

Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make ye free.—John 8:32

Rush Week Bugaboos

One week prior to registration each fall, with tornado-like fury, "rush week" strikes the University of Oregon campus. After witnessing the one at the beginning of this term we are prompted to advance an observation or two.

It was apparent that few, if any, rush week participants this year were especially keen about the system as it is presently set up. "Rushes" complained particularly about the herd-like treatment they were forced to undergo. These potential members of campus fraternities and sororities—most receiving their first taste of college life—were treated, it would seem, more like cattle at a livestock show than young men and women taking their first steps into the supposedly mature atmosphere of the University.

From the fraternities and sororities also came similar charges. Rushes, they claimed, were shunted from house to house so quickly and in such large numbers that it was impossible to become well acquainted with more than a small part of those going through rushing.

It is not the purpose here to condemn the whole rush week system on the basis of these criticisms. There is a definite need for some organized system by which fraternities and sororities can obtain their "new blood" each year. However, we feel that since the dissatisfaction we point out does exist, Panhellenic and the Interfraternity council might do the Greek organizations they represent a great service by conducting this year a thorough investigation of rush week as it is organized both on this and other college campuses.

Perhaps, such a study would reveal the need for a new system. More likely, a few modifications in the present one would be sufficient to create a smoother functioning rush week for future University generations.

A Fine Idea

Eugene shoppers no longer need litter downtown streets with waste paper. The city recently installed shiny trash containers along Willamette street and in the busiest shopping districts.

These containers are conveniently located for the pedestrian, and are so shiny that even the unobservant notice the practical addition to Eugene. A swinging top pushes open with almost no effort and the trash, which has long darkened the streets, is lost to posterity.

Stray paper has been a campus problem and eye sore due to a lack of proper disposal facilities in obvious places. Maybe if the University possessed some of these cans, the unwanted trash would be put in its place. A little green and yellow paint and the "silver" containers would be at home.—D. D.

Appreciated? You Bet

Remember last spring, when you took the shirt off your back and sent it to France?

Well, maybe it wasn't quite that drastic—but a lot of students did round up spare clothing and had the French department shoot them over to people who really needed 'em.

Appreciated? You bet. If you'd like proof, drop in at the French department office and ask to see the "thank you" letters. They tell the story at a glance.

That was one gift that proved really worthwhile.

Dick Williams, the University's hard-working educational activities manager, took to heart yesterday the gentle ribbing of a friend. He had announced to a small group the addition to his family of an airdale dog. Jokingly, the aforementioned friend pointed out that since his family also included besides the dog, three young sons and a baby daughter, all Williams needed now was a cat.

Last night's Eugene Register-Guard carried in its want-ad column a plea for a small cat or kitten signed by—yes, Dick Williams.

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Lau of the Press

Stand By Stanford: It's Duck Season

By LARRY LAU

Gas shortage or not, it is expected that approximately 900 Webfoots are journeying southward to see the Oregon-Stanford game. Oregon and California state police, well remembering the zooming stream of cars flying lemon and green streamers are again holding their heads.

Have fond memories of last year's trek to Palo Alto. Over 600 students deserted the campus, out-howled 8000 listless Stanfordites, and went on to practically take over an amazed San Francisco that evening.

But . . . that was last year. Am allowed one trip per season, so as of the middle of next week, via the thumb, I'll be en route to Ann Arbor to watch the vaunted Wolverines take their first good beating in nearly a decade. As per last year, will keep the Emerald informed via Western Union.

One of the local BMOC's is

sporting a broken arm. Says he got it fighting for a woman's honor. Seems she wanted to keep it.

First of the really good parties we know are on tap for the '48-'49 season burst the seams of Johnny Kahannanui's modest bungalow last Saturday night. Hordes of people were jammed in closer than two coats of shellac, with their hearts in their eyes, while a grand bunch of Hawaiian students made 19th and Ferry seem like Waikiki beach.

Orchid of the week goes to the popular Dr. Dull for his priceless remark concerning final examinations: "I think they test the hardy rather than the intelligent."

Incidentally, at this writing, there is still reason to hope that the Oregon-Michigan clash will be the ABC-game-of-the-week. If so, it would mean coast-to-coast, border-to-border, coverage with

famed sportscaster Harry Wismer telling the story.

Note the class of '52: Tact is making a blind date feel at home when you wish to hell she were.

Have warm tip that Eugene's dry cleaning industry is being quietly investigated by several UO students who are curious to know why prices here are often 67 per cent higher than in Portland. . . . Ditto for the landlords and ladies who seem to think the Econ. we get here doesn't teach us anything. The Office of Rent Control is opposite the postoffice, kids. By the way, shouldn't the University be interested if their wards are being gouged??

Politics are hitting the airlines with boring frequency of late. Orators, platforms, promises, and what not. Orator, that's a person who misses many fine opportunities for keeping quiet, and they say a platform is like the front end of a streetcar, not meant to stand on, just to get in on.

Basketball at Mac court will be less of an eyestrain this year. Plunking out over \$4000 the athletic department has purchased a four-dimensional scoreboard that will tell everything except which members of the team are pinned. Now we won't have to depend on our friends with 20-20 vision to tell us who won.

The age of invention is not over yet, as witness these advertisements. GO BY AIRPLANE! Our airplanes are guaranteed not to crash into mountains. They never leave the ground. We ship 'em by rail! . . . "Girls! get that walking-on-air feeling. You'll feel as if you're floating on a cloud. Let us show you how to inflate your falsies with helium. Airbourne Co., Lakehurst, N. J." . . . "Impress your girl with your athletic prowess. For only \$5.98 we'll guarantee to give you athletes foot. Specify foot size and type of athlete!"

Heard from a usually reliable source that at OAC all the football players are insured, BUT . . . that OAC is also named as beneficiary. That's catching 'em coming and going!

Enough on this "bit." Have big coke date with a gal who was voted most likely to.

The fish that escaped is the big one.

The Political Front

President Truman and Mr. Dewey Are Headin' Out This Way

By VINITA HOWARD

The presidential fight began in earnest this week with both Governor Dewey and President Truman hopping on special trains, and, following the advice of Horace Greeley, headin' west. Both plan on reaching the same destination—Washington—but on different tracks.

Most of the campaign will be a sham battle. Such issues as Communists or Communist sympathizers in government, inflation and the Taft-Hartley labor law will get the full treatment during the next few months. Neither party can or would do very much, however, to alter present conditions.

The so-called red-herring Congressional investigation now seems to be dying a natural death. The Republicans probably will not repeal the labor law which they passed over democratic opposition and it is doubtful if the Demos will be able to muster enough members in Congress to repeal the law. As far as the in-

flation is concerned, Dewey says Truman set off inflation by releasing wartime controls in 1945 and Truman says the GOP failed to protect the consumer.

The real political struggle this year will be over the control of the senate. The Republicans now have control by a narrow majority—51 to 45 and to make things more interesting the GOP is facing a real fight for senate seats in Oklahoma, West Virginia, Kentucky, Wyoming, and Minnesota. Should the Democratic nominees win in these states and should Dewey become the president he would be faced with the same situation as President Truman. That is a Republican administration and a Democratic majority in the senate.

Off the main track and if you're interested in reading about politics . . . Vincent Sheean has an interesting article in the Satevepost on why he will not vote for Henry Wallace . . . U. S. News and World Report also has a condensed look at the political situation.

Carnival

Johnny Learns All About Women

By BARBARA HEYWOOD

One summer day a long time ago—it was the kind of day that seems to hum with sunshine—Joan and Johnny were sitting on a tombstone in the cemetery playing a guessing game.

"It's my turn to ask a question," said Joan. "What are the elephants doing right now in Africa?"

That halted Johnny. He wrinkled his brow, then looked exasperated. "How'm I supposed to know that. You don't know yourself."

"I do so," said Joan. "They're doing just what they always do. They're stomping around in the palm trees."

"Okeh, then, if you know so much, just like God," said Johnny. "what are we going to be doing in 1948?"

"That's real easy. We'll be going to college, and we'll be engaged, and in love, too. . . ."

The fall of 1948 was just like any other fall on the University of Oregon campus. The locust trees bordering Thirteenth street were

the first whose leaves turned color; they dropped their gold pieces into the sunshine. But that autumn is worth mention, for it was then that Joan and Johnny entered college right according to prediction. Also, they were engaged—practically, that is—and they were in love.

They had been that way for a long time, you could tell that. They would spend all their free time with each other, and neither knew many people nor tried to meet them. When Joan and Johnny walked down the street together they didn't seem ever to be talking. They just walked, kind of like the concrete walk laid to be hard and enduring by E. A. Schmidt, contractor, was pink cotton candy. When they had coffee together, Joan didn't say, "Please pass the sugar." She just looked at Johnny, and he passed it.

But then came a change, a big though slow and subtle one. Joan was in a house, and she had to have three activities. The house

said so. That took a certain amount of time, and it was time away from Johnny, for he couldn't very well be on the girls' rally squad, and he wasn't interested in working on the Oregonian. Besides, he had no incentive to do so, for he would never get into Kwama no matter how hard he tried. He began to read books at the library.

Then one week about the middle of fall term, Joan gave Johnny a half hour lecture on the topic, "The Most Broadening Aspect of College Life Is the People One Meets." Johnny felt something ominous behind this. He agreed doubtfully and changed the subject.

About a week later, Joan let slip a remark: "I met the nicest Fiji at the dessert last night. He—" She broke off and looked contritely at Johnny. He said, rather sarcastically, that he was glad for her sake.

It wasn't long until Joan, one night when she was parked with