

# OREGON EMERALD

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## Unity Now . . .

The election is over in America. The war isn't over for America.

We can settle down to winning the war. We know that the man who will head the nation for the next four years is the choice of the majority of the people.

Now is not the time, however, to lose all interest in news from the national capital. Most of us could not vote in this election, but we felt a keen interest in it. Four years from now we will be of voting age. It is our duty to keep informed on how our government is working. We should know and evaluate its foreign and domestic policies. We should watch the potential leaders rising and those already shaping national and international policies.

This is not a plea for continuation of partisan mud-slinging. That is out. But an election arouses interest in government, and that is healthy for a democracy. We review the merits and mistakes of the administration. We consider the possibilities of better administration and of new errors. Many of us admitted this time that we didn't know enough of the backgrounds of the two main candidates. The next election cannot be less important. We will be considering either who is the man to lead the nation to victory and through the peace talks or who is the best to carry out the peace plans already in operation.

The election has awakened us from our sleepiness regarding news of the nation's government. If the choice of a leader meant so much to us, surely the performance of that leader is not less important. But, let's remember he is our leader and not just a member of one political party.

The word now is "unity." We believe in America and in the intelligence of the American people in selecting leaders. They have chosen him so he must represent their idea of an American leader. Whether or not he was our individual choice doesn't matter. He may not have been our candidate, but he's our president.

### Co-editorial

## With Thoughts of Marriage . . .

"Daughter dear, a college or university is a wonderful institution, but what kind of a position would you train for? I hate to think of my little girl becoming a career girl."

"I?" the daughter exclaims in astonishment. "A career girl? Not me, mother. I haven't the faintest desire for a career. I want to go to school to acquire a little culture. I want to be the smart sophisticated wife of a prominent man, a wife who can entertain a variety of people and be able to talk with them on all subjects intelligently, a wife who is well-versed on what is happening in the world today."

"So, mother, that is why I want to go to the University of Oregon. A major part of the curriculum is devoted to cultural subjects. There are so many that I will have a hard time choosing which ones to take."

"I might develop my talents by taking drawing, painting, or sculpturing in the art school, or learn how to decorate my home and how to appreciate the fine art of the world. I might go on with my music lessons until I can become proficient enough to bring pleasure to my family and community. I could take music history and appreciation so that I would know and understand great music."

"I can learn to speak the modern languages from Norwegian to German, French, Spanish, Italian, or Portuguese in order to speak with foreign people; I can study Greek or Latin to understand the ancient culture."

"I can be trained to speak properly and distinctly and to write my own language correctly. I can learn to understand and appreciate the great literature of the world. Besides all this, I can take all kinds of courses in social science and science to gain a knowledge about many varied subjects."

## Three Jills in a Shuttle-Car . . .

(This is the sixth in a series of articles written by a University sophomore about her trip to Mexico this summer with two other coeds, Peggy Faubion and Dodie Frideger.)

By BETTY SAILOR

At seven we were on our way, Dodie, Peg, and I, for our introduction to Mexico City night life. Peg's catch of the evening was Pepe, a tall, sandy-haired, blue-eyed fellow who was the life of the party. He looked more like a Scotsman than the popular conception of a Mexican, and although he didn't speak more than 50 words of English, his witty observations of life kept us all in stitches.

Xavier, Dodie's man, was more on the glamour type—tall, dark, and dashing with a decidedly American sweater-boy appearance, probably the result of his Los Angeles education. His name, contrary to the gringo custom, was pronounced like Ha-vee-air, but Dodie could never seem to make the grade and called him "Caviar" to save time. Add the last name of Nelson, and you have a strange Anglo-Latin mixture that is rather difficult to fathom.

Then of course there was Jorge, and what would our story be without him! He of the brown curly hair was doing his bit to add decoration to the party as we set out in the general direction of the bull ring for a unique little spot with green satin quilted walls.

Affection or Love?

After a spirited free-for-all on the respective merits of the words, "carino" and "amor," we tore ourselves away from the sophistication of the Hollywood type and started in search of food. We invaded the California club, a steak fancier's heaven, which is situated on the Paseo de la Reforma, the beautiful Fifth avenue of the city. Directly across the boulevard is the Hotel la Reforma whose guests that week included Kay Kyser and his wife, Georgia Carroll.

About that time Xavier remembered a party that he was expected to attend so Jorge and I remained while the other four left in search of the party. A half-hour later they returned with the news that the party was over so the celebration continued.

Privacy Preferred

The next stop on the list was a well-known night club a few miles out of the city. For about a half-hour the orchestra played just for us, and everyone else kept off the floor. Then, after a triumphant exit, we stopped at The Jungle, a mysterious combination of shadows, rustic furniture, native color, and excitement.

As we were leaving for parts unknown, we had a little accident—we ran into a car and tore the other

man's fender completely off, but he turned out to be a friend of Xavier's father, so the two literally hugged and made up while we watched in surprise.

The Long Arm

With renewed spirits, we set our compass for the next spot on our list, sublimely unaware that a typically-American expose was slated to take place. Just as we approached the city limits, we were halted by two policemen at the roadside checking station who asked to see Pepe's driver's license. That part would have worked out beautifully except that the car belonged to Xavier, and it seemed that their honors, la policia, were not partial to people who drove their friends' cars so, in spite of a long-winded debate on the subject, we weren't allowed to leave the city limits.

Suddenly we thought of the hour! It was 4 o'clock. Thoroughly horrified, it says here, we dashed for home. Having heard allusions to the effect that Mexican girls are very decorous and always have to be home early, we had visions of disgracing our hosts forever in the eyes of the neighborhood as well as ruining Latin-American relations.

Tiptoe Through the Tumult

Therefore, the obvious procedure was to sneak in with as little noise as possible. We crept from the car and tiptoed to the gate. With funereal silence we shook hands in turn with each of the boys as is the Latin custom.

Suddenly, tumult broke loose. We had forgotten one little item. We lived next door to four bulldogs, all possessing extremely raucous voices. They were allowed to run around the neighbor's roof as a protection against thieves. As soon as the senior member of the band sensed that all was not well, he sprang for our edge of the roof with the other three following in hot pursuit. Snoopy, our mischievous police dog, encouraged by the noise, added a rugged soprano to the quartet.

Absolutely Unrehearsed

The neighborhood began to turn on lights. We tried to turn the key in the lock, but before we could manage it, the nightwatchman, hearing the fuss, had grabbed his horn and bicycled frantically in our direction, blowing the horn all the while. Roused to action, the district police car tore around the corner prepared to join the fray. They all slammed to a stop in front of the gate and calmly sat there watching our struggle with the door.

Finally, we made it safely through the door and, with grand strategy, managed to outrun Snoopy across the patio to the house, where we collapsed in a fit of mortified laughter.

Next week, "The Peaceful Summer School Dance" and how it turned out!

## Clips and Comments

By JANE ELLSWORTH and BETTY BUSHMAN

Tail-Ends

Oregon coeds are starting a new bandana fad according to the University of Washington Daily. An exaggerated type of noodle rag, which features "horribly elongated" tie ends, reportedly has been sold by Portland stores to UO and OSC coeds. When worn correctly, the streamers of the new fashions are said to hang to the hem of the girl's coat.

Seen anyone caught in a revolving door lately?

Indigestion

The Huskies may not only have to talk turkey, but eat it, too, and fast—Thanksgiving day. One disadvantage has been found in having a navy training unit at the U. of W. This year civilians are on the same semester schedule as the trainees. Classes will be held on Thanksgiving, New Year's day, and Washington's birthday.

Fellas Folly

Open house was declared one afternoon last week when June March, burlesque artist and star of stage and screen, visited the Sigma Nu house at the University of Minnesota. It all started when some pledges were assigned to get Miss March's autograph. In their overzealous bewilderment they invited her for lunch. When the fol-

lies star finally arrived, there were so many other fraternity men scaling the veranda for a glimpse of her that not even the biggest Sigma Nu could turn them away.

Clipped from the Ubysey, University of British Columbia daily: A schizophrenic we know Has got no mother, But he doesn't care— He's got each other.

It's An Old Story

When the founders of Northwestern erected the first building on the campus, they intended it to be used temporarily, but it is still in service today, almost 90 years after its construction. This ancient edifice, which has been moved three times, used to hold classes for the ten original students and provided board and room for them in the attic.

Sort of reminds us of Villard, for some reason!

Added Inducement

Headline in the University of Minnesota Daily: MINNESOTA FEED MEN TO STUDY AG COURSE That's one way of getting men to study.

Hammering It In

First classes at North Dakota State Teacher's college were held on the second floor of a hardware store.

Many people imagine that grad students are impractical as business men. Statistics show, however, that brilliant scholars generally succeed in business.

## Mixer Planned

(Continued from page one)

Struve, Nadine Foss, and Paul Smith, entertainment; Dean Bond, refreshments; Pat Skinner and Bob Mapier, patrons; Dennis Johnson, Erna Gawain, Hank Kinsell, and Mary Robson, decorations; and Ann Burgess and Wally McKenzie, registration.

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2. Daybreak Express by Duke Ellington

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"There you see, mother, why I want to go to college. I want to be really educated for the rest of my life, not for just a few years as a money-maker. I'll leave that field to other girls. The University will give me enough cultural studies to make me the smartest woman you ever saw. I'll never understand why more girls don't take advantage of them."—B.F.R.