

Britisher Surprised When Offered US Trip

By FLORA FURROW

Holding his pipe and looking as though he should be lounging in a big armchair with slippers, a glass, a book and a dog before some roaring fireplace, Major ("it's Peter, not Frank") Ashton, in between sips of coke and puffs on the pipe, answered questions about himself Thursday.

"One day my colonel rang me up and asked if I'd like to go to the United States. I said you're kidding, old boy. He said, no, he wasn't. So here I am," the major ended in his British accent, smiling his British smile and crinkling the corners around his deep-set British eyes. "Of course everyone was very jealous of me," the Commando officer added, casually easing his feet onto the desk top.

"And where did you spend your childhood?" we asked eagerly, making mental notations of his soft plaid linen shirt and tweed suit—for he had discarded the military uniform in favor of civilian dress.

It seems the major grew up in the rural districts "a great deal like the country around here" in southern England near Sussex and his boyhood was filled with riding horses to hounds, chasing foxes, attending a small private school that "you couldn't possibly have heard of."

The major's father was killed in the last war, his younger brother is a lieutenant in southern France—(this with a far-away look in the battle-acquainted eyes of the soldier) and his sister is "working like hell" as a Wren in Britain.

During the conversation we found that he landed in New York about a month ago, "saw all the clubs and hotels," he confided, adding, "as far as I know" but finished with "It got much more colorful, however, when I reached

California." This was accompanied by a blush spreading over the tanned features of the young officer, probably in memory of the luncheon date with Joan Fontaine in Hollywood.

Besides having luncheon and swimming in Joan's private pool, he had dinner with a fellow-Britisher, Nigel Bruce, and "went to the most incredible party I've ever seen. There were hundreds and hundreds of guests, (this with a wave of the hand and an incredulous voice) it lasted ALL night and everyone was dressed in cowboy clothes. San Francisco is quite the NICEST city I've been in."

Major Ashton made several radio broadcasts and spoke to workers in the four Richmond Kaiser yards while in the Bay area under the auspices of the British information service.

In commenting on the international postwar situation, the major stated he believed the future peace of the world depends upon America and Britain staying strong and "working very closely together."

He went on to say "I'm a soldier, not a politician" and "say exactly what I think. My opinions are not necessarily those of Britain."

When asked about his own personal postwar plans he surprised us by stating "I would like to settle down on the west coast of the United States." Well, er, ah, er, why the west coast? "I was just struck with it, that's all . . . just struck with it."

We were interrupted in the 20-minute interview by a knock on the door. The British major took his feet off the desk, said goodbye and was escorted to dinner by five (we counted 'em) five girls.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page two)
wished thinking on our part. Our country has done a thorough job of poisoning minds against our enemy, Japan. Hatred destroys the mental and physical balance of a nation and makes a poor foundation for the erection of a world without hatred. It has been said that "Hatred is a time-bomb that explodes without warning, wreaking havoc upon the hated and the haters alike."

But, if this reconversion is an actual possibility and becomes a realization in the near future, then I have doubts about the justification of our hatred in the first place. If we can suddenly drop our hatred from us like a mask, isn't that a pretty clear sign that we were purposefully blinding ourselves in the first place?

The writer of the editorial said that "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 capable of desires and love and ambition as any other human beings." If we believed this before the war, or if we suddenly decide to believe it after the war, then why shouldn't we believe it during the war itself? Why should the principles of democracy and Christianity take a holiday during the time of war? The answer is, of course, just as the author of the editorial stated,

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AMERICAN HEROES

BY LEFF



Wounded in the back by a shell fragment from heavy enemy submarine fire, Charles Richardson, Able Seaman, Merchant Marine, went to the rescue of two severely wounded Navy members when the abandon ship order was given. During the rescue he defended himself and his helpless companions from sharks. He was able to save one of the crew and himself. Decrease the dangers of these men; buy War Bonds and hold 'em. U. S. Treasury Department

that in war time, hate is a necessity.

In order to fight a war we must represent our enemies as murderers and menacing aggressors, assuming that we are blameless. Then, in order to carry the war to a successful climax, we adopt the same principles as the people we are fighting. We must call them animals, and we must become animals ourselves.

To me, this assumption that hatred can be donned or doffed at will is quite illogical. Or, if hatred can be thrown off like a cloak, then I wonder if we hadn't better examine our war psychosis more thoroughly. If, after a war, we decide that our enemies are human beings after all, isn't there reason to believe that they may have been human before and during the war as well? And, if they are human, why not treat them as such and elevate our own status as well?

HELEN LUVAAAS

Globally Speaking

(Continued from page two)

In general, the new charter avoids definitions and notably omits any effort to define aggression, or any insistence on the maintenance of the status quo. It leaves the security council free to decide all cases in the light of circumstances prevailing at the moment.

The new League would administer the resettlement of the peoples driven from their homes by the war. The world bank, under its control, would loan the occupied

and devastated countries the money necessary to get their economies functioning.

We hope that the senate this time will not sabotage our adherence to a world state that is our only hope of prosperity and freedom from future wars.

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