

Great Day . . .

Wednesday: \$13,525.

Thursday: \$43,000.

Friday: \$122,550.

Saturday: ? ? ?

Bring forth the heralds to proclaim the glad news. Sound the victory bell that its clangor may announce the good tidings. Let students shout and dance and sing and celebrate, for this is a great day for Oregon.

When it was announced that the University of Oregon would conduct a bond drive in cooperation with the national fourth war loan drive, most students probably thought—if they thought about it all—"just another drive." But this was not just another drive. This drive has been the biggest and best thing the University has done toward helping the war effort since the fateful December 7. And it is not yet over. Probably all the houses have reserves of money or receipts with which they will swamp the educational activities office this morning to win the "Bonds Away" title for their candidate.

When the "Bonds Away Girl" contest was first announced, the idea seemed to many a rather trivial and frivolous scheme to use for something so important. But as the bond totals have piled up, it has become evident that the plan was ideal for the purpose. Credit should be given to the war board for harnessing the competitive house spirit for this valuable and useful work. The race for the "Bonds Away Girl" title has utilized the traditional inter-house rivalry with such success that that rivalry can no longer be dismissed as something silly and collegiate—it has done honorable work during this bond drive.

The "Bonds Away Girl," whoever she may be, should be proud of her title. The war board should be proud of the work it has done. Oregon students should be proud of the success of their fourth war bond campaign. We should all be proud, with honest pride of a workman in a job well done.

This is a great day for Oregon.

J. N.

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

We Who Are Young . . .

Tomorrow Oregon's dads take over the campus. We cede it to them willingly. We'll watch for the surprise on their faces as they settle down to enjoy a program, that in spite of the exigencies of wartime, not only compares favorably with those of other years, but is expected to surpass most of them.

But whether it does or not is actually of small import. The big thing to remember is the spirit which motivates Dad's day—the feeling that the University, after all, owes much to the fathers and mothers who decided that their children should get a thorough education, that the school likewise wants to know these parents better, and that they can well afford to literally give them the University freely and whole-heartedly for a day, at least.

In fact, higher education would not long survive except for the older generation, the dads and mothers. "We who are young" get the benefits of it, it revolves around us; consequently we have come to regard ourselves as the salt of the earth, "God's gift to the country," the remakers and saviours of the earth. We speak with the voice of youth—bold, proud, and confident to the point of arrogance.

* * * *

But actually we are nothing. Until we get out of college and really begin our work we are mere nonentities, parasites, living off society "on trust". Our collateral? Only the wisdom and enlightenment and spirit of progress, born of our education, that we have yet to show. The world is still run by our dads. They are, as part of that running, putting us into college in order that we, in our turn, may take the wheel of civic and social responsibility. Our parents may crack jokes while they are down here, they may eat our food and witness the ceremonies with relaxed faces and merry eyes, but behind their cheerful "good time" attitude will lurk a troubled questioning, a keen sense of observation, as they survey us in our routine at the college to which they have sent us. Are we really acquiring our education? Are we really fulfilling the purpose for which they sent us here with such high hopes? They will ask these things in wonderment and anxiety, for they will not know. Nor will they find out immediately.

* * * *

George H. Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post for 39 years, once remarked sententiously, "College doesn't make fools, it develops them." There are plenty of us at Oregon right now who will eventually go home bigger fools than we left. There will one day be plenty of disappointed dads and sorrowing mothers who were among the Dads day crowd that converges on the campus today. It rests with us, however, to determine the greatness of their number.

N. Y.

Globally Speaking

By BILL SINNOTT

The recent heavy bombings of Sofia are, in the opinion of this writer, a prelude to Bulgaria's withdrawal from the war.

The Bulgarians have not been active participants in the war, but their troops have been used to police portions of Greece and Yugoslavia.

Last month the government put out peace feelers—the peace to be made on the basis of the Atlantic charter. The Bulgarians, however, wished to keep the major portion of the Greek and Yugoslav territory that they now occupy.

Bulgaria owes her independence to Russia. The Turkish yoke was thrown off by reason of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877. The visions of a "Greater Bulgaria" that the infant country cherished were shattered, however, by the Congress of Berlin. Austria and England vetoed the idea of a large Bulgaria, believing that it would only become a Russian puppet state.

Bulgaria's first ruler, Prince Alexander, of Battenberg reigned from 1879 to 1885. After his kidnapping by the Russians, he abdicated. His only crime lay in the fact that he wished to be a Bulgarian ruler rather than a Russian "stooge".

The Bulgarian crown was hawked around Europe until Prince Ferdinand, of Coburg, finally accepted it. Ferdinand was probably the cleverest,

most eccentric, and unscrupulous ruler of recent times. He remained in the background during the first years of his reign, letting Stambuloff, who had given him his throne, run the country. When he felt sure of his crown he had Stambuloff assassinated.

Ferdinand played a crafty game of international politics, pitting Russia and Austria against each other. Bulgaria became completely independent at the time of the Young Turk revolution of 1908. In the first Balkan war of 1912, the Bulgarian army advanced to the gates of Constantinople.

Bulgaria picked the loser in the first World War, chiefly on account of the bitterness which she felt toward the Serbs and the Greeks. These countries had defeated her in the Second Balkan war, which ended in 1913.

After the armistice of 1918, Ferdinand abdicated and retired to Coburg, the richest man in central Europe. His son, Boris, succeeded him. Boris was democratic, but the advent of the Nazis forced him to resort to dictatorial methods. Bulgarian economy became geared to that of the Third Reich. The country was inundated by German canaries, aspirin, and mouth organs in exchange for its tobacco and cereals.

In 1939 Boris said, "my people are pro-Russian, my cabinet pro-German, my wife pro-Italian. I am the only neutral in Bulgaria."

Bronze Marker Recalls Life of Fearless Chaplain

By ELIZABETH HAUGEN

"A gift of the estate of Chaplain William S. Gilbert as a memorial to the men of the University who served their country in time of war." These words are inscribed on two small bronze plaques on Thirteenth street, at the north end of the walks in the library quadrangle. The plaques themselves are so small as to be hardly noticeable, but the history behind them is involved in a life that goes back 80 years.

Chaplain Gilbert, whose name is just a name to most people who have read this inscription—and most people haven't—was an influence in Oregon from the beginning of the century. His was not a stormy career, but a steady, vigorous one. He was born, December 7, 1863, and although his death came years before this date made world history, his life, too, was concerned with wars such as the one instigated by Pearl Harbor.

He went to school in Ohio, and was graduated from a theological seminary in New York. He came to Oregon in 1889 as president of Philomath, United Presbyterian college and became pastor of the Central Presbyterian church in Eugene in 1892.

With the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, he accompanied the 2d Oregon Regiment to the Philippines as chaplain. Unarmed he went onto the battlefields and gave service wherever he could, often risking his life.

Returning home, Gilbert went to Portland as minister of Calvary Presbyterian church, and six years later he moved to Astoria where he served as minister for 18 years. In World War I he again went overseas, and a second time was acclaimed a hero. In 1924 he resigned his Astoria pastorate to become executive secretary of national missions for the Presbytery of Portland.

Governor Olcott appointed the civic-minded minister to the Board of Regents for University of Oregon, and through this association he became well-known on the campus. He took a personal interest in the University life, serving for several years on the building committee.

Chaplain Gilbert was quiet and unassuming in appearance but he was vigorous and enthusiastic in nature. He strongly favored civic-minded projects and would work tirelessly in support of a program which he believed was for the people. He could count numerous friends throughout the state, for all who knew him loved him. Among his army friends, he was

known to officers and men as "Chappie".

When the terms of his will were read in 1936, it included a \$1,000 grant to the University of Oregon "to be applied as the Regents may direct to some form of Soldier Memorial on the campus." It was explained by Mrs. Gilbert that her husband had meant the memorial to be something of real value,

rather than a useless memorial arch or marker. Several suggestions were made that the money might be used to furnish a room in the student infirmary, to pay for part of the salary of a professional chair, to furnish the browsing room, which had just been built, or for other projects under construction.

The final decision was made in favor of walks in the quadrangle composed of the library, museum, Condon, and Chapman. These were constructed in 1937.

Chaplain Gilbert was an ardent nature-lover and once when some trees on the edge of the cemetery were threatened by cutting he raised a cry to leave them standing. They stood.

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