

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

Taffy Pull

by Fudge

'Hell' Should Be 'Help'

The high incidence of property destruction this past week leaves us with one idea: hell week must go.

This is neither a new nor a startling proposal. The destruction of property, both of individuals and of the public, has been a part of the initiation system for a number of the campus fraternities for some time. Those pledges who don't actually engage in the destruction of property still may be hazed in a manner which is not befitting the dignity of human beings. To say that they are tortured is to put it mildly.

And it has scholastic repercussions. How can a man who is forced to stay up all night be in any shape for class the next day? Just how much study time is allotted to improve the low GPAs? We know of at least one case last year where one new initiate never did get caught up from hell week—and suffered a correspondingly low GPA. We doubt that he was alone in this.

We also know of one more mature individual, a veteran and prominent student, who broke his pledge rather than go through the childish hell week. Did such an action bring a re-assessment of its system by the fraternity in question? We regret to say that it evidently didn't.

In discussing this with fraternity members we found a single, almost universal, answer: hell week helps the esprit de corps. It helps the pledge feel a real part of the fraternity.

Our question: is hell week worth this? Couldn't the same results be obtained from less harsh, more constructive methods? No one would object to a reasonable amount of work for the house, provided that it really was work, not the make-work variety such as scrubbing already scrubbed walls. There is much painting, cleaning and repair work which could be done, and legitimately.

Should this prove insufficient, there are a number of community projects which could be undertaken. And the fraternities possibly would receive some favorable publicity, for a change. How does this compare with the bad publicity, and the bad public relations, received by the fraternity system and the University, as the result of this past week's actions?

The Inter-fraternity council has provided more leadership this year than any year within our recollection. It should be able to control its own members. If not, such action as that taken Monday by the administration cannot be criticized.—(S.R.)

Rub of School Aid

One of the most important, and yet one of the most controversial and insolvable, problems confronting the country today will once again be tackled by Congress this session. Federal aid to education is still on the lips and minds of our legislators as are highways and agriculture, the "big three" internal questions.

With the session less than two weeks old, there are already two major proposals for

federal aid in the news. One is a holdover bill from the 1955 session, while the other is a second try by President Eisenhower at finding a suitable solution to the school crisis.

We feel that neither one of these proposals will ever become law, at least without some major revisions. Despite the urgency of more funds for school construction and higher wages for teachers, neither the administration nor congress has found the answer as to distribution of funds.

Never before has a law been passed providing for general assistance to public elementary and secondary schools, for construction and/or operation. This field has traditionally been a local job, despite federal assistance in many related fields.

But a crisis in lack of classrooms and teachers caused by the loss of building time during the war and a huge increase in the birth rate has come to education. Something must be done.

The Kelley bill, introduced in 1955 for granting \$1.6 billion over four years to the states, has been passed by the House education committee and awaits transfer to the floor by the rules committee for vote. But opposition has developed which may block it primarily due to its lack of a provision for not helping states which have segregated schools.

The same fate could come to President Eisenhower's aid proposal in which he called for a \$1¼ billion grant plan spread over five years and the capacity to buy \$750 million worth of local school bonds. This is quite different from Ike's plan of last year in which one proposal was to set up separate state corporations to finance school building.

The President's new plan would require matching funds from the states for construction, 2/3 of the costs to be paid by the so-called "rich" states but only 1/3 by the "poor" states, with others in between. But funds are to be appropriated on an income-per-child basis, not a very good way of determining actual school needs.

Kelley's bill, meanwhile, has a more definite method of apportioning funds, but one which would fall short of solving the problem. The Pennsylvania Democrat's measure would give flat sums to the states on a straight school child population basis, about \$10 per child to each state.

The fault here is that the states with the heaviest populations, such as New York, California, and Pennsylvania, would get the most money but are having the least trouble meeting school problems. This is because, in general, the most populated states are the richest in both total evaluation and income per person. This is generally reversed for the smaller states.

This then, we believe, is the rub of the whole school aid problem: an objective means of distributing the needed funds where they will do the most good. A new law without this would be ridiculous.

—(J.C.)

Footnotes

Now we're reminded once again why they call it "Hell Week." It sure is that for the people who have to do the work of those who are participating in the other festivities.



"Oh George! Fraternity brother or not, must he always come along?"

GULLIVER'S TRIFLES

I Have My Fling at The Sport of Kings

By Ken Kesey
Emerald Columnist

When we were kids back in Colorado my brother and I took to catching bugs and racing them. We started with sow bugs. We would each catch a sow bug and brand it with a dab of fingernail polish, then put it under a thumbtack box in the center of a large chalked circle in our garage. I would lift up the little box and the sow bugs would leisurely uncurl and stroll toward the edge of the circle; the one that reached the edge first was the winner. I don't recall any prize the winner got, other than the privilege of racing again—losers were quickly liquidated underfoot.

The sow bugs were lazy, dim-spirited beasts and we would often have to goad them along with the beam from a magnifying glass, even then the races would sometimes last an hour. We forsake the sow bugs for daddy-long-legs, then tumblebugs, lightning bugs, dewinged grasshoppers, crickets and other dry climate bugs that would soon go their way to a watery death here in Oregon. We finally switched to cockroaches.

We located an extensive herd of them. They pastured in the warm lining of our water heater and came out only at night to roam unchallenged about our house like wild, highblooded steeds. These were the fastest and most spirited contestants we had ever raced and it wasn't long before we cleared the race track of the various other has-been bugs and each had a fine stable of sturdy cockroaches.

Competition ran high in our cockroach races. We branded

them and knew each one by heart. We kept them in a wash-tub and fed them coffee grounds until they were sassy and prime for racing. Chuck owned a favorite he called P-38, and after my top steeds were continually beaten by P-38, I snuck out to the stables one night and pulled off one of the big roach's legs.

Chuck never noticed P-38's handicap and he never could understand why the Nashua of the insects suddenly should choose to run in circles. P-38 was retired to the washtub pasture for breeding, a great roach with a great past.

My steeds dominated the winner's circle for quite a while after that, with my roach, General Patton, an inch and a half of pure racing beauty, going unbeaten for months. Then one afternoon at the track, Chuck brought in a new breed. A shrew, a fiesty little varmit like a dwarfed mouse with a lion's heart, and entered it in the Third against General Patton. I was indignant. I didn't think it fair to run a mammal against a bug. But our rules said nothing about it, and Chuck's shrew looked so neurotic that I doubted if he could even find the finish line.

We put the shrew and General Patton beneath the thumbtack box and got ready for the race. After some fanfare I jerked up the box, and there sat Chuck's shrew, smugly licking his lips and batting his black little eyes at the light. General Patton was gone.

I stomped the shrew in a fit of despair and Chuck retaliated by flooding the washtub stables with stove-oil. And such was the end of our fling at racing.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

We, the newly initiated members of Theta Chi fraternity, would like to make this statement to the students and faculty of the University of Oregon about our recent conduct.

We realize that we were in the wrong and offer our sincere apologies. It was a spontaneous misdemeanor committed during the last night of a rigorous

initiation. No malice was intended and in no way did we wish to degrade or cause bad feelings toward our school or our fraternity. However, we do feel that our part in the episodes was over-emphasized in a recent edition of the Oregon Daily Emerald, because "several fraternities" were involved, yet we were the only ones mentioned by name.

The entire pledge class of

Theta Chi accepts the responsibility of our misdemeanors, and we will do everything within our power to right our wrong doing and restore the feelings of goodwill towards the University of Oregon and Theta Chi fraternity.

Respectfully,

The Freshman Class of
Theta Chi Fraternity,
Jim Brooks, President

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