

Oregon Daily EMERALD

THE OREGON DAILY EMERALD is published Monday through Friday during the college year except Oct. 29; Nov. 22, 23, 26; Dec. 5 through Jan. 3; Mar. 4 through April 1; and after May 29; with issues on Nov. 24 and May 10, by the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year, \$2 per term. Opinions expressed on the editorial page are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or of the University. Initialed editorials are written by the associate editors. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor.

LORNA LARSON, Editor **ABBOTT PAINE, Business Manager**
GRETCHEN GRONDAHL, BILL CLOTHIER, Associate Editors
GRETCHEN GREFE, Advertising Manager
PHIL BETTENS, Managing Editor
News Editor: Larry Hobart
Assistant Managing Editor: Bill Frye
Sports Editor: Phil Johnson
Night Editor: Sarah Turnbull
Ass't. News Editors: Al Karr, Kathleen Fraser, Bob Ford.

Hands Down on Hands Off Policy

We understand all the freshman men on the campus can say hello to fraternity men if they so desire. Without benefit of pledge pins, that is. This smacks of rank liberalism.

They can comment on the weather, discuss the world series, or blast the dormitory food before they say good-bye. They might even have a cup of coffee together. Just like ordinary people, we mean. Nobody cares during this fall term of 1951.

Lots of people cared last fall. Several times they cared to the tune of fifty dollars, a broken pledge and an utterly confused freshman. Such concern was due to the abortive "hands-off policy" of last fall which made it a near criminal offense for fraternity men to have even the briefest contact with prospective pledges.

We mention this because we consider it a sign of progress. Progress, of course, is relative and sometimes it's possible to end up behind where somebody else started from. But we think it's a rather nice idea, this freedom to be friendly.—B. C.

Let's Meet the Foreign Students

There's an opportunity for broader education on the Oregon campus that shouldn't be missed.

We don't mean education that you find in books; this education—and incidentally a lot of enjoyment—can be found by getting acquainted informally with the foreign students now enrolled in the University.

We understand from John D. Provart, foreign student adviser that approximately 100 students from all over the world are enrolled at Oregon now. Having met some of them, we know that they are extremely interesting and well informed on the situation in their native lands and throughout the world.

We have a tendency to insulate ourselves in a blanket of our own campus, or perhaps national interests and activities. If we are curious about the rest of the world, we are often limited to what we can read in books or periodicals.

What better way to get first-hand information on conditions in other lands than by talking to those who have lived there? In a small way, contacts such as these are the key to world understanding.

It is hoped that foreign and American students will get really well acquainted this year in informal, friendly relationships. It is all too easy to exploit our foreign students by asking them to speak at banquets and for programs, in a stilted, formal atmosphere. This is wasting half the value of a foreign student program, since it does not provide natural, relaxed contact.

Get acquainted with the foreign students in your classes, in your living organization. Or you can meet them through the Cosmopolitan club, which is open to all students, or at the foreign student reception, scheduled for Oct. 22. Most of them welcome an exchange of ideas and opinions with American students.

We don't want two student communities at Oregon this year—one composed of foreign students and the other of American students. We have a matchless opportunity for mutual understanding and recreation, valuable to foreign student and American alike. It's our hope that this opportunity will be utilized to the fullest this year.—G. G.

From the Morgue...

5 YEARS AGO
 Sept. 25, 1946—More than 5400 students had registered for fall term as of today, according to C. V. Harvey, registrar.
 Plans are now being formulated for a funds drive for the construction of a new student union.
 A new program instituted on the campus this year is an Air Force ROTC curriculum.
10 YEARS AGO
 Sept. 25, 1941—Appointment of Lyle Nelson as Old Oregon editor was announced today.
 Oregonians are now on sale for \$5. Persons buying athletic cards will be allowed a \$1 discount.

Aside from the News

Everything but the Red Carpet For the Freshmen This Year

By Bill Frye

A note to upperclassmen: If you're in doubt about parking regulations on the campus, or you don't understand the rudiments of student government, or you think spirit has taken a lam, then you'd better acquaint yourselves with the youngsters who make up the Class of '55. They've got the answers and the fire of Vesuvius.



Once upon a time it was nice to think you had all the dope and it was proper to smile wisely at all the little first-year boys and girls and play the answer-man. That was back when freshmen depended on the college-wise and counselors were little known and even less sought after for info and advice.

Even as little as a year ago counselors hardly earned their salt. They were the "big bad wolf" in the dormitory system, looked on more often than not by their charges as the embodiment of everything distasteful in dorm life or as the carriers of quotations dug from the administration's book of rules and regulations.

But this year a bunch of specially-picked counselors perspired their way through a week of

meetings, lectures, reading guide books, and memorizing tactics and rules, then went back to the dorms to spend another week draining off some of their recently acquired knowledge on some 1,700 eager freshmen. Bang! It happens. By the end of freshman week we have what is probably the best informed, best spirited first-year class in University history. Take the word of the wheels in Emerald hall; they're still squealing with delight over the results of only a week under the new orientation program.

And what else could they expect? The ex-preppers were given everything from hints on table manners and traditions to the lowdown on scholastic requirements and how to keep out of the army. Throw all this and more at them and top it off with a class picnic the first thing and you have the makings of a close-knit organization and a group of students more mentally prepared to accept the University and its ways than used to be the case.

It took a little while to get this so-called freshmen orientation week to the point where it was even worth having, and there's still room for improvement, but if we have "war maneuvers" on Howe field or promising frosh athletes pulling stakes or anything else similar to the little escapades of last year, I'll eat this page.

Music, Music, Music

Same Old Tune

By John Rooney
 After foisting a summerful of atrocious filmicals on us, it would seem Hollywood would either give up or buy some new stories and ideas. With the amount of talent, money, and energy, filmdom could, if they would, stop underestimating the general public, present something worthwhile.
 Witness the trash thrown out the past three months. Out of a film pot full there was perhaps one good feature. The rest were the same lousy stories, plots, etc., with songs tossed in anywhere, and many times in completely asinine places.
 Trend of the same type musical is to continue though—unless the public really starts staying away. Paramount's next big opus is "Somebody Loves Me," in which Betty Hutton will star. Warner Brothers will bring out "I'll See You in My Dreams," with Danny Thomas, a fine comedian not used enough, playing Gus Kahn, and Doris Day (which is reason enough to see the picture).
 Anent musicals, MGM, which will bring out "The Romberg Story," has finally admitted Ava Gardner didn't sing Julie's songs in "Showboat." Hassle was strong about that for awhile. Actually Frankie's girl friend did sing one song, "Bill," while Annette Warren, one of the unknown song dubbers, filled in "Can't Help Loving Dat Man."
 MGM finally pulled Miss Gardner's only vocal sound track from the film and the prints in general release have Annette Warren's voice on both of Ava's songs. Maybe someday they'll fix it so Hollywood folk won't have to go to the studio but can have someone else act for them also.
 Most refreshing singer that an established disc company has brought out in the past few months is Champ Butler. Catch him on Columbia's issue of "Them There Eyes," and then to his treatment of "Down Under," a rag tune. The guy is versatile. Definitely a welcome relief from the camp followers of Ekstine, Crosby, Laine, etc.
 Another in this category is the Piano Moods album put out by Stan Freeman on Columbia. Includes such oldies as "Cabin in the Sky," "Gone With the Wind," "Dancing on the Ceiling." Best one of an all great collection is possibly "I'll Take Romance," a lush arrangement that not only is treated with extreme care, but it shows what a skilled "legit" pianist can do in the jazz field, if and when he wants to.

A Day at the Zoo

Early Bird May Get Worm But Who Gives A Hang

By Bob Funk

Getting up at 7 a.m. is still the peachy experience that it always has been. There is absolutely nothing wrong with getting up at seven IF: (1) you are mistaking the hour for noon, and upon discovery of this error will go right back to bed; (2) you went to bed at 9 the previous evening after reading three pages of How to Study; (3) you're nuts.

It has been the downfall of many an incipient scholar that scholarship begins at 8 a.m. The only persons who think clearly at 8 a.m. are young freshman girls who have been up since five brushing their teeth and smiling at things like that. The rest of us wake up half way thru the lecture on Slight Introduction to Possible Ideas to find that we have neglected to take the toothbrush out of our mouths. This is or is not a tragedy, depending on how stiff the bristles are.



There are benefits to be reaped by Oregon's earliest and darkest hour, however. Anyone who has written for that fountain of knowledge and pertinent information, the Oregon Daily Emerald, knows the sense of security it gives one to realize that the reader, after all, will be reading only with the lower half of one eye, and at that half-mast state will hardly be likely to ferret out a split infinitive.

We have never been able to quite fit breakfast into the general scheme of getting up. A stomach (ours, at least) is something not to be disturbed until much later in the day. There is nothing more indignant than a 7 a.m. stomach that has just had a hotcake dumped into it. Your stomach, maybe, is one of those early birds that is up practicing digestion long before sunrise; ours is a bit diffident, and often saves the entire week's

food supply to be digested on Saturday.

Seven a.m. is the hour of mankind's greatest challenge. It is at that time we decide whether education is worth sacrificing a pillow and the prone position. In our own befuddled mind, education always loses.

To change the subject—after a week and a half of orientation the freshman should either be awfully well oriented or sorry that they didn't marry immediately upon graduating from high school. It is impressive to know the shortest route from Villard to ROTC—but do you really want to know?



An' so th' travelin' salesman said to the farmer's daughter—"