

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Guest Editorial...

Orientation--Success or Failure?

In trying to evaluate the Orientation program it is necessary to consider the goals we had in mind as we planned the program. The Oregon Plan seeks a program whereby new students will become "familiar with the various phases of campus life." They will learn what is expected of them, what is offered and what routine of college life is, which will, in turn, inculcate the Oregon spirit.

Whether or not the Orientation program this year has succeeded in reaching these goals is a matter to be considered both now and throughout the four years these freshmen are on the campus.

It is hoped the opening assembly, with official welcome, gave a broad view of the academic opportunities and that the singing of the pledge song began the process of instilling the Oregon spirit.

The student affairs assembly most certainly succeeded in introducing key administrative personnel and in answering many questions that face all students.

The picnic and ASUO assembly were grouped together for an evening of fun. The Orientation committee is very proud of the success of the picnic—the food, entertainment and atmosphere were ideal, it seemed to us. The ASUO assembly presented many of the activity groups on campus. The diversification of their skits and of the activities presented was instrumental in the success of the assembly.

The rally on Thursday was well timed and important, we thought, to a thorough presentation of college activities. That night the Hello Dance was held in the S.U. and we have nothing but many thanks to the S.U. Board for handling the dance so well.

We feel that the dorm meetings after the assemblies were well handled in that many questions were asked and answered properly. We are particularly pleased with the discussions held on student government in the dorms.

Our program of events also answered many questions and solved a long existing problem by consolidating scheduled events. Our welcoming letter was not the success that it might have been since the per cent of questionnaires returned was small.

As a whole we feel the new students are better oriented than they have been in the past years. The coordination of administrative and student aims was certainly successful, in our minds, and we hope that in future years the records we are leaving will help in planning even more complete and successful orientation weeks.

Jean Gould, Orientation Chairman

Let's Have Action

We need some law enforcement around here. Laws are made for everyone, not just certain individuals, and it has come to our attention that the great majority of the students on the Oregon campus consistently violate a state law.

They smoke cigarettes. That's agin the law. Has been since 1917. And a university student should be no more exempt from the law's provisions than the discharged soldier in Portland who is charged with having the vile weed in his possession.

For some reason or other the Portlander's hearing has been postponed by Judge J. J. Quillin. We don't know why. Looks like an open and shut case to us.

The law says its a misdemeanor for a minor to smoke, use, or be in possession of even one cigarette. The law also defines a minor in Oregon as a person under 21 years of age.

Lock him up, Judge. Throw the book at him. And send the state militia (if they're old enough), and a special train down here for the rest of the law breakers.

Our congratulations to the Portland police. They're really reaching.—B. C.

A Day at the Zoo

Quadruple Etas Get Up Early To Meet Pledges, Plant Anchors

By Bob Funk

EDIT — Day at zoo It was four in the morning and they were all standing out on the front porch singing "Anchored in Quadruple Eta." Far across the campus laughter could be heard from the place where the president of Pan-hellenic was shuffling bids.

"But where-ever fate may lead us, we are Quadruple Etas still." The last strains of the song fell heavily among the shrubbery, and the Pledge Greeting chairman stepped forward.

"The starting lineup for Quadruple Eta is as follows: at left guard, Gulch; Left tackle, Moopson; Left end, Arg . . ." and more of the same.

A number of trial runs were made shortly thereafter. One of the girls executed a particularly effective flying tackle on the milkman, and the paper boy was left in three assorted parts among the rose bushes. The sisters were ready for the Hour of Hospitality.

As the hour approached the house president began jumping up and down, sobbing hysterically. She was emulated in this action by the entire exec council. The Committee for Screaming let out a few practice shouts. Everyone was in tiptop shape.

"Here she comes!" yelled the lookout, who was stationed in a nearby tree. The entire assemblage left off the porch and sprinted down the street. The Pledge Mistress waved a ribbon attached to a four-inch pin in her left hand. The screamers rent the morning with the sound of greeting, and the house president wept copiously all the way down the sidewalk. It was really beautiful.

The "she" turned out to be someone who was pledging a sorority on up the street, but the greeting chairman said it had been one of the best greetings since she had been in the house.

A hearty half-hour was spent in greeting new Quadruple Etas, who were later carried into the living room and given artificial respiration by the housemother. The house president had an epileptic fit when a pledge appeared who had been rumored to be going Double Chi. Everyone said that this was undoubtedly the best house president ever.



The greeting completed, an impressive ceremony was held in the house, at which time the new pledges were given large half-ton anchors as pledge pins.

"Wear your anchor proudly," vibrated the Pledge Mistress, "that everyone on campus may know you are a Quadruple Eta." The pledge ceremony being ended, everyone leaned on everyone else and sobbed emotionally. It was the most wonderful time in all their lives.

--To the Editor-- Rally Squad's Thanks

To the Editor: We would like to express our appreciation to the students that met the team on their return from Stockton. Last Saturday was rough, but quoting tackle Jerry Shaw, "You'll never know how much the squad appreciated their welcome home." The roar that met the train was a great shot in the arm to a fighting crew that's out to beat Washington. On Saturday afternoon let's show Portland, our team, and ourselves that there's lot's more where that came from.

The rally squad

Who's Veblum?

To the Editor: Who, may I ask, is this Thorstein Veblum character whose name was plastered all over the front page of the Oct. 5 Emerald? Perhaps I am mistaken, but this theory of the leisure class ascribed to Veblum sounds suspiciously like that originated by the prominent economist Thorstein Veblen. Surely the Emerald staff writers and proof-readers are not all so grievously unaware of the proper spelling of the name of such a famous person.

As long as I am criticizing Emerald writers, I might as well ask where Mr. Dignan got the idea that Tito is a strong anti-Communist, as implied in his Oct. 4 column. The fact of the matter is that Tito claims to be the only true Communist, since nowhere in Communist doctrine can there be found any justification for Stalin's suppression and exploitation of other countries, nor for the use of the Soviet Union as a base of operations for Communism.

Martin Meadows
B 24 Stan Ray Hall

No G.I. Bill



"Don't rib Ed about not having a satchel—He's been perty hard up this first semester of Law School."

Our Visitors Speak

German Student Tells of Schools

Ed. Note: Dr. Walter Schwarzlose, author of this article, is a German newspaperman studying journalism on the university campus under a US state department sponsored program. He received his doctor of philosophy degree from Munster University, Westphalia, Germany. He has worked on the Westfaelische Nachrichten, a daily newspaper in Westphalia.)

By Dr. Walter Schwarzlose Perhaps you know much about Western-German universities and university life in 1951 because many foreign students—including American—have visited university towns during vacation courses or as regular students. Therefore it might be of interest to you to hear a report on the conditions just after the war, when the universities tried to open their lecture rooms for a new start into a new area.

I'll try to give you an impression of the post-war situation of Munster University in Westphalia, Germany, because I know it best. I am going to tell you no stories but give you some facts.

Besides Kiel, Munster was the most heavily war-damaged university in the British zone and lectures were held in the slightly damaged university clinics. Tutorials were held in hastily-patched rooms, professors' houses, or a few rooms in public buildings.

The distances between lecture rooms were great and the "academic quarter hour's break" between lectures was necessary to enable successive lectures to be attended. One was lucky if one could get a seat and was content even to be allowed to crouch on the window ledges to take lecture notes among 200 to 300 fellow students.

These unfortunate limitations of space made it necessary to introduce a "numerus clausus"—only 10 per cent of applicants to the university could be admitted unless an exceptionally large number of people graduated together.

Munster was 60 per cent destroyed and many students could not find lodgings in the town. They therefore traveled daily in overcrowded trains—sometimes the only vacant place was on the running board—to get to their lectures. A few women students lived in barracks, an hour's train ride distant, and some students were housed in a converted air-raid shelter in the town.

If one further considers the insufficient nourishment, the bad clothing situation and financial worries, the picture looked black indeed. Despite this, however, a strong love of learning and a real intellectual life existed—and exists today—in the university. Many student associations have been founded: religious political, cultural, and an English club and an international student association. They all helped to unify again the torn life of the university.

The university is under the control—but you don't feel it—of the education department of the British military government. The university control officer—a very official title, but he is a friendly man—holds weekly consultations, where any student can discuss his problems. The officer is seldom absent from student activities, whether they are in the realm of discussion and debate, or of a most festive nature.

Munster started with about 2500 students in the summer term of 1946. Today there are 5000. Only two figures, but they demonstrate that university life in Munster has attained the pre-war standard.

The students themselves did a good deal to rebuild the university. In the first three years after the war every fresher had to spend several months in clearing rubble and breaking stones, every post-intermediate student exchanged pencil for spade one week per year to do his "clearance service."