

# Oregon Daily EPHEMERALD

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The Oregon Yearly Ephemerald is published annually at the University of Oregon, unless its staff from the year before is still in jail, or unless the smell created is

still too great. It takes nerve to even give it away, thus no subscription price. Opinions expressed are those of most any member of Sigma Delta Chi and do not pre-

tend to represent the views of any sane persons, living or dead. Blame for the entire project is entirely shouldered by SDX's fearless adviser, John L. Hulteng.

## Heads May Roll, But...

Heads may roll and blood may flow, but it is a beautiful thing to behold — all these blows being struck for womanhood! Commencing early this morning when rabble-rousing Susan Campbell women exploded into the streets, this day will live in history as the one when freshman women cast off the chains.

If the bodies of Reign of Terror victims clutter up the SU lawn, that's too bad. If a river of blood flows down 13th St. and floods out Maxie's, that's even worse. But men must learn to make certain sacrifices if the forces of reaction are to be routed before the advancing legions of Progress.

Under the theme song "There'll Be Some Changes Made," hosts of frosh women today put into action their "Give us lavatory liberty or give of us death" threats of last week.

The changes to be made should prove beneficial to all. The Ephemerald envisions

the day when dormitory living will be dormitory "living" . . . when lavatories will be constructed for possible 24-hour use . . . when academics will not be allowed to interfere with a broad and liberal college education . . . when the library will be open to all but not as popular as the river . . . when classes will be spontaneously held whenever a majority of students happen to decide to show up at once . . . when fraternity men will be required to take lie detector tests every night of Rush Week . . . when campus activities may be broadened enough to allow temptation . . . er . . . opportunity, for all . . . when professors may be paid what they're worth instead of being subsidized by the taxpayers . . . when perfection in every respect may at last have arrived.

All this and more challenges the imagination of the new officials as they deliver us from evil today!

## April Foolishness

Lest mothers throughout Oregon be "shocked" at an account of a typical day on the Oregon campus . . . lest the State legislature sue the University instead of appropriating money . . . lest frosh take all this seriously and write indignant letters to the editor, let us casually mention that this is an APRIL FOOL'S edition. Please don't take it too seriously.

Ah, April 1, the day that Oregon's Sigma Delta Chi men have longed for ever since plans were approved. Ah, April 1,

perhaps the date that will live in history as the anniversary of the expulsion of its members — a dark day in the age-old struggle for freedom of the press.

Ah, April 2, the day when the brothers will be seen united in brotherhood peering through the bars of the city jail.

Actually, though, we hope those who are today being ribbed will tolerate such a scandal once a year. For this could become a grand old Oregon tradition — if it lives till its first birthday, that is.

## — Letters to the Editor —

Ephemerald Editor

This edition having offended my literary tastes, I hereby resign as advisor of Sigma Delta Chi. Subpoenas for libel suits should be referred to my boss, Charles Duncan, who does not know my Mexican address.

John L. Hulteng,  
Ex-Rabble Rousing Aid.

Editor:

I have no comment, explanation of lengthy discourse to offer.

Sincerely,  
Edward Fadely  
Law School Rabble.

Open Letter to all those interested in things military:

Attention to orders! I'll bet most of you don't know where I am, or even why. So I thought I had better fill you in on my trip as it should be of interest to any of you, even some.

Pursuant to general regulations pertaining to security of scholastic endeavors and the oft-stated policy of watchful waiting, I have trucked to Portland—all the better to watch the post office close at hand.

You see, I may soon be off for the Point, that large castle on the Hudson, to become a part of that historic long gray line. I'll always remember my many military and some other experiences at Oregon.

So I'll let you know how it all comes out. I'd like to share with you these ideas I've assim-

ilated and better your lives a little bit.

Militarily,  
Sam Weiss,  
Sophomore in ROTC.

Dear Mr. Editor, Kind Sir:

I would please, for me, run this letter in your letter column. I am serious. I need to have this letter printed. In fact, I'm desperate. It is imperative that this letter be run. It's a life and death matter for this letter to appear in print. Mr. Editor, I beg, indeed I seek on bended knee, that you place this letter in your columns. If you fail to run this letter, Sol will no longer shine upon us. This entire planet will crumble into the vast reaches of space if these immortal words do not appear on your pages. Oh, please, please, heed my heart-felt plea.

Not just for my sake alone do I wish this letter to be printed, but for uncounted future generations — for millions of children yet unborn.

But, alas, you Mr. Editor have, in the past been too far above the interests of the common to print such a letter. Therefore, do I challenge you to print this letter. I throw down my gage at your yellow-journalistic feet. I double-dog-dare you to print this letter. Bet you won't do it.

Y'rs,  
Roy W. Adams  
Graduate Student

Ephemerald Editor:

We had thought it impossible for every rule of journalism to be violated in one issue of publication. Your Ephemerald of April 1, 1957, has disillusioned us completely. If you had the slightest trace of ethics in your soul, we would berate you for your misuse of the same. Similarly, if you had any knowledge at all of the English language, we would let you have both barrels for its misuse.

Suffice it to say that your newspaper was composed of nothing but adolescent drivel, fit just barely for the disposal of garbage. If University of Oregon students will tolerate this yellowest kind of "journalism," then they are living proof that the school is not doing its job in educating and refining their taste.

If you people are the newspapermen of tomorrow, the citizens of tomorrow will go down in history as the "misinformed generation."

Editorial Board  
Confidential Magazine

Emerald Editor:

I'd just like to take this opportunity to express my honest opinion: those Rally Squad women are LOUSY! Why back at Lewiston & Points North Normal in '49...

Bob Loeffelbein  
Graduate in Recreation  
(as good as any other major, boy!)

## He Gave Them a Fight



"Worthal's laundry put too much starch in his shorts and when they hit this morning..."

## ADVENTURER RETURNS...

# Stork Tribal Symbol Among Betteran Tribe

By ROY W. ADAMS

Epemerald World Explorer

Again I return to the pages of the Oregon Yearly Ephemerald to recount my adventures in distant and unknown lands.

This strange, but true, tale started when I crossed the Blitz-Olympia mountain range into what is called the Lame County, Organ. From atop Mt. Hendricks, where young natives worship their pagan gods, I looked down into a swampy valley, veiled in miazmic mists. I thrilled to the scene—I knew human eyes had never before looked upon such a scene.

I descended the mountain and led my safari into the swamp. There I discovered a new race of men. It took me several days to learn the language. The natives told me that their village was known as Pueblo de la Pregnant in the land of Amazon.

The village itself was comprised of nearly 300 longhouses in which dwelt the natives and their large families. These people called themselves "Betterans."

The longhouses were cleverly constructed of tissue paper and slim wands of balsa wood. This construction technique improved intra-family communications. In fact, one could hear the quiet breathing of children at least six longhouses away.

The main occupation of the Betterans was not hunting or agriculture, but activity in a quasi-religious cult, the Hue of Woe.

The Hue of Woe, or Hue-Woe as it is sometimes called, was located on a hill starkly projecting out of the mire of the swamp. The Betterans daily trekked to the hill to perform in rituals conducted by the high priest, Yeow Merryman Whibbang, and many lesser divinites known only as profesterers.

Whibbang, aided by a staff of knout-wielding profesterers, daily saw to it that the Betterans, along with two other tribes known as Grease and Dependents, jumped over heaps of slide rules, test tubes and blue books.

At the end of a four-year period, those who survived the

daily tortures were turned out into the forests known as "The Outside."

At the end of a typical day, Betterans, their chains clanking as they marched in lockstep, marched back to Pueblo de la Pregnant knee-deep in decayed storks fallen to the ground, dead with exhaustion. The stork was the tribal symbol of the Betterans. All of their off-duty hours were devoted to the promulgation of the lore of the stork among their offspring, who, to say the least, were numerous.

The mates of the Betterans, wearing the traditional smocks,



Unusual photo shows strangely-constructed longhouses of "Betteran" tribe, discovered by Ephemerald explorer.

often were employed at menial tasks about the Hue-Woe or in the swampy area known as "Genetown." The females produced the wealth of the Betterans, but it was barely enough to obtain the tribal diet of macaroni and black coffee. An additional supply of currency was obtained by the males.

The men, who engaged in a formalized monthly govern-

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