

Seven Years at the Zoo

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SECTION II

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ON ACTIVITY QUEENS

Don't Be Too Popular

BY BOB FUNK
Emerald Columnist
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Life had become horribly boring for her. It was getting so that she was resorting to going to class, there being nothing else to do that was new.

What was there beyond this, anyway? She had achieved—wow, had she ever achieved! They had to build two new fireplaces in the sorority just to provide for her cups. There was the cup she had won her freshman year—Best in the Show. And her sophomore cup—Purple Hyacinth of Tri Gnu frat club. Her junior cup (her mother had given it to her. It was for drinking out of.)

And now: a golden mug for Ugliest Pan on Campus (or a golden pan for Ugliest Mug on Campus—she could never remember which. It held three quarts, was topped by a figure of Venus standing on the shoulders of Diana standing on the shoulders of Minerva who was scratching herself, and bore the inscription "Universitas Oregonensis: Mens Agitat Womens.")

What was there to achieve after all this? She had thought rather tentatively of developing her mind or winning a letter in something or joining TNE. She had also thought of getting married.

But would you marry someone with a pin in the shape of a cross, or one of those diamond-shaped ones?

Sometimes she envisioned herself posed dramatically on a hill-top in Korea, clad in a shimmering white nurse's uniform with an off-the-shoulders top and an orchid corsage. In one hand there was a bottle of plasma, which was connected by a long tube to Farley Granger, Humphrey Bogart and Sir Laurence Olivier, whose collective lives she was saving. In her other hand she held a cup which Herbert Hoover, President (insert name in November), Douglas MacArthur, Wayne Morse and President Newburn had just awarded her for carrying Mercy into the Thick of the Fray. There was a look of inexpressible dignity and compassion on her face. She was not trying to sneeze.

At other times she imagined herself on the top of a piano at the Copaca-well, that big night club in New York. She was almost wearing a black evening gown and Marlene Dietrich's legs were sticking out of it, although everyone thought they were hers. She was singing "Bill" in a voice which sounded very much like Helen Morgan's. Everyone was crying. In one hand she held a

cocktail which was really orange juice because for all that she was really such a nice girl.

In the other hand she was holding a tasteful bouquet of roses, gardenias, water lilies, and sagebrush, which had just been presented to her by the Duke of Windsor, Ford Rockefeller, Astor Vanderbilt Dupont (LLV), Albert Einstein (he was down for the weekend,) William Saroyan and Cornelia Otis Skinner.

You could never imagine the things she imagined herself. It would take all of the editorial page and part of Duck Tracks. What is there in life, she thought, for one who has achieved so much? The more she thought about this, the more melancholy she became. She had never taken a psych course and didn't know which way to turn. As you can imagine this led to trouble.

One dramatic evening her sorority sister found her sequin hair-pin floating on top of the Sneak Dat of Alder Street cup which was full of rain water. They dragged the trophy for three hours, and at last brought up the lovely suicide's body.

The whole matter was hushed up considerably, however. Her sorority didn't want the campus to know, after all, that the girl had died in her cups.

Campus Commentator Will Leave University

By JOE GARDNER
Ex-Emerald Editor

And what exactly can one say about Bob Funk after "Seven Years at the Zoo?"

One might acclaim his mere longevity as a student at the University of Oregon. Robert Norris Funk enrolled at the University as a freshman in the fall of 1948, a rather tentative journalism major from Ukiah, Calif.

Now after seven years, he is leaving the campus. In the meantime he has become a campus fixture second only to the Pioneer Father.

The University in the fall of 1948 was quite a different place from what it is now. There was no Carson hall, Student Union, Commonwealth hall, Science building or Allen hall. And beer was sold in Taylor's and the Side.

But other Oregon students have been here as long, or nearly as long, as Funk. What has made Funk the personality, the tradition he is today?

One might explain his prominence by compiling a list of his activities.

During his freshman year, 1948-49, Funk was chosen outstanding freshman man in journalism by Sigma Delta Chi. His freshman activities culminated in being tapped for Skull and Dagger that spring.

Funk began a three-year association with the Oregana during his sophomore year, 1949-50. He was associate editor of The Book that year and also was editor of the Ore-Nter at the end of the school year.

For those who may not think of Funk as a fraternity man it may come as a surprise to learn that he was president of Tau Kappa Epsilon and a member of the Inter-fraternity council in his junior year, 1950-51. He was again associate editor of the Oregana and a student member-at-large of the Publications board. He was tapped for Friars that spring.

During his senior year, 1951-52, Funk held the top campus position of Oregana editor and was an ex-officio member of the Pub board. At the end of the year he was awarded a Bachelor of Arts degree in English writing.

In the fall of 1952 Funk entered the law school. His first year at Fenton hall was perhaps the quietest of his college career.

But he couldn't remain inactive long.

The first spark of life in campus politics in several years was injected into the 1953 ASUO elections when a group of tongue-in-cheek law students formed the Peon Party and nominated Funk for the ASUO presidency.

In the election Funk trailed both the AGS and UIS candidates, but under the preferential voting system received a berth on the new senate as senator-at-large. When Don Collins, ASUO vice-president left school the following winter term, Funk was elected to fill the vacancy by members of the senate.

This year, Funk's third year in the law school, has been one of his busiest. He is law school representative on the Student Union board; president of Phi Delta Phi, law honorary; member of the Student Union and Educational Activities board, and was on the Canoe Fete steering committee.

Next week Funk will graduate second in a class of 17 from the law school.

Of course, Funk's most conspicuous activity has so far been omitted. That is his series of hilarious Emerald columns which have kept the campus in an uproar for the past six years.

Funk began his career as a columnist in 1949 with "Sophomore Wisdom." It wasn't very good, as he readily admits. The next year he followed with "Re: Hash," still not very good, but an improvement. They may have been funny at the time, but in retrospect seem to have lost much of their humor.

It wasn't until the fall of 1951 that Funk really hit his stride as a columnist. Following a summer visit to the San Francisco zoo (where he noticed a great similarity to the Oregon campus) Funk re-christened his column "A Day at the Zoo." The laughter hasn't stopped yet.

But what can be said of Funk as a columnist? Any commentary or criticism of his inimitable doggerel verse, his sparkling allegories, his witty satires—any attempt to explain Funk to his readers would be superfluous.

And so we introduce you to this special section of Funk columns, a compilation of the humor that has amused and amazed the Oregon campus for the past four years. We hope you will enjoy the Oregon Daily Emerald's tribute to Bob Funk.

ON MEN'S RUSHING

Rushing Function Held

BY BOB FUNK
Emerald Columnist
Jan. 10, 1952

"Now clean it up, but not TOO clean," the rushing chairman said. "After all this is supposed to be a fraternity house." All morning they had been scattering tasteful arrangements of tennis shoes, footballs, baseball bats and sweat shirts around downstairs. Now it was almost noon, time for the rushees to come.

"Is everyone wearing ASUO sox?" the house president barked. Everyone was. Everyone's ASUO sox had holes in them. It was more fraternity that way.

"Here come the rushees," the rushing chairman crowed as some small apprehensive persons edged up the front sidewalk. "Assume false smiles!" he growled. "You over there—be giving each other the secret grip! Someone start reciting the chapters beginning with Alpha. Assume typical fraternity poses!" One of the more sensitive members ran upstairs and was violently ill.

As the rushees entered the front door there was a small embarrassed flurry as the house dog bit one of them right in his ASUO sox. False smiles and typi-

cal fraternity poses were maintained on all sides, however, and the general hand-shaking and mumbling-of-names began.

"Where are you from?" a fraternity member would ask.

"Well, I'm from—"

"Oh, fine little town! Spent a summer there, ha-ha-ha. Some nice girls around there, ha-ha-ha. Got drunk twenty times, ha-ha-ha. At this point everyone would slap everyone else heartily on the back. This was to show how fraternal and good-fellowly everyone was.

A bell sounded and a group of men began singing a fraternity song about the founders. Actually no one knew any real fraternity songs. They were just making it up as they went along. They sang the same song in loud voices for 45 minutes, although along toward the end the tune and lyrics became suspiciously similar to "On the Leland Stanford Junior Varsity Farm."

Upstairs, a part of the membership was dragging rushees through rooms. They approached a tier of nine-decker beds. "These are the pads," a large member explained. "Try one!" He pushed a small rushee into the bottom bunk. The other members quickly strapped him down and stapled a pledge pen on his chest.

"Welcome into the brotherhood!" the large member shouted, his voice full of hearty good humor.

After a time everyone went in to lunch. The members of the fraternity jumped up every six and one-quarter minutes to sing hearty songs. It was necessary to stand to sing the songs, since all the other fraternities stood to sing similar songs. During some songs you folded your arms over your chest. If you did not have a chest, you put your hands in your pockets. During other songs you stamped your feet. At one point in the last song everyone threw their salads up into the air. All the salads landed on the rushees. It was really awfully effective. After lunch they sat in the living room. The fraternity members sat down carefully so that their ASUO sox showed. The rushees did not sit down. They milled nervously about in the middle of the room.

When it was time to go a brass band appeared and played some stirring fraternity music. The fraternity members stood on one another's shoulders and yelled "We'll see you again this evening!"

Deep in their withered hearts, the rushees doubted that very much.



BOB FUNK
As Peon Leader