

It is Easier to Love

A nurse carried the long, white envelope into the hospital ward. She handed it to Mrs. Gelman who sat at the bedside of her daughter.

Here at last was the much awaited confirmation. Naomi Gelman had passed the state bar examination. But Naomi would never practice law. She was dying.

Her slow breaths were barely audible. And the mother did not dare disturb the girl to give her the news. It could not save her from tuberculosis.

The widow reflected on her daughter's short, but successful career. Money had always been scarce in their household and she had worked at every possible opportunity.

With her chosen career in mind, Naomi had worked two years after she graduated from high school. She had hoped to attend Marcum, the law school in Whitaker, her hometown. But she was denied entrance.

Yes, the United States has made remarkable progress toward the goal of universal education for its people, the mother mused. But prejudice and discrimination has not been eliminated from the operation of either our public or our private schools and colleges.

So Naomi left home and her widowed mother had gone to Aimsville to attend the State College. She had to keep house for a doctor and his wife to earn her board and room. And she earned high marks. But still found time to participate in groups that promoted the idea of brotherhood. Groups like the YWCA and the International Relations Club. And events like Brotherhood Week.

The girl had often pondered why it should be so. Why men must hate when it is easier to love. Why her graying mother should be denied jobs she was capable of filling. Why college people who understood the meaning of equality did not go forth into the world and set things right.

But these thoughts could not occupy her mind too much. She had to study. She had a goal to achieve.

Yes, Naomi achieved her goal. But the road was not an easy one. For Naomi was a woman—and a Jewess.

Remember George?

Today is the birthday of an honest man—a man who, as fable would have it, would rather have flunked his 'rithmetic than used a pony (of the paper variety). Today is the birthday of someone who, in the days when every little boy would be president, was an inspiration to all. In short, today is George Washington's birthday.

Somehow, people don't seem to wax so sentimental now days on the anniversaries of the country's great men. In our mothers' day, Feb. 22 would have meant a program before school let out. All the folks would gather to hear little Alice and her pig-tailed, or overall-clad colleagues give patriotic recitations.

And even the grownups believed sincerely—or at least did not dis-believe—that America is the land of opportunity and plenty.

Somewhere in subsequent time, however, the country got old and sophisticated. As the upswept hair-do replaced the pig-tails, so cynicism replaced the almost naive faith in America.

And so, today, old Mr. Washington's pedestal seems a little lower. His anniversary will probably be observed by the physical plant cutting down a decaying cherry tree somewhere on campus.

But happy birthday, anyway, Mr. Washington—B.H.

Who's in Charge Here?

The Standard Comeback

by Rod Smith

The standard comeback by Emerald columnists to all vicious and slanderous criticism seems to be a sly smile and the quoting of the profound words "a rose is a rose is a rose." Ordinarily, if someone said something like that to me I'd reply "so what?", but, being an Emerald columnist and not wanting to appear uninformed or admit I've been left out, I'll be a conformist and say to all

of the hundreds of people who think this column stinks, "a rose is a rose is a rose."

Does anybody still like bop? The answer is that probably more people like it this week than ever before in history. They say, "so Smith hates bop, eh? Well, we'll show him" and proceed to play such uncivilized records as "Lemon Drop" with the volume on full blast. If I was Loy, I could state how lucky I am to have five Greek friends but since I



don't know how to crochet, I have no Greek friends at all (or any independent friends for that matter.) However, I'll just stick my tongue out at the campus and say "a bop is a be-bop is a be-bop" (any similiarity to anything is.)

Wanted: all unused tricycles, roller skates, motor scooters, and barrels. In behalf of the great mass of humanity, which crosses from the art school to the Anchorage every hour at ten minutes to the hour and returns every hour on the hour, the above plea is made. Those who doubt the urgency of the plea, pay heed to the following testimonials.

M. X. (freshman in ancient Mayan sculpture) "It was horrible! There I was, flat on my—."

R. Z. (senior in oriental tapestry weaving, or C.5) "It reminds me of the good old days when—."

Rumor has it that the College Side back-room is, of all things, a "bean-easy." Get 'em while they're hot and don't tip off Fosdick. He may decide you need protection. Also, while I'm writing ala Louella Parsons, it is rumored that TNE is really a "bean trust." So much for (ugh!) beans.

This column steps on fewer toes this week than ever before and, after all, since a column is a column is—you know what I mean.

In the Bag

Is This Week Necessary?

A Letter

Dear Sir:

I am not familiar with your editorial policy, but I would appreciate it very much if you would consider publishing the following letter as an editorial or merely as a letter to the editor.

This week is being set aside as Brotherhood Week. Why must we set aside one week of the year as Brotherhood Week when our country is founded upon democratic principles and ideals?

Today the democratic countries of the world are looking to the United States for leadership in an ideological fight against the threatening spread of communism throughout the world. Here at home we look upon this leadership with pride, darkened only by the traditional idea prevalent among our white citizens—of "white supremacy." Such realization of the stupidity of continuing racial classification in face of our Con-

stitution's stand for freedom and equality for all men is essential if we are to maintain our position as a leader among free nations.

There is no excuse for continued racial prejudice in the United States. An increasing number of colored people is becoming educated and, therefore, qualifying for a sincere equal standing with their white citizens.

The colored races have constantly advanced in spite of the tremendous psychological handicap forced upon them by white citizens. Proofs of these advancements are found today in practically all fields of occupations.

There is no valid reason to look upon colored races as inferior. Any racial group will suffer indignation from society when restricted in all aspects of life to achieve good living conditions. An individual molds his actions in society from his environment. A good environment for our youth will better insure

finer citizens for tomorrow.

Here on the University of Oregon campus we as students are open to education. Acquiring an education with an unbiased mind will qualify us to face squarely this so-called "race problem." Looking at our position in the international affairs of the world today, we can ill afford to shun the utter stupidity of our race prejudices.

We must all live together as a human race in this very active world of today. Why can't we give up our biased ideas on race and unconsciously celebrate a Brotherhood Week throughout the year? In order to keep a united America in a tense world crisis now facing us, we must appeal to our moral teachings as dictated to us by our religious beliefs and our Constitutional foundations of equality and freedom for all mankind.

Yours truly,
Bill Hilliard

Sophomore Wisdom

Fan Mail

by Bob Funk

We got a letter. "Dear Mr. Funk," it said, "Here is another 'fan' letter, from a person who also reads your column. Yes Really! (the enclosed aspirin is recommended for the treatment of shock—courtesy of U. O. Infirmary.)"

"Incidentally, Shelley, if he were alive, might object to your misquoting him in your column on Feb. 1." This was signed, cryptically, by A. L. F.

Believe us, we took the fact of Shelley's death into careful consideration before quoting him. We were extremely pleased that we could quote him at all, incorrectly as it may have been, and intend to do it again sometime. Maybe we will even quote Keats, or Amy Lowell. And so what if we do misplace a few words and import a few others! It's the

spirit of the thing, A. L. F., that matters.

And who are we to you, or you to us, that we should be taking each other so seriously? For that matter, we suspect that A. L. F. may be our mother, who is rather a severe critic of this column, and a stickler for perfect quotes.

We took the aspirin.

Recently we saw a group of small people (smaller than freshmen, even) looking gravely up at McClure Hall. After some minutes of looking gravely, they tripped away to whichever third grade they came out of, whence. It takes brains to read this column, bub. Well, anyway, we have a mental image of teacher saying "This is the day we are all going down to look at McClure Hall. It is a prime example of an architectural mess."



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