

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Smiles Smiles Smiles

An insidious new movement seems to be afoot on the campus that bears watching. That nice term "free time," usually referring to hours not spent in class or the libe, is gradually being swallowed by a neatly designed program guaranteed to keep us out of Taylor's for a cool beer and a good bull session.

Take, for a fresh example, the AWS University Women's Week, which just took place. It started off Monday morning, always a ghastly day, when brightly smiling coeds invited us, for a 10-cent fee, to tie on "Hello Day" tags and start grinning hello at our fellow students. We cooperated even to the extent of purchasing some extra-good toothpaste so our smile would out-sparkle the best of them.

That night study tables were cancelled so coeds could find out what WAA is all about. Then Tuesday the YWCA took over completely. It all started at noon with an open house and speakers, imported, yet. During the afternoon there was a tea, and at 5 p.m. a picnic dinner was given for sophomore women. At 7 p.m. there was an outdoor recognition service for all members, (no study table again) and at 9 p.m. the Skeptics hour took over.

Tired but brave, we faced Wednesday with limp Hello tags and even limper smiles. Exchange desserts were on schedule. Panting back from our 11 o'clocks we greeted our guests (smiling broadly, of course) and rushed through lunch subtly checking our watches to see if we would make it to our 1 o'clocks. That was all for Wednesday, and we tried to catch up on Monday and Tuesday's assignments.

Thursday the rain was bucketing down, and we tried to remember to keep smiling. Right after dinner, the rally for the UCLA-Oregon game sneaked into AWS week and then we got to go to a two-hour assembly at Mac court. Study table had become a myth by this time. Finally, after what seemed like years, Friday rolled around. The weekend—that beautiful oasis in every student's life. But, oh no, there was the Nickel Hop that night to conclude events. Then Saturday, just as a sneaker play, there was the game to listen to and the concert to attend that night.

All apologies to Barbara Johns, AWS president, we wonder just what was in that needle when they gave AWS the shot in the arm this fall. There will be no cause for the University to worry about building that new women's dorm as there's a strong indication that all women will flunk out this term.

We're tired of smiling, and tired of being told to smile. The one thing we will strongly endorse at this point is a "Go to Hell" week, just to relax.

M.E.T.

No Moth-Balls

A significant feature of the University lecture series which begins October 23 is the liberal sprinkling of local names on the program. Too often in the search for talent we wander afield, neglecting the nuggets in our own front yard.

Dr. Gordon Wright, associate professor of history, opens the series with his lecture on "The Anatomy of the Fourth French Republic," a subject he knows first hand. His reputation as a lecturer is hard to beat. Students flock to his courses and they are not "pipes." They listen because they want to know what he has to say.

Of similar calibre are the other local lecturers, Perry John Powers, instructor in Romance languages; Herbert H. Hoeltje, senior professor of American literature; Edmund A. Cykler, associate professor of musicology, and M. D. Ross, assistant professor of architecture.

Students and faculty alike stand to profit from the lectures of these men, and visiting speakers such as Edgar Goodspeed, the Bible man from the University of Chicago.

Dr. Rudolph Ernst, chairman of the series, is to be congratulated upon his program. It looks at last as if the moth-balls had been shaken out of the University lectures.

Whither the Cream?

The editorial page of the Eugene Register-Guard this weekend took to task schools of journalism, asking how comes all this. How come men with "police reporter mentality" are being sent to cover the United Nations? How come graduates of journalism schools are not better grounded in the liberal arts?

There is little doubt that the men and women of the working press do not know enough, that they are woefully ignorant of science, finance, practical politics. There is little doubt that journalism frequently does not attract the best of the college crop.

But the Register-Guard is just being naive when it presumes not to know the answer, or at least one of the big answers.

Maybe it's economic. Maybe people who like to eat are scared away. They are the ones who might look to journalism as a career, but who become lawyers or CPAs or real estate salesmen or used car dealers. Some shun the college campus altogether and spend their four years as apprentice plumbers. It pays better than a lot of the news jobs we can think of off hand.

Maybe there are bright young men and women who go to college with the idea of becoming professional people. They resent having to join a labor union to blackjack the boss into paying a moderately decent wage.

Maybe these people can't get too enthusiastic about a long struggle with the ad-jockeys, the tycoons, and the fair-haired boys who inherit newspapers.

Of course there are bright young men and women who do go into the newspaper field. These are the crazy ones, or the ones who have that magnum of printer's ink in their veins, and cannot help themselves. That they are good and that they stay in the game is lucky for the men who own newspapers, but very unfortunate for the sad sacks who love the work.

Moreover the downtown paper is being a little naive in suggesting that the training these people receive in journalism schools is no substitute for the liberal arts education.

It isn't supposed to be. Scratch a journalism major and you find a history, literature, or economics major. The few hours spent in practical journalism courses are not taken instead of basic liberal arts hours. They substitute for the courses in Spencer, higher fungi, and calculus. They are not substituted for the general liberal arts courses.

It is conceivable that the one good way to teach journalism students more is to keep them in school longer. Maybe a five or six-year course would be the answer. Then all journalism graduates could be masters of arts.

We need more masters of arts on these \$40-a-week jobs.

Old Oregon Editor Bert Moore, who graduated from Milwaukee high school some years back, went out to Springfield Friday night to watch the old school football team play Springfield high (and get beat 6 to 0). But he didn't feel too badly about the score because he learned a new yell from his old school. It goes like this. ONE, TWO, THREE — DROP DEAD.

Make-Up Staff to Meet

There will be a meeting for anyone interested in working on the make-up staff for the University theater's 1947-48 season at 4 p.m. Thursday in the drama studio.

Side Patter



By SALLIE TIMMENS

The most interesting sports activity on the campus this past weekend was the scoreless football game between the Kappa and Pi Phi pledges. The Pi Phi pledges under Captain Joan Carr's leadership ran up and down the field with Jackie Newburn making two first downs. In the huddle coaches Hal Schick and Elwin Paxson gave the girls a few pointers while Kappa Mimi Moore acted as water girl. She screamed so hard on the sidelines that she is now without a voice, but the only rear mishap of the afternoon was a dislocated knee for Pi Phi Peggy Utz who had to be carried off the field.

The Phi Psi dogs Snowbelle and the new addition, Barry drove Fred Foulon down to the D. G. house last week so Joan O'Neill could remove Fred from his cage. To show this is a case of true love, Fred didn't mutter a word when Joan creased his fender on Sunday. Another romance is that of Alpha Gam Pat Bolander who will marry Delt Clay Morgan at Christmas time. The Alpha Phis had an engagement too, Joan Smith to Theta Chi Morry Leonard of Oregon State. Sigma Nu Jim Bartelt claims he lost his pin, but Chi O June Bosworth is the lucky gal who is now wearing it.

The reason the ATO's were seen in their Saturday classes wearing bedroom slippers was the freshman walkout. The members finally went en masse to find their shoes, and in the process removed the Theta living room furniture out on the front lawn. Still not able to find all their walking equipment, they invaded the DG pillars and tubbed the pledges. In the shuffle someone got the house-mother with a waterbag which didn't go over so well.

Latest scoop from the Gamma Phi house was the pinning of the newly initiated blonde Barbara Buddenhagen to Sigma Chi Al Weir so the stocks will soon be out in front of the Side again. Oregon Stater Bill Beachman, also a Sigma Chi was the man Rosalie Jakku came down to tell the DG's about. She announced her engagement over the weekend.

Handsome couple on the dance floor the other eve was Theta Barb Patterson and Chi Psi Hank Kin-sell. Also seen about much together these days are ATO Pete Miller and Theta Florine Inglis, Sigma Kappa Ann Harbison with Bill Husy, and Sigma Kappa Louise Hastrup with Phi Delt Dick Perkins.

Annamae Winship, an Alpha Gam who graduated last year came down for the weekend and went back with Emerald Business Manager Bob Chapman's Pi Kappa Phi pin.

C'est tout for today. Watch for interesting developments in Thursday's Emerald, and the best place to read your morning paper is in the Side over a coke.—(Pd. Adv.)

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