

oregon Daily EMERALD

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What Do the Rush Figures Mean?

Fraternities and sororities didn't do so well during their recent Rush Weeks, if sheer numbers is any indication.

Only 347 men pledged this year; last year 416 pledged.

Sororities did better, but a greater number of freshman women dropped out this year after beginning Rush Week. The 16 houses pledged 253 freshmen, only slightly fewer than the 259 of a year ago.

What do these figures mean? No one knows.

This year's freshman class is the largest in the University's history, so one might have expected larger pledge totals.

We hope this is not an indication of a great revolt against the Greek system. We see no other evidence to substantiate such a theory.

Perhaps, however, there is a revolt against being drawn into rushing before getting established academically. Men's rush monopolized the time of both rushees and members the first week of classes. The bad effects of this cannot be accurately measured but must be very great.

One alternative would be deferring rushing until winter term. Freshmen could concentrate on their studies fall term, and those who made their grades could rush winter term. This system is favored by many of the larger fraternities and by the administration. It would be much more desirable from the standpoint of the freshmen.

But don't get excited for it's not going to happen. Why not?

Panhellenic, to our everlasting amazement, has excellent control of women's rushing. But the men's rush rules are not respected by the fraternities and are apparently impossible to enforce.

Deferred rush would merely make men's Rush Week over into a Rush Term. Fraternity men would have to spend even more time trying to impress freshmen. And financially hard-up houses couldn't begin to keep up in the marathon of dinners and parties which would be provided for freshman men.

There is also a fear that winter term rush would hurt the smaller houses, some of which are at present nowhere near their houses' physical capacities. This would be undesirable, although we have yet to see convincing proof that it actually would hurt them.

But there is an answer to the men's Rush Week problems. Here again, like our proposal that a more extensive tour be developed, The Emerald suggests that IFC follow the lead of Panhellenic. Women's rush was nearly over before classes started; men's rush, in contrast, caused everyone involved to get a week behind. We suggest that IFC look into the possibility of conducting its Rush Week at the same time as the women's.

Whether more freshmen would then participate and eventually pledge cannot be foretold. But there's no question that it would make Rush Week easier on frosh and fraternity men alike.

Dig Deep into Your Pockets

The United Fund drive got underway Monday. This annual fund-raising campaign asks us again to dig deep into our pockets for money to help the people of Oregon.

Several years ago, Oregon students, as well as people all over the state, were asked to contribute many times during the year to many different causes. Drives would be held monthly to collect money for various agencies.

Now the process is made as painless as possible. One big drive is made annually to collect money for all the major agencies which formerly conducted separate campaigns. Today the United Fund drive covers the Red Cross, YMCA and YWCA activities, Boy and Girl Scout movement, and many other programs aiding the welfare of men, women and children of our state.

On the University campus, a goal of fifty-five cents per person has been set. Kwama and Skull and Dagger members will visit the various living organizations today to distribute information, and will return Thursday to pick up the money collected. How can the drive be made more painless?

This year there will be no competition between living organizations. This is as it

should be. Monetary competition has no place in giving to charity, for the amount one gives should depend only upon the feelings of the individual.

No lump sum has been set for a campus goal. But it is hoped that every student will feel that the drive is worth at least a small donation. (C.F.)

Footnotes

If you were counting injuries instead of points Saturday, Idaho would have won hands down. The score: one broken leg, one separated ankle, one concussion, one separated shoulder and several contusions for the Vandals to one broken hand. The doctors who were called over the PA system should have stayed on the scene.

* * *

Department of Passing Shots: the University Theatre advance publicity played up the opening of "The Country Girl" last Friday as the first whiff of another great UT season. So we want to know who made it "Act I, Scent One: Stage of a New York Theatre."

A Big Boy?



GULLIVER'S TRIFLES

The Tale of Bill Nugget; 'Glad to Have You with Us'

By KEN KESEY
Emerald Columnist

Joy seemed to reign at the dinner table. Smiles were stretched like sock-tops. Beneath the table the toes of the brothers in the mystic circle of the stars wriggled in happy unison; great things had been accomplished tonight.

The president, a mighty little fellow with a brain tumor, tapped his keg for attention. "I would like to make a special announcement. Bill Nugget, voted most valuable athlete from the New England States or some such place has—uh—you-know-whated with us tonight!" Great greek, what a catch! About the table the slaver dripped from the brothers' lips and into their bread pudding.

"Glad to have you with us, Bill." They gathered around after the meal. "We thought we were really sucking air there for a while, all the other houses were so hot on you." They throttled his hand enthusiastically and Bill grinned and nodded.

When Bill left they stood around and dabbed their eyes and waved until he was out of sight, then they celebrated wetly.

As soon as Bill was out of sight he re-buttoned his prep jock jacket and headed for the Siggy house. "Bill!" they roared. They swarmed about his legs, slaving into his pants cuffs, and pulverizing his hand. "Glad to see you, old old, old, kid, old decile number ten!" Bill grinned the warm grin of one who is weakening and they hustled him upstairs to a humid room where the breath of the brothers fogged the small barred windows.

"The fellows like you, Bill. We're hot for you. We think you're one of us. It's hot's hot's hot's all the way for you boy!"

Bill grinned and nodded and from a sultry corner in the room a panting brother shot a pin into his pocket with a blow pipe. It nestled comfortably among the twelve others. They wrung his hand and he left grinning and nodding, and headed for the Delt house, the words "Glad to have you with us" reverberating in his ears.

He waded into the basement of the Delt house and eyes beneath dim lids recognized him. "Is Bill. Have a pledge pin boy, they're scattered around in the front yard. By the way, d'ya think y'old man could shell out a few million shekles for a new party room now that you're one of us." Bill grinned, nodded, picked sodden objects up from the floor that looked like wallets, and left, walking rapidly toward the railroad as the Friday chimes sounded midnight.

An hour later, barreling south with another shaggy crew-cutted man in a box car, Bill counted his take, belching happily.

"Not bad," his buddy said, "and didya notice the cooks are better than a few years ago?"

Bill wrapped his prep letterman's sweater in a bandana to swing over his shoulder. He spilled the pins from his pocket where they had been pricking him. His partner checked a calendar.

"Bill, I think we can hit the season at Stanford if we hurry. You up to it?"

Bill tested the bruised cartilage between the fingers of his right hand. He grimaced and nodded.

To the Editor

Emerald Editor:

I have found lately that sipping coffee outside the Student Union cafeteria is NOT enjoyable, simply because I have witnessed some students tramp right on the Oregon Seal, which I always hold in pride.

Those who love their country will NEVER tread on the national flag; those who love their parents will NEVER mishandle the picture of them; but those—I wonder if they really love our University, and if they are truly proud of this school...

My little heart feels a pain whenever I see dirty shoes trample the Seal down.

Tell me, dear Editor, is this my unmanly sentimentalism? Is that circular thing merely a piece of metallic plate embedded in the cement floor after all?

Y. Cheecy Ishida
Junior in Liberal Arts