

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

Activity Issue

Primaries are over and it's time to start talking about campaign issues.

One bone—rather chewed, but still meaty—that we would like to toss at the aspiring presidential candidates is that old problem of activities and activity people.

Actually it's not quite correct to say there are too many activities on campus. Better to say there are too many activity athletes engaging in too many activities at the expense of many campus people who don't do anything in this field.

One problem then is how better to allocate activities so that more people get a taste of this undeniably important side of college life. If such a goal could be attained it would:

1. Cool off some of the activity fanatics who completely submerge other aspects of college in favor of their busy-work idol.
2. Result in better jobs, done by people who could concentrate on fewer things.
3. Create a larger demand for activity people, thus luring some of the shy do-nothings out of the shadows and into the swing of things.

Perhaps some sort of activity quota is the answer. Certainly those students who spread themselves thinly over a large span of activities are a menace to good results. We hope the presidential candidates have a good thought or two on this problem.

Not only activity people, but activities themselves are at times a problem. After the winter term activity high-hurdles, the Emerald suggested a plan to weed out some of the less fruitful activities.

By the Emerald plan, the student affairs committee, or some other student agency, would set a limit on the number and kinds of activities to be held for any term. Then for the privilege of holding an activity, an interested group would have to petition the reviewing agency and explain why their proposed activity was worthy of one of the limited spaces. Only the best of similar activities would be selected.

Activities such as winter term formals could effectively handled this way. Only one formal—the best—would be allowed.

The student affairs committee considered

this plan and concluded that they were not the agency to carry out such proceedings. They added, however, that they saw no reason why an ASUO committee could not carry out such a function.

So, student body candidates, our questions to you go like this: How do we get the activity athletes to slow down? How do we get the do-nothings into some activities? How do we eliminate activity duplication in favor of fewer, better supported activities?

Humm—(D.L.)

IFC and Drinking

Good work, IFC!

Last night this group re-affirmed its long standing agreement to take tribunal action in any case where a fraternity violates the no drinking clause during Duck Preview. Maximum fine for such a violation is \$50.

It's an easy thing to voice a rule, but not always so easy to carry it out. As far as this weekend is concerned we hope, that there will be no violations, thus no need to enforce rules.

However, if some fraternities insist on breaking the rules, we hope IFC has the courage and conviction to enforce its own rules.

It hardly seems feasible that the majority of fraternities, who live up to IFC standards, should feel any urge to protect the small minority of Greeks who might refuse to practice temperance for this one weekend. It wouldn't take too many \$50 fines to end Duck Preview drinking once and for all.

The Emerald is 100 per cent behind IFC's stated principles and will even do its part by helping track down violators. All evidence of organized drinking during Duck Preview that comes to the Emerald's attention will be printed in full.—(D.L.)

Footnotes

Complaints have been heard about the rule on the number of people participating in some of the vodvil acts. The rule, however, pertains only to the number of people on stage, so we question the legitimacy of the gripes.

CAMPUS COMMENT

Oregon's Weather Defies the Calendar

By Sam Frear
Emerald Columnist

It isn't hard, with weather like we've been having for the last month or so, to hear somebody, especially a Californian, gripe about the "damned Oregon weather."

And you can't really blame them. Let's fact it, the weather stinks.

And they call this "Spring Term." Spring, as everyone knows, is the time when the sun shines, the grass grows, the little birdies fly, and young lovers do things that lovers do. It is a time, supposedly, for the young at heart and a time for the nomadic instincts of big and little boys. It is a time for convertibles, sun-bathing girls, and the revisiting of riverside haunts by college boys mit beer in hand and in belly.

If this, then, is spring, then we ain't got it here. Spring is more than just a date on a calendar. Just because it is March 21st or April 21st doesn't automatically make it spring.

Nor is spring something to be reduced to scientific mumble-jumble concerning vernal equinoxes, a time when the sun and the earth revise their positions to make the daylight exceed the night.

Of course, the Army is great

for looking at a calendar to determine the weather. Once somebody noticed it was late March and issued a typical sensible military order having all us troops change into the summer uniform. So the next day it was about 49½ degrees below zero and we were shivering around in cotton twill.

You can't win for losing. It seems a big society likes to generalize—to make everything happen to current fashion or plain whimsy. Someone must have told the Army that California is nice and warm and sunny and it doesn't get cold there. Therefore, the troops don't need jackets or gloves. As I remember, the year I was there, Fort Ord, California had about umpteen million frostbite cases.

But back to soggy Oregon. Here it is Spring Term. You can tell very easily, it's written on everything you pick up.

Reminds me of the eastern tourist who sat down to puff on a peace pipe with a bunch of Indians. While they sat there inhaling Prince Albert, the chief kept digging his watch out of his robes.

After about the tenth time check, one of the tourists asked the old boy why he was watching the clock so closely.

The chief just kind of grunted and being frightfully original, he said, "Ugh." And then, "Me wantum to see if it is time to be hungry."

Don't ask me the point but it used to make my brother laugh when he was 11 years old.



Curses, Foiled Again



INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Journalism Building, Scholarships Preserve Memory of Ernie Pyle

By HAL BOYLE
Of The Associated Press

BLOOMINGTON, Ind. (AP)—Ernie Pyle died on a far Pacific isle 10 years ago this week, as the war he hated was drawing to an end.

He now lies buried in a U.S. military cemetery in Hawaii among the servicemen whose story he told with simple eloquence. But in another sense Ernie didn't stay overseas. He is back home here forever on the campus of Indiana university, where in student days he first dreamed of winning newspaper fame.

Certainly his spirit is enshrined here. Ernie remains a living symbol to hundreds of fledgling young newspaper men and women who are bolstered in both heart and hope by the example of his career.

Ernie never was graduated by his alma mater. He quit during his senior year to go to work. Some of the oldtimers here say he left because of a broken romance with a red-haired girl. Others say, "No, it was just because he was Ernie—already restless to be on his way."

Once Pyle did leave the campus in January 1923, he stayed

away for 21 years. He loved the university but said he wanted to remember it as he had known it in his youth. He came back only once in his lifetime—to take an honorary degree in 1944. A few months later he was killed by a sniper's bullet on Ie Shima.

But today the personality of the shy, brooding farmboy who became the greatest battle reporter of his generation dominates his old school.

A \$500,000 journalism building has been named in his honor. A plaque commemorating his achievements has been set up by Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalistic fraternity.

In the lounge of Ernie Pyle hall are collected a number of mementoes of the correspondent. They include the entrenching tool he used to dig his own foxholes, a beat-up dress cap he wore in London, his battered portable typewriters, his medals, and one of the last columns he wrote before his death.

"The students are quite proud of the Pyle tradition," said John E. Stempel, chairman of the journalism department, who himself was a friend and classmate of Ernie's. "They asked that the building be named after him.

"We still have the desk Ernie used when he was editor of the paper. It is being reglued right now, so it will last for another 30 or 40 years."

A memorial fund of more than \$50,000 raised by newspaper admirers has provided some 60 Ernie Pyle journalism scholarships during the post-war years. Many of them went to war veterans, and Stempel said most of the winners have gone on and done well in newspaper work.

"Ernie himself had a good academic record while he was in school," he remarked.

Standing before the glass case that holds his typewriter, the same typewriter I had so often seen Ernie beat out his copy on during the war years, I had a haunted feeling, as if the man himself were invisibly present.

Certainly if he could know what has been done here in his name, I'm sure Ernie Pyle couldn't ask for a happier memorial. He was a man of unceasing small kindness in his lifetime.

Now a decade after his death he remains an inspiration and a concrete help to struggling youngsters learning the writing craft he himself ennobled.



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.