

THE DAILY . . .

goes undoubtedly to Student Union Director R. C. Williams—known campuswise as Dick—for his job-well-done on the corner of Thirteenth and University.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to Colliers magazine for almost ignoring the Webfoot ball team when picking leaders across the country. (Idaho was mentioned ahead of Oregon.)

(Ed. note: Our choice for outstanding contribution to the University of Oregon will receive The Daily "E" with each publication of the Emerald. In some cases, the winner will be obvious. Other times, an unknown will receive the "E" for his contribution. But each will be considered worthy in the collective eye of the editorial staff. The "Lemon" title, which will not be granted daily, is self-explanatory . . . let the lemon fall where it will.)

If Trivia Wins - You Lose

You newcomers on the Oregon green might ask yourself the question answered by Bryce Decker elsewhere on this page. (An oldtimer wouldn't be amiss trying it either).

What are you seeking at Oregon? Why did you come here instead of working in the bank—or department store—or service station after high school?

Decker wants an education that will help him "find a useful and satisfying place in society." He thinks maybe the key to world calm lies hidden on college bookshelves. He looks for new associations—athletic, social, and cultural activities.

If this young man is typical of your class of '54, you seem to be thinkers—more than the play-kids long deplored by sincere educators.

So advice from this Emerald editorial page may be your remotest need. But we've been told a formula that isn't in the chemistry books or math tables, and you may find it useful in the future.

Ask yourself the question Decker faced. Not just today—ask it after dinner Thursday night, before that English comp. midterm, on the way home for Thanksgiving vacation.

Set down some good answers on a mental memo.

And—above all—don't let the detail, the trivia, the shavings of life at the University of Oregon or any other college black out your answers.

There it is, Freshmen—come back in four years to tell us the formula worked.

You Name It -- Cub, SU, Erb

After 27 years of hollering, shouting, fund raising, planning, and just plain working hard, the student union is. It opens today with all the color and speeches and roaming around and ogling that such a structure deserves.

The freshmen can look forward to a student union for all four years of their college life—which makes the class of '54 about the luckiest class ever.

And now that we got the building—what are we going to call it?

It is unlikely that you will often hear someone say, "How about going over to the Donald Erb Memorial Union for a cup of coffee?"

And we can't very well call it the MU—a distinct steal from Oregon State.

You might try SU—but that's a little tricky to pronounce, particularly late at night or early in the morning.

It could be a name will develop, like WSC's "Cub."

We might even try calling the building "William's Palace," after Student Union director Dick Williams who is King of that particular castle.

It has even been suggested the building be called "The Big U." Or just plain "Union" might be all right, unless you're a civil war veteran.

But it does seem a pity we can't give some credit to the man who the building was named after—Donald Erb. This has the added advantage of being short and easily pronounced.

So, how about a cuppa coffee at the Erb this afternoon—D.S.

Robert Funk Philosophizes

When you write your first column for the Emerald fall term (traditionally) you start out "we remember when we



BOB Freshmen are finding new things, just as odd (here we interject a paternal chuckle.)

And it is customary to end such columns with some brave and snappy little statement such as "don't worry, you'll adjust." The "you'll" in this statement refers to the freshmen who you innocently assume spend their leisure moments reading such crud.

This "don't-worry-you'll-adjust" business is strictly untrue. Some people adjust. One time we heard about some people who did. But for the most part no one adjusts—they just get more un-adjusted (and if there is no such word that's all right, because we made up lots of words in last year's column and no one complained very much).

There is another subject that you traditionally mention in your first column, and that is what you are going to write about in your column for the rest of the year. There are many draw-backs to saying what you are going to write about for the rest of the year. You forget what you said you were going to write about, and can't find the paper you said it in, and people stop speaking to you at breakfast because they think you've been trying to mislead them.

And besides you never have the slightest idea what you are going to write about.

Now that we have talked about freshmen and what-we-will-write-about and all the traditional things we will become rash and say something un-traditional. Wow.

Just before we came back we went to a circus in our town, Ukiah, California (we never heard of the place you're from, either). Circuses aren't what they used to be. There were only two or three different things to eat, and we didn't even come near getting indigestion.

We always have liked circuses. Like a lot of other people, we used to want to join a circus, but we were not hard to dissuade. Parents of would-be tight-rope walkers and lion tamers may have had to use many arguments, but our parents had only to point out a few rather hard and fast rules of nature.

Because, when we joined the circus, we wanted to be an elephant.

Editorial by Invitation

He Came to College - But Why?

By BRYCE G. DECKER

(Editor's Note: Bryce G. Decker is a lanky, good-looking freshman, entering this fall from Creswell High School. He was a high school editor, but comes to Oregon with an eye to chemistry. When asked what he expects to obtain from the University, Decker answered in this feature fashion:)

His clothes are brand new, his shoes sparkle, and he is strangely conspicuous as he walks down Thirteenth street on the University of Oregon campus. Occasionally he pulls a worn piece of paper from his pocket and scrutinizes it for a moment.

Who is this stranger? He's a new freshman on the campus, and the piece of paper he's holding is a map—a campus guide.

Let's stop him right here on Thirteenth and ask this one: What does the new freshman at the University of Oregon expect to get out of college?

We'd like to know just what you, as a new student in the U. of O. expect to get out of your college career.

"That one covers a lot of territory," he answers, and goes on to say . . .

"First of all, I'd say that anyone who enters a college expects to get an education. That's the big thing, and by far the most important.

"To get the most out of an education will mean a lot of hard work, but if we stick to it, it will be worth it in the end, if it helps us to find a useful and satisfying place in society.

"We are also concerned about the unsettled conditions as they exist in the world today. Possibly here we can find some method of solving these problems and help avoid them in the future.

"Of course, we don't expect it to be all study, and classroom, and lab. We expect to get a kick out of school here at Oregon. We look forward to the athletic, social, and cultural activities that the University offers, as well as the many satisfying associations we hope to have with our friends."



THE WORD

By

Stan Turnbull

Undoubtedly you've all noticed that a new school year is starting, so we won't bring that up. As a matter of fact, a lot of magazines have also noticed that a new school year is starting, and they've already brought it up.

Like Flair, the new humor magazine. We've only seen one issue, but it must be a humor magazine—million laughs. The issue we saw, of course, was the "college review" issue. Get this, for example: "Among Western coeds an especially liberal interpretation of (late) permissions is . . . noticeable." Has to be a humor magazine. In case you haven't seen the issue (August) here's the word on it.

Mouton-collared topcoats are definitely "it"—"collegians find these coats recapture the rah rah of flash-era raccoon without as much weight." (Enabling the rah rah collegian to carry more flasks, we assume.) Don't think we college students all wear the same thing, though—we got variety. One young man, inevitably a 'Big Man on Campus"—has anyone ever heard this term used, outside of magazines?—wears, inevitably a tan gabardine slipover windbreaker, "while golfing, to classes, wherever and whenever he likes." Another penniless young collegian owns seven suits, "rather conservatively cut." In case you've never seen an Eton cap, with backstrap, there's one on page 36.

We really eat, too. The average college student gains pounds during freshman year.

And travel! Particularly us westerners—"Thinking of a seventy-mile motor trip for dinner and a night's rest, students at the drop of a Stetson are off on an airplane that poky Easterners would save for a weekend."

That's far from all. "Western men, many of whom possess their own planes, show a marked preference for folding money, and are frequently seen hightailing it in the direction of Reno or Las Vegas." Then there were the "two California students who went home to Alaska in their own sailboat." And of course, the "summer is alive with bicycles in purposeful fleets," thanks to something called Youth Hosteling.

But don't worry, parents—your children are not going to perdition. Not according to Flair, which has these words of reassurance: "Not that the kids are cutting classes, betraying school, home and country, going to hell (quote) or over the hill. It's just that a couple hundred miles now seems to be about the shortest weekend dash you can discuss over a Coke and keep your social standing."



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