

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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No Left Feet This Time

On this day of departure to a football weekend in Portland, we should say "rah."
But we won't.
Instead, we'll repeat the words Jim Aiken used at the rally Thursday morning. Not that anyone could put that voice on paper (there was the inevitable chuckle from the audience after his first few words yesterday.)
He recalled, "We had two left feet every time we turned around at UCLA." And the "rumbles and roars" of the UCLA student body didn't help our spirit either.
"But football is a game where you gotta be a fighter. That's the great thing about it. The underdog always has a chance."
"Hoping and conceding nothing" . . . that's what Aiken said we're doing.
And, you know, "Oregon has won a lot of games we're not supposed to win."

Panhellenic on Rushing

(Ed. Note: This week's "editorial by invitation" was written by Panhellenic President Joan White. She was asked to write it as a backward glance at the women's first rush week under Oregon's new living-in plan.)

Last spring term the Panhellenic Association of the University of Oregon voted to conduct fall rushing during registration week. The necessary arrangements were made with the dormitories and the University administration to avoid conflicts in the various schedules of each.

This was done for the following reasons: 1. It would not be necessary for Rushees and Sorority women to return to school a week early. 2. In order that rushing would assume its proper importance in their introduction to college life.

It is the opinion of some that too much emphasis is put on rush week when it preceeds registration week. 3. The dormitories would not have to be opened a week in advance for the convenience of girls participating in rushing.

From the viewpoint of the rushee it was a difficult week. We feel that registration and rushing were just a little too much for the rushee. However a more informal system of parties was adopted for their benefit.

The sorority women also had a busy week but they felt that the advantages of this new system outweighed the disadvantages.

However it was an experiment for all concerned and we feel sure that with a few alterations the same plan could be adopted for next Fall.

Panhellenic received splendid cooperation from the University, Mrs. Turnipseed and her helpers, Dick Williams and his staff in the Student Union, and others.

Next week the Panhellenic Executive Council will meet with the Women's Interhall Governing Board and make plans for the coming year that will affect pledges living in the dormitories. It is anticipated that a very constructive program will be worked out for the benefit of all.

The Second Cup . . .

Since the campus populace is about to make a tremendous exodus to yon Multnomah Stadium to watch its warriors do battle against the hated invaders from yon California, several selections on travel are called for:

Down to Gehenna or up to the throne, He travels fastest who travels alone. — Kipling

Good company in a journey makes the way seem shorter.—Walton

And one for victory—in case—:
Victories that are cheap are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting.—Beecher

Also one for defeat—in case—:
What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better.—Phillips. S. F.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

to Orides, off-campus women's organization, which broke grade records by earning a cumulative 3.1 spring term.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to Phi Sigma Kappa, for anchoring the spring term grade list.



Sky's The Limit

A Little Three-Two Oil For the Killing Machine

By Sam Fidman

The time has come to take a stand—put down a foot—and deal a pat hand. The U. S. prohibitionists are all wet!

Up until now, the whole temperance affair has been sort of a joke. But no more.

The time has come for all good men—especially those who stand in the shadows of the draft, reserve national guard—to launch an irrigation program. That is, make wet that which is intolerably dry.

For example, there is a union which aims to temper life down to a diet of watery soup and buttermilk (I like buttermilk), and who have called it unpatriotic to send b-e-e-r to the Korean front. (I like an occasional b-e-e-r, too.)

Our nation's defenders, these "do-gooders" claim, should at all times be at the peak of alertness. The idea is to send them guns and ammo—period. That it seems to us, is making a machine out of a man.

The parchers' reasoning would allow the government to drag a young American away from his family and home and friends—

things that are warm and real—and dump him in Korea.

After nine days on the front lines, where sleep is as rare as a fine jewel, and chow is, comparatively, only slop, he is pulled back for a rest. He can now sleep, and eat better prepared slop; but he is still a killing machine—no more. His reward is in not being killed, if he isn't.

Is the follow-through reasoning a bit far-fetched? No. Why in the devil take a simple pleasure away from a man—especially one who is in battle—just because a group of narrow-minded individuals wants to force their views on others. Somehow, catering to such whims does not seem American.

The American troops are not ordered to drink beer—each man has his choice. He can drink water (usually polluted in Korea by U. S. standards), or depend on the lye-like coffee that usually results under such conditions. At any rate, it certainly does not seem wrong that the tired, grimy foot-soldier be permitted at least the opportunity for a moment of Milwaukee's bubblest.

Campus Critic

Kelly, Garland Rescue MGM Barnyard Musical

By Don Smith



A bright lift for those of you who don't get to go to Portland this weekend is "Summer Stock", the technicolor musical at the Heilig.

If you don't get worried about detail, and you like burlesque, this latest technicolor nausea from MGM ought to please you mightily. Judy Garland is as wonderful as ever, and manages to be pleasantly happy and songful despite such low-rate comedians as Phil Silver.

Gene Kelly's dancing is tops, and Gloria DeHaven is beautiful to look at. Best comedian of the film is Eddie Bracken as a meek father-dominated country boy, and Marjorie Main as a smart country cook.

Best song numbers are the ones that naturally spring from the plot, rather than the contrived ones in the final production-within-the-production.

Judy, you see, runs a farm and Gene Kelly brings his troupe of actors out to her place to put on a show. So not only do you have people singing and dancing in farm-yards, on tractors, in kitchens, and under the shower—but also you get snatches of rehearsal scenes, and finally the polished production in Judy's barn.

That's where detail trouble comes in. All rehearsal scenes are about a South Sea island with South Sea songs, but the final production is an entirely different show from the one rehearsed. Also, the settings, lighting, costumes, and elaborate polish of the final production could be done nowhere but in Hollywood. But—details, schmetails.

The big movie news in Eugene this week is the return of

"Hamlet"—this time at prices for the proletariat. And after the weekend in Portland, it'll take regular prices to get students into the Mayflower before Wednesday, even to see Shakespeare done well.

Of course, for those in Portland who don't get enough action from Saturday's game, there is always "Macbeth," with Orson Welles, playing at the Music Box.

Letters

The Campus Answers

To the Editor:

The small yellow booklet given to each member of a Women's Residence Hall contains a section on "Dining Room Customs." This section appears extremely nonsensical to the average college woman.

If, by the time a young lady reaches college age, she has not learned the simple rudiments of "table manners," no amount of theoretical instruction will remedy the situation.

Realizing, from other sections ("The Halls are furnished beautifully with carpets, original paintings, —") that the booklet is intended for Carson Hall, it nevertheless seems rather silly to assume that, eating cafeteria style, the girls will be eager to remain until all have eaten, rise, stand at the table and sing the Oregon Pledge Song.

Does this mean that there should be a closing song after the evening meal in one's own home—to be correct?

The section on "Personal Appearance at Meal Time" is very well done; however these are things that every girl should already know. Any girl in her eighteenth year who has not yet learned to come to the table cleanly and neatly dressed, is indeed a "sad case."

Any girl capable of doing college work is capable, in my opinion, of realizing the difference in table manners between hogs and humans without the aid of the yellow booklet.

A. C.
Hendricks Hall

It Could Be Oregon

