

# OREGON EMERALD

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## More Work, Less Glory . . .

There are some 40 honoraries, both national and local, on the campus. Many of these are under no regulation other than their own constitutions and by-laws. They can survive for years without coming forth with any contribution to the college community. The only time you hear about them is when new members are pledged and initiated. After this flurry of work, the organization settles back to a humdrum, lifeless existence until another pledging time rolls around.

Sometimes several honoraries decide on similar projects for the year, causing considerable confusion some weeks or months later when all the plans are made and the ideas are finally announced.

We would suggest a system of checks and balances which would do away with the above evils. There are two possible solutions. One would be to require all honoraries to meet fall term and prepare a schedule of the year's activities, including at least one project which would contribute to the benefit of our community. The schedule would be submitted to the ASUO executive council for approval. In this way organizations planning similar projects may be brought together by the council to either cooperate or select new plans.

At the end of the year the council would receive another report, this time on the accomplishments of the honorary. One which seems to be existing "in name only" would be put on probation.

Another solution would be a council representing the honoraries and set up for the sole purpose of ratifying and coordinating their programs. However, we favor the use of the executive council because a council made up of representatives of all the honoraries would make a rather unwieldy group.

Such suggestions have been made before. (We do not wish to claim them as original. We are only borrowing them.) For one reason or another they have remained mere ideas.

For those who will cry that the honoraries would then lose some of their "sovereignty," the answer is that submitting their year's plans to the executive council would be a means of coordinating activities on the campus. It would take away none of their rights, except the one of doing nothing.—M.A.C.

## Hate Must Go . . .

In this war of all nations, the cauldron of hate is boiling over, with hate toward the enemy and toward their collaborators, even distrust of our allies and of some countries in our own hemisphere.

To Americans in the west who have felt, perhaps stronger than those in other parts of the country, the Jap menace, the strongest hate is toward the "yellow monkeys."

This hate is necessary to fight a war. While it is the belief of this writer, and of various anthropologists and psychologists, that man is not born to hate, and it is a legend that Americans harbor no hates, the fact remains that during a war involving all peoples, everyone must overcome phlegmatic tendencies in favor of the choleric (so as to stimulate the adrenalin glands to supply more energy to the body—thus providing the strength with which to fight "to the bitter end").

But when the military fighting is over, a great reconversion will take place. Fighting men will return home to take up relatively normal lives, and in a "normal," peaceful world, there is no room for hate. With the reconversion of manpower, materials, economic and political policies, will come a drastic need for a reconversion of attitude.

The 130,000 Americans of Japanese descent who have been isolated from the rest of their countrymen will wish to return to their homes. Plans are underway now by the Japanese relocation committee for the gradual re-assimilation into American life of all Japanese-Americans who do not state a definite desire to return to Japan. In the eastern states, numbers of them have been given jobs and homes and they are accepted as are most

# Three Jills in a Shuttle-Car . . .

By BETTY SAILOR

(Editor's note: This is the third in a series of articles describing a trip to Mexico made by three enterprising Ducks, Betty Sailor, Dodie Frideger, and Peggy Faubion.)

We had all invested in "Spanish in One Day" pamphlets in Ed Paso, so Dodie, the practical member of the expedition decided to get her money's worth. Every time the train stopped, Frideger, book in hand, would be the first to welcome the natives. When she was on the "What is your name and how are you?" pages, it wasn't quite so bad, but before we arrived at our destination, she had progressed to the pages concerning what you say in the laundry, the gas station, and the barber shop. There are probably a lot of Mexicans who are still discussing the gringa who told them that her left tire was flat, her motor needed oil, her liren was dirty, and besides, she wanted a manicure and massage.

### Have a Coke

The houses were a marvel—all adobe, of course, but painted red and green, pink and blue, white, or just left plain to get that picturesque weatherbeaten look. On every local tavern there was the familiar red and white sign, "Tome Coca-Cola," or the "Tome Orange Crush—las mas deliciosa . . ." etc. Native atmosphere!

The raincoats were of the familiar material, only they were cut in the shape of a huge square and worn like a serape—plain except for a neck-slit. The sides hung over the arms.

In the little villages, the particular delight of the younger generation was to climb on the rear of the diner and to comment upon the occupants therein. We used to stand at the door and chat with them. One enterprising little fellow tried to sell a jack-rabbit that he had just grabbed, and, when financial bids were not forthcoming, became generous and donated the animal to the cause. The rabbit, a one-man track team, started a mile dash right through the train with everyone in hot pursuit, until he was forcibly ejected.

The cities were really something. People were running in all directions, trying to sell everything from tortillas to wicker chairs, droves of eighteen-year-olds, on their way to army induction, formed

a rooting section for the benefit of the descending gringas, and the noise was deafening.

### Presenting Jorge

It was at Torreon, our first main stop, that Jorge put in an appearance, and became a permanent member of the organization. Looking like Old Oregon in person, clad in gabardine suit with shoes shined to GI standards, he approached our mob and asked Miguel to perform the introductions. The formalities over, I asked him what part of the States he came from. When he said that he was a Mexican, we nearly died, having had the impression that all Mexicans were very dark and a combination of Pancho Villa, Cesar Romero, and the cowboys that we saw in the Spanish movies.

He went on to explain that he had attended high school in Los Angeles and had been graduated as a mining engineer from the Colorado School of Mines. After strolling up and down the station platform accompanied by Jorge, we proceeded to climb aboard the train again.

At this point, it can be added that everyone who knows about ten English words represents himself as a tourist guide at some time, to collect a few stray pesos from the gullible Americans. As we were getting on the train, our buddy, Miguel, got effusive on the subject of Jorge. Mr. Mathews, who was among those present, overheard the words, "Yes, Jorge is a good guy," and mistaking the last word for "guide" responded with poise to the occasion, slapped the dignified Jorge on the back with a "Yes, you did a fine job, my boy," and magnanimously held out five pesos, roughly a dollar in our money.

### Five Pesos Jorge

Jorge took one look at him, turned a slow purple, and muttered that he didn't understand. Restraining our mirth not too effectively, we all pitched in to reinstate Mr. Mathews, whose five pesos were restored to him. From then henceforth, when we went out triple-date in Mexico City with Jorge and his friends, he was referred to as "Five Pesos Jorge."

Needless to say, all three of us were tempted to become guides and charge everyone a dollar for a fifteen-minute walk up and down the station platform.

Next week—"Life in Mexico City—Need We Say More?"

# Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ  
Young Democrats III

When the senses of the audience had recovered their respective equilibriums, and the mouths of the audience had become quit filled with warm air, Cactus Jack's distant relation opened his, mentioned the Republican candidate: "Tom Dewey doesn't enter this race at all," he said. Some of the gathering, even the Democrats to the line, cocked their heads to right angles at this, and raised their left eyebrows.

The speaker, noticed this, took the opportunity to explain his point, "This is a contest between the people who hate

Roosevelt, and those who love Roosevelt," he said, in a voice that reached frantically for the ceiling. The carnation cheeks defied Burbank and horticultural dogma, and burst into old rose. His fist became intimate, clenched itself. Then followed a softening to mellow tones on which was launched the declaration that he would not sink into a damning partisan political talk.

Then paradoxically, "The Republicans have come out with a stink-

ing, nasty, slanderous campaign. They are going to say very poisonous things about Mr. Roosevelt, the Roosevelt boys, Anna—yes, they will not even stop short of Fala." The speaker pulled his arm back into his sleeve, looked around as if for a drink of water. No gurgling mountain stream was at hand. He did without it.

He went on. He said that "if Mr. Roosevelt had had his choice he

would rather have pursued the course that George Washington did and retired at the end of two terms." We wondered if Mr. Roosevelt would wear a powdered wig in retirement as George Washington did. There is a real problem for Sidney, we thought.

### A Nice Place

The speaker then sought to anchor the retirement theme by telling about the joys and peace of the president's country home. "It is a nice place—Hyde Park," he said with that casualness of experience referred to in the Newport dens as the "weekend-guest air."

He concluded his speech by apologizing for not making a political speech. He had just consented to give an informal, unprepared talk, he said. And who shall doubt the word of a politician, Mr. mother had always impressed upon us.

This gentleman was followed for contrast by an outstanding sax player and liberal who had spent a very successful evening keeping his copy of In Fact discreetly sealed in the seams of his coat. Bracing himself against the podium, and bearing down on his audience with eyes grey-lined with the study of injustices of man to his fellow man, he gave an informal preview of his course in rather recent literature.

He warned them against letting leaders in high places palm off on them another peace with honor and unlimited opportunities for another war to save democracy for another peace with honor. He finished off his fervency by recommending a list of magazines reading to improve their minds and perspectives. In Fact remained concealed in the seams of his coat.

Most of the people left, but we remained in our chair still pondering whether Bob Hannegan had really wired Dr. Lesch to attend, and then fly east to help Sinatra.

other representatives of the 1001 races represented in the United States.

University of Oregon students and faculty who knew the Yasui family, Mary Furoshi, Ise Inezuka, and countless other Japanese-Americans once enrolled here will tell you that they were as capable of desires and love and ambition as any other human beings.

Donald D. Dodd, minister of Fairmount Presbyterian church, has worked with the authorities of the Tule lake relocation center. Speaking to a group on the University campus last spring, he explained that instigators of the Tule lake riots were proved to be among the criminal element, whose percentage to the majority in the centers was no greater than the percentage of criminals in the rest of the country.

There's the old comment: "But for the grace of God, there go I."

Whether or not it is considered as a moral and religious issue, the problem is a very real and fundamental one. It involves not only the Japanese and Negroes and Jews, but also all white peoples. For as long as discrimination between peoples exists, the oppressed will build up a bitterness and hate toward their oppressors that will eventually develop into "border trouble." And until all peoples can learn to live together without prejudice, the world will be very small and stuffy indeed.—L.H.

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