Brush UP the Smiles

The high school kids must have liked our hospitality. In any event they're coming back this weekend.

The attraction, though, is a different one: instead of Duck Preview, it's the Oregon State Music Contest.

When the official welcoming—the preview—was held a few weeks back, the University did itself up proud: the campus was all aglow, the hand-shakes were quick, and the smiles toothy. The kids took it in.

Now they're returning, but there's no official reception committee to sell them on the finer points of Oregon. That job is reserved for each individual student.

Let's not do it perfunctorily now that there is no concerted campaign to throw out the welcome mat. Let's show the high schoolers that our hospitality is not a one-day operation. For here, again, is an opportunity for Oregon's University to sell itself to Oregon's high schools.

No More Glamour

After graduation, then what?

That's the question Oregon's graduating seniors are asking themselves now—and a survey conducted by the Northwestern University bureau of placement seeks to provide some of the answers.

The answers are not encouraging. They will provide a rude awakening for many seniors who are without work or prospects for work.

The nation-wide survey covered 132 industrial concerns which, in 1949, hired 8,321 college men and women. This year, the number will be 6,270—a degree of 25 per cent.

That 25 per cent is both significant and typical. Many graduates will be placed in lower level jobs—which is complicated by the fact that many graduates also are looking for executive positions. But postwar expansion programs by "big business" have been completed; executive positions are not available.

The University administration itself now must assume the responsibility of keeping the student aware of the situation while he is still in school. The logical course for the schools to follow is clear-cut: they must prepare the student to accept more of the routine, non-glamorous jobs and work hard for promotion over a period of years. It is pointed out that labor jobs offer more financial return than white-collar office positions.

This is the part the University must play. But it remains for the student to find a job. And—with things tightening up—that is going to be a job.

The Class of '51 should govern itself accordingly.

* * * *

To the ISA which recently complained about discrimination in the intramural tennis and golf schedules: P. R. Washke, professor of physical education, reports that he is quite willing to adjust the schedules properly if only someone will give him a practical, fair plan for doing so.

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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The Squirrel Cage

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous

by Stan Turnbull

This thing is getting cornier every year. We'd like to offer our own mild-type protest and suggest things be brought to a screeching-type halt before the ultimate absurdity is reached.

We refer to the recent wave of mystery to strike the campus, particularly "Mysticks"—the year's most closely-guarded secret and for probably the least reason. Candied apples, yet! Granted it's a fine idea for Phi Theta to sell anything they feel like—candied apples, shmandied mapples, peanut brittle, or licorice-coated bricks—to raise money for scholarships. But why this air of mystery?

Day after day for week after week, it's "Watch for the announcement about Mysticks!" or "Be one of the first kiddies in your block to own a genuine Mystick. Watch for the big announcement!" This, gentle reader, is what is known as trying to transform a molehill into a mountain through sheer weight of promotion. Then they turn out to be carameled apples.

Last year it was "watch for the big announcement about Mysties," which turned out to be, excitingly enough, ice cream sandwiches. I mean, really now, how mysterious can we get about things like this? I mean, actually? Before it was the annual Twisty sale, and there was no mystery attached, and we'll bet they sold just as well. Everybody knew they were going to buy stale, misshapen doughnuts, and they were happy.

Then to add to the aura of mystery enveloping the campus, we've got the "Woman of Mystery," and the "Man of Distinction"—the blank-looking people whose pictures were so fascinating to the Emerald staff that they ran the picture twice. They will probably turn out to be promotion for the annual Eta Shmeta Epsilon gold brick sale.

The crux of this whole matter is "who gives a dadgum?" Let's hope for a return to sanity. Let things stand or fall on their on their own merits, instead of trying to make a continued mystery story out of events that are about as intrinsically exciting as a dish of cold mashed potatoes.

After One Year

True Democracy -- A Misunderstanding

Views of a Foreign Student

(This is the third in a series of articles by foreign students, giving their opinions of their one year's stay at the University. Living organizations which wish to be host next year to a foreign student should apply now to J. D. Kline, foreign student adviser.)

By TOM YOSHIDA
Foreign Student from Japan
Living at Cherney Hall

Time passes fast. The time to go back to Japan shall come soon. Then I will be very reluctant to leave the United States, because I am very anxious to stay longer; although I have learned a lot of things from America through my college life, there are still many things to learn. Indeed, there are too many things to learn only within one year.

My first impression that the American people are kind and friendly has not been corrected since my arrival. Because of my ignorance about registration or some other business-like things whether on the campus or in other places, I must have bothered many persons. However, no one treated me coarsely or rudely; nobody ever gave me an unpleasant feeling; whenever I made a mistake, they instructed me very kindly so that I was pleased very much and I was thankful to them. But, in Japan, on the contrary, I received sometimes unpleasant feelings in public offices because of the officials' rough treatments to my mistake. It seems to me that the idea that government officials are servants to the people has not been sufficiently permeated yet in Japan.

I have heard about the racial discrimination toward colored people in this country, but I myself have never had such an unpleasant experience.

The ideas about America that I had before I came here are not always correct. It may be a fact that America has a great deal of natural resources, but my idea that she has no economic trouble at all was wrong; for instance, tax rates are much higher than I thought; I saw some people complaining of high taxes; but if you compare the amount of tax to the Japanese, it may not be so much. I sold furniture and clothes to pay taxes.

The Japanese think every college student in America can buy anything whenever he or she wants. I realized that this idea is not true; the American students also have to save money; they are very careful when they want to buy something. And a number of students are doing part-time-job. Sometimes I am surprised to see my class friends unexpectedly working in a coffee-shop or in a laundry shop. Besides this, most of them seen to work in summer vacation.

Although the standard of living in the United States is much higher than in Japan, as far as the job of students is concerned, there is no great difference between the American students and the Japanese. A Japanese college student who has been working in part time said to me, "I envy American students, because they don't have to work in part-time." I have to let him know the real situation of the American student.

The idea of freedom and that of license are sometimes confused in Japan. It may be the case even in the field of education. In school, there is a tendency that teachers do not scold even when students do some bad things; in elementary school, a class is more or less in disorder; teachers would not say anything although they noticed that many students did not listen their lectures in class, or in spite of big noises in a class. Many people tend to think that in democracy you do not have to do a thing, if you do not want to do it. Young students sometimes do what makes other people trouble, consequently some disorders take place in society.

In the education of the United States, on the other hand, teachers forbid naturally bad conducts to students. I have heard that even in high school, teachers scold students severely in certain cases. The idea that a bad conduct should be strictly punished became rather loose in Japan after the war. As a reaction to the extreme restriction by militaristic ideologies, now the Japanese tend to think freedom as to be mixed up with license.

In Japan, students are inclined to be disobedient to their teachers, and children tend to be disobedient to their parents, and teachers and parents tend to let their disobedience pass.

My American friends are obedient to their parents; for instance, one of my friends would not smoke in his home, because his mother does not like it; another friend told me, "I would not get married to a girl when my mother objects it, even if I am in love with her."

In Japan, it seems to me they encourage the marriage against the objection of parents as a release from feudalistic marriage by novel or by radio-drama.

(Please turn to page three)