

## No Sure Things

There aren't any "sure things."

When the Oregon State College sophomore class lost \$500 on Les Brown's Wednesday night appearance there last week, we hoped that the University's gamble on a weekend date for the Junior Prom would pay off. The combination of Les Brown's drawing power and a Saturday performance well in advance of the Mother's Weekend activities looked like a good bet for a big crowd at the Prom.

But the Junior Prom attendance of 1280 persons was even less than the OSC mid-week turnout of 1400 for the same admission cost. Our junior class lost about \$1080 on the dance, over twice as big a deficit as OSC ran. Student interest at the University didn't justify the cost of a big name band or the extra \$500 for a weekend booking.

Only 500 University couples wanted to go badly enough to invest \$3, according to an estimate by Si Ellingson, SU director. "I guess the students just aren't interested in big name bands," he observed.

The OSC Daily Barometer held up the University students' Millrace restoration fund raising as an example of student spirit when editorially criticizing the poor attendance at Les Brown's OSC dance. That was before our Prom turned out to be a financial failure.

The Prom was well managed and should have been a success. It's hard to know just when the students can be counted on for support.

## Wear Shoes

Today at 4 o'clock the frosh will make a gallant effort to get rid of their lids for the rest of the year. The annual Tug-O-War, over the stagnant waters of the Millrace, will be featured again.

According to tradition, if the sophomores win the frosh "must wear their rooters lids the rest of the year;" if the freshmen win they can burn 'em, rip 'em or soak the lids in acid.

Last year the freshmen pulled their older, more sophisticated opponents into the Millrace. Then, seemingly carried away with the passion of the whole thing, the frosh gave the heave-ho to about 15 women who happened to be watching the goings-on.

Unfortunately, one girl received a bad leg cut and was taken to Sacred Heart hos-

pital for treatment. Stitches and a cast were required. According to reports, others were cut by various sorts of rubbish in the 'Race, but no others required medical treatment.

The Emerald likes tradition—even more, tradition with spirit. But it hates to see a bloody Millrace, too. We offer this suggestion to freshman and sophomore Tug-O-War participants: wear something on your feet (preferably shoes—maybe even "concrete wading boots," Jim Elkins style); anything to preserve your tootsies for future use around the campus. And we offer this advice to any women who might want to observe the event: Either watch from a distance or wear a bathing suit.

## Now for the Work

Take a deep breath, Queen Sue, for within a day or two you and your court are going to be mighty busy.

You've already been through the Junior Prom, when you had the thrill of being crowned queen of Junior Week. That night you probably existed on excitement.

But now the work of your reign begins. You and your four princesses must sit for several hours at a time on hard benches, looking benevolently at events unfolding in your honor. You may be bored by the endless presentations, but if so, you can't show it.

You'll be expected to wear a confident smile as you rock down the millrace Friday night. If the wind blows, you'll shiver in your frilly pink dresses; if it rains (horrors!) you may get damp. You'll be expected to process and recess to a half-dozen events, smiling pleasantly even when your feet hurt.

But we're really not worried, Queen Sue, for we know you and your court will be join the rest of the student body in hoping for a successful Junior week and wishing you an enjoyable reign.

## Footnotes—

They claim that this Oregon and Washington-area has the same climatic environment as that which inspired the Greeks to do so many thoughts when Attic philosophizing was all the rage. Which is all right with us, except: we can't understand how Plato ever happened onto a "Realm of Eternal Ideas" when he was moaning in a red-hot sunburn down at the river.

## How About a Drill Team Firing Squad?



"I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR THAT 'NROTC' INSTRUCTOR—HE VERY SELDOM HAS A DISCIPLINE PROBLEM."

Dave Cass

## Some Campus Traditions Are Anachronistic, Childish

There is one side of extra-curricular life on this campus that never fails to irritate me. This is the existence of and reliance on a great body of anachronistic and childish tradition.

The major facet of life is either deeply traditional or traditionally untraditional. Cheat sheets, psychology department beards and accepted behaviour after Friday at Maxie's are examples of the latter category.

The perturbing truth about this is that the requisite for such a state of affairs is a magnificent lack of ingenuity and thought.

Plans for Junior Week that have been circulated recently point up the drastic need for a reappraisal of much of this body of tradition. As a matter of fact, the basis and existence of Junior Week itself, as well as of every other major weekend, could easily serve as the starting point for such an evaluation.

I understand that a committee revised the traditions for Junior Week this year. The only apparent change was the omission of the unenforceable rule about smoking on the old campus. The problem was that with this rule in effect, along with a general lack of knowledge of field stripping of cigarette butts, the old campus looked much like the testing field for the American Tobacco Co.

It's unfortunate that this committee didn't revise a bit harder and relegate the remaining traditions to David Riesman's files.

What are these remaining traditions, and why should they remain? The continued existence of such must be based on sounder grounds than the satisfaction of the sadistic pleasures of a few animals (or perhaps the mesochistic pleasures of the few not-so-hapless freshman coed offenders).

Apparently they can't be. Prohibition of walking on the seal might be justified by the poor durability of its materials. But, according to Ripley's "Believe

it or Not," if all the college students in the world marched at a rate of five m.p.h. over this hallowed landmark, not only would the procession never come to an end (due to the prolific nature of said students), but such defacement would only come about after 1.29 x 10-to-the-ninth-power years.

By that time Oregon will have certainly been inundated by such an accumulation of tradition that any particular one will have been forgotten.

I would surely grant that the mittee, says "Freshman wom-clad only in their strategically placed green ribbons is pleasant, but certainly there is some dorm rule that would negate this possibility. (note—the tradition, as passed out of committee, state, "Freshman women must wear green ribbons.")

I won't comment on the tug-of-war over which the "traditions chairman" waxes so joyous except to say that I hope the University Band has been faithfully practicing "Round and Round the Mulberry Bush."

The most interesting commentary about these traditions is the existence of enforcement. Now traditions have to be enforced. The Order of the O will inflict punishment. In as much as this organization is above reproach and is respected by all, I take this to mean castigating glances, accompanied by appropriate growls.

Don't get me wrong. Such hallowed traditions as studying at the River, townies, pseudo-sophistication and anti-intellectualism are certainly above criticism. All that should be realized is that in many areas there is a great need for replacing tradition with a little thought.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Emerald Editor:**

The amazing display of PETULANCE by a full professor in last Thursday's Letter-to-the-Editor is proof that even the Administration is ALLOWED ONE MISTAKE!

Name Withheld  
By Request

**Emerald Editor:**

The criticism that some of the students and faculty members have forwarded in connection with Mr. Raja's speech is enough proof that Mr. Raja will be well off if he chooses to speak on some other topic different than politics. Being a captain in the army and coach in track and field, Mr. Raja lacks diplomacy so much needed in politics. I could suggest a number of subjects having a direct bearing to his profession.

R. Venkataraman  
Research Associate  
in Chemistry

**To the Citizens of Eugene:**

We were extremely disappointed to hear that the City Council did not give final ap-

proval to the Millrace Restoration Project. We are confident that with the benefits which will be derived from this restoration, the delay will be temporary. But because of this delay we wish to express to the people of Eugene why we have so strongly supported this campaign.

We firmly believe that a restored millrace would be as beneficial to the community as to the University. It would provide excellent recreational facilities to every person in Eugene—canoeing, boating, swimming, and picnicking—without the necessity of transportation. The scenic appeal also cannot be overlooked nor can the publicity which it would afford. The beauty of the University of Oregon campus reflects the beauty of Eugene.

The members of the student body worked diligently to raise \$10,000. Students donated their \$10.00 breakage fee deposit, their Co-op receipts, and gave personal contributions. Many living organizations donated generously from their own

funds. Proceeds from major campus activities have been combined with the aforementioned to exceed the University's goal. When you consider the expenses of University students, you cannot help but realize their desire to see the millrace restored.

There are few students who have not heard the alumnae express their memories of "the old millrace" or who have not been asked the question, "What has become of our millrace?"

It is for these reasons and less tangible, that we, as students of the University of Oregon, are eager to see the community and the University work together to complete this project. Then, once again, these words "I like a shady place by the old mill race" will have everlasting significance.

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