

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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It Should Happen to a Dog

All this foolishness about the Phi Psi's dog "Snowbelle" as a contender for Oregon's traditional weekend crown leaves us more than a little disappointed. The pre-election campaign of "Queen Snowbelle I" was a lot of fun. It is the result we are talking about.

Snowbelle drew only 203 votes.

That put her in an easy third place—but with only about a third as many votes as the queen.

Maybe it all can be chalked up to campaign methods. Could it be that Snowbelle was not sufficiently aggressive? After all, when other candidates for the job broke a long-standing tradition and campaigned for the honor as if it were the presidency of the sophomore class or the plum of alderman from the third ward, they went whole hog. Snowbelle may have been too modest. Perhaps she was not energetic enough, or perhaps her campaign managers failed to line up the boys and girls to vote and vote their way.

Snowbelle, riding around the campus, perched up on the tail end of a convertible, was the picture of majestic, regal splendor. Her rooster's lid was in keeping with the rah-rah tradition set for the election. Snowbelle probably had about as much say about her campaign methods as any of the other candidates. She bore up well.

Poor Snowbelle. She wasn't elected this year, but she stole the show.

The Big Squeeze

COMMUNISTS REPORTED RIFE ON CAMPUSES

The above four-column front page headline in Wednesday's Oregonian gives the impression that the Red cells in the life blood of America's youth are really raising hell with the right whites.

The newstory with a Washington, D.C. dateline reports that the un-American activities committee has declared that "the specter of communism stalks our college campuses masked under the cloak of the American Youth for Democracy" and has asked governors and education officials to expose the organization.

The AYD, the story continues, is merely the new name for the pre-1943 Young Communist league, and, we are to understand, it smells just like the old outfit. Maybe worse. Because it hides "behind a veil of high sounding slogans" while in reality it "is completely and uniformly subservient to the interests of Nazi Germany."

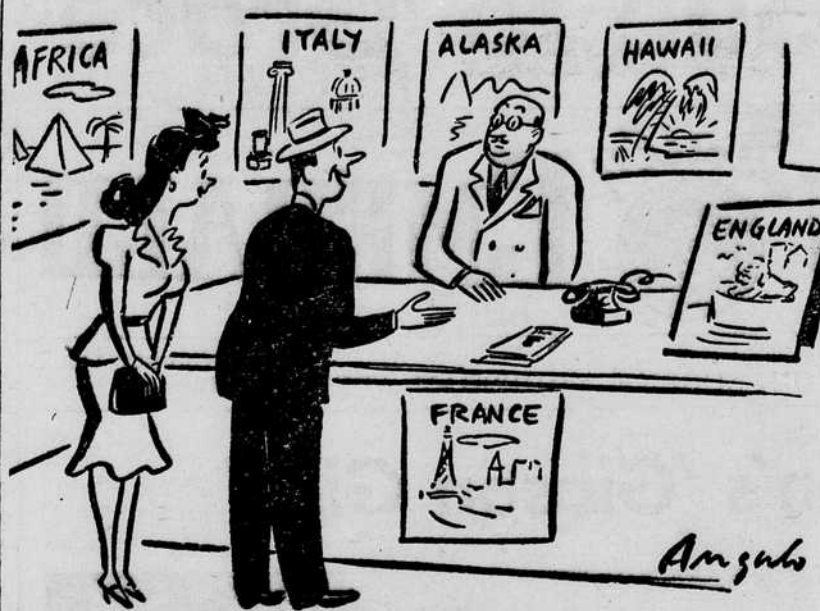
A story in the Register-Guard last night reports that the AYD claims members in the state of Oregon. . . .

As far as we know there is no AYD chapter on this campus. The intellectual and political liberals on this campus are of the milder sort, not likely to pledge allegiance to any flash-in-the-pan leftwing group which urges direct action and perhaps even violence to secure the measures it proposes.

We have in our office a publicity booklet "explaining" the purposes of the American Youth for Democracy. It is titled "The Big Squeeze" and tells how the squeeze is on as far as higher education is concerned. The AYD screams about the housing shortage, the professor shortage, the lack of classroom space, the race discrimination and race quota systems on some campuses, the low subsistence checks for veterans, and other problems of which students and educators are all aware.

The published program of AYD proposals includes measures which most of us agree should be taken: an end to the quota system, substantial raises in faculty salaries, full academic freedom, low cost housing, low tuition, more state and federal scholarship grants, etc.

However, those measures can, and probably will, be put through by educators—not by communist-front organizations which use popular sentiment to gain support for their really subversive motives. The big squeeze should be shifted from the campuses to the dishonest AYD.



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"Haven't you any other trips? We were in the Army, you know"

Symphonotes

By Mary Margaret Dundore

An interesting, controversial subject these days is the return of Kirsten Flagstad, famed Wagnerian soprano, to the United States after several years in Nazi-occupied Norway. It would seem that Mme. Flagstad's husband was not unsympathetic to the Nazis, which fact immediately throws suspicion on Mme. Flagstad herself. Any guilt on the singer's public record, however, yet confines itself to the fact that she sang for Goering; a victim of circumstances?—perhaps. At any rate, the present question appears to be: Shall we recognize primarily the musical artist, or a possible political enemy in Mme. Flagstad?

While we do not offer an answer to this question, nor an estimate of its importance, we might speculate as to the effects in the event that the soprano be reinstated in American musical circles.

Helen Traubel has taken the absent Mme. Flagstad's place as first lady of the Wagnerian opera. Miss Traubel has achieved great things in her field, not to the exclusion of a fine reputation in operatic, concert, and radio performances. Her position is a symbolic one, representing many factors which always

gain the admiration of Americans, e.g., achievement after long hard years of work, etc. And there is the unforgettable element of Miss Traubel's voice.

Mme. Flagstad back on the scene, what changes will take place in that scene? Not feeling prophetic, we will not venture to say what may or may not be the outcome of these various combined facts. However, it will be interesting to watch this matter, while we wait.

In the meantime, we might turn our attention to such things as the new album of Italian arias, sung by Helen Traubel, that Columbia has released. Included are selections that are usually sung by somewhat lighter soprano voices; but to nearly every aria, Miss Traubel's voice and interpretation lend outstanding beauty, in tonal warmth and dramatic intensity. "Ritorna Vincitor" from "Aida" is the least suited to Miss Traubel's voice of these arias;—the "Ave Maria" from "Othello" is sung beautifully, with a sonority and depth that emanate serenity.

The other arias in this album are "Vissi d'Arte," Donna Anna's vengeance aria, "Suicidio," and "Voi lo sapete."



HER FAVORITE HOSIERY IS

"As You Like It"

A sweet Senior-ita is Nora.
Of charm she exudes such an aura.
From Maine to the Coast
She's the college man's toast.
To dizzying heights she will soar-a!



Side Patter By BOB WHITELEY

It was a great campaign . . . and Snowbelle sez "it shouldn't happen to a dawg." Congrats to Junior Weekend Royalty of 1947. The Phi Psi's Snowbelle, complete with a new hair-do caused quite a stir in voting circles. Smokey the Phi Delt pooch who has been on the campus longer than Doc Hayes and Norm Weener combined, was reported to state that Snowbelle was just trying to make Mortar Board. It's too bad that the race isn't full, as the Queen and her court would make a decided splash. The Law school freshmen voted in a body for one . . . Raye Stanaian and her beach ball. Now that the Junior Weekend Queen has been selected, Fenton Hall is turning to their own weekend and royal court. The race for law school queen is still red hot with "Senator" Carmicheal, Rex Kooler, Billie "The bulb" Bernard lining up Kappa house votes, and Harry is expected to sweep the law school. The famous Legal Eagle infield, Combs to Hay to Grandquist is working out at Robinson's nightly in preparation for an afternoon game with the BA school. Don't miss the big baseball opener tomorrow when Oregon and Idaho will attempt not to fan and fall down. The opening battery of "Lefty" Newburn and "Iron Arm" Hollis will be worth borrowing a student body card to watch. There is always the possibility that Newburn will throw a real curve at the jolly dean. The traditional Nickle Hop is brought out of the mothballs tomorrow night . . . and seeing that the phone situation is still punk, get around and line up future picnic material! With prices in the ionosphere, it's a wonder that the gals didn't nick the fellas for 7½ cents for a whirl on the hardwood. Commendable! MEN! The AWS is bringing them down again! Huuuuuundreds of eager high school wimmen (seniors) will be down to take a lock-see at the U this weekend. Polish the cups, put on your '42 numerals, and sally forth . . . and come in fifth. "The Load" Hinkle can hardly contain himself till Friday night. ROMANCE DEPT: Delt Wayne Pri-vett and Judson House's cute Aileen Slatery can't see anyone else in the room . . . and the AXO's must be running out of coffee and cakes coz Bev Dichler has a hunk of that compressed carbon to show from Bob Lewis. The Alpha Chi's are sure showing lots of hustle! Well, let the do-nut machine cool down till Tuesday. See you on that late shift at Jim and John's Waxwork Museum.

John Wesley Johnson was the first president of the University of Oregon.

WANTED

Competent
Typist, Full
Time or Part
Time.

the "CO-OP"