

# Politics Requires Gentlemen

With the ending of one war, the end of the other seems brought at least to this side of the horizon. The firing of the last shot is a long time ahead, but now is a good a time as any to consider the women's accounting of their stewardship when those boys-turned-into-men shuck their uniforms and come back their own.

Since the war took most of the male element from the University the girls they left behind have had an opportunity to see what a man-less world could be like. The women have had to amuse themselves. They have had to perform some functions traditionally considered the private property of men. The results speak for themselves.

In politics the women, far from cleaning things up, have even outdone the blackest male political plotter. The campaigns and elections the women have engineered will be a source of amazement to the returnees. Perhaps the last of the female ASUO presidents goes out of office this spring after a faithful but feminine job to which she gave her all without succeeding in uniting her constituents. This is no reflection upon this official but rather points to one of the characteristics of a feminine world, in which cooperation is developed by main strength and some form of bait or other.

The political record is no surprise. It would be surprising had it turned out any other way. Prior to the advent of national women's suffrage the women were vociferous and even belligerent about how they were going to clean up politics. Some historians assert that the feminine influence not only failed to clean up politics but even went far to make the situation even less savory. So the local women ran true to form.

Publications, long a closed corporation among males, have had girl heads, with varying success. Here again the croakers scent retrogression. Without considering any other factor, records show a lesser standard of accomplishment with the new order. Cold records, however, do not show the reduced staffs and lack of continuity of experience, factors which are directly traceable to the war, and which show throughout the nation.

Depending on the point of view, the women may have lost some ground for the men in student government, having disturbed the balance of boards for which men have battled for a generation, and having abandoned certain principles evolved out of a similar period of earnest and capable study. The women have agreed the ASUO president should be paid next year, a principle defeated time after time among men, who see the ASUO presidency as a title with the kind of administration which is not really deserving of monthly pay. There can be no comparison between the work of an ASUO president and the amount of pure labor given by a publication head, for instance.

All evidence to the contrary, this is no attack on the abilities or accomplishments of the women, bless 'em! But with the possible end of the final war in sight, we point out that the coming year is probably the final opportunity to set the feminine-run house in order.

We offer the masculine viewpoint because we are unalterably male, and because we did return. Our only thesis is to query whether the present feminine college generation feels it has taken care of things for the men while the men were out taking care of bigger things.

Excuse us. We are getting under the desk.—B. J.

# Before We Reach Tokyo...

Cruel statistics remind us 2,000 men died fighting 24 hours before the Armistice was signed in World War One. Those statistics crystallize one more reason for putting forth every effort until final defeat of Japan. Every hour that we can shorten this war will eliminate inhuman suffering humans have had to endure during the past four and one-half years.

This war is distinguished from World War One in that there must be two major V days before relaxing. For the war to crush Japan will be bigger, tougher, and longer than most Americans expect. Allied military estimates state it will be years, not months. All of us want to shorten the dateline on that prediction.

There is our reason for the biggest war bond quota to date—seven billion dollars, of which 4 billion is asked by private investments in "E" bonds. University of Oregon students have been asked to raise \$108,000 in four days.

Students have been asked to break record after record. After one student "war-effort" campaign is won, another assignment is made. But it is that effort and spirit of which victory is spun.

The more we do each day now will bring that second and final V-day that much closer. Today is the final day for the U. of O.'s 7th war loan drive. More can not, need not, be said.

An expanded program of industrial nursing education through which graduate nurses may get the requirements of the bachelor of science degree is offered this fall by the school of education, New York university.—(ACP)

# Dream Souls

I wish to build my dreams of clouds and air  
To raise my castle in Spain that far off land  
Where illusion floats like deep blue smoke to snare  
My mind in sleep and drag it forth like sand  
That flows through time's decaying glass of days.  
Alas, the soul of dreams are sent afar  
By logic which creeps with silent feet and slays  
To trace across my brain a hollow scar  
For dreams that died and killed a part of me.

—DARRELL DANIEL BOONE

# Ashes to Ashes

By BILL PATTERSON

Junior Proms are the darndest affairs. Some people have their fun (a) before the dance, (b) during the dance, and (c) after the dance. Those who combine both (a) and (b) seldom, if ever, last to enjoy (c). The most recent and severe case listed in the archives concerns Pierpont Nostril, a buffoon well-known on the campus. Before the

dance he utilized a light, slight, and polite quantity of Passionola Punch, an old Southern (Cal) drink. Never having tiddled before it was poor Pierpont's undoing. . . .

After a lurid appearance at the prom our fortified hero remembered that he hadn't showered yet. Yes, you guessed it. Downstairs in Mac court. And in his new Fred Meyer suit, too.

Helping hands soon secured the services of a passing poppy-eater. Notorious in his own right, he's as full of charm as a Xmas turkey. He was only too happy to escort the young lady to her doorstep, where he bussed her soundly and returned her to her thigh-slapping friends. But who took Pierpont home?

Sunday noon the mystified young man made a short personal appearance, suffering from an acute case of celery-poisoning (an occupational disease of college men). Since that time he has been as scarce as snakebite cure. He has disappeared. His intimates disagree as to his whereabouts. Some say he is hanging by his heels from the Burnside Bridge, searching for submarines. Others contend that he has gone llama hunting in Hendricks' Park. The more radical school suggests that he has gone to work, but even they don't sound convinced.

Because the room rent is two months overdue, his landlady is offering a reward of one fur-lined drinking mug for his return. If you have information regarding the disappearance of Pierpont Nostril, write it on the back of a valid "A" stamp and send it to me in care of the Kappa Grist Mill.

# Communique From A Comrade

By 'COMRADE' PUSHKIN JONES

PAWTRUCKET, May 11 — (Special)—The Reds are sweeping the country!

Lashed securely to their bound copies of "The Complete Works of Herbert Hoover," sedentary sentimental conservatives are quaking in their boots for fear of impending defeat.

This was the undeniable fact reported here tonight as members of the Reds planned their campaign for this year—the most momentous in their history.

"These characters trying to hold up our advance are nothing but a bunch of chicken-livered morons," a high official was quoted as saying, according to an authoritative source identified only as "Comrade X."

Reports from across the nation verified this optimistic announcement.

"They can't be beat," said a New York small-town businessman.

"Invincible," was another comment.

"They know how to get things done," said another.

And down on a small farm in the state of Arkansas, one farmer probably phrased what the whole nation was saying about the Red sweep better than any other single person. Quoth he:

"These Rhode Island Reds just can't be beat."

## Men Thank AP, R-G

The staff of the mens edition wishes to thank the Register-Guard and the Associated Press for making available today's wire service.

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# On The Jazz Side

By JIM WINDUS

Have been asked by several people why I don't write this thing in English. I tartly replied that I admit that I am not a Harvard man with a Harvard accent, but that so far I have survived several English courses. Then I left in a fit of pique. (Say, what does that word mean, anyhow?)

But I will have to repent and write at least part of this in fairly readable English. My supply of hemp, tea, weed, or what you will, has run out, and am feeling rather normal. Expect a runner, with my new supply, at any minute now. But until then, I shall carry on, or be carried out. Don't know which. Damn these headlines.

Feel rather commercial. Could even like Freddy Martin or cowboy music, if given a hit on the head with a large enough hammer. But to the context of my idea.

Seeing as how everybody, organization, drive, etc., has been having a contest to determine who was the prettiest among them, I have decided to have a contest of my own. The winner will not get a prize, not get a scholarship, will not get anything, except her name in my column. Oh, large charge. Oh, yes. She will get a tittle, of course. I will be "The Bwaagggggirl of the U. of O. or the Girl with whom I would rather spend a Thousand nights than a thousand days, with." The qualifications are rather easy to fulfill. She must be female, or a reasonably accurate facsimile, attend the U. of O., have certain measurements that meet my specifications, and be a girl. I expect all living organizations to enter a contestant. That is, girls' organizations, natty. Just send her picture and measurements to me. My secret jury and I will cast a jaundiced eye over the group, and render our decision.

Pardon me just a minute. My runner just came in with my smokes. Quick, I'm dying. Puff, puff, ahh. Mriisk. Urp. Feel a bit better. Which reminds me of a joke.

There are four musicians riding along like mad in the larger type wagon when along comes the law. So, after pulling over to the curb and being given the effus for breaking many's the limit, our men (all rhythm: skins, keys, git-box, dog-house) let go with the following: "But, Jackson, this section never speeds." Ha, ha. Just made a funny. Well, I like it.

I have had thousands of requests to pick my favorite orch. But there is not enough space. There, aren't you sorry now for saying all those things about me? But tune in next week to see if Dick Tracy catches the Measles, or get kicked in the head, I hope; will Annie get the business, or sumpin; will Spike Jones win the Esquire All-American band poll? What have I done? Mentioned Jones' name in this sacred spot? Oh, the shame of it all.

Joke: Two knocked out musicians are reading (yes, mydears, they can read) the latest Esquire, both being replete with peg-bottom pants resembling the latest thing in skiing attire, and ape-shape coats. Suddenly one of the two characters emit, "Man, these jerks in here really get some weird styles." Brifsk.

I wonder why some enterprising business man doesn't open a spot near the campus, having a large juke box, thousands of cokes, etc., but no alcoholics, and a dance floor. Should make a small fortune. The back room of the Side would do, or even that large hole next to it. How about it, Roy? Of course, platters by Guy Lombardo, Ferdie Martin, Spike Jones (damn that name) and other Mickey Mouse bands would be banned.

Well, this weed is just about shot, so will give up and go with the men in white.