanding senior in college has to be authorized by the Pi Tau Phi treasurer. When the award was announced at a Scholars' day assembly recently it turned out that Sally Jane Thigpen, treasurer of Pi Tau Phi, had won it. Thus, Sally Jane Thigpen must transfer \$10 from the Pi Tau Phi

treasury to the personal account of Sally Jane Thigpen.

Pi Tau Phi believes in simplifying things.

—The Pitt News.

"Little grains of powder,  
Little drops of paint,  
Makes a girl's complexion  
Look like what it ain't."

—Ka Leo O—Hawaii.

After telling his sociology class that human geography was fairly predictable, Frank Sweetser of the Department of Sociology at the University of Indiana, said, "I'll predict that no matter how warm the weather gets, no one will come to class in a bathing suit. I'll even predict that no one will come to class barefooted."

That was on a Friday.

"By golly!" Mr. Sweetser exclaimed, when Rodney Anderson walked into class Monday, minus socks and shoes, "Someone did it."

—Indianapolis Daily Student.

## International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

Ezra Pound is a poet from Idaho who prefers to live in Europe. He is an admirer of Mussolini and considers Italy the cultural center of the world.

Yesterday Ezra came to Rome from the little Italian town of Rapallo where he has been crystal gazing in an ivory tower and expounded on the international situation. He advocated a conference between Roosevelt and Matsuoka to "keep both Japan and the United States out of war."

### Pound's Dream

Pound solemnly told foreign correspondents that the basis for Japanese-American understanding should be a deal in which the U.S. would trade the island of Guam, strategic air base in the Pacific, for two of Japan's best known "Noh" dramas.

The U.S. needs the Noh dramas, particularly the "Awoi Noh," and Japan needs Guam, Pound asserted; hence everybody would be happy. In addition the poet would have Japan pledge the U.S. free access to China's tungsten supplies.

Now of course the suggestion is a trifle far-fetched, but I mention it because it ties in with an editorial reprinted in the Emerald yesterday from the Cornell Alumni News.

### The Word Is "Must"

The editorial, written by one Romeyn Berry, told how the word "must" has been restored to the vocabulary of youth and how youth is accepting the idea of compulsion but "prefers not to talk about it or have it talked about."

The truth of that statement is debatable, but the paragraph that

Ezra Pound's acrobatics reminded me of has to do with academic freedom. It mentioned the college professors who during the last war suffered because they aired their convictions, and then went on:

"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 it coming to them."

### Academic Freedom

To me, the above paragraph reads like an insidious attack on academic freedom on the grounds of etiquette.

Since when has Emily Post been the arbiter of philosophers? Galileo was guilty of bad manners, and Giordano Bruno, and Tom Paine and Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln and many another great man had the courage to voice unpopular opinions.

How are we ever going to banish war from the world if it becomes "bad manners" for the intellectual leaders of the nation to say with conviction that war is stupid insanity?

There seems to be a contradiction in saying that it was "discreditable to the administrations of the colleges involved" to fire their outspoken professors and at the same time say the professors had it "coming to them."

It was probably nonsense that Ezra Pound talked in Rome yesterday—certainly it is unpopular that an American suggest his country give up a strategic island to an economic rival—but it is heartening nonsense hear of a man who still thinks that a

# The Passing Parade

By HUMBERT SEESALL, JR.

To Doc Henry's plea that there be no confusion of his tri-weekly effort with Humbert Jr.'s column, HUMBERT JR. appends a hearty AMEN. Not that Humbert Jr. ever expects to be accused to his face of something for which he is not responsible—since he writes under an assumed (really, it is!) name—just that he has to look in the mirror while shaving and can't afford a trip to the barber every day. Even a columnist is sensitive to public opinion.

National Defense Notes: Kappaz are devoting their front porch to nightly "blackout" drill for the balance of the term. The last few were called on account of rain—at least the light didn't seem to be burned out those times.

Taking the spring happenings in their logical order of importance, it seems that:

third finger, left hand—a chunk of gold-mounted ice from Sigma Chi's Harry Williams to Pat Holder, four-star boarder at the D Gee mansion. Don't know who, Harry or Pat. Anyway, this calls for cigars.

but not far behind in the race comes Jim "Blackout" Houck, Theta Chi threat, who finally unloads his brass onto Nancy Dutton, Kappa. Long memoried readers will recall that this was one of the predictions made by Poppa Humbert last term.

Humbert Jr. feels called on to predict, too. Watch Carolyn "Hollywood" Chapman. Baxter Pond has a good reason to hold off now, but it isn't going to last very much longer. What will this boost the Sigma Chi total of planted crosses to?

There seems to be no intra-Theta dissension over Tom Starbuck, the Chi Psi merman. They all seem to respect Betty Stockwell's claim.

While the cat's away, the mouse will play—Seen at the Forester's—Carol Nelson and John Dick.

According to Nels Hodges, DU, steady life is really tops—With Kappa Virginia James—we can see why! . . . and Wednesday night of Paul Gilbert pulling the "out of gas" line on Phippi Mary Lois Dana.

Lou Torgeson replanted his pin on "Bangs" Dube during spring vacation. They think maybe it'll work now with Phyl in Portland, and Lou in Eugene. . . . Also during vacation, Bob Whiteley got his ATO sweetheart pin back from "Grandma" Ritter in Portland.

Seen in a yellow car: Fiji's Alan "Fast Fade" Foster with Jeanette "Yellow Car" Harbert. Seen walking around: Foster and Harbert. Draw your own conclusions.

Spring has cum and Humbert Jr. has fallen in love, too . . . She's only a bootlegger's daughter, but I love her still.

"Noh drama," whatever that may be, is as valuable as an air base. The writer for the Cornell Alumni News would probably want to fire out of hand anybody who talked like Ezra. I'm glad the editor of the Emerald still agrees with the dictum of Voltaire, who said something like: "I disagree with what you say, but by golly I'll rush up you're right to say it."