

'A Day at the Zoo' Branches Out to Fort Ord

(Editor's Note: Bob Funk, for several years Emerald's commentator on campus affairs recently wrote the Emerald staff a letter describing his life out in the world which we think old "A Day at the Zoo" fans will enjoy. An outstanding student, Funk graduated from the law school in June.)

Last June I alit, or is it alighted, from the rather flimsy platform whereon (this time I'm sure of the word; it couldn't be onwhere) President Wilson shoved my diploma at me, and hotfooted it out into the World. I've been in the World for several months now, and it's really been hell.

First, the World shepherded us up to Salem, where 17/17 of the '55 law class took, and 16/17 of us passed, the bar. I passed. And next I enlisted in the army, a thing which is not done by a person of any IQ whatsoever.

I am now the Army's for three long patriotic years. As yet the Army does not seem aware of what a good deal it has. Particularly unaware are some of the corporals and sergeants of Company M, 63rd Infantry regiment, at Fort Ord, California. Fort Ord is where I matriculated, so to speak. My father was very happy about my going to Fort Ord. "You've spent practically your entire life among the intellectual types at the University of Oregon," he said (he is pitifully naive about the intellectual level at the University of Oregon, obviously); "now you can meet the Common Man." My father is one of those persons who thinks it is Good For You to get out and sniff the Common Man. He does not seem to realize that the Funks are pretty common to begin with.

I did not find the Common Man at Fort Ord. I did find myself in a barracks chock full of people untimely ripped from Dartmouth, Texas A&M, Cal, UCLA, Rice Institute, Fenn (whoever heard of Fenn), Washington, Stanford and Virginia. I kept looking for the Jukes and the Kalikaks, but they must have gone through basic last year. We had nothing but conversation like "Well, of course Corporal Bryson MAY know how to handle men, but I have a masters in psychology, and—"

Naturally, my father was heartbroken when he heard about all this.

We decided that the best way was to endure basic training was to Like the Army. We Liked the Army for about three weeks and then got tired. About that time everyone realized that the Army, whatever it may be, is not very likeable. Most of the people in Company M,



VIVA LA FUNK!—Bob Funk, who wrote the accompanying letter, was the Peon party candidate for ASUO president in 1953. He was elected to the Senate, and later selected to fill out the term of the ASUO vice-president, on the Peon-law student platform, which called for "a new era of free expression, not subservience to organized blocs."

my alma mater, decided to write books about the Army. There is something about college people that makes them think that they can write books. Most of the books were going to expose the whole mess. One was going to be Against War. I was not going to write a book; I was thinking up a movie script instead, sort of like "From Here to Eternity."

It all started out with the screen perfectly dark, and then this loud, monotonous drumbeat began, and then you saw dim marching forms, and then you realized you were marching (with Company M) through a certain Fort Ord tunnel to the rifle range. THEN the letters come on the screen LOUIS B. MAYER presents AN ETERNITY AT FORT ORD

from the script written by ROBERT NORRIS FUNK, posthumously awarded the Purple Heart for blisters incurred while double-timing to the rifle range. Somehow, by that time the corporal was yelling at us, and sort of dispelled the muse.

In the evenings we cleaned rifles and boots; this may not seem like much night life to you, but at Ord we go in for the simple pleasures. Somewhere back in the dimmest parts of my memory I can remember carefully taking apart an M-1 rifle in ROTC class. At Fort Ord, all is different. You sort of jerk the hoojis, pull the pin, and let the parts fall on the floor; douse them with rubbing alcohol, swear at them a couple of times, and then reassemble the rifle. I do not think I was even issued an M-1 rifle. My rifle had George Washington carved on the stock, and I'm suspicious.

I got into activities. One day they asked for persons with journalism experience, and figuring this was safe, I trotted to the fore along with the sports editor of the Dartmouth Something and the editor of the California Pelican. We were duly appointed company correspondents for the Fort Ord paper. I kept waiting for them to ask me to write "A Day at the Zoo," but there is terrible professional jealousy at Ord, and they never did. The horrible truth is that nothing ever happened at Company M that we could report on, so we never turned in a story. Company M is a very poor beat, sort of like Deady Hall.

One Day Dick Lewis (Emerald associate editor last year) came to see me. He is going through a new experimental kind of basic training. Other than that, I did not see any Oregon people, although I kept whistling the pledge song as I strolled around the "campus." Someone had written Phi Psi—Oregon on the outside of the Quartermaster warehouse. A real touch of home, but probably some sort of dirty rushing device.

My reason for writing is that old, passed-on Emerald people always seem to write letters, and I'm one for traditions. Congratulations, by the way, for beating State in the mud.

Next week I am going down to interview the Schiller-Gildea-Turnbull colony of ex-Oregon journalists in San Francisco. Then I am going back to Baltimore to become a member of the army counter intelligence crops. Corps, rather. Then I am going to try to go to Germany and be a spy. SURE I am.

Until some other time when I will have kept the world safe, and will be back amongst you, keep putting out that never-ending paper.

—BOB FUNK

GULLIVER'S TRIFLES

Narrow Chimneys of World Hinder Arrival of Santa Claus

By Ken Kesey
Emerald Columnist

"So you're Santa Claus, Huh? All right then," the college boy said, extending his hand to the tall, gaunt man sitting next to him at the bus stop, "shake hands with Jesus Christ!"

"Doubting that," said the tall man, "you couldn't be J.C.—he's upstairs celebrating his birthday with Buddha, Confucius and Lao-Tze."

"And I wasn't invited," the boy sneered.

"Now don't bother me boy, I'm checking my list. Let's see now—one Swedish exchange student for Stats Gill, one do-it-yourself effigy kit for each college, one copy of "Playboy" for Dean Wickham..."

"Hey," said the boy, "if you're sold on this Santa Claus kick where's your beard and your ho-ho-ho and all that jazz?"

"Why boy, that all went out with the elves. You're just thinking about those department store flunkies with a kid on their knee and liquor on their breath! Now, where was I? Yes—one adenoid operation for Margaret Truman..."

"OK then, pop, where's your sleigh?"

"Another legend. I don't deliver the stuff, I just figure out what each person is going to get—the Big Boy handles all the deliveries in due time."

"Well, he never handled it for me; I've been asking for a chance at Marilyn Monroe for five years and he hasn't come through yet."

"Twenty million other men want the same chance—by the time your turn came around the commodity would be shop worn. Be reasonable." The tall man looked back at his endless list. "One case of filtertips for Sir Winston, one case of fruit juice for Tab Hunter, one case of DTs for the French people..."

"So I can't have M.M." The boy muttered. "Well, then hows about wrangling me some loot?"

"Loot?"

"Silver, moola, cash, clams, bread, long-green, that ever-lovin' stuff, MONEY. If my old man doesn't get

his rear in gear and come through this Xmas I'll be broke flatter'n fish skin. Money is what I really want, Marilyn will have to wait!"

"Sonny, you are behind the times. We haven't given people what they WANT-ED in a long time. We did for a while; we tried it. We gave you fire and you burned cities, we gave you the wheel and you built the tank, we gave you religion and you started the crusades, we gave you leaders and you became puppets, so we gave you puppets and you

became demagogues. We gave you strong men and you trained soldiers, we gave you unions and you started riots, we gave you freedom and you permitted power-mongers to take it away. We gave you science—you invented the A-bomb, we gave you love and you hoarded it until it soured and fermented into hate.

"We know now you aren't mature enough to have what you want; we give you what you need."

The cold wind of early twilight blew

Taffy Pull

By Fudge



'And to think I flunked this student'

the last bit of leafy garment from the spidery skeletons of the trees, blew them skuffing up the lonely street past the boy and the tall, somber man. The wind lay the limp brown grass close to the ground and scared little dark knots of wind ahead of it, and flipped bits of newspapers from the sidewalk into the gutters—headlines, stories, ads. The wind swept the bald street with long, harsh strokes. The old man blinked at the wind-seared world and turned tiredly back to his list.

"For Wayne Morse, one side-saddle (one side or the other), for Governor Griffith of Georgia, one copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for Joe Stalin—no, we took care of him a while back—, for Joe McCarthy..."

"But listen, dammit, I NEED the silver, the green stuff. I can't get anything out of college without it!" the boy insisted.

"Boy," the man asked without looking up, "what are you majoring in?"

"Dentistry."

"It figures."

"Now listen, you old..."

"C'mere boy, I think I know what you need."

The man led the boy to a house, to a window, and pointed, "Now, what do you see through that window?"

"Huh? Well, I see some kids—not too rich—playing around a Christmas tree, and a man reading a paper, and a woman cooking stuff, and an old woman—probably the grandma—rocking and sewing, and a dog, and a bird. But, what in the hell do you..."

"Now," the old man took a silvered mirror from his large bag and held it in front of the window, saying, "Now boy, what do you see?"

"Why, naturally, I just see myself."

"Boy, do you see what a big difference a little silver can make?"

The boy stared after the gaunt man walking down the grey street, mumbling over his endless, eternal list.

"Let's see—oh yes, Joe McCarthy—hummm—Joe McCarthy—yes..."