

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Rushing vs. Atherton

BEFORE another fall term fraternity rush week session gets itself underway on the Oregon campus, some zealous rushing chairmen are going to know how far they can legally go in showing the better qualities of Webfootland to prospective students.

That was the decision of the new executive committee of the Associated Students, who yesterday pushed their way through a maze of the intricacies of student government at their first official parley. They decided that the loss of six outstanding University athletes, some of whom were declared ineligible because of fraternity rather than school offers, was enough to provoke definite action by student governors.

THE council's plan for enforcing legality in rushing is to be a process of education. First, they will see that house presidents know when rushing becomes playing with the fire of Atherton rules. Action in this field will be taken through the interfraternity council.

Mimeographed sheets of the parts of the Atherton code that apply to anything a fraternity might infringe upon will be distributed to living organizations for all students who might be guilty of excess friendliness.

Final appeal to student cooperation will be through the Emerald, with an extensive study of the "things to be avoided."

The council's plan can be a definite contribution to a safe fall term next year. Student interest must back any athletic reform of the future . . . the department itself cannot cope with it alone. Oregon cannot afford a repeat performance of the 1941 situation.

Even Coffee is Defiant

IT could have been distinctly heartening to walk into that somewhat run-down little restaurant the other day and observe the sign which read "We serve Defiance Coffee . . . Made the Silex Way!"

But things were troublesome. Life was tangled. Urgent things were pushing one on. The eye met the sign again, so one ordered coffee, then smiled, drinking it—defiantly!

One sipped the hot black stuff and there was the sign again: "We serve Defiance Coffee . . . Made the Silex Way!" Such a jaunty notice it was.

Now when it reaches the point where even a comparatively harmless thing like coffee rears back on its heels and becomes defiant, the topsy-turvyness of the whole world begins to look pretty silly. It's time to stop and consider the confusion from a smaller point of view.

ONE'S eye could not leave the bold little sign. The tiny restaurant took on a bristly attitude. The sandwich knives began to look really dangerous. And there was that determined stand taken by the ferocious black coffee—Defiance! to the last drop.

"We serve Defiance Coffee . . . Made the Silex Way!" Touch us if you dare. We know our rights.

Defiance began to assume proportions just about our size. That was the encouraging thing.—P.E.

Done for a Year

TONIGHT approximately 120 future newspapermen and women temporarily "let down their hair." They will relax while they indulge in gay chatter and pleasant reminiscences. They will rest easy, knowing their year's work is virtually over and that they have done a good job.

These same 120 youngsters have worked together for a full school year now—and some of them have worked together for much longer than that. The road has often been difficult and seemed strewn with many more thorns than roses. But that

Counterpoint...

By GENE EDWARDS

At this point in the calendar it seems that almost everyone in sight and hearing is busy knocking themselves out in an orgy of predictomania. Everyone is feverishly anxious to know the future: The grads from the education school are consulting crystal balls to know whether they will land a fat plum in civilization or whether they will be relegated to Fossil; certain gals who have made announcements for "after graduation" are reading tea leaves to know whether Johnny is going to make it legal at the altar or whether he is going to go hastily army-wise; and practically everyone is trying to predict everything else from Hess to hell. (Someone did say "war is hell," didn't he?) It's a grand and glorious guessing-game and all that is needed is for someone to yell "Bingo!"

But It Can't Be Done

All of which is quite all right, I suppose, but yet the fact remains that the faculty for predicting the future of human history still consists mainly of either prophetic vision or out-and-out crude magic. Take your choice. There seem to be two main factors at play: personalities and inevitabilities. Human behavior is sufficiently evasive that scientific analysis cannot always speak with rational assurance in its attempts to evaluate results. Personalities are likely the most tricky propositions to forecast. They are the primary integers which comprise the social structure and yet they too often defy the most astute assessments of potential behavior and leave the would-be prophet gaping at the unfulfilled shadow of his intuitive mirage. Perhaps his margin for error might have done well enough with the weather and with proper equipment he might even foretell a comet to the hour, but even the keenest wisdom can seldom tell little beyond the general drift of human affairs.

Don't Despair

But admitting the fallibility of prediction need not make us despair. History, they say, is repetitive and, since the future is just today's tomorrows made into yesterdays, we should be able to manage some hit of what is to come if our view of the present is comparatively realistic. Observation and past experience are the two vital aspects which remove the stigma of passive crystal-gazing

from prediction. There is little excuse for the indulgence of wild surmises but proper scientific reserve still leaves us sufficient leeway in which to present conditional statements. Fortunately that leaves room for alternatives. Physical laws dictate that a bomb released from a plane at 3,000 feet will strike the earth in so many seconds. (Ask the nearest physics student.) The result is inevitable. Cause and effect, under specific conditions, are manifesting a natural law.

On "Human Nature"

But human beings, knowing this law, can choose not to drop bombs from planes and thus enlist volition to control potentialities. It may be further contended that the sort of things human beings will choose rests in large part within the general structure of that vague abstraction commonly called "human nature." But human nature is not a static quantum and acts in many different ways according to the skill and foresight that it is able to exercise. Considering skill and foresight as the cumulative result of technique and experience, and the comparative faculty for determining causal relationships, become the tools with which we attempt to predict our fates.

If Isn't Easy

All of which is well and good and is not, I hope, too foggy an analysis of this popular pastime. I only know that considering the present panorama I wouldn't care to be held responsible for the validity of my particular brand of fortune-telling. Leave that to the experts, think it over and you'll probably still come out wondering. At least you will have lost little but the time and will still have the fun of guessing.

But there is one prediction that I can make unhesitatingly enough: Before these tired keys sink back into lethargy COUNTERPOINT will be no more. Inevitabilities take care of that. It has been a short spasm but an interesting one . . . this business of having the chance to spout in print . . . and I'll probably spend the rest of the summer thinking of the things that I should have said but didn't.

But remember that for every point you've got someone's got a COUNTERPOINT!

Selah!

International Side Show

They met last fall. Marie was a senior, a rather intelligent girl who had done most of her studying during her freshman and



Cummings

sophomore years, established a sound scholastic reputation with her professors, then in her junior year jumped with a splash into the University's "cafe society." She stopped studying but the pros still gave her A's and B's from force of habit.

After a year of good times Marie came back to the campus last fall still good-looking but slightly blase, with a veneer of sophistication. She had tried everything, she thought, and it had been fun, but she couldn't see it was getting her anywhere.

A girl doesn't stay young forever. Better think of the future. "Guess I'll settle down and go steady and get married after commencement."

And Then Joe

She met Joe in the fall. Joe was young, handsome, with a likeable personality and lots of friends. He had graduated and had a good job in town, but he

was still close enough to college life to make a suitable escort to dances and campus affairs.

They liked each other from the start, did Joe and Marie. There was something there, something between them. They didn't think much about it, just knew they liked going places and doing things together, and Marie in particular was still looking around for the "right man." Joe was all right to fill in with, but he was the playboy type and Marie wanted somebody solid. You know how it is with a girl when she gets that gleam in her eye.

With Joe it was a little different. He wasn't the introspective type and he didn't have to do a lot of soul-searching to know he had found what he was looking for. He tried to give Marie his pin early in October, but she said no, couldn't they just be friends?

Patience Is the Answer

Joe was patient. He hadn't figured it out but he sensed that that old devil, constant proximity, was working on his side. He hadn't heard anyone say that love is 80 per cent propinquity, and he didn't know that watchful mamas carefully calculate how much of it is safe and seasonable for their daughters, but he realized that if he just stuck

around something would happen. It did.

Her friends stopped phoning Marie when they needed another girl for a party. It was Marie and Joe, Joe and Marie, thought of as a two-some. If you ran into Marie in the Side you'd say, "What's the matter with Joe? Is he working tonight?" And if you saw Joe drinking beer with some of the boys at the Trees you'd holler: "Hey Joe, is Marie giving you the night off?"

That's the way it was. Marie took his pin and the engagement was announced at a Thanksgiving party.

This would be a story with a happy ending if it weren't for one thing—the draft. At the beginning of their relationship neither one had thought of that very seriously. Then when things got thick and Joe registered on October 16 they both hoped he'd get a distant number, one that would come up a couple of years from now.

At Christmas Time

The lottery was unkind to Joe and he had to go to Camp Murray right after Christmas.

That wasn't really so bad, only 300 miles and they could see each other on weekends, and write in between times. Joe was pretty lucky. A lot of the boys got sent to southern California and places farther away.

All went well for a month or so while Joe was finishing his first six weeks of basic training. Marie drove up to Tacoma once or twice and Joe managed to get down to Portland once in a while.

But Joe got ambition, decided that if he was going to have to stay in this man's army he might as well make the best of it, so he began working for promotion. He made friends among the officers and a major whispered to him that if he spent his weekends doing volunteer work in the company clerk's office he might get

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will be forgotten tonight when they get together for their annual banquet.

The experiences of the past year will be looked back upon with many a laugh. They will be remembered in all their humor and every pleasant moment of the year will be relived. The keen pleasure of enjoyable associations will be experienced, once more. A few gay hours and it will be over.

But, comes another year and more editions of the Emerald. And the same eager, enthusiastic youngsters will be back to take up again the drudgery and disappointments of work on a college paper—along with the enjoyable experiences and pleasant associations.—H.O.