

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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Benefit Performance...

Many of the students at Oregon have been taking for granted the fact that often during the school year internationally-known concert artists make their appearance at McArthur court under the auspices of the University concert series. Sponsored by the Eugene civic music association, this series presents to Webfeet, with no admission charge other than the presentation of an ASUO card, performances by artists such as the Don Cossacks, Raoul Jobin and Rise Stevens. For those not enrolled in the University there is a charge for the concerts, which are faithfully attended by the Eugene townspeople.

This year the Concert Series will continue with a promise of even greater entertainment—for those who will take advantage of it. World-famous artists scheduled to appear at the Igloo will include John Charles Thomas, Markova and Dolin, Arturo Rubenstein and Patrice Munsel. Reserved for students at these performances are the most opportune seats in the Igloo—all this and gratis, too. Members of the ASUO should not require urging to attend the University Concert Series.

Calling All Shackrats...

For three issues the Emerald has been limping along in a haphazard fashion under a staff composed of last year's old faithfuls and this year's freshmen volunteers. Tonight we will get down to the business of organizing a full staff of reporters, copy readers, night staff workers and advertising assistants.

Although the shift from a four-page to an eight page Emerald presents a number of problems, the extra space also gives a much greater opportunity for students interested in journalism and campus activities. There are openings for reporters, copy readers, night staff workers, advertising assistants, and even for editorial positions.

We believe we have made the shift at the right time. The war is over. Enrollment has grown and will increase much more. And students activity will increase correspondingly.

However, our staff is inexperienced in working day-by-day on an eight-page paper. They are confronted with the problem of turning out twice the volume of work in all departments. With plenty of help, the Emerald staff can do it.

But we want more than willing, responsible workers. Heretofore the Emerald has had an atmosphere all its own. Working on the paper and being a shackrat has been a lot of work but also a lot of fun. Without enough workers, it becomes a tedious business for the few who stick by to see that the campus has news and entertainment.

If the new staff has the enthusiasm of former shackrats, the Emerald soon will see a revival of its beloved 3 o'clock club, Friday afternoon parties, winter term luncheon, and spring term picnic and banquet. There will be new characters to take the places of such "old gang" notables as Roy Paul Nelson, Chuck Politz, Shubert Fendrick and Jack Billings.

The Emerald's reconversion, unlike some of the others, presents no problem of unemployment. That new class in how-to-be-a-shackrat starts tonight at 7:30 at the journalism building.

The Fatherly Touch...

Quirinius Breen, soft-spoken associate professor of social science and history, has taken on a new University duty—house father for a girls' dormitory.

Dr. Breen was hit by the housing shortage in Eugene before it ever got around to the students. He solved his family problem by renting the old Delta Upsilon house on Thirteenth street near Alder. But he had room to spare in the former fraternity house with only an average-sized family to shack up.

Came the rush of students, and Dr. Breen was approached. Now the family lives in the main floor while girl students room upstairs. And Dr. Breen has a new source of material for his lectures in social science survey.

Clips and Comments

By Marilyn Sage
An early August issue of the Stanford Daily advised students "What to Do When Victory Comes" as follows:

"All classes . . . will be dismissed for the remainder of the day and students and faculty will assemble in front of the Memorial Church for songs and yells."
—Oh Goody!

* * *
A flustered University of California coed began a letter to the daily Californian thusly: "Can't something be done about those people who seem to love wars?"
Yes, something should.

* * *
B. F. Thompson, painter from Everett, Washington hasn't been able to rent his house despite his offer to paint and paper it free. He said several persons answered but backed down when they learned he had two children.
—Things are tough all over.

* * *
Clarification of the distribution of holidays is made by Dr. M. Phoreski of U.C.L.A.; "You take one holiday for the entire U.S. and possessions, like Labor Day, that's about one-fifty-fourth of a holiday per political division, or .00000027 holiday per square mile.

Now consider one holiday for just California. That's one holiday per state or .00000063 holiday per square mile, which makes it 23 and one-third times as important. That, therefore, is why there will be no classes Monday, Labor Day."
—Oh, now we understand.

* * *
It seems that belfries are still having trouble with bats. The Summer Texan reports that in the middle of a 10-minute concert on the chimes at that institution, there was suddenly heard a jumble of beats and off notes. Six or eight bats had entered the cubicle of James Owen, who was, at the time, grinding out "Stardust." Owen grabbed his clip board with one hand and killed four of the bats, wounding the rest. When later informed that there was a state law against killing bats in Texas, Owen said he would stand trial and plead self-defense.

* * *
Explanation of the title of a column in the U. of O. Summer Sun:

"Itsy-Bitsy" is a three-card poker game with two cards down and one up. Three aces is the high hand; after threes, three-card straight flushes are next; pairs are third and low in value. Nothing else counts. Obviously, two pair and full houses are impossible.
—Obviously, consequently the title.

* * *
The University of Idaho calmly announces the title of its year-book as "Gem of the Mountains."

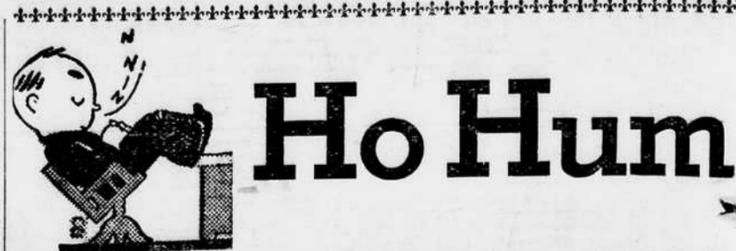
* * *
"If and when Syracuse university acquires a baseball team, men with sloping shoulders will be on the preferred list of scouts. Contrary to popular belief, this type of stature gives the man more power than the square shouldered person."
—And all the time we thought!

* * *
From the Syracuse Daily Orange:

"City freshmen will pick up their today at the Panhell off and rushing invitations from 12 to 2 student deans will call for campus girls at noon."
—White of them.

John Straub girl: These cakes are as hard as stone.

Second J. S. girl: Sure, didn't you hear the girl say to take your pick?



(Editor's note: Because of popular demand, Orin Weir's column "HO-HUM," will appear twice a week in the Emerald, on Tuesday and Friday.)

BY ORIN "HUSKY" WEIR

Just a thought for a few little fellows on the trompin' grounds for the first time would be to remind them that the Pioneer papa (the big man with the gun) is the only fella who can wear his hair "Hollywood" and not look undernourished.

This school life is going to be doggone tough on marble champion Richard Wilkins who seems to be working for a liquid degree at a small community called Seaside. Guess the cool and calm Ricket has really been showing all the beach belles fine times when he is not seen in a Portland fish house eating tons of lobster just to gain the admiration of a shy organist who just works there.

A big haw-haw was sounded recently when timid Dick "I'm an easy man" Savinar moved in with an unknown but very likeable Frank Dinias. Seems both lads have been courtin' innocent Sally "irresistible" Mann of the Kappa abode on the sly, but now that the news is out, the race for love and affection is near an end with Mr. Savinar once again panting his affections to sweet Sally—uninterrupted—thus far.

We understand a loving cup is soon to be presented to a kiddie by the name of Tommy "Hobby Lobby" Ray, who is doing his best to break all standing records for dating the most women. Word has it there are three or four girls left on the campus that have not received an invitation of some sort from the boy, but this we kind of doubt.

Looks like all the campus girlies are talking about a youngster with the monicker of Joe Lind, who has a new system for dating. Seems that robust Joseph gloats over pink phosphates while loading his innocent misses with liquid of a different variety. Must be a motive, but we'll leave that up to Joe and the girls.

Course you've heard that Donald "missed again, but I'll be back winter term" Dyer is no longer engaged — not ever married — to Dodie Frideger. Bet she misses that pretty Phi Delt pin, but no doubt she'll see it again soon—only on somebody else's sweater the rate Don runs his marriage and pin exchange.

Oh you lucky people!! The rusty grapevine has it that henceforth the industrious studes hereabouts will get a chance at the much talked about slick sheet, namely OLD OREGON. This snappy enlarged magazine is edited by a Mr. George Luoma who announces a "BIG THREE PROGRAM" which will be followed in the future. Although the magazine will still be dedicated to the alums of our fair school it will be distributed and read from attractive cover to cover by the students and faculty. Keep a sharp lookout for this super edition which will be circulating around the first of each month.

Anytime now you may read in bold headlines the simple but startling fact that the immortal Robinson's has closed its doors, but little wonder when one stops to realize that while you are reading this sad, sad clipping Bill "ain't it a shame" Davis is aboard a choo choo heading for a nice quiet army camp where he can concentrate on new curves—namely left flanks. We'll miss him, tis sure.

The news is spreading fast around the campus that Bill "please take a ride with me" Williams, the boy with the "cute" green auto, and also a SAE from tiny UCLA is an ex-boy friend of Shirley Temple who makes her

living working in Hollywood at the motion pictures. Gee, one can never tell how many celebrities this school can turn up.

Who is this boy Terry Metcalf who seems to have all the Chi O's in a dither? Some of these boys really seem to be making up for lost time, eh Chi O's?!

A request just popped in from over my shoulder that carries the markings of Robert Hamilton who requests that the fair DG's offer more response when he is soooooo kind as to raise his voice in solemn and soothing serenades.

While on the subject of DG's, poor tuckered Elmer "I'll pay for the party" Sahlstrom was given a going over by Phyl Horstman, another DG chick, who insisted on a thorough explanation of little Elmer's adventures in California. Could it be beating a man is a sign of true love?

Football fullback Dean Bond seems to be very contented when in the company of his number one heart-throb Tri-Delt Lucille Christopherson. They make a cute couple but a lot of guys are bound to object.

A note of advice to Marlyn Rowling of the Gamma Phi home—stead:

Dear Marlyn
May we suggest that after this when you invite a young man to be a guest at one of your open houses that you at least smile, say "hello," and per chance dance with the forlorn soul instead of sneaking out with that handsome lug you run around with, Jim Kroder.

Signed,
One of the many.
Rumor has it that a girl by the name of Ruth Chapel was not completely swept off her feet by romancing Harry Nordwick. Many a woman would die for a date with that man.

Congratulations and happiness to a newly engaged couple who hope to be Mr. and Mrs. sometime next summer. Who? Well no less than Theta Janet Bodwell and Bob "I'll pawn the Ford" Bissett.

Could it be Soup Campbell was not serious over his summer dates with Yvonne Prather and instead is now passionately involved with Cis Steele? How that funny boy does get around.

In closing may we pay respects to a blooming romance which seems to have bitten the dust. Let us pause in a moment of silence for that what used to be but ain't now between Marilyn Sage and Portland's pride and joy bill collector, Reed "somebody had to lose" Grassle. Ho-Hum.

There are three classes of women. The intellectual, the beautiful and the majority.—Turn-Out.

HEILIG
BETTER PICTURES - PERFECT SOUND

ON STAGE EVERYBODY

Jack Oakie, Peggy Ryan

—plus—

Shorts & News