

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

We Still Like Cas

Early Monday morning, even before our eight o'clocks began, we had the utter displeasure of seeing an effigy hung from a tree outside Commonwealth hall with the poster, "... Go South," hanging beneath it. It was undoubtedly the work of some indiscreet students, disgruntled by Oregon's 44-7 loss at the hands of the Stanford Indians.

We wonder: before those students did their ill-conceived deed, did they consider that, at the start of the season, the Ducks were destined to a spot in the cellar, with maybe one win? Did they consider that, if we beat OSC this weekend, we'll end up with the same win-loss record as last year's third-place PCC finalist? Did they consider that this was Oregon's first loss after four straight wins?

As the mouthpiece of the University of Oregon student body, we'll have it known that the Oregon students are not down on their coach, or their team, or their athletic department. Although we hate to lose, we're not one bit ashamed of the 5-4 record amassed by our grid warriors so far.

We'd like to ask the folks who put up that effigy one thing: are you the same people who have been attending the games and rallies during the season, including the one held Monday morning at Commonwealth? Quite frankly we don't think you are.

In summary, we consider the deed extremely ill-conceived, in very poor taste, and not one bit justifiable.

As for us, and the rest of the thinking students, we feel the same as that sign displayed at the Monday rally: "We're behind you, Cas."—(S. V.)

Action to Meet a Need

The Student Union board is to be commended for its adoption of a recommendation to set up a recreation committee, for such shows an examination of the needs of the student body, both now and in the future.

It shows a willingness upon the part of our Student Union to expand its program to meet this need.

The Student Union has grown since its dedication: Grown in size, in facilities, and in its uses, and in the number of students who utilize it.

One new room is now being completed. A door and a window have been added to a second to increase its use. Hi fi and television have been added. A special cable into one of the basement rooms, previously seldom used, enables it to be used for Oregon portrait photography. And there is no question now of the number of people who use the building: the Student Union is the center of the campus.

That is why we were glad to see the SU board recognize its responsibilities to the students through the addition of the recreation committee to the SU Directorate.

—(S. R.)

Extra-Ordinarily Active

After the success of last spring's junior class-sponsored Easter egg hunt and the recent smooth functioning of the IFC-Panhellenic-backed Halloween party, it seems appropriate for the University to express some kind of public appreciation to the Eugene Active club which had so much to do with making both events possible.

Though probably few students realized it, the Active club was the real backbone of both projects. For the Easter egg hunt it not only provided \$50 in cash aid, but also three to four hundred more dollars in contributions by helping collect both the eggs and the presents. In addition the club did yeoman work in giving the project the proper promotion.

For the Halloween party, almost the same

situation prevailed. The Active club provided all the candy and refreshments.

The question that will now pop to one's mind is; "What is the Active club and just what is it seeking to prove?" For an answer we contacted ASUO President Bud Hinkson for the straight scoop.

According to Hinkson, the Active club is an organization of Eugene young men between the ages of 25 and 40 who are seeking through their activities to provide better recreation and entertainment for the youth of the city.

Hinkson said that the club's two coordinated projects with the University were carried out with the primary objective of creating good public relations for the school. In both cases, Hinkson believes, the good feeling created has been well-worth the University's participation.

For the Active club the Easter and Halloween events were only "small potatoes" as far as their work is concerned. Their big project among many of course is their sponsorship of the annual state high school basketball tournament in March.

We are not too familiar with how clubs such as this function in other cities but it would be our guess that the outstanding work of the Active club is of somewhat of an extraordinary nature.—(B.R.)

Mass Education

When colleges and universities were still in their infancy, education was not geared to the masses as it is today.

It is only within the past two or three decades that a college education has been within the grasp of just about anyone who would make even a small effort to grasp it.

Because going to college has become so universal, it stands to reason that many changes in the educational system had to be made.

With smaller classes, individual aptitudes and abilities could be seen more easily, and education was not handed out as a dose to be swallowed as fast as possible. It was something to think about—something to drain until the last bit of knowledge had been gleaned.

Today there are untold numbers in institutions of higher learning throughout the country who are there mainly for a good time. Some of those in this group are intellectually superior, but don't put forth the effort to learn; some just don't have the mental capacity to get through college, even if they did try.

Large, impersonally conducted classes don't leave much time or opportunity to consider students as individuals with different traits and aptitudes. The speed of education, like just about everything else, has been upped tremendously, and knowledge and information are poured out to the students to be snatched "on the run."

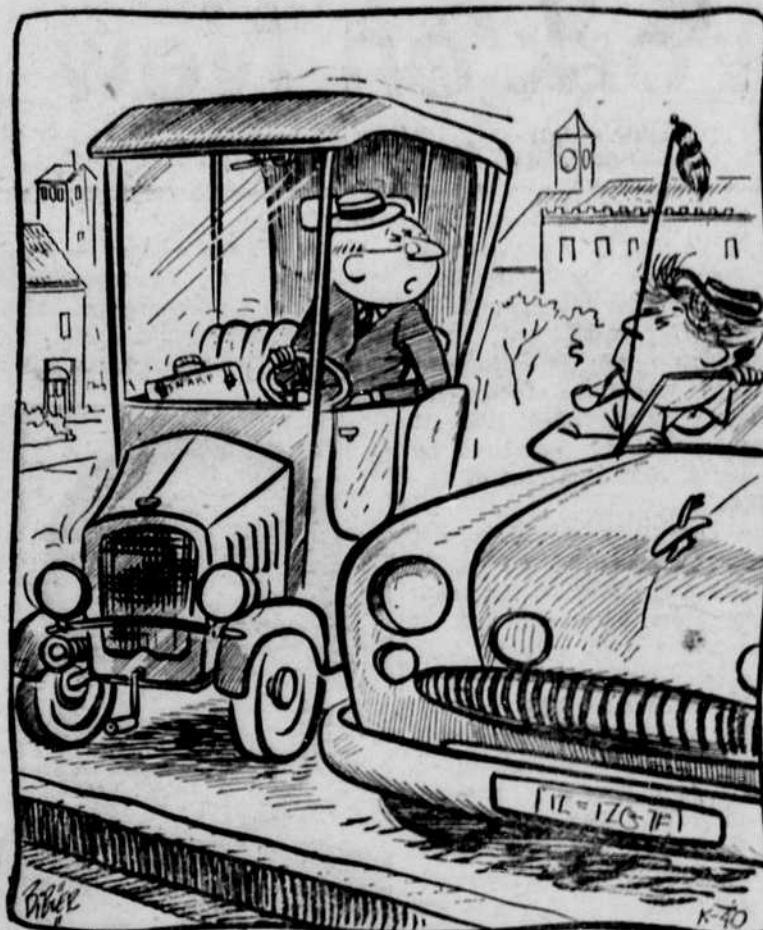
The changing picture in education can be compared to the difference that assembly line production has made in industry. Years ago, the work went much slower, but there was a pride in craftsmanship that is lacking in the mass production of today.

Certainly no one would advocate a return to former industrial methods; if for no other reason, speed would be reduced to a snail's pace and that would be fatal to industry.

By the same token, a return to former educational methods would also be a completely unworkable solution. However, some of the drawbacks of the present system have in part been solved by some institutions by a method of selection.

On the fact of it, selective education may sound hard, even snobbish. But it is one solution to mass education. Perhaps in the future some other method can be utilized, but until that time, selective education is worth thinking about. — (The Louisiana State University Daily Reveille)

Advice From an Alum



"My advice would be not to drop school to go into your father's business—you need a college education these days to find success and financial security."

GULLIVER'S TRIFLES

'Member Ol' Zip Zip? A Mighty Man Was He

By Ken Kesey
Emerald Columnist

"'Member ol' Zip Zip Zwis-ki? Now there was a boy what could really tote that ball down the field!"

"Sure, I 'member ol' Zip Zip; it'll be a long time before this school has another man like ol' Zip Zip. You recollect how, after every time he got tackled, he would take that rabbit's foot he carried around his neck and touch it to his lips?"

"That's the Lord's truth, son," said the other man. "Zip Zip carried this rabbit foot with him and he kissed it after every time he got tackled — thanking his luck, he would say, that he hadn't been hurt. He was the luckiest ol' sonofabuck—got every break in the world."

Joe Kneanderthal grunted in answer as he laced his shoulder pads. The two bulbiferous alums buzzed around him like fat blue flies around a dung pie. Joe was triple threat; he ran, kicked and passed exams.

"Uh—how's the project going, boy?" the blue-jowled one asked confidentially. As he leaned close Joe could see the nicotine and alcohol oozing from his flesh in heavy, yellow drops.

"Don't know," said Joe. "Hey, Hulk!" he called to a wretched old man huddled in a corner, sleeping in his own juices, "how's my project goin'?"

Hulk raised himself and stared about like a dog afraid of the whip. "Huh? Huh? Oh yeah, there ain't no hurricanes this week, Joe."

Hulk's an ol' bum they picked up off the tracks to take care of my cyclone watchin' project. He answers roll in all my classes for me. Coaches handle all my studies for me. I ain't cracked nothin' but beer bottles since my freshman year!"

The alums roared and their bellies shifted ominously around. "Jus' like ol' Zip Zip. The kid's the spit an' image." And they finished their bottle and tossed the cork to old Hulk to chew on.

"It's game time Joe," the trainer said, "time for your white horse." And as the trainer heated the teaspoon, Joe rolled up his sleeve.

"Peps you up, huh?" asked the alum smoking the \$100 bill. "They used to rub ol' Zip Zip with turpentine. They'd pour it on certain sensitive areas, give 'im the ball, aim 'im toward the goal and powie—touchdown!"

Outside the band started. The coach rushed into the locker room. "Let's go team!" he shouted from beneath the wrinkles in his face. "Rockum Sockum!" yelled the trainer, brandishing his needle. "A hundred bucks a point!" the alums yelled at Joe, and the whole bunch stomped over old Hulk as they clattered from the locker room.

Lying on the cement the old man heard the alma mater ring across the field. As he listened he touched a rabbit's foot to his lips, then went out to watch for hurricanes.



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