

# + EMERALD EDITORIALS +

## On Rabble Rousing

There has been considerable talk (among those who are interested) about just what student government can do and what it can't do, where it can go and where it can't go.

The thesis has been advanced that the reason there are no issues is because things are going so well, or as a member of last week's panel on student apathy put it, "... the ship is sailing in a pretty even keel."

Is that really the answer, or did another panel member hit it when he said, "... We're afraid of politics at Oregon."

Donald DuShane, director of student affairs and the ASUO's adviser, said at the conclusion of the same panel that the senates of recent years have been "too intelligent" to act in a "rabble rousing" way.

Heat and light are proportional, he said. The amount of light shed will often decrease as the amount of heat generated increases.

This is fine. But when the amount of heat decreases to the point that student interest sinks to its present low level, isn't something wrong?

There are a couple of things the senate could and should investigate. It might be suggested that these things are in the "hinterland" between student jurisdiction and faculty jurisdiction. We don't think so. Some of the student leaders don't think so.

It's been suggested that student government has enough working space—that expansion must be horizontal rather than vertical. We'll go along with this, but our suggestions are for the areas open to students.

First, has any student group undertaken an investigation and evaluation of the deferred living program. It isn't the dead issue many of us think it is. Does the freshman owe primary allegiance to his dorm or to the fraternity he's pledged? This is one unanswered question.

There's an answer in the book, but is it being followed?

Along with this is the counseling program. How well are freshmen in the dormitories being integrated into the life of the University? But if the investigators run into the fatherly pat on the back and the advice that everything is just fine and subsequently abandon the evaluation, investigation, if you please—then forget it.

Secondly, is Oregon's "pigging" system, with the separation of the sexes at athletic contests a practical, workable idea. We don't think so, but it's not for us to say.

That's what we have student government for. Again, if the investigators meet the brick wall of silent assurance, they should work all the harder.

We're beginning to paint a picture of an athletic department, faculty, and administration staffed by ogres. This isn't our intention.

When they say that everything is just fine, this isn't our problem they might be right. One thing we've learned not to question is a person's sincerity.

We've suggested two issues, though, and there are more.

Let's stop looking for things to do, stop evaluating ourselves, and get to work.

These are areas where "rabble rousing" and honest action may appear to some to be one in the same. We prefer to call it the latter—we believe it is the latter.

## Whose Ore-Nter?

Remember the little booklet about Oregon that you got in the mail or were given during Orientation Week before you entered the University?

The little booklet, called the Ore-Nter, purports to be published by the Associated Students and the Office of Student Affairs of the University of Oregon.

But it's time credit be given where credit is due.

In reality the booklet is published, or at least financed, by the pledges of Oregon's 21 fraternities and 16 sororities.

Each person who goes through rushing pays a five dollar rushing fee. For each man who goes through rushing, one dollar reverts to the Inter-fraternity council and for each woman, one dollar goes to Panhellenic. In addition, Panhellenic receives an additional dollar for each woman who pledges.

The rest goes toward a fund known as the "Pre-freshman Week Account," a separate account which dates back to the days of Dean Virgil D. Earl and the days when rush week was held before the first week of school.

Then as now, the rushees supported Orientation week.

The fund also serves as a reserve for contingencies for the IFC and Panhellenic. It has, in the past, been used for such things as furniture and curtains for Mac Court (in the days before the Student Union was around and all-campus dances were held in the pavilion).

In the words of Donald DuShane, the account is used "to do things in the line of promoting the University which could not be done otherwise." (Meaning that the state doesn't allow funds for strictly promotional activities.)

We hope the ASUO senate will see fit to see that proper credit is given, even just a credit line, or maybe it will even see fit to chip in for the Ore-Nter.

## Footnotes

There's a reason, we're told, for the closing of that middle door on the east side of the SU. The hinges are broken and new ones have to be custom made. They're the fancy kind—invisible or some such thing.

## A DAY AT THE ZOO

# Custer, Indians Meet At Black Belch Gulch

By Bob Funk  
Emerald Columnist

THE SCENE: the new wide screen of a local theater, upon which has been projected the town of Black Belch Gulch. Black Belch Gulch is distinguishable from other western towns chiefly by the fact that it was not filmed for the wide screen, and the heads and feet of all its inhabitants disappear mysteriously into the darkness. As the director's name, tastefully written in bloodstains, fades from the screen, the tinkle of piano music can be heard, and the camera approaches the Restless Trigger bar, within which is

DISCOVERED, Sorghum-June Bulgeflipper, graduate in sociology, Columbia, '49, woman of the street, and barsinger. Miss Bulgeflipper is singing a sad song, as is her won't, when in wanders Rotten Dan the fast-draw Man.



"Rotten Dan," Sorghum-June says, "I don't want no trouble in here. I run a clean, respectable bar with an 'A' certificate. I am actually a pure, large-hearted lady who runs a gambling joint only to swell my contribution to the Community Chest. Please Go."

Rotten Dan, after spitting tentatively on Sorghum-June's shoe, laughs sarcastically and leans his levi-encased carcass against the bar. "Keep on singin'," he says, "before I shoot you through the haid." At this point a bartender nervously hands Rotten Dan the fast-draw man a bottle of iced tea. Rotten Dan pours a straight shot into a drinking glass, quaffs it, spits, shoots the bartender, laughs sarcastically, and then chews up the glass, crunch-crunch-crunch.

"Rotten Dan," says Sorghum-June, pouring him a new drink in a new glass, "what are all youse good guys gonna do about all the nesters and sheep men and crooked lawyers, etc." She is obviously trying to speed up the exposition of the plot.

"I was jes thinking—" "That's the trouble!" she spits out savagely, "always drinkin' and stinkin' and thinkin', never doin' and shooin' and booin'."

"Ah'm a dispossessed plantation owner from the old Sahth, ma'm," says Rotten Dan, "and although there are but few vestiges of the gentleman what was, I, pardon me, ah, alluz thinks before I,

ah, plugs some sucker in the belly-button."

"What we need," says Sorghum-June, winking significantly into the camera, "is a plan." At this point the camera shifts to the swinging doors, and lo and behold, DISCOVERED, Beverly, a renegade sheep-dog, in the process of entering.

"Who'all's that?" asks Rotten Dan.

"That's Beverly. She was a dog for the sheep men, but they kept dumping her into the sheep-dip, until even the sheep got confused and a romantic sheep named Pagan Scimitar out of Thelma by the new freeway began making passes at her. Then she quit and came over to us cow people." This is a rather long speech, during which Beverly approaches the faro table and begins betting wildly.

Just then Sheepman Bertie enters peacefully, accompanied by children of nesters, ministers, old grandmothers, and the Easter Rabbit. They all go to the bar and down strong drinks.

"Now," says Sheepman Bertie, "draw Rotten Dan, you ol' cow man!"

"He ain't got no gun!" Sorghum-June protests. "He's so brave he don't carry one."

Sheepman Bertie laughs hideously and belts Rotten Dan one in the stomach. The piano begins playing, and Rotten Dan sings:

"You can whup me till I beller if you like that kind of fun,

But a cow man's never yeller though he's caught without a gun.

You can smash me in the

(Continued on page seven)

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Shaggy Bear Story

Emerald Editor: Thought you might be interested in an inter-campus news item:

Seems that farmers near Peiping have been losing chickens. Only clue: footprints about the size of a small boy's feet. Farmers appealed for help to the University of Peiping. Students dug a large pit in the path to one of the largest chicken coops, and made a cage of teakwood cut on the farm of a Mr. Chan. That night, they caught a large bear with small feet. Farmers are happy now that the students have succeeded in capturing the boy-foot bear with teak of Chan.

Name Withheld by Request. (Ed. Note: We'd have our names withheld, too.)

## INTERPRETING THE NEWS

# Scientists Not Likely to Find Thing That Made Einstein Great

By J. M. ROBERTS

Associated Press News Analyst

So the scientists are going to pick the brain of Albert Einstein once more to see if it can add some last bits of their store of knowledge of the forces among which man lives.

What can they find?

Perhaps certain small conformities slightly different in a brain which spent its life thinking as compared with those which spend their lives contemplating pleasure or the more active impulses?

But will they be able to find the cells which provided the pan-

oramic screen on which other cells projected the picture of the universe?

Will they be able to tell why the center of logic was so much more active in this brain than in those of the millions of other men who lived during its life?

Will they be able to tell which muscles and which nerves and which cells put that look of brooding compassion into the man's eyes?

Will they be able to find the dividing line between the cells which were so coldly mathematical, and those which made the man seek and gain a place of warmth amid all humanity?

These things they will not find. For man is not merely electricity and cells and nerves and flesh and bone. Why one is endowed as others are not is a mystery upon which Einstein himself gave up. If one could be reconstructed from his component parts, we could recreate another Einstein in a very few tomorrows.

But there would be one element lacking, one which cannot be measured even by the equations that measure the parts of a broken atom. Man may seek, but it is doubtful if he will ever find that element in the books of science.



The Oregon Daily Emerald is published five days a week during the school year except examination and vacation periods, by the Student Publications Board of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 a term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial pages are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or the University. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor; initialed editorials by members of the editorial board.

JERRY HARRELL, Editor DONNA RUNBERG, Business Manager

DICK LEWIS, SALLY RYAN, Associate Editors

PAUL KEEFE, Managing Editor BILL MAINWARING, Advertising Manager

GORDON RICE, News Editor NANCY SHAW, Office Manager

JERRY CLAUSSEN, CHUCK MITCHELMORE, Co-Sports Editors

EDITORIAL BOARD: Jerry Harrell, Paul Keefe, Dick Lewis, Gordon Rice, Jackie Wardell Rice, Sally Ryan.

Chief Makeup Editor: Sam Vahey

Ass't Managing Editors: Valerie Hersh, Dorothy Her.

Ass't News Editors: Mary Alice Allen, Carol Craig, Anne Hill, Anne Ritchey, Bob Robinson

Feature Editor: Dave Sherman

Morgue Editor: Kathy Morrison

Women's Page Co-Editors: Sally Jo Greig, Marcia Mauney

Ass't Sports Editor: Buzz Nelson

Natl. Adv. Mgr.: Laura Morris

Circulation Mgr.: Rick Hayden

Ass't. Office Mgr.: Ann Baakonen

Classified Adv.: Patricia Donovan

Co-Layout Mgrs.: Jon Wright and Dick Koe

Executive Secretary: Beverly Landea

Ass't. Adv. Mgr.: Evelyn Nelson

Photography Editor: Dale Turner

Managing Assistant: Sanford Milkes