

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

Same Old Story

Monday morning's "impromptu" rally and the resulting frustrations must have set some sort of an all-time record for futility.

After watching, and participating, in them for four years, we're convinced that there must be an easier way of not attending classes than by serpentineing through classrooms and massing in front of Johnson hall.

If the students are convinced that their cause is just and that the past football victory does deserve to be celebrated by mass jaunts to Perkins Point or anywhere away from the classroom, it's about time they came up with a new and more successful way of organizing it.

What do students expect a professor to do when a mob roars into his classroom in the middle of a lecture? He is getting paid to teach students, not to wave them happily on their way at the first chant of "No Class Today."

If a professor wants to let his class go, that's fine; but not every professor is going to do that. And not very many students are going to brave the wrath of the man who gives the grades by walking out in the middle of his class.

One can make any comments he wants to about lack of spirit, unfaithfulness to the football team, or just plain cowardice. That's the way things are.

We might also ask those who rallied Monday morning what they expected to gain by massing in front of Johnson hall. There is some doubt whether President Wilson even has the authority to dismiss classes. The Board of Deans usually acts on such matters.

In our discussion of rallies with a number of alumni, we have heard one question asked many times. That question, asked in a number of different ways, boils down to this:

Since when have students had to ask the administration and the professors to excuse them from class?

Back in the "good old days," say these alums, when they didn't want to attend classes, they had a much simpler way. They just didn't show up.

Of course this took a certain amount of organization, and lots of phone calls to

other houses on campus to insure that everyone knew of the plan, but it certainly took less effort and must have been more effective.

It couldn't have been more ineffective than the Monday rally was.

Not Much of a Gamble

A number of factors determine whether a so-called "name" band can be signed to play at a major college dance. The band must be planning a tour of the area and must be able to get enough other dates in the area to make the tour worth while.

From the local standpoint, of course, the weekend chairmen and their advisers must be willing to spend more money than usual. In the past, legend had it that this expenditure for a big name band would be more of a gamble than an investment.

All the favorable conditions were present for this Homecoming and Oregon students were treated to the music of Duke Ellington.

We will admit that the attendance at this one dance does not prove conclusively that Oregon students will turn out to see a name band, but we think it is a pretty good indication. In any event, on the basis of the attendance Saturday night, we can justify the expenditure of larger amounts of money for other "big" bands.

We don't have any financial reports on the dance, but we would guess that the event made a profit. If it didn't, we might as well resign ourselves to losing money, because there wasn't room for anybody else in Mac court Saturday night.

Footnotes

ASUO President Bud Hinkson should consider himself honored. By his "hanging" Monday, he has joined a distinguished, but no longer select, group which includes Len Casanova, San Francisco 49'ers owner Tony Morabito, a half dozen other football coaches and the OSC student life committee.

* * *

An interesting note on today's assembly speaker, Averell Harriman: The scion of a family which made its fortunes on railroads, he arrived here by airplane.

Potent Sleeping Pill



GULLIVER'S TRIFLES

Notes to Next Year's Homecoming Chairman

By Ken Kesey
Emerald Columnist

Concerning weather: All clouds, upon appearance over campus, should be promptly seeded with hops and yeast; if we're to have rain let's make it one of the happiest rains that ever soaked our spirits.

Alums: I suppose they will be necessary, although I have a friend from LA that could deal with the wealthy ones quickly and efficiently. His name is Willy the Dip and he can be contacted in almost any crowd by carrying a mousetrap in your back pocket.

Noise Parade: Basic idea for a winner. Use no torches. Soak the girls' clothing in gasoline and send them flaming before the truck; not only would this create a rather unusual spectacle, but, when the clothes are burned away, an exciting climax could follow. The clincher, however, is the sustained noise, and for this I got a doozer; strew the street in front of the judges' stand with pledges of doubtful quality, and one by one, very slowly, run over their legs with a truck.

Variety Show: The show this year lacked one success-making act. Next year be sure to contact the engineering school at OSC about this act.

Game: The only possible im-

provement could be in the half-time entertainment—I suggest one of those good ol', rip-snort-in', Neroic Christian-lion tussles.

Dogs at Game: This is a serious problem. Jim Dandy nibbled at the OSC yell leaders all during the game; now this is terribly dangerous and must be stopped—poor Dandy turned up with trench mouth after biting the Aggies.

Homecoming Queen: Preferably a girl again.

Dance: Stocking feet next year. After Coach Borchers saw his floor he tried to hang himself with an ankle wrap.

Tappings: A more vigorous tapping would be nice. And a new honorary should be installed—The Grundies (for people that never did neth-in'). And a darling effect for their tapping could be achieved by placing a man in the balcony with a .270 Winchester and a scope. As the new members fall, the other honoraries would rush to the warm form and enrich their own treasuries by tapping the blood and selling it at \$25 a quart.

Drinking: Probably.

Sunday Morning: As I think back, I don't believe it even exists.

Monday Morning: Eliminate it!

Letters to the Editor

Emerald Editor:

An open letter to the Oregon student body:

Last Saturday's response was by far the best that I have ever heard by any student body.

On behalf of the rally squad, the rally board and all other planning organizations responsible for the Homecoming activities, I would like to express our appreciation for a job well done by all of you students and alums.

Who said the "Oregon Spirit" is dead?

Ollie Urbigkeit
Yell King

Emerald Editor:

A rather modest poet, who must remain anonymous, has asked me to send this small eulogy, for our esteemed ASUO president, to the Emerald, in hopes of publication. I trust you will overlook the fellow's mean abilities, in view of the great depth of feeling and sincerity expressed herein.

Once upon a winter morning,
With the weather wet and storming,
On a pond called Hayward mudflat,
Duck and Beaver met in combat—
Met in open bloody warfare.
Wild flew the feathers, blood and hair;

And when the pond, at last,
had cleared,
The mighty Beaver had been smeared.

Then came Monday, gloomy Monday;

But the students thought it funday:

"We have smashed the big, bad Beaver!

"We have cleaved him with a cleaver!

"Let's celebrate! No class today!

"Let's all declare a holiday!

"We have won a game of football;

"On, to the steps of Johnson hall.

"Let's get our prexy! Talk to him."

But Meredith was busy then.

"Insurrection!" cried the students,

Though it wasn't really prudent.

"On to Red Square! Commonwealth hall!

"Let's free the students—dis-enthrall!"

And so, forward surged the brash band,

Onward with their noble errand;

But to the rescue came their leader,

Who stopped them with a scornful sneer.

Stood he with his visage blackened;

ASUO's hero reverend.

"Naughty students," said the great man

"Naughty, naughty," slapped he their hands.

"This sort of thing will never do,

"And I am quite ashamed of you.

"At the country club we're nice boys;"

(We never play with tinkertoys.)

"Sophisticated, we must be;

"And you should all act just like me."

"The man is right," the freshmen said.

"Perhaps we should have stood in bed."

So, sheepishly, they crept away.

The president had saved the day!

Oh mighty hero, we applaud, Bud Hinkson, our little tin god.

You saved the day for us, and we,

Your servants, thank you most humbly.

Someday may we your statue raise,

For all our hapless mob to praise.

For student government was sent

To govern, not to represent.

Jim White

Senior in English

oregon daily EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald is published five days a week during the school year, except during 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 per term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial page 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.

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