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The ASUO Comes of Age...

Last spring term there were many skeptics when the executive council brought forth its \$1 every student plan. No doubt all such skeptics have now retired within their respective holes admitting that Oregon students are interested in their community and government.

For the ASUO treasury is no longer running on thin, worn tires. Retreads in the amount of \$1290 promise a smooth-running, efficient government able to take care of all emergencies and stand on its own four wheels. As of this year we have a government by and for the students and supported wholly by contributions from the constituents.

With such a large vote of confidence, the associated student body of the University of Oregon and its officers should be able to reach new heights in a well-planned and executed year of activities. Unlimited vistas are open for exploration and plans which could never have even reached the dream stage during the years of \$250 budgets supplied by the educational activities board, can now be undertaken. And at the end of the school year, all money left over will be put in a fund for the long-awaited student union. The contributions will serve a double purpose of supporting student government and bringing the dream of student union closer to reality.

In the very near future the executive council of the ASUO will present a budget for the year and no doubt many persons have buttonholed Audrey Holliday with suggestions for spending the \$1290. The Emerald, too, has some suggestions. These are presented as an outline for you members of the student body to think about. Perhaps they will bring to mind further necessities or ideas. If so, your suggestions should be communicated to a member of the executive council or Miss Holliday.

Of course, the student handbook should be continued.

Revision of the ASUO constitution might be undertaken with an eye to unifying class constitutions and ironing out a number of details which caused confusion during elections last year. This would call for reprinting also.

Exchange assemblies with other schools would bring us into closer contact with other students in other schools, their ideas and activities.

Now Oregon would be able to send representatives to student conferences where possibly a solution to some of our problems may be found.

Several of the student activities now handled through the educational activities office could be switched to the ASUO.

And how about paying for rally squad emblems and sweaters.

Students at the University have proved they are interested in their government. The probation period is over and student cards will be continued. The ASUO has come of age.—M.A.C.

Serving The Webfoot...

Campus wonder of wonders! Between classes gathering place of coke-drinkers, comic readers, professors (a class apart), blotter-swipers, and conversationalists.

Yes, your Co-op is all of this—but there's more too. Have you browsed through the lending library (all the books you can read for \$1 a term), noticed the exceptionally large selection of fine stationery, discovered that they always seem to have Camels, stock all sorts of aids to boosting that dragging GPA?

That's only a part of the story; at the cashier's window alone, student checks are cashed, stamps, (the postage variety and war savings ones, too), and war bonds may be purchased and you may change your dime into nickels for the coke machine. They also have a handy box for mailing your letters.

Athletic equipment, shoe polish, University jewelry, current magazines, and photographic equipment (all items listed, and many others, subject of course, to wartime limitations), are still only a few of the wonders to be found in the ground floor layout in Chapman hall.

And here's the rest of the story: The Co-op is a student-owned organization, its officers are elected each spring term by the students, and the students share in the profits. Note those little green cash register receipts and treasure them carefully—they're magically turned into cash at the end of spring term.—C.V.C.

Three Jills In A Shuttle-car

(Editor's note: This is the first in a series of articles on a trip to Mexico made by three University students.)

By BETTY SAILOR

"Well, gals, we're in Mexico!" That sage statement was contributed by Dodie. There we were, three adventuring Webfeet, Dodie Frideger, Peggy Faubion, and Sailor, all Mexico-bound under the guise of attaining a little knowledge at the University of Mexico.

We peered forth from the confines of the overcrowded shuttle car for a glimpse of Juarez, that sun-baked tourist bottleneck, and then laughed in retrospect over the events of the preceding hour—the spectacle of Peg and Dodie on the rear platform of the shuttle-car, yelling like the rally squad for me to hurry, that the train was about to pull out, while the American customs inspectors, convinced that I looked like a second Mata Hari, or something, were painfully ploughing through all the letters from well-meaning friends, that I had planned to answer en route. Finally, the last line of the last letter perused, and, to all appearances duly appreciated, I hastily assembled tourist pamphlets, wooden shoes, suitcases, and the offending epistles, and dashed for the waiting car just in time. And what a madhouse awaited us! All of the Pullman passengers from four cars were crowded, bag and baggage, into one coach, the shuttle car, that was to take us across the border, where we would resume our journey on the Ferrocarriles Nacional de Mexico. There were Americans from every part of the States, wild with excitement as we crossed the Rio Grande, mixed in with Mexican families, all of the higher class, who looked equally happy over the thought of getting home.

Have a Coke?

That was the atmosphere we were in at the moment, as we waited for the Mexican inspectors to give us the final okay so we could move into our new home on wheels. It got hotter and hotter, and for a while we were kept busy getting equally parboiled on all sides, but when the novelty of that wore off, my companions decided on a more desperate measure; namely, that I, a one-year Spanish student, was to take a few pesos over to the local version of a soda fountain and bring back a few cokes. Well, they made it sound pretty easy, so before I could protest, I was trotting obediently along the station platform. The objective was a small, green stand in which were crowded Mexicanos of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions. Entering hesitantly, I handed one peso and twenty centavos to the woman, the original Mrs. Five-by-Five, who tossed it in the general direction of a large dishpan which served as the cash register, and placed three cokes on the counter. Feeling that I was being victimized when no change was forthcoming, I engaged her in a sensible conversation over her shortcomings. She spoke Spanish and I countered in English, and neither of us could understand a word the other was saying, or, should I say, shouting! Finally a little Mexican lad about ten years old stepped forth and

offered to translate. It seemed that the remainder was being held as a deposit on the bottles. With a very red face that wasn't sunburned, I fled the place, followed by the loud guffawing of all the native bystanders. Anyhow, we did enjoy the cokes!

Shortly thereafter, the inspector, a woman, came our way, and after much confusion, we were allowed to pass. I had just gotten settled comfortably in the cool Pullman, and was beginning to feel that traveling was mighty exciting, when there was a terrible commotion at one end of the car. All eyes faced front as a desperate Frideger, sprouting down the aisle pursued by a wild-eyed, purple-shirted Mexican who kept yelling, "Hey, hey!" and beckoning to her. Peg, it appeared, had disappeared into the station with both tickets, and could not be found; therefore, the agent wasn't going to let Dodie on the train. As soon as the misguided soul turned his back, I slipped her my ticket which he accepted, and peace was restored temporarily. Not for long.

More Trouble

Dodie had gotten to the station in Los Angeles too late to check her baggage through, so she was carrying a typewriter and three suitcases, including a fortnighter, with her on the train. Just as she proceeded to climb aboard with all her earthly possessions, the porter sighted her and began to jump around, shrieking, "No hay mas que uno!" over and over again. Then he grabbed two of her bags and started running for the baggage car with Dodie fight behind him! As soon as he set them down and looked the other way, she picked them up and headed back to our car. All went well until the train started to pull out! The porter, making his final tour of inspection, spied the offending suitcases out of one corner of his eye, and, with a shout of frustration, threw both hands into the air, requesting, in rapid and infuriated espanol, the fellow occupants of the car to witness our piled-up luggage—particularly the last half-inch of the fortnighter that was jutting into the aisle. . . .

Miguel Enters

At this point Miguel, a mining engineer from Mexico City and our self-appointed guardian angel throughout the remainder of the trip, stepped in and took charge. That calmed our abused friend, the porter, considerably, although we noticed that every evening he would get a mischievous glint in his eye and make up our berths at seven, so we wouldn't have any place to sit down for the next four hours, and were forced to retreat to the diner-lounge!

Promptly at six, feeling the worse for the last few hours, we headed for the diner and food. Seeing no immediate preparations in the offing, we inquired as to when the dinner would be served. In just a few minutes, the kitchen staff of three, each in turn, informed us. So at eight o'clock we were still sitting, nearly grown to the chair, but afraid to leave after holding down the fort for that length of time. (Author's note—dinner, or cena, was served at nine, as is the Mexican custom!)

The second installment entitled "Our Arrival in Mexico City" or "The Dear Old Southern Pacific Was Never Like This" will follow later.

Campus News Bureau Keeps Parents Informed

By WINIFRED ROMTVEDT

Parents of Oregon Webfoots have been known to find in their home town newspaper news about their sons and daughters which was really news to them. Betty has been chosen social chairman of her living organization. Joe is on a dance committee.

Betty and Joe have been too busy to tell Mom and Dad about their latest activity, or perhaps their jobs are so many that an additional appointment is nothing to write home about. But each additional appointment or honor makes the college student's parents just a little more proud.

Then how did the paper find out that latest honor. It was probably the work of the University news bureau, located in a little yellow building on 14th street between University and Onyx streets.

Service Covers State

Whenever lists of names appear or any news about students is learned, local newspapers receive stories about the students mentioned from their locality. All Oregon daily and weekly papers receive this service, as well as nearby Washington, California, and Idaho papers. Depending upon its

importance, Webfoot news is sent to farther points.

Using the Emerald as the primary source of student news, the

bureau staff checks and rewrites news, and also covers the campus. Student correspondents for the Portland Oregonian and the Journal work in connection with the news bureau, but are hired by the papers. Margaret McGee is correspondent for the former, and

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