

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

A DAY AT THE ZOO

'Tomorrow The World,' Quoth The Aged Senior

By Bob Funk
Emerald Columnist

He was thinking, as they sat Phi Belch sweat shirt to Quadruple Eta sweatshirt along the river, that he had probably never been on a picnic where he had not sat on a rock or a stick or something. He could have shifted but that would only mean that the Quadruple Eta would be sitting on the sharp something he was sitting on; and he had a sort of intuitive feeling that Quadruple Etas screamed when they sat on sharp things.



"What are you going to do when you get out of school?" she said in a voice like the voice she probably used on a rushee.

"I'm going to become a professional blood donor," he said.

She was not listening. "I have type Z blood and it's very valuable since they transfuse it into Zebras with Rh factors, and they pay me \$500 a dram for it."

"I've always wanted to, too," she said, smiling brilliantly at him.

"And what are you going to do," he said. He decided to be reciprocal about this; you ask me a question, I ask you one, happy-happy-happy.

She stared dramatically into the fire. "I'm thinking of going to Europe," she said. "It just excites me to think about being over there eating—"

"Fried slugs," he said.

"Yes, and climbing the Eiffel tower—"

"And plummeting 40 the street" he said.

"Well— and instead of telling him to go to hell like any red-blooded girl would do she smiled professionally and turned to the gentleman who was rubbing against her right shoulder with his Tri-Flinch fraternity sweatshirt.

The Tri-Flinch people had been obnoxious all evening. They had sung several songs telling about Tri-Flinch and how keen it was at Eta of Ohio chapter; and then they had sung something about being a Tri-Flinch until you dropped dead, and then they had been so excited she had thought they were going to burst into the initiation ritual and take everyone in right there.

He was not a Tri-Flinch. He was a Phi Belch, soon to be someone who was asked to become a lifetime member (only \$100 and a lifetime subscription to the Turtle's Voice of Phi Belch) and a person who propagated future pledges.

"How do you feel about being a senior," she said.

"Thrilled," he said. They were saved from further conversation by several songs—one about down by a river which had to stop suddenly in the middle since everyone remembered themselves and then the sweetheart song of Mu Mu, which went sort of like:

"Ah love, you are a tricky one; I love you very truly. You make me feel fired-up and quite Adrenalined and drooly.

But when you saw me, gleaming eyes, Come subtly kissward drifting You smiled come-hither-I-am-thine.

Then did some speedy shifting. "So when I bent to kiss your lips

With eyes closed; ach, alas, You laughed a gut-split laugh to see

Me warmly kiss the grass. "But grass, alas, is crass, my love;

May fate come to my rescue, And give me something more to love

Than areas of fescue."

All the Mu Mu's gave each other the grip. He could not see any brother Phi Belch around to give the grip to; he thought of giving the grip to the neighboring Quadruple Eta, but refrained. He had a feeling that spring-term senior girls probably felt that anyone who even shook hands with them should go to the altar to make them honest women.

He sat there for a while longer, thinking, this is a picnic—have fun, sparkle, get up and do dances and things. But it wasn't in him. Maybe, he thought, it is the horrible spectre of the wide-world ahead that is dampening my spirits. Maybe I'm getting old.

And so, he thought, ends the last picnic (although he was secretly thinking, if you can think secretly, about going on still another one); I am not drunk, I am not pursuing any girl madly, and I am not trying to swim in the river.

They began singing Coney Island Babe. He always had trouble with that one because he could not remember whether it was "Good-bye, my Coney Island," or "Farewell, my Coney Island," or "So long, my Coney Island"; or whether it was all three.

But this was, after all, probably the last time he would be cast upon the horns of this particular dilemma. And he joined in, with more-than-spring-term gusto, on the last "Good-bye, my Coney Island baaaaaaabe!"

"Tomorrow," he said to the girl beside him, "the world."

"I've always wanted to," she said.

'Race Restoration

As Wednesday's deadline neared it looked very much like the ASUO senate's new mill-race committee was going to get the money it needs to carry out a proposed engineering study of the feasibility of restoring the Mill-race.

Chances look good for an eventual restoration, better than they have since the abandonment of the 'Race. Spurred by the Canoe Fete, the committee realizes that it can and must get action—that no amount of talk and study will accomplish what action will.

The committee has already begun plans for a temporary anchorage which would open in the fall. The committee is scouring the countryside for canoes to be used until such time as the funds are available for the purchase of canoes.

The ultimate goal for the anchorage is for a structure similar to the old one—where students could dine, dance, and watch the activities on the 'Race.

This is the right approach—do what can be done right now while the study for the complete restoration is still just a plan. Where this Millrace committee looks strong is the point on which past ones have been weak (and also at a disadvantage)—this committee is taking the immediate available action, but still working for long range goals.

Committees in the past have attended numerous meetings, done a lot of talking, heard and made numerous proposals, but have been unable to get action. It must be

conceded to past committees, however, that they laid the groundwork for the present proposed study.

When the engineering study (if it is approved) is completed—the committee plans to take the proposals for the revitalized 'Race to the alumni. Oregon's alumni haven't held or helped in a concerted fund raising drive since the drive to build the Student Union.

Here's the place where each of us can do his part. We can talk to friends and alumni of the University, and get interest in the Millrace revived throughout the state.

We've got a fine committee at the head of the stepped-up Millrace drive. For the first time in years it begins to look like we might get our Millrace back.

It'll be a long, hard fight, but the chances for an ultimate victory look excellent.

Footnotes

Oregon State's juniors have held something known as "Grubby Day," the object of which is to look as "grubby" as possible—supposed to build class spirit or something. Personally, we prefer Junior Weekend. It's probably all in the point of view.

* * *

We never thought that it could happen so perfectly. He was walking down the sidewalk from the Student Union and was carefully staying out of range of the sprinkler. He followed the sprinkling of water as it moved ahead of him down the sidewalk. Unfortunately he didn't see the sprinkler on the other side of the walk whose torrent of water was about to overtake him. It was beautiful.

THE FRATERNITY PROBLEM

Improvement of Their Own Lot A Major Task for Fraternities

By Dick Lewis
Emerald Associate Editor

(Ed. Note: This article, the first of two in a series, comes after consultation with members of the UO administration, after correspondence with Indiana university, and after the author served for parts of two years as IFC reporter. Lewis is a Sigma Chi and has lived under the fraternity system at Willamette university as well as at the UO.)

Ever try to rationally justify a fraternity system? It's pretty hard, especially at Oregon.

Anti-intellectualism ranks as the first criticism of fraternities throughout the nation. Donald DuShane, national scholarship chairman for Phi Delta Theta, admits frequent instances where potentially superior students—after joining a fraternity—have made a below average college academic record.

Look at the supposedly "top" fraternities on our campus. Their system of values usually goes: athletics, activities, social life. Scholarship follows somewhere down the line, maybe.

Now I would be the last person to say scholarship is all-important at college. But it's pretty hard to justify an influence that actually detracts from scholarship.

Traditionally the "big value" in fraternity living has been the grooming, or shaping up process that supposedly transforms the country bumpkin into the smooth fraternity man. This "value" is rarely worth much at Oregon.

Ray Hawk, IFC adviser, reports that he has actually had complaints from mothers that fraternity living has untaught their sons manners learned at home. It's a rare fraternity at Oregon that gets a coat and tie on its members once a week. Admittedly fraternity men pay

some attention to grooming in connection with dating. But most men don't learn enough to keep from embarrassing themselves when they go out to dinner.

Rush week is an irrational thing. Like leading lambs to slaughter. Fraternity men are unleashed on the frosh after they have been on campus little more than a week.

The frosh are green, confused and in need of help. The fraternity men are cold, callous and intent on one thing—sticking pledge pins on freshmen.

Some fraternities on the Oregon campus still find it most effective to get rushees drunk, and then pledge them. Other fraternities prefer to hotbox their victim, get him cornered in a room with a half dozen actives and high pressure him into pledging. Most fraternities play it fairly straight rushing but all in all fall term rush week at the UO (as at most schools) is a pretty negative operation.

The fraternity discrimination clause is another point that brings disfavor upon the system. The worst thing about it is that this anti-democratic edict gets handed down from national headquarters regardless of local feelings on the subject. Fraternities the nation over are forced to conform to the same archaic set of prejudices that stagnate the South.

Fraternities foster immaturity. Freshmen will raise whoope no matter where they live. But rarely do you find upper-class independents (some co-ops excepted) holding Hell weeks, using hack paddles, and staging public brawls of one sort or another.

The reaction to the various frowned-upon fraternity activities (mentioned above) has been a general trend to crack down, limit and regulate fraternities.

As more and more university housing becomes available, fraternities begin to fill a less and less vital part of college. The day that fraternities are no longer needed and are forced to stand on their own merits will be the day of reckoning.

Evidence of the trend to take responsibility from the fraternities is clear at Oregon. One of the big justifications for deferred freshman living was that fraternities weren't providing a satisfactory environment for their freshman members and pledges.

At OSC fraternities are being required to take in housemothers. This is a clear example of the administration believing the fraternities can not take care of themselves.

The discrimination issue is becoming a real threat to fraternity existence. Many of America's leading universities have already forced fraternities to drop the clause or get out.

And the general academic feeling towards fraternities is negative. In fact DuShane ranks the prejudicial attitude of college faculty members as the number one problem with which fraternities must contend.

Complacency, in my opinion, is the most basic ailment afflicting the Oregon fraternity system. The fraternities don't seem to realize there is a problem; or that they could be better; they seemingly have no tradition that points the right way; in general they just don't seem to "give a damn" about improving their lot.

My attempt has been to point up the problems and deficiencies of the fraternity system in general with emphasis on Oregon. Tomorrow, I will offer some steps that might lead in the direction of a better, maybe even a top fraternity system.



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