

White Lies

By WHITELY

The law school recently held another of their famous contests this week. It was the subject of the "ideal couple," and after a bitter political campaign which featured Morris Beers and Earl Maynard, it was finally decided that Jeanette Thatcher and Dale Helgeson were as ideally suited for each other as any two couples possibly could be. Mary Jane Wormser and "Charlotta" Phipps were disqualified due to the age limit.

Earl Holmer's "The Lion that Wanted to Swoop" was plenty OK stuff at the assembly yesterday. That crack about his wife . . . the person he lives with was a dinger. I'm glad to see that Hitler hasn't revolutionized EVERYTHING.

"Blackout" . . . What a time this campus is going to have tonight. The big-wigs of the ROTC department are taking care of all details, augmented by the help of student officers. These officers are going to patrol the campus and see to it that all lights are out, and that the boys and girls behave themselves in total darkness. Armed with a flashlight covered with blue cellophane, I can see Gene Brown, Jim Frost, Lou Torgeson and pressman Buck Buchwach furiously running up to the third floor of Hendricks hall breathlessly screaming . . . "Put out that candle."

The cautious Thetas, in order not to have another "house-warming" like they did last Halloween, have formed the "iron guard" brigade to see to it that no shinnanigans are pulled on the pink palace tonight. They never did find half their furniture last year, and they don't want it to happen again. So just in case "de boys" want to tangle with them, they're gonna have to get by the squad first, which consists of Marge Dibble, Marion Marks, Sue St. Pierre, Shirley Gravely, Maytee Green, Betsy F. Feasley, and "the blimp." It'll be sheer suicide to try and get by that combination.

That social swim to be held in Gerlinger pool tonight might run into a few difficulties due to the blackout. It's bad enough just trying to keep afloat, and then some jerk has to come and turn out all the lights, right in the middle of a stroke. Probably be drownings galore, but then again a blackout in a swimmin' pool sounds like a heck of a lot of fun.

Fiji Jim Burness planted his brass on Barbara Balsch, former Utah State coed now living in Klamath Falls. Mr. Harmon left out the best part of the Henry Camp-Carol Hobart merge at the Kappa house last week. It seems the new password, byword and general slogan for the two is, Ooooooh . . . Hankie . . . What's so nice about it is the fact that there are so many variations given . . . Sigma Chi Dick Coggins didn't want to fool around with this sweetheart stuff this week, as he has already found one in Mary Lou Robertson, DG. She wound up with his joolry. Speaking of the Sigma Chis, I'd think that they would have a bad time selecting their sweetheart . . . they're all queens . . .

Ted Holmes, former Phi Delt, and Jo Bullis, Pi Phi, were married October 25th at Medford. A lot of the brothers went down to take in the event.

I wish that Mr. Buchwach would write another sterling editorial in the Emerald, and clarify the statement that "there are very, very few fraternities on the U. of O. campus." Mr. Buchwach do you see all the independents

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Oregon's Youngest President

EXACTLY one month less than four years after Dr. Donald M. Erb was unanimously elected the seventh president of the University of Oregon, he gained his primary educational objective for the Eugene institution.

It was October 30, 1937 that President Erb was named from a field of five candidates to fill the chair vacated by Dr. C. Valentine Boyer. In one of his earliest interviews after accepting the appointment, he suggested that he did not believe the University of Oregon could adequately function as a university without the right to grant degrees in pure science. That was one of the most urgent needs of the school as outlined by a man whom Oregon has come to know as fearless in his approach to "urgent" problems.

TUESDAY the state board of higher education granted the University the right to offer graduate and undergraduate degrees in six sciences. The decision was a tribute to the fair and wise leadership of the president in approaching the problem. Again and again he asked the Emerald, alumni, and other Oregon backers to restrain from applying pressure on what must be only an educational issue. It was not a problem to be solved by emotionalism and frantic resolutions, he said, but a decision to be based on sound educational evidence. The outcome proved he was right. For today his four years of effort has culminated in making the University an institution standing on four legs instead of three.

IT has been a steadily growing Oregon that has developed in other fields during President Erb's four-year administration too. Not only has the University grown in enrollment each year, but there has been a new note in student and faculty morale. The president's friendly relations and understanding attitude

Frosh Cry 'Uncle' . . .

UNIVERSITY women have been overheard to remark rather superiorly to coeds of other colleges, "no, at Oregon we do not have campus-wide hazing of our freshmen."

Friday afternoon the freshmen were handed an "or else—" ultimatum to attend the Frosh Mix; Monday, the Phi Theta assembly was a "must;" Wednesday, the "Y" entertained first-year students at a tea dance; Thursday, AWS sponsored an assembly for freshmen.

MIDTERMS are upon us. Five weeks of school have passed. Yet the different honoraries still feel that it is their duty to continue basic orientation program and welcoming of the freshmen to the University.

"Instruction" in the program is inclined to be surface-deep and interspersed with wise cracks in order to be of general interest to the vast majority. Too, many of the freshmen through summer study the welcome book, the catalog, and other University literature and

kowtowing to the Greeks? Of course not. Do you see the independents going out of their way to make things better? NO! Is there such a "shallow prestige"

toward faculty problems, which may be based on the six years of experience as an economics faculty member here, has built up institutional pride among instructors in every department. His sense of humor and cooperative spirit have been caught by his complete staff.

Selection of faculty personnel during the past four years has been exceptional, and not a small degree of credit goes to the executive who worked to get only the best instructors available for the University teaching staff. A revamped political science department, science teachers deemed among the best on the coast, and a high quality religion department are only three examples of the progressive changes made in his first four years.

IN the academic field, there has been a concerted effort at more thorough analysis and experimentation with scholarship requirements and standards. The grade point trend has been steadily upward.

In the realm of student relations, President Erb has shown an alert, companionable, student-level interest in undergraduate problems. His astonishing faculty for remembering names, coupled with an understanding of the student point of view has won the support of the University of Oregon student body.

He has maintained an alert, rather than a detached view, of the problems of the ASUO. He did not ignore the fact that campus politics had degenerated into a farce, but "took the bull by the horns" and decided to see what is wrong. His realm is not entirely that of the academic.

It is with pride that the University reviews the four-year service record of its president. The first years are the hardest, and Oregon's youngest president has come through his first four with an administrative record that may be termed progressive in every sense of the word.

are much more on their toes regarding statistics and latest phases of campus development than the upperclassmen.

The argument that frequent gatherings enable freshmen to "meet and mix" with others is defeated by the roll-call arrangement which necessitates each house grouping in a corner by itself to make a louder answer.

THERE are many things about the campus that freshmen rightfully look to the honoraries for an explanation and for an introduction—information that could perhaps be boiled and condensed into a couple of well-rounded programs in the first couple weeks of school.

Oregon has made herself an example of warm hospitality but in the welcoming of freshmen perhaps she is a little like the hostess who insists her guests have a second piece of prune cake after an eight-course dinner.—B.J.B.

obviously confused on the matter, Buck. There are 17 fraternities on the campus, and every one of them are a group of men . . . not old women.

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

The character who tinkles ivories at the Eugene hotel, referred to in Harmon's Tuesday gab is Gene Leo who goes like all get out on the 88, playing like Teddy Wilson and Jess Stacy combined. Besides all that he is good, too. In spite of the fact that Martin's men applauded.

I got to dig the soph assembly Thursday morning. The juniors and seniors also participated but never you mind, the sophs really instituted the whole thing. There was to be a five piece jam combo from Bob MacFadden's ork, with Dick Carlton on tenor sax; Bob Sell, bass; Dave Fortmiller, trumpet; and the above mentioned genius, Geneus Leo, on black and white. Oh yes, I was on tubs pounding for all I was worth. Aldine Gates and Pat Sutton, pert fem chicks, warbled prettily. There was also a five-piece combo from Bob—crash!

Tonight brings the all-dorm formal with MacFadden's cannonballs of rhythm. Also Sigma Kappa's pledge affair with Gale Quinn's 27 men and a drummer. That's about all socially for the item which, strangely enough, I seem to recall. IT'S THE SOPH WHISKERINO, so if you are truly desirous of treading the groovy path, get with that Ken Baker kick, but immediately. Every available sophomore (they are the ones with the moron-like face) has at least 4000 tickets and if you can avoid being beaten over the head in the process, attempt to buy your ducat from him.

Oh yes, there is going to be a fine rally deal this afternoon from 4 on in Gerlinger. Both boys and girls are invited, so bring your friends. There'll be cider and doughnuts and ice cream and free candy and a big barrel of Old Taylor, and—I'll give you a drag off this before it burns my fingers. Anyway, they have a good band and they also will have an exhibit in the lobby of stuffed football players, so why not chance it? H-mmmm?

For Pin Money

Good bet for spending the weekly 3-cent check on record Harry James' Columbia "Record Session." This disc being made for the more ardent wax fiends, includes all data vital to the pressing date on the label, even to the fact that four root beers and 67 coca-colas were consumed by Harry's men while recording. "Nothin" is on the other side, and here is where you say, "Yes, but there must be something on the other side." Which is my cue to answer with, "Crash."

Trade Last...

By MARY WOLF

Do I worry?
'Cause I'm always in doubt?
Though my quizzes aren't right,
Do I give a bag of oats?
Do I stay home every night
And read my lecture notes?
Am I frantic
'Cause my average sank?
Is there a panic
'Cause my mind is a blank?
Do I when evening shadows creep
Do I skip all my sleep
Just to cram?
Am I kidding?
You know doggone well
I am.

—Daily Bruin.