

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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

No Idle Prayers . . .

MANY years ago when another great president was doing the best he could to handle a war many times smaller than ours he stopped long enough to voice this prayer to the people of his country:

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue . . . until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether . . . With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

* * *

NEVER before has a quotation from the immortal Abraham Lincoln been more appropriate—more charged with significance for the people of his country generations afterward. There is not a true American today—whether in the jungles of Guadalcanal, the shores of Tripoli, or the classrooms of the University—who do not "fondly hope and fervently pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away."

But there will be no lying down on the job; no idle prayers. Every soldier and marine will continue to slash through the Japs in the Solomons; every U. S. ranger will do his part to drive the Germans back in the Tunisian desert; and every University student intends to do his part—small as it may seem in comparison—to bring this war to its final and victorious conclusion.—J. L. B.

Manpower Plus . . .

THAT which is at the stake in Africa, in Russia, in the Solomons, has been in the shadow of the guillotine at home since the war started.

The figures, "32,000,000," represent minority groups which are struggling for a part in the war effort; they represent, also, a plug for the hole in the manpower pool. Discrimination against minorities because of color or creed is one of production's major problems.

To dismiss those peoples who because of national origin are potential saboteurs and who have been dealt with for the time being as justly as possible in an emergency, is sensible. There still remain the Jews, Filipinos, Negroes, Mexicans and other Spanish American peoples, a large portion of this 32,000,000 in themselves.

* * *

SINCE the conquest of the Philippines the Filipinos have become our loyal allies, yet they still suffer from discrimination in employment. Despite the fact that relations with Mexico have been improved with the good-neighbor policy, Mexican labor is still subjected to much discrimination. But the largest colored minority is also the most vocal. The negro has stirred press comment and has been the center of recent legislative discussion and government action. Among questions posed are: the poll tax, and defense jobs.

The Negro problem is no longer limited to the South; the growth of war industries has spread it throughout the country. For two examples: In California employers called for more laborers although most of the colored population remained at menial tasks or unemployed. This caused the additional problem of housing. In Portland the Negro groups fought a long, but winning, battle for janitorial jobs in the ship yards, a step they hope will lead to employment in the skilled fields.

The list could be made long, but struggles are still in progress. Recital of these few situations shows the scope; developments will bear watching.

* * *

THOSE peoples with cultural roots planted in the soil of the Old World are finding, as their predecessors have before, hope in the possibilities offered by democratic ideas and organization in the United States. This hope is the basis of our national birth and unity. It is shared by the Negroes. Now, as the most vocal minority group, they are putting up a stand for the right enjoyed by other American citizens to work with their compatriots for their country. The gains they make will be practical steps toward national unity and subsequent victory in the democratic struggle abroad.

Small Talk

By LEONE LA DUKE

Amusin' But Confusin' . . .

Mercer Brown, Sigma Nu, spent the entire past week twisting fraternity brother Bert Paul's wrist trying to get him to take a blind date to their house dance. The story was that Mercer had a spare girl coming up from San Mateo—and Bert finally agreed to chaperon the gal to the dance. Sooo—the boys met the train and—to make a short story shorter—the "blind date" turned out to be one Joyce Simpson—who is not only a Gamma Phi pledge at UCLA, but also happens to be Bert's steady goil-friend way down home. Anyhow, the incident left the poor guy flipping all over the station.

Tin Pins . . .

The Fijis apparently went all out for romance last Friday night after their house dance—what with four of the lads hanging their respective brasses: Betty Wheeler, Kappa, got Jake Risley's pin; Pat Smith, D.G., took Earl Sandness's badge; Peggy Johnston, K.K.G., took Bob Wilson's pin; and Betty Clark of Spiller hall received Sy Sidesinger's brass. More pins which were recently flung about were: Sam Crowell taking Barbara Bell, Alpha Phi, out of circulation by giving her his Beta pin. And not to forget that Sally Bowerman, K.A.T., now has the Beta pin of Dick "Hogan" Rathbun.

Been Pins . . .

D.G. Mickey Mitchell returned "Harpo" Hamilton's Beta pin. Yvonne Torgler, Alpha O, returned Alum Don Barker's Phi Psi pin.

Rumor of a Bommer . . .

The campus is currently battling about the rumor that Og Young of the Tau clan is preparing to hang his brass on Phyllis Horstman, D.G.

Bells for Belles . . .

A couple of the Old Guard made the leap recently—namely: Pauline Schlessler, ex-Gamma Phi, marrying Jack Lansing, ex-Kappa Sig and a has-been political big-wig; Jean Schuler, late of the Theta house, married Phi Delt alum Walker Trece; and Connie Walbridge, Alpha Phi, announced her engagement to "Tiger" Paine, Sigma Nu and one-time student body president. Incidentally, Jack Walker and Tiger are all lieutenants in the army. It's the uniform that does it!

And Any Resemblance . . .

Guess maybe that a lot of the (Please turn to page six)

Rich Caucasus

By NICK RIASANOVSKY

Caucasus is the fairy land of Russia. It is a very mountainous country, its snow-clad peaks stretching higher than any in Europe. Caucasus, the beautiful borderland between Europe and Asia, is the home of numerous peoples and different civilizations. Some of its inhabitants, like the Armenians or the Georgians, had a heroic history and a brilliant culture of their own.

There are countless legends about Caucasus. After the Great Deluge, Noah stopped at Mount Ararat in Caucasus. It is claimed that the skeleton of the Ark still stands at the top of the mountain. It was Caucasian wine that made Noah drunk and Caucasian wine has lost none of its reputation since. It was to rich Caucasus that Jason went in search of the Golden Fleece. Caucasus provided inspiration for many Russian writers—Poushkin, Lermontov, Tolstoy.

Fairy Tale History

This land, whose history reads like a fairy tale, has been Russian for about a century. It took Russians 60 years of bitter fighting to conquer it. Even now its population still retains much of its fierce character.

Under the Soviet government Caucasus prospered as never before and its numerous peoples are well satisfied with the extremely tolerant Soviet policy toward minorities. Stalin himself is a Georgian and his family name is Dzugashvili. The population of Caucasus is certainly playing its part in repelling German invaders.

New "Wealth" Now

Germans came to Caucasus for the same reason that Jason did: they want Caucasian wealth. This time it is oil. Fortunately, Baku, the region which gives Russia three-fourths of her total oil supply, lies beyond the forbidding Caucasian mountain range, which cuts the country in two. The magnificent Russian defense at Mozdok on the Terek river has prevented Germans from occupying the Grozny oil fields. The latter provides only four per cent of Russian oil, but it is of the very best kind, which Germany does not have at all. Yet Germans managed to capture Maikop and the seven per cent of oil supply that it has.

Mountain Barrier

Since Germans want to reach Baku oil and conquer Caucasus, they must cross the mountains. There are at least five distinct roads to southern Caucasus, the Sukhum, Ossetian and Georgian military highways being the most notable ones. At present Germans will force their way into the Caucasian range by any of the five roads. They will have tremendous difficulties to overcome. These so-called military highways are really narrow paths

(Please turn to page seven)

It's Our War . . .

By NORMA TREVORROW

Aren't there any more little worms in your toothpaste tube? Do you look like a worn out carpet after a shave? Are you troubled by that gray, blank look you see when you use the mirror that isn't there any more in your compact? Are your lips torn and bloody from trying to crawl into that old lipstick tube? Don't be downhearted.

Send the worn out blades, empty compacts and tubes—fugitives from a government scrap pile—into the salvage drive. Collection time is fast approaching and your living organization is responsible for some sort of showing. Remember that the money received for the sale of these salvage articles goes for the of-the-students, by - the - students, and for - the -

students service scholarship fund.

Still Bumpers

We spontaneously push our face into a pillow as the cads of campus cars blithely pass with all that shiny metal still firmly attached.

It wasn't my idea . . . I saw it in Reader's Digest—put in a plain, practical way: Bumpers in these times of speed only give a minimum of protection; the bumper's main use is to make a car look pretty.

Small Sacrifice

It seems as though it's the least these rubber users of the campus capitalists can do to sanctify the cars they brought to the campus that most of us left home.

Some say that there's plenty (Please turn to page seven)

Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

THUMBNAIL SKETCH: His long wavy brown hair sags a little as he tilts his head, and dreamily, instinctively his eyes close out the dim light. A pair of tan cordovans are caught in the web that is woven by drums and an insistent left hand thumping on ivory. You too close your eyes, for the picture that is forming can best be seen by hearing and feeling the vibrant thing hanging in the air about you.

Then out of the darkness that is pierced only by an illusion of rhythm and big, ripe blues chords comes a sound that hits below the belt. It is a small sound. You bend closer to hear it and it stabs you like a swell, so your heart beats faster and you wonder what is happening. Unless it has happened before.

One Fear

If it has happened before, you know the only thing to be afraid of is that this thread of sound might end.

It weaves and bobs like the long brown hair, almost disappearing, then growing strong and passionate, now dying again to a soft plaint that is a sob and a whisper and a plea spoken with bated breath. You do not stop to think that these are strange things to be saying without words. Then you realize the song is ended and the thread of sound has vanished.

Your eyes open, instinctively searching for that thread, you don't find it, and there are only four guys you knew all the time, sitting in the corner, surrounded by their instruments, and one of them is saying, "What key, Kaz?"

In bending ears here and there about the campus last weekend I heard some right respectable blowing, some of really memorable stuff. If you played sucker and stayed at your own brawl, you missed Herb Widmer doing his usual great job for the Carey combo, which has developed into the smooth outfit we predicted.

* * *

For my chips Mrs. Kasmeyer's little boy Al did the finest jazzing of all. As in the case of Gene J. and Eddie Johnson, it is pretty hard to overrate Kaz, for he plays trumpet that you don't expect from a guy you know. Last year his solos couldn't be said to be more exciting than the outpourings of Dave Fortmiller, but, though Fortmiller has gone unheard this year—except for the unfortunate incident at the Homecoming rally—it is hard to imagine anybody in these parts cutting Al now.

The style reminds somewhat of Buck Clayton in a torchy mood. Altogether it is more authoritative yet more tasteful blowing than Al's earlier work.

Nice going boy.

I can endure my own despair, But not another's hope.

—William Walsh