

# Are They Getting Their Money's Worth? -- The Dorm Situation

(An Editorial)

"THE dorm situation" has for years been a sore point among University students who live there. Whisper campaigns have been waged constantly against dormitory management.

There is, in the judgment of the Emerald, only one way to solve this question of student grievances. That is to air and examine them impartially.

The recent jump in hall rates came at an inopportune time, for students were already dissatisfied, not with the \$33 a month they were paying, but what they get for their money. The price increase, \$3 per month, goes into effect January 1, and students will then pay approximately \$36 for double rooms or \$41 for single rooms. Besides this, they are obliged to pay approximately \$2.50 each term in social fees.

MOST dormitory residents do not question the validity of an increase of food prices, and a consequent upping of board bills. They know, as well as anyone else, that syrup prices are up 15 per cent, bacon

almost 50 per cent, and that other foods are correspondingly higher.

But in comparing their situation with that of sororities and fraternities, who seldom pay more than \$36 a month for board and room (the rest of their house bills go to fraternal fees) they question if they are getting full return from the money they put out.

It is logical that men and women eat differently. The average sorority serves an entirely different menu than that of fraternities. It is here that the dormitory runs into one of its chief problems. They are attempting to feed hall occupants of all the men's dorms, and those of Susan Campbell, on the same diet. Men complain at the type of meals which they obtained, he cause lunches are often designed for feminine consumption. A "cottage cheese" strike a few weeks ago got rid of one of the more objectionable salad lunches.

HELP at the dormitory is paid the minimum prescribed by law. Meals are taken from this amount at a rate of half price. Typical of housekeeper salaries is that of Hendricks hall's cleaning lady, who receives \$57.50 a month, besides breakfast and

lunch. She is the only adult housekeeper for this dormitory of 114 girls.

If help is not paid above minimum rates, and if food is not above average, students demand: "What are we getting for our 'fraternity house' rates?"

They don't get the homelike atmosphere of a "house," and their living arrangement is on much more of a "pay and like it" basis. If a window is broken, or a chair falls apart, either an individual or his section of the dorm is immediately taxed . . . often without repair of the broken object for a long period of time.

BUT the crux of their whole argument is the food. It is, in all but Hendricks hall, poor in quantity and quality. For anybody in disagreement, dorm inhabitants challenge a visit at meal time. In the words of one hall man, "the food is so doctored up with corn flakes, cornstarch, and other ingredients designed to give it bulk that it's difficult to figure out what a dish started out to be." It is poorly cooked, and even good meat cuts become unsavory.

The dormitory students' argument is this: They pay fraternity house rates. But in these times of inflation-

ary prices they would not question the price increase if they felt they were paying for it for concrete results, or if students were given some voice in meal selection or in the now-objectionable approach toward minor dormitory breakage. They want a democratic friendliness between management and student; and they want meals worthy of the amount they pay.

THEIR case is a creditable one. University students have a right to question the things for which they pay, have a right to some part in deciding what they shall eat. The whole difference between the fraternity situation, outlined in last Tuesday's Emerald, and that of the dorms is that in one students know why they are sacrificing and are doing so at their own volition. In the other what they eat, how they eat, and the complete schedule of their dormitory conduct is dictated to them.

The Emerald asks, in the name of nearly 550 dormitory residents, that their case be studied carefully by the director of dormitories and the University administration. A finger of cooperation should be placed in the dike of the sea of discontent.

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## I Am the Rain. . .

JUNE'S liason with September miscarried, December wept copiously, and I, Rain, engulfed the earth.

You think I'm a terrible nuisance. I get in your hair, meander about for awhile, trickle over your forehead, leak into your eyes, ears, and mouth, and crawl annoyingly down your neck. I ooze up through the soles of your shoes, and your feet recoil like they were treading on quashed maggots.

My bewitching patter in the early morn tattoos a langorous tune on roofs and lawns, and you snuggle down beneath the warm caress of your bed covers with a muttered curse, "To the devil with that 8 o'clock," oblivious to the warning screamed by your alarm clock.

I gather in little pools around street corners. You poke one foot in unconsciously, yank it out blaspheming, glare at me, and stomp around. I seep through the edges of your notebook and smear the beautiful ink etchings you created in back-grounds of social science, and obliterate the notes you happened to scribble. You cuss me.

I flood your basements, pollute your shallow wells, stall your cars in the midst of my swirling fury, and I ruin your Homecoming. You growl.

YES, I plead guilty of all these misdemeanors, but I also am guilty of these felonies. I burrow into the earth, tickle the roots of little shrubs, and send their bald heads bobbing through the soil to burst into colorful laughter. I struggle under the ponderous weight of your giant trees and urge their green splendor up to colossal heights. I swell from little rivulets into the awesome Columbia, the invigorating McKenzie, and the languid Willamette. I soothe the earth for spring's gentle wooing.

I trickle into little blisters beneath the earth from whence I am pumped up to gorge millions of people and sustain life. Because of this I am saluted with the following: "Pure water, man's greatest need."

So please think it over, dear friend. I may not be such a horrible creature after all.—J.K.

## At Second Glance

By TED HARMON

Following a sophomore's advice that one-half of the married people are women, we ran across a few more romantic thoughts, like DeeGee fireside last Saturday night when the engagement of Miriam Wood, Portland, to Bill Johns, Athena, was announced.

And, of course, somewhere around those white pillars, you can find Marge Turner and Kappa Sig Bill Foster carving their initials. As far as the DeeGee freshmen are concerned, we saw, "side" along, ATO's "Ox" Wilson and Frank Shields with Mona MacAuley and Bonnie Robin, respectively.

Half a block down, the Alfagams are having romantic inclinations, too. There's Dorothy Maunley wearing Bob Hendershott's PiKap pin, while LaVonne "Tweet" McDonald finds that that spot on her sweater is really Al Sample's Kirkwood Co-op brass. Just to keep up with her sisters, Prexy Dorothy Jean Johnson received an engagement ring from Corvallis.

And then up on the hill comes word that Tri-Delt pledge last year, Beverlee Tobin, didn't come up for Homecoming. She quit her bank job, and is now working in the life insurance racket. Alums back, though, were Jean Morrison, with words about a wedding in January, and Bette Norwood, who's heading for Los Angeles Christmas to try her hand at social work. And we don't mean going to parties.

WHITELY'S FOLLIES may well be the contest he is now conducting for the "Oily" and "Mole" of the Oregon campus, as patterned after noted comic strip characters. To assist our brother-columnist in tabulation, here's how the nominations stood at 6 o'clock last night: (these are not final; winners will be announced Friday morning). For the "Mole," there is ATO's Paul Bocci; Beta's John Veatch, Chi Psi's Ep Hoyt, Campbell Co-op's Keith Claycomb, Canard Club's Glenn Williams, Delt's Barry

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## Columnist Reviews . . .

### South American's Talk

By DON TREADGOLD

Strapping, handsome, young Rene Duzzaq Wednesday morning told his assembly audience some things about the rest of the Western Hemisphere. Between sallies of rough-and-tumble Latin-American wit, he tried to point out mainly two things: first, that the Nazis occupy only an insignificant part of the South American scene, and second, that South and North Americans (south of the Rio Grande any U. S. citizen is a "norteamericano") are temperamentally different, and that a common basis of mutual faith must be found in order to reach real solidarity.

#### To the Contrary

His first point was not very convincing. Be assured, he said, that with their long training in revolutions and wars the South American republics "will never sell out" and will hold off Hitler. This is a hollow assurance.

Why should these nations, which he himself called disunited, be able to do what all of Europe failed to do; that is, resist Hitler successfully? As for "selling out," the stock-in-trade of some of their more unsavory politicians is taking bribes to commit treason.

The United States government  
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## Trade Last. . .

By MARY WOLF

In Texas a 25-year-old student marries his 70-year-old teacher. Personally we'd rather flunk the course.

Cornell University has launched a program to quell war restlessness among its students. The plan proposes student guidance and counseling, with emphasis on  
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AFTER STUDYING TOGETHER FOR SIX YEARS MR. & MRS. HAROLD CARLSON GRADUATED AT THE HEAD OF THEIR CLASS OF 140 FROM THE MECHANICAL ENGINEERING COURSE AT NEW YORK U. HIS AVERAGE WAS 95, HER'S 94.8!

127 OF THE RICHEST COLLEGES IN AMERICA HAVE A TOTAL ENDOWMENT OF \$1,270,721,000!

**POULTRY POSTMEN!**  
ROBERT E. PHILLIPS, WHILE A STUDENT IN POULTRY HUSBANDRY AT KANSAS STATE COLLEGE, MADE HENS LAY EGGS CONTAINING PERSONAL MESSAGES! THROUGH A PAINLESS OPERATION HE INSERTED A HOLLOW CORK CONTAINING THE MESSAGE INTO THE OVIDUCT IN PLACE OF THE YOLK. THE EGG FORMS NORMALLY AROUND IT . . .