

opinion

Ed is good for ed

The University needs all the advocates it can get. It got one more last weekend when Sen. Edward Fadeley, D-Eugene, was voted Senate President.

The University already has a friend in House president Gratten Kerans, D-Eugene.

Both these liberal, Eugenean, University alumni staunchly supported higher education during the past few years of cutbacks and special sessions. Their combined record on higher education reads like a green light.

Fadeley's compromise election to the Senate presidency, following weeks of liberal vs. conservative conflict, is a sign of the senator's ability to work with both factions — rural and urban — in the Democratic party.

A certain amount of compromise will be a necessity if anything solid for higher education or the whole gamut of state institutions, for that matter, is going to survive Salem this session.

While campaigning, Fadeley mentioned to the Emerald that he favored base-budgeting higher education plus about \$70 million during the next biennium. This sounds suspiciously close to the Governor's budget proposal for higher education. This sounds good for the University.

We'll see whether Fadeley had to compromise too much on committee appointments to garner his presidency. The key chairmanships to the Senate Revenue and Ways and Means Human Resource Committees should be announced today.

Regardless, it's better to have friends than enemies in high places. The University now has two it is counting on.



World of the blue-collar student

By Alice Alfonsi

Shut down.

My father says to my mother, "Well, I'm on the schedule again this week. For now, it looks like I still have a job."

When my father started work-

ing at U.S. Steel's Clairton Works in 1948, his badge still said "Carnegie Steel."

J.P. Morgan bought out Andrew Carnegie's dynasty in 1901 for about \$500 million, part of which Carnegie used to build the Institute of Technology, now Carnegie-Mellon University.

I guess that's why old Andy's cold steel eyes run through me every time I pass his portrait in Baker Hall. In his rags-to-riches rise to the top, Carnegie lived in both the blue-and white-collar worlds. So he constantly pokes my ribs to remind me what got both of us here.

He reminds me that I owe a lot to my father. He reminds CMU that it owes its existence to blue-collar work and that these workers cannot simply be pushed aside when another new technology takes over.

Mill work is my father's livelihood. My life is back there with the two televisions, the bowling league and the neighborhood bar.

My father, my uncles, my cousins have all worked in the mill. "The time passes without you even knowing it," they warn. "When you start, they say you'll only stay a few years, but before you know it, it's been 10 years on the job. Yeah, and 10 years' seniority don't mean nothing anymore."

In 30 years as a millworker, my father can't remember a whole mill shutting down. Now Clairton Coke Works has been down since July. Other mills — Duquesne, Homestead, McKeesport — have been wholly or partly down even longer.

So my father waits for the ax to fall and cut him down to another statistic in the morning papers.

"If you don't take academics, there ain't nothing," said my father, patting me on the head and thrusting me into CMU with the others. His own background is a Clairton High diploma, but my father wanted my sister and me to attend college, and he was strict with us during our childhood.

When I'm told by a white-collar classmate that her "daddy's company doesn't like unions," I don't hesitate to tell her that my "daddy" works in an area where the air's so bad people drive with their car windows up. That my "daddy" has friends who have been crippled and killed by job accidents. And that my "daddy" belongs to a union.

It's difficult to explain a blue-collar world to an unsympathetic professor. When a professor confides, "My God, even steel workers make as much as I do," then I know to dress preppy for his class. Blend in. His wife doesn't worry about him getting lung cancer from pollution, or wait by the phone when a furnace blow-up is reported.

Blend in. Professors of this type cannot or will not hear a blue-collar student's views.

As I go to classes, I realize I am leaving my father's blue-collar past for my professor's white-collar future. I worry about becoming what my father and I have always disliked.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This piece is taken from the Associated Press wire service. Alice Alfonsi is the editor of *The Tartan*, the student newspaper at Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh. Her story appeared on the opinion page of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*.

Harry Esteve

Faculty reflects changing times

"When I was 18 my father was so stupid I couldn't stand to be in the same room with him. When I turned 20, I was amazed at how much the old man had learned."

Mark Twain said that. At 25, I've noticed this little bit of old-fashioned wit applies to teachers as well.

I consider myself one of those "children of the sixties" who can still recall the banner headlines when John Kennedy died. Our memory of Bobby's death is clearer; Jim Morrison's, vivid.

I remember how stupid our teachers seemed.

My ninth-grade science teacher with the flat top haircut barred me from class when I showed up wearing a black arm band to protest Nixon's decision to mine the Gulf of Tonkin.

I was suspended from football practice the same day for the same reason. I didn't miss much, though. The team had to leave the field early, choking on tear gas fumes that had spread from a nearby demonstration.

Jerry Rubin told us not to trust our parents, to despise our teachers. We listened and obeyed.

The message was to reject authority, any authority. And all the authorities we knew were teachers and parents — so we gave them grief.

We got into shouting matches with our high school teachers over trivial issues. We refused to write on only one side of the paper in order to save the trees. We publicly burned our report cards to rebel against the "oppressive American educational establishment." We caused teachers to sweat, principals to stutter.

Now I'm in college.

In my social psychology class last term, a student decked in full ROTC regalia called male nurses "faggots." A business major in a coat and tie scorned the women's equal pay movement.

Funny thing was, the only person to offer much opposition to the statements was the teacher. The rest of the class was either silent or in agreement.

My political science professor became exasperated as he tried to convince the class of the abuses the Pentagon wreaked on the American public during the Vietnam era. I believed him — I've been believing that sort of rhetoric for years. A lot of students in the class did not.

I've noticed this phenomenon in several other classes. The professor expresses the liberal view and the students fire back caustic comments.

Some of the strongest pleas for nuclear disarmament I've heard have come from faculty members. Lately, the most radical and beguiling ideas I've been exposed to have been from my professors, old and young.

It leads to a strange kind of ambivalence on my part. I now feel a certain solidarity with a group of people I had earlier renounced as Orwellian mind police, while the ideological distance between myself and my peers widens.

I would be as foolish as my junior high school science teacher to condemn the students' point of view. I can only acknowledge that Dylan was right: The times were a changin', they changed, and now they're changing again.

oregon daily
emerald

The Oregon Daily Emerald is published Monday through Friday except during exam week and vacations, by the Oregon Daily Emerald Publishing Co., at the University of Oregon, Eugene, OR, 97403.

The Emerald operates independently of the University with offices on the third floor of the Erb Memorial Union and is a member of the Associated Press.

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686-4343
686-4381
686-5511

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