

Suggestion to the Honoraries

The sophomore and junior honoraries have recently been bombarded with criticism for confusion in purpose of their organizations. As it stands now, the sophomore honoraries (Kwama and Skull and Dagger) and the junior women's honorary (Phi Theta Upsilon) are participating in a treadmill of "service" activities — such as selling programs, ushering at concerts, etc. and are mainly concerned with earning money for scholarships.

Fund-raising for scholarships is a worthy goal and should be continued. But the wrong organizations have been doing the right job.

The Emerald offers these recommendations:

1. Exclude compulsory "service" activities for honoraries. The run-of-the-mill selling of programs, monitoring tests and other "busy work" can be handled capably by an entirely separate organization. There are plenty of willing workers who would gladly perform these tasks. We suggest that AWS be given authority to administer the service duties now performed by the honoraries. This would add strength and purpose to AWS and also help stream-

line and strengthen efforts for scholarship fund-raising.

2. Make the present honoraries genuinely for "honor" alone. If the group would choose, it could meet and undertake any problem it wanted to. But it would not be restricted to time-consuming busy work and would be freed to take on problems and projects of a much more significant nature.

Druids, the junior men's honorary, at present is organized in this manner. There are no restrictions or obligation as to what the group can do. Technically, it may work towards any goal it terms worthy — either individually or as a group.

These suggestions have been generally accepted by several student leaders and University officials. They do not prohibit a member of an honorary from belonging to the service group. They make a clear division between "service" and "honor" and, most important, allows already over-worked "student leaders" more freedom in selecting the jobs they want to do for the school.

Members of Phi Theta Upsilon, Kwama and Skull and Dagger would be wise to consider these suggestions.

Russian Guest

For the first time in a long time persons came to a University assembly in droves and left talking about what they had heard.

Georgi Safirov of the Soviet Embassy spoke for 35 minutes like a man selling vacuum cleaners. Smiling as warmly as he could, using the words "friendly" and "co-operation" and "respectful" again and again, Mr. Safirov told how the United States and the Soviet Union had been great allies during World War II, and how the cultural exchanges between the two countries had been successful.

Like a good salesman and a good Communist, Mr. Safirov believed in what he was selling. And the audience, in good American tradition, probably didn't believe a word of it. They paid attention because for many this was the first live Russian they had seen. Many didn't know much about Russia — its people or its history — but they did know that the smiling fellow up there represented a country that is determined to make the world, including America, a Communist dictatorship.

Mr. Safirov showed a great deal of courage after the speech. He consented to answer questions from his critical listeners. He did all right answering questions until he asked one himself. The listener had asked why there was barbed wire on the borders of the Iron Curtain countries, if the Russians advocated free travel.

"Have you ever seen the barbed wire?" asked Safirov. Then the student answered, "Yes, I saw them, sir — I am a Hungarian." Amidst the ovation, it's likely that Georgi Safirov never experienced a more uncomfortable moment in his life.

Nothing much was accomplished at the talk. Both the speaker and the audience had closed minds — perhaps a "first" in University assemblies.

If there was something wrong with the thoughts of the audience after the speech, it wasn't that they had shut their minds to Mr. Safirov. What likely was wrong was the thought that other peoples couldn't possibly be taken in as they had not been taken in. There is evidence that Mr. Safirov and his friends have in fact done a marvelous job of salesmanship in other countries.

— Letters to the Editor —

Emerald Editor:

The belligerent efforts of several questioners following Tuesday night's speech by the representative of the Soviet Union showed a complete lack of taste and a distressing absence of perspective.

Of maybe eight questions asked Mr. Safirov, about two were in the realm of common courtesy. The majority of the questioners tried not to enlighten but to vent emotions. They were painfully obvious in their attempts to accuse rather than ask. They were absurd in trying to hold Mr. Safirov to account for alleged wrongs of his government. And they exhibited a tone of intolerance—"my country saint, your country sinner"—that would compliment a United States government propagandist but that would disgrace a free university.

The level of intelligence displayed was brought to its nadir by the student who attempted to ask if Russia's foreign policy was influenced by "some 600 million little yellow people." The student was cut off, and probably wondered why.

Mr. Safirov's speech was singularly courteous and he himself bore earnest good will. That he could have been accusatory toward the United States was clear. That he was not, should have earned him a similar measure of respect from any listener. Those five or six questioners who caused embarrassment for the audience as a whole should be roundly condemned for their injudicious attacks.

Don W. Robinson
Senior in Journalism

Emerald Editor:

To Mr. Safirov:

You talked to us Tuesday evening. The title of your address was: "Soviet Foreign Policy." The ballroom was crowded, we thought you were going to speak about the political foreign policy; but this was not your intention. So, you told us about the exchange of movies, sport-teams and artists. After having emphasized that agreements in these fields strengthen the understanding of two nations, you asked for common understanding as a basis of com-

munication to end the cold war between East and West.

Do you know, that people in the free world have the ardent desire, too to communicate with the Russian people? But you mentioned in your conclusion, that there is, unfortunately, still a cold war between East and West. While you were speaking about the tour of the Bolshoi Theatre and the success of the American pianist Van Cliburn in Moscow, we were thinking of the cold war.

What about the army the Russian government sent to Hungary? I saw pictures reflecting the horror of the Russian suppression. But you told us that the Soviet government is doing everything for protecting human life. Your government stopped the nuclear tests, because the radiations endanger people's lives.

You look for a better understanding; so do I. You were smiling all the time, and when we asked you questions about the political Russian foreign policy, we had the impression that we hurt your feelings.

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Good Thing He Wasn't a Pledge



"SO I GAVE HIM BACK HIS OLE FRATERNITY PIN."

John Lengel

Hail the New Anthro Queen! Cedar Rapids Takes Crown

"Let's put up someone for Anthropology Seminar Drag Queen. A girl-like." The crackly voice felt its way through the damp, smoke filled chapter room to the president's seat.

"Okay with me," the president said. "All in favor of putting up a queen say aye."

The chapter split. Some said aye; the others raised their right hands.

The man who made the suggestion stood and thanked the chapter for approving his idea. He said that this would really let the house "smooth in" with some sorority.

Nominations were opened.

A scholarly looking gentleman stood and said "I'd like to nominate for chapter consideration Miss Cedar Rapid."

A crew-cut youth jumped to his feet and shouted, "Man, that chick is a stupid scene. She doesn't have anything on her mind but sand."

"You're not exactly on a Fulbright scholarship yourself, old crew-cut baybees."

"Now just a damn minute, who are you accusing of Fulbright scholarships?"

The president, his shoulders sagging like an old warrior, intervened. He accepted Miss Rapid's name and explained that Fulbright scholarships weren't really bad.

Another crew-cut slowly rose and nominated a Miss Minne Apolis. He said, "she's really stacked, and besides she reads a lot, and is gay, interesting, rich, witty, a judge of fine wines and all the girls like her."

Yet another crew-cut youth stood. He was dressed in a pair of "go-aheads" a San Onofre bathing suit and a stolen Eugene Active Club jacket. "I wanna get elected Stella San Diego."

The vote was called for. Cedar Rapid was the chapter's nominee for queen. Minne Apolis lost primarily because she was pinned to a Delta Chi at the University of Alabama. Stella

San Diego received a token vote because she formerly was a Chi Omega at Purdue; even though every body knows there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue. Worth mention was a fourth place candidate that snared zero vote because the president neglected to call her name.

Cedar Rapid went on to reign as queen of the Anthropology Drag. She duly thanked everyone that voted for her, and strangely enough—"It's the biggest honor of my life."

A thorough behind the scene investigation will show how Miss Rapids won.

It seems the chapter that nominated her got hold of an alumni list. They sent in Miss Rapids on a wave of absentee ballots disguised under the names of various alumni. This was necessary because no one remembered to officially enter her in the contest.

The whole thing puzzled the Anthro majors. They dropped school and formed an expedition in search of "Kilroy was here" signs.

Anyway, everybody was sorta happy—even though the band-leader forgot to hire side men, and the couples danced to pulsating rhythms tapped out on a waste basket by a date-less sociology major.

Our Contemporaries

The University of Washington Daily sponsored a "TGIF Do-It-Yourself Kit" contest recently, apparently for the "advancement and better weekend projects."

The first-prize winner turned out to be a do-it-yourself tachometer to be attached to the Latin American Ship of State, so that the number of revolutions per minute could be determined.

Second prize was awarded for "a home-built triangle kit for those students who do not fit into the ordinary pattern."

Prizes were not specified.

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