

Oregon Daily EMERALD

A Day at the Zoo

Call for Petitions for Campus Revolt

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Ounce of Prevention

Fire is no joke. It can be pretty serious business. Fire drills can make it a little less dangerous, they're not jokes either. Ask the pupils at Francis Willard school—they know.

Sure, you guys are older than that—but we wonder if you're acting that way.

We're speaking to the men's living organizations who are not co-operating with the Eugene fire department and the disaster committee of the campus Red Cross in their campaign to hold one fire drill a term in each living organization.

Fire drills are held in the University-owned dormitories as a matter of course. The fire department and the Red Cross would like to see them a regular thing in the other living organizations. We think it's a good idea.

Women's organizations have reportedly co-operated very well, most of them having already held this term's drill.

But Campbell club, Philadelphia house and Sigma Nu are the only men's houses that have displayed any effort to co-operate.

The rest have said it's silly, or takes too much time, or they haven't said anything. And haven't done anything either.

Sure, it seems silly now maybe. It might not some night when you wake up with the sleeping porch on fire and aren't sure how to get out.

Think it over, fellows. (J.W.)

We're Not Convinced

We were pleased to see the ASUO senate tie into the question of athletic cards and identification for admittance to Mac court.

We sat in on the senate meeting when Leo Harris came down to talk to the group. And that pleased us too. The senate has been playing around with the idea of having Mr. Harris in to discuss student-athletic department problems all year.

And it pleased us to see students going right to the "top guy" to get at the problem. It's good when an administrative official comes down and lays out the facts to this student group.

But we don't feel that we have all the facts yet.

We'd like to know more about the cost of having pictures printed on student body cards. We'd like to know if students at other campuses still transfer cards with these pictures. We'd like to know how other schools handle the problem which would be involved in registration.

We think the senate committee is headed in the right direction by sending a letter off to WSC. We suggest they also try OSC, University of Washington, and the University of Southern Cal to get more information and opinions. These schools all print pictures on their athletic cards.

And we're still firmly convinced that pictures will cut down transfer of athletic cards. We talked to students at Corvallis last weekend and they turned "thumbs down" on loaning of their pictured cards.

Even if you can occasionally use a card with a picture because the pictures are blurred and such small print, we feel the idea has the same merit that the use of radar has in traffic control. Every car isn't going to be stopped for speeding, but the psychological effect of that device is tremendous in speed zoned areas.

Letters to the Editor

"My Business"

Emerald Editor: The most startling views expressed by Mr. Herman Lind in his letter to the editor of March 2nd cannot go unanswered. The gravamen of Mr. Lind's letter concerning discrimination clauses in fraternity constitutions was, "that the business of each organization and the internal regulation of every organization is that organization's business only . . . repeat for emphasis, ONLY." The logical result of such reasoning, Mr. Lind, seems to be that if it is a fraternity's own business what kind of restrictions they have on their membership, it is an employer's own business who he wishes to hire, and likewise a restaurant owner's own business who he wishes to serve, but, you see, in any of the above three situations, if one of the deter-

mining factors in deciding who shall be allowed to join, who shall be hired, or who shall be served, is the race of the person or persons being considered, it is racial discrimination, and it does become "my business," and your business too, Mr. Lind, if you wish to speak out against it. Public outcry against intolerance and discrimination, whether or not you are a member of the organization practicing it, is a fundamental right in a democratic country. The problem is, how can we expect to eliminate discrimination in the business world if we cannot defeat it in the colleges and universities where the businessmen are being trained. It seems to me that discrimination clauses in fraternity constitutions presents ample grounds for concern, and for all of us making it "our business" if we wish. James C. Goode

by Bob Funk
Emerald Columnist

If you think a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, you have failed to reckon with the influence of advertising upon the sense of smell—

—from Psychology and Semantics.

(Synopsis of preceding installment: Little did THELGA SLURM know as she entered Amiable Hall that her head was about to be severed by a Shakespeare Variorum dropped by a subversive. Her decapitation was grisly, but provided good copy for the University Daily Birthstone—and good reading for Student Body President IGNACE RONGSISTER and campus beauty JANET PLANET. While IGNACE and JANET sat in the student union reading the paper, they were approached by ALICE MALICE, Communist spy. They were disturbed, alarmed.)

"I've never known a Communist spy," pondered Ignace. "Is your organization national?"

"International," whispered Alice seductively. "Oh!" caroled Janet, who was beginning to perceive the Truth, "that means you must have chapters in Canada!" She frowned. "But you're not wearing your pin! OUR girls always wear their pins for identification, you know."

"Yes, how careless of me," agreed Alice. "You never know when you're going to meet another Communist spy, maybe from YOUR HOME chapter." She shifted the knife she was holding in her teeth.

"But the business at hand," said Alice, "is a little plan Karl Marx and I thought up. The general deal is that all us proletarians will arise, resist, revolt, and just mess up in general. We'll carry signs that say 'DIRTY CAPITALISTS GO TO MAX'S' and we'll burn Villard hall."

"Well," said Janet, "I don't know about Karl Marx (she thought he might have been a founder of a Miami Triad fraternity), but I think the whole sounds just a little ungracious."

"Sort of like a revolution," said Ignace nervously. He had taken a history course. "Not a revolution," soothed

Alice. "It will be a celebration, sort of like Junior Weekend. We'll ask Mortar Board to tap." Her argument was a telling one. In Janet's mind, she was already a Committee Chairman for the All-Campus Revolution. As for Ignace, he could see himself before the student senate, saying grandly, "The first petitioner for chairman of the All-Campus Revolution is . . ."

"The first thing," said Alice, "is to form a committee. Only we'll call it a cell." And they composed a notice for the University Birthstone, which read as follows:

"Campus Shorts: (big black dot) Petitions for committee chairmen for the All-Campus Revolution are due Tuesday, at 3 p. m., according to Ignace Rongsister, student body president. They may be turned in to Alice Malice at the Moss Street sewer; or Janet Planet, at the Quadruple Eta sorority house."

Meanwhile in the nation's capital, Senator Deuteronomy Squirm was sticking pins into a wax figure of the Secretary of the Army. His mind, however, was on a report from the far West; a report of subversive activity on a University campus. A faculty member had been killed by a falling Shakespeare Variorum. Very bad business, Squirm thought. Was Shakespeare a Communist? Shakespeare had been a writer, and Squirm had found through sad, sad, experience that most writers were Communists.

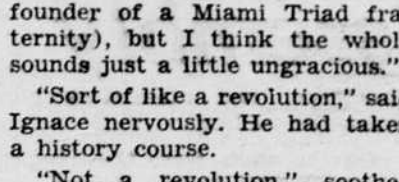
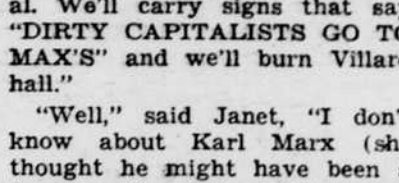
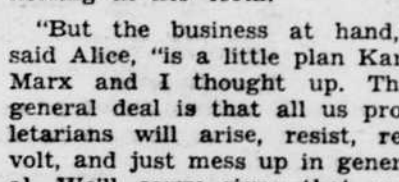
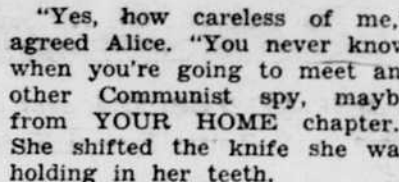
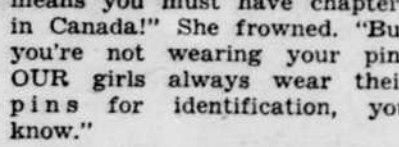
Squirm squirmed uncomfortably. He could not just sit there in Washington, pushing pins into wax figures. He must save the people. He had a reputation for saving the people; it was nurtured by the Chicago Daily Typhoon the way fertilizer nurtures a flower. There was a song the committee members sang:

"Squirm will save us,
This we know;
For the Typhoon
Tells us so."

He sang it softly to himself. Squirm stuck one last pin into the Secretary of the Army, and another into a Methodist bishop just for good measure, and then went out to buy railroad tickets for the Far West and—Un-American activities.

(Next week: The Pioneer Father and Mother—a Frustrated Romance (we meant to have it this week but could not seem to weave it into the plot); Senator Squirm to the West; New Members for the Communist International Social Fraternity.)

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