

Fresh Class Brought Back to Starting Post

A late afternoon sun flickered futilely through the venetian blinds of the president's office, while 10 student officers yesterday unanimously agreed to "start again" on the freshman class problem.

It was an unusual meeting for two reasons. One of the few times since he came to Oregon that he has asked the student council to meet in his office, it was Dr. Donald M. Erb's method of questioning the uncooperative trend of recent student affairs. Secondly, the fact that the exec committee took definite action on a class problem was an indication of its importance.

There were two possible paths open for the executive committee. They could ignore the apparent unrest in the class of 1945 and rescue themselves from a great deal of work and worry, as well as "face-saving." Or they could admit "insufficient notification" and similar charges, in-

validate the whole procedure this far, and start again.

IT wasn't a very rosy spot for an executive committee to be in less than three weeks after school's beginning . . . on the defensive. They turned to the role of offense. They threw aside the 50-cent class card by-law and asked the judiciary to declare "null and void" the nominating assembly. Sketchily, they started work on a new freshman organization less haphazardly entered into.

The average student wants to know just what such action will accomplish, except to widen the rift between party factions which always accompanies elections. Obviously, it won't do anything to break political barriers in the student body; it won't insure that the freshman election or any others will be a vision of "sweetness and light"; it won't settle the class card issue.

BUT it does serve three vital purposes:

(1) It jolts the executive committee into a realization that the simplest and easiest method for them is to handle all their action in a business-like and thorough manner.

(2) It removes the irregularities which marked the first meeting, and makes possible a legal beginning for further action. It will put the committee on record as opposed to leaving half-formed accusations in the air. Instead it indicates an attempt to remedy the lax rules which make questionable procedures possible.

(3) It brought out one of the finer things about representative government: that an executive group, representing every phase of a contemporary crisis, can air their grievances in an organized meeting and on the basis of those opinions try to come to some sort of cooperation even though they cannot change their basic views.

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Preparedness, a la Oregon

"PREPAREDNESS" is, apparently, more than just a national slogan to the average Oregon male. To Mr. Joe College, of the University of Oregon, it is an individual matter, if one may believe the registration figures of the military department.

Our of more than 1400 Oregon underclassmen only 72 claimed exemption from the compulsory military training this year and of that number not one was based on a plea of conscientious objector. Thirty-eight were rejected as physically unfit, 17 were exempt on the basis of having too much other work, eight had had previous training, six could not take military because of a conflict in their course, two were upper class transfers from colleges that did not require military training, and one was a non-citizen.

YES, Oregon men are facing world conditions. And they intend to be ready, come what may. They may not like it. None of them, probably, enjoy the prospect of fighting another European war. But as long as they are apt to have it to do they intend to be ready to do it well.

This attitude is shown not only by the number of registrants in the military science courses but also by the morale and spirit of the enrollees at last Thursday's drill period—the first of the school year. Gone was the horseplay and tomfoolery of former years. In its place was an alertness to instruction and a determination to master the difficult military drills to perfection. The result was an excellent showing for the first drill period of the year.

It may be an unpleasant task but Oregon men are not shirking it.—H.O.

And Don't Use A Typewriter

SORORITY houses, and women's dormitories, and co-ops seem to be receiving an unusual amount of Uncle Sam's mail lately, and there is a reason. If perchance you should look at some of the return addresses, you will notice a surprising number of letters from army camps . . . from Fort Dix, and Fort Lewis, and Fort Ord, and Fort Benning . . . from induction camps north, east, south, and west.

Five years ago, two years ago, even last year such was not the case. The average college coed regarded the soldier, the common ordinary doughboy, as something of a cross between a well-fed hobo and an immoral ragamuffin. To go out with a soldier, a private that is, was about as healthy socially as wearing cords to a house dance. An army boy . . . well, they were all right to dig old ditches and loaf around camp, but as corresponding boyfriends they were about on a par with

To the Freshman Class:

There are times when for the best interests of the University and the groups and individuals concerned that an action be taken which is most contrary to normal procedure. Such an action was taken Monday by the executive committee in refusing to ratify the by-law proceedings of the Class of '45 meeting in Villard hall the evening of October 2. In rendering my report on the meeting I stated that I could not sanction the proceedings because of the unfairness of the notification arrangements. The transfer of the meeting from the music hall to Villard was strictly the action of myself personally and was necessitated by a misunderstanding on my part of the availability of the music hall.

Only after conferring with members of the council was I aware of the resentment and misunderstanding of several members of the freshman group which this transfer of meeting place had caused. Such resentment was duly founded when the comparative disadvantage of the Independent group in contacting its members was considered. Therefore it is mine and the council's belief that adequate expression on the class fee question was not present and that we as council members could not pass on the action taken. I promise you that future developments for the class will be free of disparaging confusions and misunderstandings, and that equal opportunity will be provided for all factions.

LOU TORGESON,
President, ASUO.

Trade Last

By MARY WOLF

And then there's the case of Ohio Wesleyan university, which selected the wrong "typical" students when preparing a picture booklet on its activities. The photos were taken last spring. The front cover of the booklet shows a coed who since has "flunked out" of school and a boy who has transferred to another college.

October! The month of red and yellow, of spicy air, of mist and fog, of steak fries and open houses. I'll study. Of course I will. I played all summer and now I'm rested and refreshed, so I can really work. After all, and dad says, colleges were made for people like me. Something about wrinkles in my brain. So here's for more and deeper wrinkles!

January! Got a letter from dad today. He's sort of mad. Maybe I really didn't do so well, but I

thought of it a lot. If he'd only realize how much there is to do, like varsities, and midweeks, and smokers, and serenades, and dates, and—wonder if he would understand? At least, I can try. Dear Dad: I'll study. Of course I will.—
Daily Kansan.

Marques E. Reitzel, head of the art department of San Jose state college and nationally known landscape painter, was awarded a doctor of philosophy degree after completing advance work at Ohio State university. He is one of only three people in the United States to earn the degree through the merits of his painting alone.

Then there was the draftee who worked so hard to get out of wearing a uniform—and then bought a tan gabardine suit.—
Varsity News.

San Quentin residents.

THAT situation has changed, and rightly so. The soldier is an average American youth, but for the grace of God and a government lottery another University of Oregon student. Now more than ever he needs the sublime sweetness and soft sympathy that only a letter written on wondrously blue paper with a feminine scrawl can bring.

He needs kind words . . . he needs rekindling of his ideals . . . he needs warm hopes for the future.

So, Oregon's Betty Coed, keep writing to the kids in camp. Don't be stingy with your praise . . . don't hesitate to add another X or two.

As for the males on this campus, with rising prices, nuisance taxes, and pesky priorities, we'll be satisfied with one less evening a week.

Give him our regards while you're at it.

'Cause most of us will be seeing him shortly.—B.B.

At Second Glance

By TED HARMON

WEEKENDDATA: Saturday night's house cleaning, which rubbed most of the wax off of every sorority and hall on the campus, turned into a fairly-well organized version of what was once called open house. Except for the inevitable law students, who wore green visors and red petunias and examined nearly every case, Oregon did its best to show each other a good time.

Of course, it is now evident that Glenn Miller has been blackballed for releasing "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" just before the inter-campus massacre, that MGM should be ostracized for filming "Dr. Jekyll" and causing students to HYde and seek, and that all those pictures of hometown gal friends that fickle freshmen placed on their desks are now gone.

And even though most of the campus males hiked an average of nearly 17 miles during the evening, the time for pigging will soon be at hand, with the old standby, "I met you at open house," and the reply, uncertain as it might be, "Oh, you did?" once more in circulation. The freshman returned home with a gleeful smile on his face; the sophomore returned home with a knowing smile on his face; the junior returned home with a bored smile on his face; the senior returned home.

OVERHEARD AT RANDOM: "This town's so slow that even the Mill Race only runs twice a week" . . . "Do you know what a 'twip' is?" "A wide on a twain" . . . "I'll bet you're from California . . . Have you taken a class from Dr. Lesch yet?" "You have the best-looking group of pledges of all." Net result: Invitation to house dance.

SHORT STORIETTE: Open house doesn't go without its casualties, either. There was the Sigma Kappa who, sitting on the davenport with one leg curled beneath her, was asked if she's cared to dance. She smiled knowingly and slowly pulled her concealed leg from without. "It's broken," she said, tapping the plaster cast wrapped around her ankle . . . Or the Hendricks hall coed, who racing home with her date in order to make the 12:15 curfew had a slight heart attack. Medical help was called but there was no damage done.

OREGORCHIDS to the Sigma Nus and Fijis for sticking together all evening, giving all the

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