

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

A DAY AT THE ZOO Education Turnabout

Uninvited Guest

Do you have a date with Fire for your house dance this weekend?

Fire may be your uninvited guest if proper precautions have not been taken on the decorations.

A Eugene city ordinance requires that all dance decorations except the floor covering be flame proofed. The local fire department has requested that all basic safety precautions be taken and all exits cleared.

And Saturday morning they'll check those decorations. Those which don't pass the inspection may be removed. The firemen don't want to spend Saturday evening fighting a campus equivalent of the Coconut Grove fire of some years ago.

The fire prevention bureau has listed two formulas, one for treating papers, one for treating cloth, which may be used to fire proof decorations. They have also recommended use of fireproof crepe paper.

Whether their recommendations are carried out or not is up to the houses involved. They may find themselves without decorations for their dance.

At any rate, let's hope that fire and inadequate fire precautions don't break any dates Saturday night. —(S.R.)

Just a Game?

Oregon students know little and care less about the activities of student government.

An informal random sample of student opinion taken by the Emerald and reported in Tuesday's paper indicated an appalling ignorance of the affairs of student government on the part of Oregon students. Worse yet, it indicated a general apathy.

True, the sample was of less than 50 students, but some assumptions can be drawn from it.

The answers to the question, "Do you believe that University of Oregon students have an adequate voice in self-government?" were not startling. The answers clearly showed the existence of two schools of thought on the subject: The "cynical" group, or that which believes that student government is a game or a puppet group with no real power; and the "optimistic" group, which believes that student government has the power to regulate student activities and to assist in the formulation of administrative policies which affect the students.

The shocking element of the poll was that 13 persons declined to comment, presumably because of ignorance of the subject, and seven more admitted that they did not know enough about the subject to make any comment.

Under an administration as liberal as Oregon's, student government can be much more than a game.

Perhaps the strongest point of student government at the University of Oregon is the student-faculty committee system, whereby students have an active voice in administrative matters which concern them.

Through these committees, students take an active part in the formulation of student affairs policies, exercise authority in disciplinary matters, and take part in such activities as the selection of University assembly speakers.

The ASUO senate, functioning in many cases as an investigative body, has consistently fought for important campus issues. The senate has kept the Millrace issue alive over the years, it investigated last year's basketball "inquisition," and it will soon review the University athletic recognition policy. The senate also sponsors, in conjunction with the University, such activities as Dads' day, Junior Weekend, and Homecoming.

Another positive value of student govern-

ment is the role it plays in developing leadership. Many successful politicians got their start in student government.

But in the long run, student government can be no more than the students make it. Through student government, the students can make themselves heard if they will, and through active participation in it, they can make student government one of the most useful activities of their college careers and much more than just a game.—(J.H.)

Still a Friend

Few students recognized him when he appeared on campus; fewer knew him well enough to speak to him. Yet, he played a vital part in the development of the University through the last quarter century.

He is William Tugman, late editor of the Eugene Register-Guard, now editor-publisher of the Port Umpqua Courier in Reedsport.

Tugman's connection through the years with the University was not of such a nature that he could become well-known by the students. True, he was a visiting lecturer in journalism since 1946, but his real influence was displayed through the editorial columns of the Register-Guard.

Under Tugman's editorship, the Register-Guard has been a consistent champion of the University—not so much in opposition to the claims of other educational institutions throughout the state, but rather as a vital member of the Eugene community. For Tugman was first of all a man of the community and he realized the important part the University plays in that community.

A chronological listing of the contributions Tugman made toward the University through his editorials is beyond the scope of the present writer—and perhaps this would not tell the real story of William Tugman and the University anyway. It is enough to point to his efforts during the depression to maintain the University at Eugene and his recent efforts in behalf of Millrace restoration.

We've heard it said—since Tugman left the Register-Guard—that the University has lost a friend. We don't think so. For wherever he goes and in whatever capacity he serves, the long-time Eugene editor will remain an active supporter of the University. We won't forget him—we're sure he won't forget us.

A Day Like Wednesday

Almost every Emerald editor, at one time or another, has probably written an editorial about the weather. So far, we've resisted the temptation.

But Wednesday morning the sun was shining too brightly, the air was too brisk and invigorating, the sky too cloudless to resist any longer (and besides there was an empty space on the edit page). An editorial on the weather was definitely in order.

What is it about the weather that can so profoundly affect a student's attitude toward classes and studying?

On one of the gray, drizzling mornings that confront us so often anytime between October and April, it is almost sure torture to drag off to class. Even the most stimulating lecturer can fail to cast a spell over the depressed class. A trip to the library through the rain becomes a dreaded excursion.

The trip up to campus and the walk over to the library is sheer pleasure. But then there is the temptation to quit it all—take off for a long drive in the country, call up a few friends to plan an out-of-season picnic.

Rain or shine—the weather is bound to affect the student's attitude toward his studies. And on a day like Wednesday, studies can definitely lose out to the weather.

By Bob Funk
Emerald Columnist

Once upon a time there was a bunch of old Indians that lived beside a rippling branch in the Far West and spent their time drinking branch water laced with algae out of tin cans. They were actually DP Indians, having slunk west after having suffered a terrible defeat at the hands of the Utes or the Piutes or the Zutes or one of those tribes, they never could remember.

Anyway, all they did was refill their tin cans and sit around rassing and swearing and barbe- cuing people like Marcus Whit-



man, and collecting unemployment compensation. Their leader, Chief Bravelly-as-the-fibrous-pumagut, decided, after having seen a movie in San Francisco about what Indians do, that his Indians should scrounge up some visible means of support. First they drilled for oil, like the Oklahoma Indians, but that was too much work for a naturally, inherently, inborn, just plain bus- sedly lazy tribe.

At last, after everyone had about decided that all means of support which were visible were too much work, Chief Bravelly suggested that they set up an educational institution. The tribe had not brushed frequently against education, being composed mostly of self-made men; but from what little experience they had had, they knew that education was a snap, if you were on the teaching end of it. You just talked all day, and then had your evenings and summers to pretend you were doing research.

A Founding of the Educational Institution dance and branch- water luau was held in the Heap Big Medicine and Marshmallow Bonfire Circle. Everyone received honorary LLD and LLH degrees so that the catalog might present the faculty as being learned (Lillian Mud-in-the-Slough, LLD, LLH, Branchwater Seminary, 1945; at Branchwater since 1945 and a long time before that, too). The new institution was christened, with new tin cans full of double shots of algae, Branch- water Seminary. And a few pros- elyting raids on neighboring tribes drew a student body to the campus.

Branchwater Seminary offered majors in Pioneer Bar- becuing, Rassing, Swearing, Potlatches, Retreat from De- feat by Utes, Technique of be- ing Movie Extras, and for the more creative, War Whoop Union (a cinch A) and War Paint Design (no grade).

For some years everything went smoothly. Occasionally, the students spent too much time drinking branchwater with the faculty; but in order to alleviate this condition, a Code of Conduct was composed, which in effect made it all right for the students to do anything except the things the faculty could do. Student re- action to these rules was un- friendly. They had a student gov- ernment, but what was it against

the Code of Conduct? "Ugh," commented the Daily Smoke Signal, a student publication. "Hmmp," said the student body president incisively. "Hoowah," said several campus leaders si- multaneously.

Chief Bravelly, who had seen another movie in San Francisco about how the student and facul- ty at some Technicolor institu- tion had worked together and sung, as a finale, "It's You Who put the U into the 'U,'" decided that there should be more free- dom for students. He put them in control of student funds, and per- mitted them to choose the Pio- neer Massacre Coach.

The students held a forum to decide how their freedom was coming along. They convinced each other that things were ter- rible. Their comments were printed, or rather smoked, by the daily smoke signal. So Chief Bravelly, who was spending a great part of his time in San Francisco seeing movies, sent a telegram telling the faculty to go emeritus, and handing every- thing over to the students, pro- vided they stayed away from San Francisco.

The students took over the seminary and awarded them- selves LLDs and a few LLHs so they would be qualified to teach. Since there was no one to attend Branchwater Semi- nary at this point, the emerit- us faculty decided to go back to college since here was a good chance to get some bona fide degrees in the courses they had previously been teaching.

Things somehow did not work out too well. The emeritus fac- ulty, now the student body, stayed down at the branch drink- ing water late at night, and slept through their 8 o'clock Sur- vey of American Drumbeats, which was a required course. On Friday afternoon, 65 per cent of them skipped Torture Lab. They had some idiotic idea that they should be able to hire and fire the War Dance Coach, like the students at Cal did.

The new faculty sent an emer- gency smoke signal to old Chief Bravelly in San Francisco, but he was seeing Cinerama for the fiftieth time and refused to an- swer. "Fellows," said the ex stu- dent body president, who was now directing War Whoop Union, "teaching is no fun."

"But we have so much free- dom," someone else said.

"What good is freedom," some- one else (quite a crowd had gath- ered) said, "when you have it." The only time freedom is good is when you have enough to com- plain about the government with- out getting scalped, and not enough to be in a position to be complained at."

And so the new faculty passed a resolution to hire back the old faculty, but the old faculty, which was having a forum entitled "How Free Are We, Now Really," was having too much fun being op- pressed to take up the offer.

As for old Chief Bravelly, he died eventually from whirling around in his theater seat in San Francisco after they invented that new kind of Spinimacope where the screen goes all around the room.



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