

## Editorial

## Comment

## Bulletin

### Horse before the buggy always

If there are to be senior honoraries, one would presume that men and women would be selected into these honoraries on the basis of the positions they will fill as seniors. For the major activities on the campus for which recognition should be given are predominately senior activities.

Yet prior to the decision of the Student Council Wednesday to consolidate the spring elections and to place those elections before the Ivy Dayappings and maskings, no major position for senior men, and but few for the women were filled before the Innocents and Mortar Board selections.

Graduating members of these honoraries therefore have been compelled in the past to make stabs in the dark. They have had to more or less guess who the officers of Kosmet Klub, Corn Cobs, and Student Council were to be and who were to fill the publications positions. Mistakes obviously are not uncommon, and where mistakes are made some person who becomes particularly outstanding in his senior year is denied membership in those societies. Certainly a system of this sort has the buggy before the horse and has little logic to stand on.

Whether intentionally or otherwise however, the Student Council has made a change. This year at least the hold over members of that Council, the seniors at large, and the Council officers will be known before Ivy Day. For that the Council is to be commended.

But if it is desirable to let the horse pull the buggy, and to choose men to these honoraries on the basis of their leadership, then it is important for other organizations to follow the Council's lead. It is important for Kosmet Klub, Corn Cobs and all similar societies to name their officers likewise before the Ivy Day ceremonies.

In all probability most of the officers would be the same whether the elections were before or after that date. But in the other cases poor guesses will no

### Concentrated politics

Doubling up the offices to be filled at each election this spring, and cutting the number of such elections in half should certainly concentrate politics into a rather short period of time, and leave the rest of the semester relatively free of the "plottin and plannin."

More will be at stake on election day to be sure, and all parties can be expected to redouble their efforts to secure the necessary majorities. But this aspect of the problem is not particularly bad.

A more representative vote will be cast on all officers, but particularly on those minor offices which formerly aroused little enthusiasm and brought few voters to the polls. More people voting will result in more genuinely representative officers and will make election day with its various referendums of even greater interest to the campus as a whole.

And finally any squabbles that do arise as a result of an election will be heard only half as often, and the partisan antagonism which an election creates will be allowed to die quickly.

### Commentorials

... from our readers

#### Scholarly discussions don't involve personal attacks

Dear Editor:

Several days ago I wrote a letter to the DAILY in which I objected to the nonsense Olson and Ordal labeled "reasoning" used in favor of the passage of the lease-lend bill. Subsequently those two historians annotated their "reasoning" with half-truths and irrelevant comment. The annotations consisted of diatribes against nazism, something which I have never defended, and of laudations of American and British foreign policy, also something I have never defended.

And in an infantile fashion they indulged in personal slurs in an effort to discredit the opinion of someone who disagreed with them. Another similar gentleman, a freshman, joined in this playground game.

But my sole object in writing this letter is to point out that it is quite possible to be interested in preserving the American way of life and still disagree on the best way to preserve it. Some Americans feel the best way is to keep intact and strengthen home defenses, to restrict our military activity to the western hemisphere, and to avoid open conflict when possible. Others disagree. Both are interested in preserving the American way of life. To insinuate the contrary is stupid.

I questioned the soundness of the lease-lend bill as a method and I objected to the nonsense used to support it. There are arguments in favor of passage, to be sure. But they are not empty catch phrases and propaganda slogans. To this kind of nonsense I objected. And I still do.

Currin Shields.

longer have significance in the naming of Innocents or Mortar Boards.

Since most of these organizations select their officers early in May it would mean that with but several weeks alteration in election dates, much of the difficulty of the past could be avoided. Then will selection to the honoraries be logically sound and then only will the horse be in its rightful place at the head of the buggy.

### Scrap Irony

By Chris Petersen

#### THE MAN WITH THE WOE (After Markham and Henderson)

Bowed by the weight of scholarship I lean upon my desk and gaze on my books, a lack of understanding in my face and in my eyes the terror of the damned! Who chained me to this cell of dark despair, a thing that stirs not, nor can ever hope, witless and dull, a brother to the dead? Who ringed me round with schooldom's heavy lore? Whose was the hand that led through trackless wastes to term exams this lifeless form of youth?

Is this the thing predestined by my pater to be the jewel of my college class, to garner A's, amass degrees galore, to gain the glory of Phi Beta Kapp? Is this the dream of dad, who raised his son to stalk triumphant through the college world, in all the depths of human misery there is no shape more pitiful than this, more thunderous against the evil ways of pedagogy than me, the silent wreck.

What widening depths between me and my goal! Poor child of ill-starred fortune, what to me are sheepskin and the honored cap and gown? What the pleasures of Commencement Day, what the outstretched hand of smiling dean, the summer's rest, the days beyond exams? Through this dread shape all suffering student's look; youth's tragedy is that torpid frame. Through this dread shape articulate the betrayed, defenseless, tortured, sinking to the earth, crying protests to the pedagogos who made them thus, a protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, teachers, profs in every course, is this the product of your noble art, this unenlightened, feeble-minded dolt? How will you ever kindle once again in me the spark of youth's enthusiasm, how give me back the zest for higher learning with which I set forth in your institution? How will you ever bring into my eyes the light of hope, the light of understanding?

O masters, teachers, profs in every course, how will the future reckon with me, this man? How will you answer to my parents proud when home I stagger after term exams? How will you answer to me myself when finally I meet the fatal hour? How cast from off your heads my silent course when, seeing my betrayal at your hands, I place upon your desk a blank exam, the final product of a broken mind!

#### ODE TO AN ELEPHANT (After Ogden Nash and Jacob Adler)

Once upon a time there was an elephant. (One of those animals like the giraffe, that, the first time you see one, you say there can't be such a creature.) Anyhow, one of them is the feature of this tale. He was walking through the woods one day looking for whatever elephants drink when they aren't in a circus getting water from a pail, when he saw a lion walking, and he (the elephant) drew himself up proudly and started talking:

"Runt," said he with a grunt, "You zoological pigma, you microscopic enigma, you worthless molecule, you utterly unimportant and uninteresting poor excuse for an animacule, how can you be so small and insignificant when I am so big and magnificent?"

And the lion trembled from tail to mane, and he undoubtedly would have folded up his tent and silently slunk away except that he didn't have a tent, so he just silently slunk away.

And the elephant, with a proud sway of his silly-looking nasal appendage, went on looking for more prey for his bandinage. Pretty soon he came to a tiger, walking on the banks of the Niger, doing whatever tigers do when they walk on the banks of the Niger. And he gave forth with a trumpet and canter, and delivered himself of a lot more of the same old banter, as follows:

"Tiger," said he, "you moth-eaten, jail-bird skinned Lilliputian excuse for my abuse, you minute infinitesimal, you diminutive decimal, you microscopic midget, you tiny tiny wiget, how can you be so Tom Thumbby, not to say crumby, when I am so hugely gigantic, and throw all of the beasts of the jungle into panic?"

And, of course, the tiger quickly disappeared from the banks of the Niger, trembling and dashing about helter-skelter in his overpowering haste to reach shelter. And his Gargantuan Grace of the overgrown face, big as a planet, gay as a gannet, stalked on and on through the jungle looking for more victims and beginning to get discouraged when he saw a mouse.

He spake: "Louse," (Trumpeting loudly and waving his trunk proudly) "You undersized insect, you paltry particle, you completely, punily atomic article, all of the words in the thesaurus that mean little could join in



Behind  
the  
News

Ordal

Olson

### Il Duce at the front

Reports from Athens indicate that Mussolini himself is in Albania personally directing an attempt to salvage something out of the ill-fated venture against Greece.

Though Il Duce has been reported near the front for almost a week, his presence does not seem to have much effect on his troops, for dispatches from there declare that the Italians have been unable to gain a foot of ground in the last week and place casualties during that time at more than 30,000.

Reports keep coming out of Sofia and other nazi-controlled news sources to the effect that the Greeks will put up only a token resistance against a peace dictated by Adolf Hitler. No substantial evidence has come from Athens, however, that the Greeks are contemplating anything but vigorously continued warfare. High Greek spokesmen have emphatically declared that Greece is resolved to wage war with Italy to a victorious conclusion.

Reports that General Wavell's army of seasoned veterans is disembarking in force in Salonika, if true, indicate that the British and the Greeks definitely plan to resist any German military move against Greece.

Meanwhile, on the diplomatic front the English are continuing their efforts to line up Yugoslavia and Turkey on the side of the Greeks. Bellicose Turkish statements seem to indicate that the Turks plan to use their two million bayonets in Balkan warfare if the Germans make a further military thrust toward the Dardenelles.

In Yugoslavia axis pressure appears to be dominant. The Yugoslav crown council met Thursday to give final instructions to its representatives before they left for Vienna to see Hitler. Many news correspondents expect that Yugoslavia will sign as an axis partner, probably on Saturday.

### Beneath the Golden Dome

by Art Rivin

Well, L. B. 304 is dead. But let no one say that it didn't die with its boots on. Unofficially, the government committee considered the measure entirely correct in principle but unfortunately impractical at this time.

The act was a proposed constitutional amendment, introduced by Senator Martin Mischke, which would change the set up of the legislature. It embodied three main provisions: to raise salaries of the legislators from \$872 to \$1,800 per year; to increase the number of senators; and to elect legislators for four year, staggered terms.

Everyone present praised the theory of the bill. Speaking for the Tax Payers' association in behalf of increased numbers in the legislature, one witness declared that under the present system none of the legislators have time to do their work thoroughly.

A frequent witness before the committee, Professor Senning who is chairman of the university's political science department practically sealed the fate of the bill although he was speaking for it. He told the committee that staggered four year terms was probably in the interests of better government and that an increase in pay might bring more competent legislators.

But he would not commit himself as to whether he thought the bill should become law. After committee members had as much as demanded that Professor Senning tell them how he would vote in their position, he said, "I would vote against the bill."

The political scientist explained that the young unicameral body had not yet had time to let its present rules and customs settle and that any tampering with the set up at this stage of the game would be unwise. Evidently the committee members agreed with him for the bill was defeated in short order.

a chorus, and not express with the least success how altogether unutterably microscopically wee you be. How can you be so infinitely small, a nothing-at-all when I am so big and strong and prodigiously tall?"

The mouse didn't even wink, but instead to the elephant's immeasurable astonishment, sat down to think. And he thought and thought and finally he squeaked in his voice like a tiny clock-tick: "I guess maybe it's because I've been sick. Would you like to see my operation?"