

# OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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## Looking Ahead...

So another fall term has rolled around. And along with the usual signs of the season comes that old "fever" which draws Oregon Ducks back for another year.

Old students know why they are coming to the University. All summer they have talked of "down at school," recalling interesting classes, good times, and even remembering with enjoyment the hard work that comes once in a while, especially around final time. They return to finish courses and because they know from experience that they enjoy being Webfeet.

But what about the new students? What is it that entices members of the class of '48 to take their higher education at the University of Oregon? In a survey conducted by the dean of women, the average new student spoke of general high standards, prominence of the particular department interesting him, or friendliness noticed on visits to the campus and in letters sent from the various campus departments.

It is up to the students to see that those high standards and ratings are maintained. A department's reputation rests on the impression its students make once they have graduated and gone out to practice what they have learned. If they are not up to snuff, the department loses prestige. And it is at this point that the matter comes squarely before a prospective alumnus. In a way, the Webfoot, indebted to the University for his training, pays off that debt by being a credit to the school.

The four years a student spends on the campus are devoted mainly to learning enough in a particular field of work to prepare him for the time when he is on his own. Whether or not the newly-graduated student is a credit to the University depends upon the extent to which he has applied himself while in school. Never before has the privilege of attending a college or university been so highly valued. And never before has the job ahead of the young people been so tremendous. College graduates will take a prominent place in straightening out the postwar world, and Oregon students can pay their debt to the University by really digging in so that when the time comes they will be ready for the important jobs assigned them.

By the time students reach a University, education is a serious business indeed. If prospective students are to continue writing "I am going to Oregon because I have heard it has an excellent course" in music, or journalism, or architecture, or social sciences, or any of the other prominent schools it will be because students, as well as faculty members, have held their standards high. For a school can be no better than its students.—M.A.C.

## Backing The ASUO...

No one who has studied even the rudiments of government will deny the fact that money is an essential to an operating ruling body that carries on regular business such as elections, conferences, and the work demanded in a community.

University of Oregon students are proud of their own government which is known as the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. This government has received the approval of the state legislature; its officers are elected by a general ballot with all regularly enrolled students given an opportunity to vote; its officers are sworn into office by an officer of the state government, and the ASUO is responsible for the things the students want and enjoy—rallies, Homecoming, Dad's Day, the War Board, mixer dances, and a multitude of other things that make this campus a live and interesting community.

In most communities taxes are an accepted thing that people pay for the services they receive. Part of the tax money is used by the governing body so it can continue to function. In the community that composes the University of Oregon students do not have to pay a compulsory tax and until this year they have not been asked to contribute to the support of their government.

This term at registration students are being asked, or perhaps we should say, being given an opportunity, to help support the ASUO. The plan is that each student shall give one dollar to enable the ASUO to function as a student government for the good of the students. This is certainly a logical plan and one that should work well since it is the students who are asked to contribute and the students who will benefit.

Should contributions amount to more than is necessary to support the ASUO activities for the year the excess will find its way to good use as part of the student union fund. Whatever the money goes for, it's still to the benefit of the University that every student who registers today or Saturday gives a contribution towards more student government.—E.A.N.

## It's All Greek To Me

By D. M. Y.

Now I'll never have to wake up at night tearing out my fingernails after a long grisly nightmare during which I go down an endless shadowy receiving line of grinning painted mouths, putting out my hand and screaming "I'm Yankovitch, Dodie May . . . Yankovitch, Dodie May . . ." Now I'll never

again have to sit in a candle-lit room with acres of faces floating before me and dozens of saccarine voices asking trivial questions with accents on every other word. Now I'll never again have to stand in line waiting, waiting, waiting for the dean to hand me the fatal envelope as though it were a time bomb. Now it's all over. No more rush week. . . .

You know when you start, of course, that it is going to be boring and nerve-cracking but you are pretty heroic about the open-house ordeal on Saturday. Sunday morning you wish you could stay in bed rather than get up and dash over to the Pan Hell headqtrs. for your bids. Sunday afternoon is a very grey affair but bravely you knot on a kerchief and plod from house to house through the blood-bloom rain. Monday you decide you want to drop the whole thing; just end it all right now . . . but you think about the kids you have already wasted time on and your mother would just die if you didn't pledge and your man-hebind-the-gun-in-uncle-sam's-armed-forces who is a Greek. Tuesday night your mind is numb so you put the name of the only house you remember on your preference card and run for the Side and an anaesthetic shot of straight coke.

Wednesday is the all-important day, the red-letter day, the day when you find out who has extended to you the privilege of membership and how far in the red you are going to have to go to accept, or else you will discover that you are on the Greek blacklist and very definitely behind the 8-ball in the rather acute sense of the word. Not that you really mind, not that you wouldn't prefer to live in good old John Straub . . . oh no.

So all forenoon you stand in line. Behind you a fat girl with pimples nervously pares her fingernails, still hoping she will make Kappa; in front of you stands an innocent little creature from some small town in Idaho—she looks like a sweet naive freshman in a seminary and she's trying to pledge the Alpha Phis; beside you a tall, quite 23 woman, who wears several of those characteristic monel shipyard bracelets and looks like a cargo rigger, pulls down her girdle every five minutes, hoping she is a potential Alpha Chi O.

Finally you reach the dean's desk. The dean gives you a bracing, breezy, back-patting smile and hands you the time bomb. You wonder dazedly whether there is a little white card in that envelope labeled "Dodie May Yankovitch" or whether Mrs. Schwering has kindly given you a few grains of morphine to deaden the pain.

Blinded by the salty spray that trickles down your haggard cheek you stumble across the campus to your new sisters. The minute the observer on the roof spots you with her field glasses she shouts the news to the sisters, "Ahoy, Yankovitch bearing down. Full speed to the fore." And like a pack of hungry sharks they gallop across the gridiron to engulf you with shrieks of "Darling!"

At last it is over. You have found yourself and you are happy. This is the happiest day of my life, you say. The fact that Patton has just marched into Paris and the Yanks are crossing into Holland and Dewey has arrived in Portland doesn't interest you in the least. Because now you are a Greek and all your dreams come true.

. . . Baby, just wait until they start telling you what your pledge duties are. . . .

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