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Arise Ye Scabs!

According to Harold Plumb, co-chairman for Eugene's striking phone workers, coeds from the University campus have "volunteered" to work as replacement switch-board operators, and are, at the present time, working as part-time employees for the company . . . crossing union picket lines.

As a public service, University women are "scabbing," to help out the beleaguered employer, the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company. To help serve their community, our young women are gladly accepting a premium wage of one dollar per hour for their emergency labors . . . twelve cents an hour more than the maximum hourly wage being bargained for by the union.

It is indeed a worthy cause. The efforts of campus coeds to earn pin money, and, at the same time, expedite transmission of essentially "unessential" phone calls, may well contribute to breaking the strike; defeating the cause of organized labor, and, conceivably, to violence.

Local union officials are cooperating completely with reconciliation measures advanced by the National Federation of Telephone Workers. Demands have been cut in half . . . but still remain demands, nevertheless. Phone workers, in one of the most orderly strikes in history, are, without wild-eyed histrionics, asking for a living wage. A group of "educated" college women, thrusting their noses into a situation not of their concern, menaces labor's only weapon for collective bargaining.

In case our coed friends do not realize the full implications of their act, they have now become full-fledged "scabs" . . . the most unpleasant title in the vocabulary of organized labor. They have wilfully maligned the principles upon which this strike is based. They are keeping employees dependent upon wages for daily existence away from their jobs.

To what extent has their college education prepared them to realize that the "facts of life" concern not only procreation and the art of lipstickery, but, of far more immediate importance, the methods of obtaining a livelihood?

If it is work these women seek, are they too gracious, too cultured to visit the campus employment service. We hear that several restaurants need waitresses (whose present employees, by the way, undoubtedly possess more moral fortitude than our strike-breaking friends). Gas pumps are going unattended in several places, and stenographers are always at a premium. But perhaps we should admit that a few years of "higher education" is preparatory work for dealing the little man out of the game . . . nothing more.

Maybe next week the hotels will want you, and after that, the logging industry. Of course, you may find it harder to load a logging truck, than to plug and unplug a long distance call, but you will have achieved the same goal.

You Have Nothing to Lose?

In the above editorial the Emerald has pointed out the considerable dis-service University girls who scab for the phone company are doing the labor movement. It must not be supposed, however, that this is the end of the damage they do. The harm to the University's reputation in the community is also a serious consideration.

As the above editorial pointed out there is no more ugly word in the labor vocabulary than "scab." It is an epithet. Labor (people who work for somebody else) hates a scab. Since it involves bread and butter, there is good reason for such a feeling.

On the other side are the management forces who are always willing, even eager to use scabs to break a strike. But it must not be supposed that even those who use them respect

them. Thus a scab is in a position not greatly different from that of a spy. He is used but not respected.

To give the community reason to believe that the campus is a fount of scabs is to give the campus a major black eye.

At this time, when the school is trying to raise money for a student union building, when all efforts should be toward building and growing, when the reputation of the University should be foremost in all minds, scabbing is certainly out of place.

Pickets don't like scabs, as we said before.

The potentialities of a situation like this are easy to see. The pickets can yell for help. They might get it, and some coed might get her hair pulled.

Of course it's a free country and the girls have a right to break a strike if they so choose. But no matter who's right and who's wrong, a head of pulled hair or a messed up coed is just that. It won't look very pretty on the AP wire, either.

Whether University girls continue in this dubious labor practice will depend in a large measure on the attitude of their sorority sisters or the other girls in the hall. If their friends view scabbing as a legitimate activity—like painting toenails or selling candied apples, then they will probably go ahead. If the campus sees scabbing in its true light, then these girls might wise up and realize that they may have to go to work themselves someday.

Symphonotes

By Mary Margaret Dundore

It is indicative of cultural advancement when a group of people in a community decide to further their participation in good music beyond concert-going and radio-listening, and avail themselves of the opportunity to experience music more fully by taking part in its performance themselves.

This thought was brought to mind with the statement last week that there is to be once more a Portland symphony orchestra. While this is extremely good news, a slight shadow remains on the whole affair due to the orchestra's having to be organized at this time—that is, due to its not having been existent these past several years. The case presents and has presented various problems, chiefly of a financial nature; but the fact still remains of the rather shame-worthy absence of a symphony orchestra from a city where audiences flock to artist series and other concerts, where music teachers, professional and amateur musicians, as well as ardent music-lovers reside by the very hundreds.

It has been unnatural these recent years not to have a local symphony orchestra; the lack was decidedly felt and regretted by Portlanders. Now, with the advent of the coming season, which promises the debut of this group—new hope may be sustained that the undertaking will be successful and that it will result in a permanent organization of which Portland may be duly proud.

Leadership of the orchestra has been accepted by Werner Janssen, whose ability and activity have gained for him widespread recognition and respect. This fortunate choice of a conductor will assuredly prove advantageous in determining the measure of success that the orchestra can hope to achieve. Popular support will be a similarly vital factor; so far, the indication of this is gratifying and we trust that it will continue to be so.

The enterprise is most worthy one; we hope that the Portland symphony orchestra will have a long, successful life.

Browsing with LARRY LAU

After a bit of snooping we find that all is not quiet within the ISA these pre-election days. "Boss" Lemmons is having quite a tussle with soft-spoken Dale Harlan. Reminds us of the Gil Roberts-Ted Hallock fight of a year ago. The operators who ran the show last year seem to have taken a back-seat in favor of the pups they're pushing. Hallock and Chaney are all busy with radio. By Mayo is busy graduating and Dumbo Mayme is busy with the exciting Marilyn Sage. Have a bit of news for you gals who don't particularly give a hoot about politics. The Westgate Shoppe has a dazzling new stock of cotton plaid blouses and some real sleek looking two piece playsuits straight from Hollywood; it don't cost nuthin' to look.

The Beaver boys from OSC have made another raid on the dwindling coed stock of Oregon. Two Alpha Gams are wearing cowtown brass; Helen Thorburn to Pi Kappa Phi's Dick Luce and Joann Peterson to ATO's Kent Bowerly. Have it straight from the feedback that Suzy's Kathryn Leonard and McChesneys Bob Lewis are to be married come Sept. Franny Bennet and Nestor Hall wheel

Norm Mannheimer are fast becoming a steady duo. The fight in the inter-dorm council over certain clauses in their constitution brought about mass resignations and loads of old-fashioned button-hole politicking. They still haven't found any solid ground. This weekend looks to be sunny and nice. You guys without cars might play it smart and rent a couple of bikes from the Campus Cyclery. 25c per hour is a breeze and some nice spots are within easy peddling distance.

Hear tell that Chi O's Jeanne Jones and Bill Hanna are in that pre-something stage. Also that the DG's diminutive Kay Hinshaw is confused about a quadrangle(?). Several union representatives of the telephone operators showed up at the shack Thursday and were very unhappy about the coeds who have succumbed to the \$1 per hour lure of the Bell Co. The editor said she's afraid goon squads might cause trouble for some of the Webfoots, so look for a "play-down". If any of you have lived this long without wrapping the molars around one of those new pastries, the Spudnut, malinge no longer. The Spudnut Shop on 11th, the first of its kind in the state, has 'em by the dozens at 5c per.

The Ducks star twirler of last year Hal Saltzman hasn't done so well this season losing two out of

Graduate Transcripts

The GSO (Graduate Student Organization) has met in several different places since its inception, while the policy committee cornered a room in the "YM", used 208 Oregon and ended up in a private conference room in one of the nearby eating places. Like the undergraduates, the graduates dream of the day in the future when they will have a room of their own in the SU. Meantime, the solution of the chairman of the policy committee—a woman is excellent.

We have also witnessed the spectacle of a few brave members of the faculty wandering down to the local "joint" in an attempt to have an informal cup of coffee with some of the graduate students. Somehow, however, it always seems incongruous—something like taking the best girl friend to a poker game with the boys in the local poolroom.

Finally, we have been informed that several faculty wives were disappointed when only a handful of students appeared at a recent tea. The graduates insisted that they hadn't been informed of the affair or that it was their belief that the occasion was limited to married women. At any rate they had a good excuse.

All of which would seem to indicate that there is a nucleus of students, faculty and faculty wives who are interested in getting acquainted informally. It would seem, therefore, that an immediate solution (until the graduates have their own lounge in the SU) would be for members of the faculty and graduate students to drop into the faculty club for coffee instead of the local "joint." This raises two questions, first, are graduate students permitted to eat in the faculty club and second, could an informal afternoon tea be held once a week in the faculty club by one or two faculty wives acting as hostesses? The questions have great possibilities. If there are any suggestions we suggest sending them to the Editor of the Graduate Quarterly, Oregon hall.

three starts. Wonder if the dazzling June Johnson has anything to do with it? Hear rumors that all isn't well with George Billings love life. Speaking of trouble, Pat Waite and Norma Figone seem to be having a minor squabble over Gordy Burbee. Pi Kap's sturdy Dan Garza fell like a ripe tomato to Suzy's luscious Norma Washburn and parted with his pin. This is about Senior-ride time on the Oregon campus. Look for weary-legged would-be graduates to come dragging in after a long night's walk. The Chi O's underclassmen have secret plans to remove all their Seniors to the Nevada line, or thereabouts. This also is the time of the year when car radios and portables come in veddy, veddy handy. It's a blight to romance to have one begin to splutter just when the good soft music begins to beam out. Endicott's Radio Service, a block off campus on 13th offers quick, professional radio repair work. It's just a hint fellas; many a man has missed being loved because of a little static. paid adv.

Petitions for Chairman

Petitions for program chairman of the Oregon picnic, to be held in Portland during the early part of August, are to be turned in to Jordis Benke at the Pi Beta Phi house by noon, on Wednesday, May 7.