



"Ya can't say those profs don't take a special interest in ya—every one of 'em thinks he's the only one yer taking a course from."

Illegitimate Instruments

Nearly every house has one or more.

They're good for free afternoons and lazy spring evenings.

They add to picnics, dates, serenades, and can even be used for flying speeches.

They're the latest in extra-curricular activities.

They are not women, but ukeleles.

No one knows if the fad was started by Hui O Kamaaina, the Hawaiian club, or by Arthur Godfrey, who plays one, or by steamship and airplane company advertisements on Hawaii.

At any rate, Oregon's got 'em. Music stores downtown report a "terrific interest" in ukeleles on the part of University students. (High school students ignore them.)

One store used to sell less than three dozen a year. Its books now show that almost 300 were bought since last June, when the trend began, and that sales have picked up even more with the start of spring term at the U.

We heard that elementary schools in this area are now taking up courses in "uke" playing we decided to investigate the thoughts, if any, of our own music school on the subject.

"Oh, heavens, NO! Not up here; we wouldn't teach that." "Why, anybody can play one—all you do is chord." "Besides they only teach students legitimate instruments here." All this we were greeted with. (Legitimate instruments are those used in a symphony orchestra.)

But regardless of this negative approach, all sorts of students—music majors and architect majors, Greeks and independents, men and women—have taken up the pastime. It looks like it's here to stay for a while.—A.G.

A startling thing happened yesterday. Someone expressed approval of the registration system at Oregon, saying it was, in general, superior to that of other large Universities. Exactly what this information is worth, we don't know, but we thought it was so novel it should be passed on.

Raising Kane

Not too many years ago in the far off Eastern United States there was a law school with a dean who occasionally permitted his students to graduate.

One of these fortunate few, finding his talents not sufficiently appreciated in the state he desired to practice, entered the government service.

For the sake of anonymity we shall call this attorney Asportatis Blackacre—asportatis is a Latin word used in a legal phrase, and Blackacre is the general term law professors apply to land for pur-

poses of illustration.

Asportatis drew up a contract form to end all contract forms. The fine print, according to the latest court decisions at the time, didn't bind the government, but made the private person who signed the "contract" liable for non-performance.

And lo and behold, the government signed a contract with a little old sand and gravel company, and then dishonored it. The victim brought suit, lost, and appealed the judgment in the government's favor.

The case was an important

Sophomore Wisdom

Reformation and the Big Red Flag

by Bob Funk

Back into the limelight—ASUO spring elections, and with them the whole complex question of student government at Oregon: what it has done, what it is doing, and what it should do in the future.

During the past two years there has been a lot of emphasis placed on politics and political parties, and the reform of same. We have left uncriticized, however, our present system of student government. Persons of both political parties have been elected to the tune of "reform, renewed interest, the strengthening of the role of student government at the University."

And some months after election we have found that in some way the greatest and whitest of our political hopes have been held back in the fulfillment of their promises. By what?

The present form of student government, carefully set down in the existing ASUO constitution.

Does this constitution provide an adequate government for coping with such new problems as the Student Union and Publication



The Cinemah

Movies and Chuckles and Hunger

by George Spelvin

After looking over the movies billed at the theaters this past week, it makes me wonder what happens to the GOOD films that Hollywood produces?

A couple of us figured out last night, when we had nothing important to do—just studying—that the theaters must book what few good films there are during the vacations. Since this last Spring vacation was quite short, it must have been some task to get all the good films in and out of Eugene in the four days. It probably required showing one picture in the afternoon and a different one in the evening; but at any rate it must have worked, because this week there is absolutely nothing good on at the cinema, and not much good coming up, with one exception.

"All the King's Men," which is the academy award winner for last year—"best picture," "best actor," and "best supporting ac-

tress"—will start at the Heilig Sunday. It is supposedly a top notch and entertaining film that packs a wallop, and it will most likely be worth the admission price.

But between now and Sunday you might just as well study, or find some form of amusement other than a show.

"Key to the City," the Clark Gable-Loretta Young comedy at the Heilig through Saturday, has all the freshness of "It Happened One Night." Since at least 500 comedies have imitated that film, which was good in 1934, any chuckles that "Key" gets are from hunger.

Gable acts like Gable (which is sometimes entertaining if you care for Gable and I don't) and Miss Young acts as if she wished she had stayed away from the MGM studio. Much as I like Miss Young, I don't think she helps the picture much—but then, no one could.

(Please turn to page three)

Asportatis and His Troubles

by Henry Kane

one; if the government lost, it would be necessary to discard the millions of printed contract forms. And so, like the Lone Ranger to the rescue, Asportatis, the author, was sent to argue for the government before a certain state supreme court.

And who did Asportatis find sitting on the bench but his old law school dean! Once more the young attorney felt like a first year law student when the dean gazed upon him. Conviction that he was hopelessly ignorant and an overwhelming desire to sink through the floor came over

him. With horror Asportatis remembered how the dean, before he became a judge, practiced his hobby of leading an over-confident law student out on a legal limb, and then mercilessly cutting it off at the base.

Nevertheless, the ex-student believes that his pride and joy, the super-duper bear-trap contract, would be upheld, because the dean had told him back in the old days that there was no contract unless a certain something was present, and the certain something was in the contract.

Asportatis presented his

brief with smug assurance. In fact, he sounded as dry and authoritative as the Restatement of Contracts.

The dean turned judge admitted that the government had the weight of the law in its favor, then asked his former student whether it was right in equity and good conscience for the big government to treat the little plaintiff so unfairly.

The young attorney said it was not a matter of fairness or its lack, for the law was on the government's side.

"Son," said the judge, "did-"
(Please turn to page three)