

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Apathy-- The Same Old Story

It's an old, old story—and it's sadder every time. Student apathy toward their own student government has again resulted in the extension of the petition deadline for an ASUO office because not enough students bothered to petition. To be specific, there were no petitions as of Wednesday morning for the post of senator-at-large, with the deadline set at 5 p.m.

So ASUO President Bill Carey did the natural thing—he extended the deadline to 4 p.m. Friday.

The fact that the extension was necessary is particularly alarming to those who are interested in student government because this time, petitioning was open to members of every class without restriction other than scholastic.

What's the matter here? Isn't Oregon's student government interesting or challenging enough to stir even a handful of students out of their slumber?

We've heard plenty of gripes about the senate, which is natural enough for any student government body. We only wish some of those who have been doing the squawking would pick themselves up and try for a position in which they could do something about it.

It may be trying to the patience of the Senate interviewers, but we hope—with wild-eyed idealism, no doubt—that they're flooded with petitions Friday.—G. G.

A Contract That Isn't a Contract

Iowa has found a new coach. Washington State is looking for one. And this all serves to bring up a certain moral question.

Forest Evashevski resigns from his coaching position despite the fact that he has a five-year contract that's only two years old. That seems fair enough. He saw a chance for advancement and he took that chance.

But what if the shoe had been on the other hoof? What if he hadn't turned out "the best Cougar football team in 20 years?" What if Washington State college had decided that they wanted to dispense with Evashevski's services? If the college had decided that, it would have found itself forced to buy up the remainder of the coach's contract.

That may seem fair also. After all, the school has a much greater financial backing than will any individual. The school can afford to buy a contract, while few individuals could afford this luxury.

But why should these coaching agreements be called contracts if they aren't. A contract is supposed to be binding on two parties. But the school or team carries all the load when it makes one of these "contracts." (The same might be said of the agreements between athletic teams and baseball managers or hockey coaches.

It's true that the coach needs protection from unfair manipulation by university administrators and alumni. It's equally true that the Evashevski case may be a special one because of Washington State's spotty record in dealing with its athletic administrative personnel. But we think that the school rates some consideration when it hires a coach.—D. D.

A Texas Parking Tale

Oregon isn't the only school in the country where some members of the faculty may be a bit unhappy with special parking privileges granted to a select few. Down at the University of Texas the Weekly Shillelagh, published by the University Club, had a plan to "recognize" faculty members with restricted parking permits.

Seems a recent ruling there permits only faculty members earning \$220 or more per month entrance to the parking permit elite.

The weekly, being on its toes, set up a Committee on Monetary Embodiment of Dignity and Distinction, the Daily Texan tells us. The committee's duties: To assemble for publication the names and salaries of all faculty members in the chosen group.

Not content to merely publish the names, the Shillelagh came up with an original one. They would run the names in type sizes corresponding to the individual's salary. "The bigger the salary, the bigger the type," said the enterprising weekly.

We'll bet there are some learned men amongst us who, after backing out of the Friendly lot, futilely touring the Emerald hall space, finally parking down by Hayward field, and then walking back past all the empty stalls with the neat placards on them in the Johnson hall lot, would welcome some means of taking a crack at Oregon's parking elite.

A Day at the Zoo

Frosh Men: Here's the 'Inside' Story on Fraternity Rush Week

By Bob Funk

"Now clean it up, but not TOO clean," the rushing chairman said. "After all, this is supposed to be a fraternity house." All morning they had been scattering tasteful arrangements of tennis shoes, footballs, baseball bats and sweat shirts around downstairs. Now it was almost noon, time for the rushees to come.



BOB FUNK

"Is everyone wearing ASUO sox?" the house president barked. Everyone was. Everyone's ASUO sox had holes in them. It was more fraternity that way.

"Here come the rushees," the rushing chairman crowed as some small, apprehensive persons edged up the front sidewalk. "Assume false smiles!" he ordered. "You over there—be giving each other the secret grip! Someone start reciting the chapters beginning with Alpha. Assume typical fraternity poses!" One of the more sensitive members ran upstairs and was violently ill.

As the rushees entered the front door there was a small embarrassed flurry as the house dog bit one of them right in his ASUO sox. False smiles and typical fraternity poses were maintained on all sides, however, and the general hand-shaking and mumbling-of-names began.

"Where are you from?" a fraternity member would ask.

"Well, I'm from—" "Oh, fine little town! Spent a summer there, ha-ha-ha. Some nice girls around there, ha-ha-ha. Got drunk twenty times, ha-ha-ha." At this point everyone would slap everyone else heartily on the back. This was to show how fraternal and good-fellowly everyone was.

A bell sounded and a group of men began singing a fraternity song about the founders. Actually no one knew any real fraternity songs. They were just making it up as they went along. They sang the same song in loud voices for 45 minutes, although along toward the end the tune and lyrics became suspiciously similar to "On the Leland Stanford Junior Varsity Farm."

Upstairs, a part of the membership was dragging rushees through rooms. They approached a tier of nine-decker beds. "These are the pads," a large member explained. "Try one!" He pushed a small rushee into the bottom bunk. The other members quickly strapped him down and stapled a pledge pin onto his chest.

"Welcome into the brotherhood!" the large member shouted, his voice full of hearty good humor.

"Yes, welcome into the brotherhood!" all the other members repeated, their voices also full of

hearty good humor. Everyone wiped fraternal tears from their eyes, then re-assumed false smiles.

After a time everyone went in to lunch. The members of the fraternity jumped up every six and one-quarter minutes to sing hearty songs. It was necessary to stand to sing the songs, since all the other fraternities stood to sing similar songs. During some songs you folded your arms over your chest. If you did not have a chest you put your hands in your pockets. During other songs you stamped your feet. At one point in the last song everyone threw their salad up in the air. All the salads landed on the rushees. It was really awfully effective.

After lunch they sat in the living room. The fraternity members sat down carefully so that their ASUO sox showed. The rushees did not sit down. They milled nervously about in the middle of the room.

When it was time to go a brass band appeared and played some stirring fraternity music. The fraternity members stood upon one another's shoulders and yelled "We'll see you again this evening!"

Deep in their withered hearts, the rushees doubted that very much.

On the Air...

Radio Plans 'Colonel' Interviews

By Don Collin

As reported here last week, the band for the Military Ball will be King Perry. Ken Lomax of KUGN's "Carousel" (Saturday 10:15 p.m. to midnight) will play two of Perry's records—"Blue and Lonesome" and "Natural Born Lover."

Next week a local station will carry interviews with the candidates for the Little Colonel and possibly a half-hour show from the Military Ball in the Student Union.

"University Explorer" (KERG 10:15 a.m. Sunday) gives the second of a series of two broadcasts about quacks in medicine. It's narrated by Hales Sparks, intermission announcer for the "Standard Hour" (KUGN 8:30 p.m. Sunday.) Also Sunday, "People's Platform" discusses the President's State of the Union Message (delivered to Congress Wednesday) on KERG at 9 a.m.

Letters to the Editor

Emerald Editor:

It has occurred to me during the first three months of my stay on this campus, that anything "cosmopolitan" or "international" seems suspicious and frightens the American students. It is really a great pity, for the foreign students from 30 different lands have come to learn about America and Americans.

There is nothing frightening about us and we should like to see you come to our Cosmopolitan Club, which is meant to be YOUR club as much as ours.

We believe you would like to learn about our countries just as much as we like to learn about yours. Therefore, we intend to show movies from France, Holland, Switzerland and other countries from all parts of the world. Dancing, entertainment, coffee and cookies are provided at every meeting.

Become the friends of your guests on the campus. They will be glad to see you and later on to show you around their own countries when you come to Europe or Asia.

Bring your dates or come stag. We would like to see the U.S. students at our opening night next Friday at the Plymouth House from 8 p.m. to 12 midnight. If there is a game, come after the game.

Marc Delemme

From the Morque...

30 YEARS AGO

Jan. 10, 1922—The honor system, for the first time, came into the life of the University of Oregon yesterday, when two law school students were expelled by the University for cheating on term examinations.

The action was taken after a student committee recommended expulsion. The law school student body convicted the two students.

15 YEARS AGO

Jan. 10, 1937—"Iron Mike" Mikulak was named as Oregon's backfield coach. The athletic board also approved the recommendation of Head Coach Frink Collison that Gene Shields, Dick Reed and John Warren be added to the football coaching staff.

Hidden Desire?



"Good morning, Professor Snarf!"