

Brotherhood

Time for IFC Action

The Inter-fraternity Council meets tonight, and the most important item on its agenda is the question of deferred rush. After a year or more of delaying and haggling, during which time a committee returned a favorable report on winter term rush and Dean of Men Ray Hawk pointed out that the system must come eventually, the men who govern the activities of the fraternity system must arrive at a decision.

There is no longer time to put off that decision. All the arguments on both sides of the question are in, and further delays, if deferred rush is to go into effect next year, would cause trouble and confusion in its installation.

The decision on deferred rush, and a plan for it if it's adopted, is rightly up to the IFC. But in making the decision, the IFC should bear a couple of points in mind.

First, fraternities are allowed on campus at the pleasure of the University administration. The Greek organizations have no inherent "right" to be on campus. This is not to say that fraternities are undesirable, or that the administration has or is not giving Greek-letter organizations its support. Far from it. But the fraternities' status on campus is something that fraternity men should bear in mind as they consider questions affecting the welfare of large numbers of University students.

Second, the IFC should be aware that considerable support in favor of deferred rush is forming outside the University proper, particularly among parents of students. This pressure is becoming vocal and the IFC would be unwise to ignore it completely.

The Emerald cannot presume to tell the

fraternities which system would benefit them most. We can, however, speak up on behalf of the 500 or so freshman men who are directly affected by rush week.

From the standpoint of the rushee, these are the points against an early rush week as it has operated here in the past:

Conflict with first-week activities. Whether rush week is held during Orientation Week or during the first week of classes, it is unfair to ask a freshman (bewildered by the newness of it all, anyway) to devote much of his time to choosing a fraternity when he is supposed to be taking tests and learning how to study.

Lack of time to select a fraternity. A freshman should not be forced to make up his mind on such an important matter after a bare acquaintance with a just few of Oregon's fraternities. True, it is possible for a man to wait a term. But many of them are afraid to wait, for fear of being left out completely, and many are unaware that there IS an alternative to going through rush week right away. And there is a certain amount of social pressure on a freshman to go through rush.

Hard feelings. A freshman who has been at the University for a term is less likely to be hurt if he fails to "make" a certain fraternity. In any kind of selective process, those left out will suffer sharp pains in their ego. Those pains can't be eliminated, but they would certainly be lessened if there was an adjusting period before the selection started.

We hope IFC will weigh these considerations against the fears and apprehensions its members have about trying something new.



Charles Mitchelmore

'Brainwashed' Students Are Reflection of Society

How does it feel, Joe College, to be held under the magnifying glass? Your reactions, your habits your attitudes are under considerable scrutiny these days. The people on the other side of the magnifying glass are quite interested in knowing just what you're doing with your ivy-covered experience; you are a significant indication of the tenor of the time, or something like that.



You probably didn't realize it until you read it in Time—that you are "more serious" than your predecessors. ("We're just looking for security," one of your fellows, a mid-western college editor, explained it to Time.)

This, of course, ties right in with what another writer said about you way back last spring. You've probably forgotten it, but he said you're being brainwashed. It was that Rose Bowl football season, no doubt, that stalled your plans to find out who is brainwashing you or about what—if you really were serious enough to care. ("We're just looking for security.")

And if you do enough magazine reading, you should know by now that you've also devaluated the football hero. You may not be comparing him to the Neanderthal man yet, but did you ask anybody, "Going down to the game?" Only to have him turn out a Pasadena hero? Sure, you know sputniks aren't built by T-formation strategy. ("We're just looking...")

Now your social life and customs should be your own business. That's what you think. You've been warned, I'm sure, about the danger of your monogamous social habits. After all, in the old days it was a matter of pride to pursue the "spice of variety" rather than to fasten oneself to one girl and one girl alone—this we learn courtesy of a Harper's article: ("We're just...")

Even your humor cannot escape. Those "sick jokes" or "Ivy League" stories are powerful re-

lection of your serious nature, gruesome—"No thanks, Mr. Gein, I can't eat another bite of venison,"—as they may be. ("We're...")

And so you do protest. And your search for security is probably justified in this day of instant retaliation and nuclear war and the fifty-cent dollar. But you are still serious and brainwashed and monogamous, the magnifying glass people tell you.

What can you, and I, say to these charges, Joe—aside from this security bit?

We are serious, to be sure, or at least we should be. The increased cost of a college education, the increased requirements for degrees, the foreboding dark cloud they say is in the outside world—this should make us serious.

And the fact that we're serious, or like to think we are, shows up in this charge that we're monogamous. Perhaps we're so serious in these social customs that we accept too much elsewhere without serious question. That, I suppose, is called brainwash.

But perhaps more than defend or even admit, Joe, we should turn the magnifying glass around. For if we're an indication of the times, then some other people are being serious in the wrong things, becoming brainwashed themselves. So we're all just looking for security.

(Next week: what is security)

Our Contemporaries

(ACP)—Termed "filthy and perverted" by the student publication board, the Pelican, campus humor magazine at the University of California, Berkeley, was recently censored by that board.

The magazine, said board members, "chose to run material dealing with sex insults against persons and groups, not to mention stories on homosexuality and the dirtiest of jokes."

The board decided, reported the Daily Californian, that its members would judge all future Pelican material this semester. The magazine's editorial set-up was also revamped.

Sun Worshipers

The Italians label him O Sole Mio; the Romans made him a god—Appollo; the Incas and Aztecs offered him bowls filled with the steaming blood of pretty maidens.

We're talking about the Lucky Ol' Sun himself, and while we propose no blood-letting or deifying in his behalf, we have to admit to a certain liking for the round-faced old traveler and his hot-eyed expression.

We become particularly fond of him in a region like Lane County, where his standard 12-hour work day and seven-day work-week are reduced, from November through February at least, to a feeble appearance at dawn and perhaps a fleeting look at his Eugene admirers before going on to some place further west blessed with clearer skies.

So yesterday, around ten o'clock, when the sun's full rays touched the Oregon Seal for the first time in a dark two weeks, we

watched with satisfaction our fellow Web-foots pay homage to him in their own way: windows flew open in Commonwealth and Allen Halls, coats that had been none-too-heavy Tuesday were put hopefully away at noon; sunglasses appeared on the quad; and there was even some idle talk about "The River", the Pi Phi sunporch, etc.

Not to be outdone, the non-human population on campus reacted in their own wild ways to Ol' Sun's return. Just before noon, a humming-bird bravely whizzed past the east wall of Friendly, and the union of squirrels in the IOOF Cemetery were involved all afternoon in their usual noisy warm-weather activities.

Perhaps we'd better stop this and take another long look at Sun—it could be his last performance for a month of rainy Sundays.

But we're not giving up all hope, though caution (and some experience with the vagaries of Eugene weather) prompts us to amend Shelley slightly: "O Wind—if sunshine comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Footnotes

Think Department: A junior man recently walked into the Inter-Fraternity Council office in Student Affairs and asked to sign up for winter term rush—weaving a pledge pin he said he had received during Christmas vacation.

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One of last year's Emerald executives is wondering what happened to the rest of his paychecks. His W-2 form gave his income for working on the Emerald as \$2400—his salary was \$16.00 per month.

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Educational movies are, it seems, getting more interesting all the time. On the "educational" movie list: "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

Oregon Daily Emerald

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