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## Postpone Rush Week?

With the battered corpse of fall term rush hardly cold, open rushing will begin on October 5. Traditionally, it will consist of various and sundry luncheon and dinner dates throughout the term—the usual once-overs heavily, small talk, and free cigars. Rushees—and there are a goodly number of them—will consist of the girls who didn't quite untangle the red tape in time for rush week, the girls who decided to forego the pleasure of four dates a day, and the repeats. To the latter go the cheers. Rushing is a cold-blooded business—but as the Greeks hastily affirm, a necessary evil.

At present there are 709 sorority members on the campus, approximately 40 per cent of the female student body. Most of these were pledged after a brief 5-day acquaintance with their future "home away from home." The question is now, can any individual gain enough knowledge of another in a half-a-dozen hour conversations, to choose with surety the people with whom he wants to live for four years?

From here, we would say that it is impossible. Rushers and rushees can't get farther than first impressions—clothes, interior decoration, and line of chatter. If potential Greeks were required to live on the campus for a term (or even a year) before committing themselves, the whole process of rushing would be a lot less superficial. House members would have the opportunity to get to know those in whom they are interested. Unaffiliated students would become familiar with the various organizations, and after a term of objective observation would be able to pledge with certainty. Moreover, a term of independent life could be nothing but beneficial to incoming freshmen.

Perhaps this would present a housing situation—but other universities have successfully carried out similar plans and find the results much more than worthwhile. Oregon is progressing academically—but the Greek pledging system is far behind. The elimination of fall term rush week would mean the elimination of many mistakes, the proverbial heartbreak, and a more mature standard of judgment on the part of everyone concerned.

## Again The Locomotive . . .

After two years of a depleted sports program Oregon's stock of yells also is rather small. The old faithfuls—the locomotive, the chant, and the triple "O"—are still good but we need some new novelty yells to put more life into rallies and games.

The last really different yell was introduced by Ted Loud in 1942. His swing yell with Tommy Dorsey's record of "Well Get It" in the background, was enthusiastically received and provided good halftime entertainment.

Besides new yells, the Oregon rooting section needs a good practice session in the school song. At Sunday's rally, "Mighty Oregon" didn't sound quite so mighty because too many students were slightly vague on the words and the tune.

Applicants for the rally squad criticized the school's lack of selection of yells and songs. Their criticism was based mostly on the assembly during freshman week so it can't be considered too valid.

But they were on the right track, and most of them have had experience in cheer leading so they know what they're talking about.

Many of those who turned out for the squad had some good ideas for yells and stunts. All of them could not get positions in the group because of its small size, but if they are as interested as they appeared to be, they will be willing to turn in their ideas to the rally squad.

The rooting section needs more than enthusiasm when the Lemon and Green make their home debut Saturday. And the rally squad is going to win a little rallying on its own before that date.

## The Plot Sickens

By REX GUNN

Drool all you homeless people, I finally got into my new home. There is a three-by-four foot hole in the middle of the hall floor, the light switches aren't installed yet, and there is no water, but mom and I got in.

Don't drop in for a visit just yet. If too many people fall through that hole there won't be space to store the bodies.

Anyone who knows anything about landscaping is welcome to come over and practice. I haven't even started sodding the lawns, so you can start from scratch—the initial scratching will take place through shale.

### Train of Thought

Speaking of scratch reminds me of the devil and that reminds me of money which in turn brings to mind taxpayers and from there, I think of congressmen.

Congressmen have been rather active lately in challenging each other to an investigation of Pearl Harbor, A.D. . . . December 7, 1941. There's been a lot of chatter on Capitol Hill about seeing who caused what.

I couldn't breathe a word about the subject while a GI, but times have changed, and I am advised I can blow my top and no one can throw me in prison.

### Pearl Harbor

Doubtless there are men on the campus who were at Pearl Harbor the morning the war started. I was three miles from there at a place called Fort Shafter. My outfit was the original Signal Aircraft Warning company, Hawaii, which later became a regiment and finally . . . something resembling a military octopus with tentacles all over the Central Pacific.

Joe Lockard (the man who received the DSC for turning in the radar report on the approaching Nips) was at an outer unit on the windward side of Oahu, but his report came to the information center at Fort Shafter.

Joe would be the last man to tell anyone that he knew those planes were Japanese. All he knew was that the flight he spotted (bear in mind it was on radar, not visual), was an unusually large one.

### According to Orders

The entire island had been on maneuvers the night before and the information center had only closed down at 6 a.m. the morning of the seventh. That was strictly according to orders.

Up to that time, I had never heard a single comment from anyone, military or civilian, indicating an attack on Pearl Harbor or any suspicion of such an attack. Some people believed war with Japan was not too far distant, but they agreed that the first punch would come at the Philippines.

After the attack, some big shots in high circles modestly admitted to the press that they had it all figured out even to the minute and that only the stupid military was ignorant of what was coming.

### Investigation the Third

Now, almost four years later, after we win the war, some members of congress suddenly get all excited about the whole thing, turn thumbs down on the Robert's committee report, ditto on the recent military explanation, and decide they have to scrape the bones again.

Those members of congress might bear in mind that congress was doling out reluctant pennies to the military while generals were practically begging on bended knee for armament funds right up to the date of the Jap attack. Their righteous anger seems a little out of place.

Far be it from me to endorse



## Ho Hum

By Orin "Husky" Weir

Will somebody please find out if Herb "I got 'em fooled" Quires really thinks he's kidding Theta Nancy "I'm losing my grip" Kellaher by sneaking off with his latest infatuation Tri-Delt Lila "I'm confused" Nevins.

Must have been a great time had by all at the Seattle game during the past weekend. Too bad

Mr. Bill Donaldson got carried away literally by the local bastille keepers after publicly proving his affections to 90 proof liquid sunshine. Also seen glowing about the whole thing was a Dick "I'll take your share" Stonebreaker. We hope the local jail will prove as satisfactory to Donald as Seattle's. We'd hate to think of him having to travel that distance every day just for free room and board.

Jerry "I adore Oregon's coast" Miller, L.A. prodigy, reports he had a fine time with a little townie and her family while we all prayed for his recovery with the rumors of his being a sick youngster. Guess George Carey was quite put out after claiming ownership of their ladyship when he heard the news, but take our advice George, we know Jerry means well—honest.

Will Dean Bond ever learn that it just ain't ethical to date two women from the same house? After boasting true love and benevolence to one of the same abode on the hill he turned right around and fed the same line to Joanne Merwin. Poor girls, will they never get wise to that blonde hunk of 200 pounds?

Starring on next Saturday's wrestling matches will be Jim "famous for headlocks" Cowen. Wonder if his sparring partner will again be Cay "muscles" Shea.

Wee advice to a Theta pledge: Dear Miss Helmer,

Henceforth when dating a gent at the Holland smile at least twice if for nothing more than atmosphere. Good idea, eh Mr. Spawls?

Milt "spotless auto" Sparks has been trying to talk his way out of

love with another DG pledge Barbara "I'm innocent" Blinko. Tsk, tsk, wonder if he'll keep up last year's sterling reputation?

Marilyn "I show all the boys a good time" Moore recently condescended to an evening with Stub Bonnewell, heap big operator. Keep up the good work kiddie and you're apt to make a name for yourself. Amen.

Soup "I'll be moving soon" Campbell has been picnicking of late with Cis Steele, sweet, sweet Pi Phi. Fiji Meadows seems a little way to go just to eat sandwiches and coke.

A local sorority was recently blessed with a serenade by Dick Wilkins, Bob Prowell, and Robert Hamilton. We understand they were joined soon after by the entire police regime who insisted tiny baritone Bob "that's a great note" Prowell take a ride with them. Guess Mr. Prowell was hesitant but says they pretty charmed him with a pair of pretty "charm" bracelets on his strong wrists.

Hats off to our Bob "I've settled down" Smith who is stunning the campus by actually carry books under his husky arms.

Guess the campus gals aren't as receptive as big Tom "I used to run the joint" Drugas expected, and hence the Portland lad is making weekend jaunts to his home town and his local habitat, the Chicken Coop. Seems a shame to let a guy who likes himself so much go to waste.

May we suggest to li'l boys on serenades that they will receive better than average enthusiasm and returns at local independent dorms and halls. Why not give it a try, eh fellas? Ho Hum.

## Radio Ramblings

By Pat King

Tonight will be the radio listener's picnic with the return of Fibber McGee and Molly at 6:30, followed by the G. I.'s favorite comedian, Bob Hope on NBC which will probably come in on KNX or between 60 and 65 on your dial.

Gluttons for gloom and suspense will want to catch "Inner Sanctum" between 6 and 6:30 on KNX when Raymond tells of "The Shadow of Death".

### Stafford Star Shines

Jo Stafford and Perry Como now share emcee honors on the "Supper Club" Monday through Fridays from 8 to 8:15 on KGW. Those who go for Jo's off-key style will want to catch her on "The Ford Show" from 7 to 7:30 on KNX. The round-faced, California vocalist has been singing since she was eleven, but really began to make rapid strides in her career after joining the Pied Pipers with Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra.

She seldom appears with the Pipers now, however, and does mostly solo work as guest artist outside her own program with Perry Como.

### Walker versus Superman

Femmes who go for the be-wildered boyish type (I suppose the army way, but if anyone can do a worse job, it is our copy hungry element in congress. Thank somebody, they aren't all that way.

It isn't a bad idea to remember Pearl Harbor, but the national slate will have a healthier odor if we forget the scapegoats.

there are some who can afford to have a preference) will want to hear their boy, Robert Walker on "Theater of Romance" also on KNX at 8:30.

Wednesday brings forth the Eddie Cantor show, and if you like the Mad Russian well enough to tune in and suffer through the suffocating Cantor patriotism you will hear Eddie's new discovery, Thelma Carpenter, whom he found in a New York night club. The sepia star got her start with Count Basie's orchestra but made her biggest hit in the Broadway musical, "Memphis Bound."

Which brings up the question: where is Lena Horne these days?

Baritone Mr. District Attorney is at 6:30 followed by the College of Musical Knowledge with "Professor" Kay Kyser and his gang. Kay wanted to take a nice long rest after his South Pacific junket, but it seemed that the American Tobacco Co. was a little touchy about Kyser fulfilling his contract.

If you like your mystery programs sugar-coated and served with an over abundance of "darling" and "beautiful," then you'll (Please turn to page three)