Oregon Daily
EMERALD

Still One-at-a-Time

At last and out loud: Rose Bowl!

Nine, going on 10 weekends is a lot of football grind—especially at a "one-at-a-time" pace. It's hard to think one-at-a-time in a season like this one. There's a strong perfume-laden breeze that blows in from the south about five o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. You aren't supposed to inhale it or talk about it or think about it. One-at-a-time football is hard.

And now that Rose Bowl is back in the acceptable campus vocabulary, now that you can sniff that Pasadena perfume with no ill effects, what now of this one-at-a-time stuff?

Well, for our money, the weekend by weekend idea still holds. In our exhilaration over Rose Bowl trips and Rose Bowl parties and Rose Bowl tickets we can too easily forget the one that's left on the one-at-a-time slate. We've still got Oregon State left. A rose might still be a rose, but it wouldn't smell so sweet after this weekend if we forgot the one-at-a-time spirit.

It has taken a lot to come this far—Jack Morris' toe, Jack Crabtree's arm, Harry Mondale's shoulders, Jim Shanley's feet, Ron Stover's hands and lastly, Len Casanova's words. They deserve another week's use: "One-at-a-time."

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A Change is Due

The Emerald's series of three articles on the problems of men's rush concludes today, with three more stories to follow on women's rushing. We gather from the opinions expressed in the first two articles that fraternity men and officials of the University feel the present system of conducting rush week is unsatisfactory and that a deferred, or winter term, rush week would be preferable.

Today's article lists some arguments against deferred rushing, and the people who support that position have an exceedingly strong factor working in their favor: the natural resistance to changing the status quo. It's a law almost as powerful as Newton's law of physics that people, as a whole, are automatically against anything which threatens to change their way of doing things.

It makes no difference if the present methods are outmoded or even disastrous to the society; those methods are what people are used to, and it takes an almost overwhelming argument to convince them that a change is necessary. Why? Well, the status quo is a comfortable thing. It's much easier to drive down an old, deeply-rutted road than it is to strike out across the fields, even when that road leads to a dead-end.

We're not suggesting that the fraternity system is headed for a dead-end with its present system of rushing. It's been getting along for years with an early rush week, and it could undoubtedly continue to do so indefinitely. What we would like to get across is the fact that fraternities could improve themselves and their relations with the rest of the campus community by inaugurating a deferred rushing program.

The benefits to the fraternities are obvious—more time to evaluate prospective pledges, fewer drop-outs on grades, generally stronger pledge classes. The benefits to the rushee are even greater—time to get acquainted with the campus before deciding on a fraternity, time to see all the fraternities instead of just a few, and time to establish good study habits before getting caught up in the swirl of fraternity activities.

Arguments against the deferred rush idea boil down to a worry about the mechanics of enforcing the system and an unrational fear of change. Enforcement has worked at other campuses, and there is no reason to suppose that Oregon fraternity men are so much less law-abiding than fraternity men elsewhere that a "hands-off" policy could not be effectively enforced. Change, it is almost unnecessary to add, has come to many societies without causing the destruction of that society. It has, on occasion, proved beneficial.

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'Traditions'

(The following editorial, written by Eric Allen, son of the first dean of Oregon's school of journalism, appeared in the Medford Mail-Tribune Nov. 11.)

Among the two dozen or more newspapers which cross our desk daily are several college or university papers.

Occasionally, in the latter, are items which intrigue or amuse or instruct us. Once in a while there are items which irritate us. The following, from the Daily Emerald of the University of Oregon, is an example:

"The Order of the O will enforce the following traditions beginning today:

"1. Freshmen men are to wear beanies and women are to wear ribbons every Wednesday until Homecoming. They are to be worn every day during Homecoming Week.

"2. All students must speak on the hello walk and not walk on the seal.

"3. No smoking on the old campus.

"4. No walking on the grass.

"5. During all of Homecoming week all honoraries must wear their uniforms, and everyone must wear a Homecoming button.

"All violators will be punished."

TRADITION?

Eyewash! Those aren't traditions. They're either just plain ordinary rules of conduct or else tribal rites of the late-adolescent.

Tradition, Webster tells us, is "the oral transmission of information, beliefs, customs, etc., from ancestors to posterity without written memorials," or "something handed down from the past; an inherited culture, attitude, etc."

One does not "violate" a tradition and get "punished"; and traditions don't get printed in lists with burly lettermen wielding paddles to "enforce" them on Wednesdays.

The only tradition we can escry in this business is the ancient one of college students making silly asses of themselves.

And if the writer of these ill-tempered lines is suspected of never having joined in such hi-jinks, let it be known he once was kidnapped at 5 a.m., dumped in a field 20 miles away, and hitch-hiked back in time to participate in an inter-class brawl before being pulled through a lake, fully clothed, in a tug o'war.

Now THERE'S tradition for you.

Some Alum

"WELL, LIKE YOU SAID WHEN YA FLUNKED ME OUT OF SCHOOL: 'WE CAN'T ALL BE BORN WITH A HIGH I.Q.'—I'M JUS' LUCKY I GUESS."

Dave Cass

Modern Fag Merchandising Disturbs Old-Guard Smoker

The Indians were a sensible bunch. When not out garnering scalps with their quaint weapons or playing their version of the shell game, they cultivated tobacco. As a matter of fact, tobacco was the main facet of their society. All our modern day worries were solved by its use.

Their agricultural surplus problem dissolved into air; thus originated smoke signals. The peace pipe was their equivalent of vodka diplomacy. Television, the solution to boredom, also had its counterpart in the land of the noble savage. By a judicious mixture of tobacco with other unusual herbs much the same effect of fantasy was produced. Shamans served as announcers.

The downfall of the Indian came with the expropriation of his tobacco fields by the white intruder. Fortunately, the Indian bequeathed to us this wonderful plant.

At first only a prop of the Southwestern cowboy, alternating with drawl in conversation, tobacco became the food of national politics and the tool of female emancipation. Samuel Gompers introduced the cigar to big labor and the Democratic Party, Carrie Nation and Amy Mcpherson to the belligerant feminist.

Not to be outdone, the teaching profession took up pipe-smoking, the working man, snuff, and the medical profession, Camels. Nowadays, anybody who is anybody uses tobacco; just try getting on the Mike Wallace show if you don't like tobacco.

What I want to bemoan are the present trends in cigarette production and merchandising, which are particularly disturbing to the old guard of the smoking world.

No longer can a psuedo-doctor tell us from the back of TIME that Camels lead their nearest competitors by 2 to 1. Rather, these upstarts, the filtered and the mentholated brands, with their exotic names and appeals, have captured the field.

Some would attribute these appalling changes to the cancer scare, others to the increasing indulgence of the slighter sex.

Certainly, there is some credibility to the latter belief. Frayed ends and a real inability to tamp a cigarette correctly excluded women from real smoking pleasure under the old social order.

Filters are also more easily found when dropped into sofa cushions or under a car seat. Best of all, they can be held in the teeth while talking, also allowing the preservation of carefully prepared natural lips.

But we shouldn't be too tough on our friends, the women. At least they can't chew gum and smoke at the same time. Gum chewing is a most disgusting feminine habit. From this one can't help but draw, along with current anatomical emphasis, parallels with our ruminating pets at their slouchiest.

It is unfortunate that only a negative defense of this disturbing condition can be proposed, that is, the condition of female smoking habits.

To those who would suggest that the popularity of filters and menthols is due to the prevalence of colds and flu since they came into vogue, I would suggest that a much better solution would be to give up smoking.

The same effects could easily be vicariously achieved by always situating yourself close to somebody who smokes real cigarettes. Sour candy has never been a cure for stomach ache, to corrupt an old proverb.

Not wishing to appear completely reactionary, I would end by pointing out two good effects arising from the demands and habits of the financial backbone of America. The new packaging, urged by the necessity of stuffed purses, has been a boon to the careless carrier. In addition, as more women smoke, provided they carry their own, we have a wider field from which to bum.

And, along with Mr. Thurber, I would suggest that any little thing which the sexes can employ in common will help to ease the ever present tensions caused by the presumptousness of one party concerned.