

The Passing Parade

Guest Columnist Today:
HUMBERT SEESALL I

Hello again, studes; after nearly a term of absence, ol' Humbert is going to speil forth just once more—then you can sit back and relax for the remainder of the term.

First, **Mary Ellen Mills** brought the eighth Fidelt pin into the Pi Phi house last week—**Hal Morgan** is the lucky Phi Delt . . . On the other side of the ledger **Phil Sanders** and **Ray Dickson** have dis-united—probably temporarily—Phil finds the track team and the work too much competition.

The Alpha Phis have been good kids lately, we hear—and spent Jr. weekend entertaining their mothers 100 per cent—great! Speaking of Jr. weekend, wasn't it too bad about the Pi Kap-Pi Phi float? It looked good enough for the first ribbon, but the boys forgot Newton's first law when they designed it. Also, too bad about the mock canoe fete—might have been OK for Dads' day, but why feed mothers that vile stuff—they don't appreciate it. (That's not Humbert's own opinion entirely—that's what most of the girls thought—after calling eight sororities at random and asking their opinions).

(Plug) **Bill Rogers** is said to be attracting the female customers to Elliott's grocery—special on spinach today only (unplug).

Don Barker, who has been the man with that purty Alpha O **Yvonne Torgler**, ain't any more, according to the railbirds—but Don won't have any trouble getting resituated—as Yvonne also won't. . . They're calling attractive **Janet Morris** the "Big Sister" of the Theta house—specially the freshman-ettes—she can be Humbert's big sister any time she wants to.

Neil Regan was seen with an extremely young "mother" during mother's weekend—who later turned out to be **Connie Averill's** big sister . . . **Betty Kincaid** caused a small riot last weekend when she arrived at the dance with a Sigma Nu and went home with a Phi Delt. Whew!

Seen chasing a calf around the pasture during the mock canoe fete—**Carolyn Holmes**, who looked like Larry Clinton's rendition of a "Pretty girl milking a cow"—except, of course, she wasn't milking it—but she is pretty.

Theta **Janet Straubel** and ATO **Don Clossen** like each other quite a lot—but now Janet is in Green Bay, Wisconsin at a family reunion and Don didn't return to school, but is working in Portland . . . **Shirley Christelaw** was in town over the weekend seein' the pifis . . . and what did **Ed Wheeler** do over the weekeend when **Gammafi Neva Haight's** boy friend breezed into town? Whatta letdown.

Gotta go—and when you've gotta go—well, that means that Humbert is going to leave everybody alone from now on. G'by now.

'Majority' Chooses

Officers for the Majority Class of 1944 were announced last night by **John Cavanagh**, director of elections. Ballots for the officers were cast Thursday, but were not counted until last night.

Chuck Woodfield was elected class president. Other officers are: **Bruce Taylor**, **Fern Swannstrom**, **Tom Burbee**, **Beauford Clemens**, and **Fred Smith**.

In the Editor's Mail

To the Editor:

The 1500 assorted suckers, your truly among them, went to the polls last Thursday, thinking all the while by nightfall politics would be forgotten. A technicality canceled the results of the election.

Today, somewhat discouraged, the same 1500 or so, minus the few who aren't forced to go to the polls probably, vote again. With a few exceptions they'll probably vote the same way, the

way they've been told to, the way they've been forced to.

There's one novel possibility. That's for the instructees to go to the polls, disregard what the "bloc-heads" have told them, and vote for the best man, on the basis of merit and that alone. They might at that . . . you can't control a man's conscience even if you do manage to outwardly get him to promise he'll vote for one bloc or the other.

Signed,

Buck Buchwach.

International Side Show

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

All the sad young men of the nineteen-twenties, those disillusioned youngsters who came back from France with pictures of slaughter seared on the retina of their brains, pictures which they preferred not to discuss because those who had stayed at home couldn't possibly understand them, have been indoctrinated with preconceived ideas not at all in harmony with the brutal reality—

All the sad young men who went over to make the world safe for democracy and came back to find women had the vote and prohibition was in effect and nouveau riche profiteers were installed in the seats of the mighty and dreams of real democracy were as far from achievement as ever—

All the sad young men who came back and struggled for a toe-hold in the business machine and bent all their efforts toward grabbing a share of the fictitious post-war prosperity—

All the sad young men who did not drink themselves to death on rotten bootleg, who neither starved with the bonus army nor perished in the depression—

All those sad young men are now middle-aged fathers of other young men who, if not precisely sad, are equally troubled, perplexed, and confused.

Just how troubled they are, these young men, can be illustrated by a couple of case histories, true stories.

On the campus during winter term were two young men, one in the art school and the other a practicing socialist, both ardently opposed to U.S. participation in the war. Now they are both working in a Portland shipyard.

Over the weekend I saw one and chaffed him about deserting his anti-war ideals.

"You're all wrong, pal," was the answer. "I'm taking a strictly negativistic attitude to the war. You know mines are instruments which explode and destroy life and property. Well, Bill and I are engaged in making mine-sweepers which will pick up the mines and make them useless, so we are really working for the welfare of the world."

Another example: A drama student noted for his eccentricity, who has hitherto declared himself opposed to U. S. entry into war, wrote last week to the British consul in San Francisco, trying to join the British expeditionary force in Africa. He gives a curious reason for his action.

"I hate the English," he says. "I intend to campaign against British imperialism after the war, and whatever I say will carry much more weight if I can prove I have actually fought side by side with them and understand them."

Another example: A journalism

senior who doesn't relish the idea of spending the next year marching and counter-marching up in Fort Lewis has made arrangements with the Canadian government to go to a flying field somewhere in Oklahoma. There he will be trained to fly heavy bombers, will learn aerial navigation, and by next fall he expects to be ferrying planes through the thick Newfoundland fogs to Britain.

Another student who has been floundering around changing his major every three months, trying to adjust himself to a world at war, dropped out of school last term, took a course in aviation mechanics at the Eugene vocational school, and left yesterday to go to work in a new plane factory.

There are dozens of cases all around us—cases of maladjustment, of gloomy resignation, of blind rebellion, of hope, despair, and phlegmatic indifference. Are they recruits for another lost generation?



Cummings

In Time With the Tunes

By RUBY JACKSON

Plans have finally gone through to include a music room in the first unit of the new student union building. Deciding that such a room would be necessary because of popular demand, the committee has arranged its inclusion in the plans even at the cost of omitting one of the other rooms.

This first step is most important now that we have the space, how can it be utilized for the best interests of all?

Reed college has a music room of the sort we are planning, and report it to be highly successful as far as student interest is concerned. Concerts are given informally in the afternoons and evenings. Students are encouraged to bring their own records, or they may choose from the record library.

Practical

This system seems to be a practical one. It would be almost impossible to have someone on duty through the day and evening to play records, but if two to four hours a day were set aside for concerts, a lot of listeners could be facilitated.

Besides the sound proof room that has already been provided for, we will also need a standing record collection. It is my suggestion that the students themselves be allowed to select the standing record library, because after all, they will be the ones who will patronize it.

Under these conditions, only

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one record player will be needed. It should be a good one.

Big Step

At any rate, now that the big step has been taken, it's up to us to decide what we want in the room, what records should be purchased to start a basic collection, etc. It's not too early to start sending in suggestions. We (Ann Reynolds or myself) will appreciate any you can think of. Remember that deciding what we want now will save no end of confusion later.

Variety

Standard Symphony hour Thursday, KORE, 8 to 9 p.m. will present a varied program of popular music.

If you study late, you may be able to tune in on some of the Columbia Record Reviews, that are heard around 11 p.m. nearly every night. They are heard over various stations throughout the Northwest, and are recorded.

Smith to Address

Dr. Warren D. Smith is to address the Silverton public forum Wednesday evening on "America's Stake in the Pacific." A general discussion will follow his talk.

This meeting is one of a series being sponsored in various cities throughout the state by the state department of education at Salem.



This Is the Last Week

TO WIN
The
Emerald-Hendershott

Trout Fishing Contest

Open to students and faculty alike.

Contest ends May 19

Prize Fly Rod

A new \$5.00 Fly Fishing Rod from Hendershott's will be awarded to the contestant entering the biggest rainbow trout.

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Watch the
for More Details

RULES

- 1 Any person that is registered as a student or member of the faculty or staff of the University of Oregon may enter the 1941 EMERALD-HENDERSHOTT TROUT FISHING CONTEST.
- 2 The contest officially opens April 18, 1941 and closes at 6 p.m., May 19, 1941.
- 3 This trout fishing contest is limited to RAINBOW TROUT only. As many entries as desired may be entered by the contestant.
- 4 All entries must be delivered, registered, and weighed at HENDERSHOTT'S, 770 Willamette Street, Eugene, Oregon.
- 5 The prize of a \$5.00 (five dollar) fly fishing rod will be awarded on May 21, 1941 to the individual registering the largest and heaviest RAINBOW TROUT.
- 6 Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of a tie.