

## A Nasty Taste

# A Sample of Eugene Hospitality?

Dear Editor:

At one time in the not too distant past I was a student in a university but after being exposed to the world, some of the polish has worn off so that the language of this letter may be a bit worldly, but understandable even to a 2-point student.

Tuesday afternoon, as usual, I dropped into Piluso's for mail and meals in a quiet atmosphere usually pervading there, when to my surprise a U.O. student dropped a copy of the Emerald into my lap and opened it to Win Wright's article. For me it was the cessation of the peace and quiet.

I had heard from the students that haunted Piluso's nightly some of the injustices the Negro students on the campus are subjected to, but to see just one of them do something about it was really a pleasant surprise and enough of a push to inspire me to write of some of my experiences here in Eugene that have left such a nasty taste in my mouth.

Upon my arrival in Eugene, May 8, I was informed that reservations had been made for me at a hotel here. I grabbed a cab and when I gave him the name of the hotel, he said, "Lady, I wouldn't take you to a place like that. Let's

try the — hotel." He procured a room and came back for my luggage and a very grateful fare. When I saw the look of shock upon the clerk's face upon discovering I was a Negro, I smelled a rat.

The next day I was informed by the manager with an ingratiating smile on his face, after plowing through a labyrinth of excuses, that my presence was not wanted.

I discovered that my employer had tried all the good hotels, bad hotels and shady hotels for reservations and there was only one, so I had to return to the aforementioned one.

Come Sunday and all the good citizens don their Sunday garb and assume an expression of piety until they see me proceeding to the same church. Then some soul observed that there should be a "colored" church in the city.

There is a stereotyped, distorted idea that exists in the mind of most people about entertainers and knowing the enmity toward Negroes, I maintain a certain amount of preparedness for situations that might occur, but the ugliness of this nice placid looking town is frightening. How can people keep such poison bottled inside them without breaking out with ulcers or gangrene?

There are friends I have made among the students that are priceless for they have "cushioned" some of the bumps I've received from some of the idiotic yokels of this town, and there have been incidents that have occurred which I couldn't write without blushing. That perhaps wouldn't have happened if I had been allowed to live like a decent human being.

Mr. Piluso and quite a number of the students have asked me to return. Will I? Would you?

Amanda Ambrose  
Entertainer

## A Wise Plan?

According to a plan now being devised by the Associated Women Students, next year's freshmen will be prohibited from entering into activities for six weeks.

Now, undoubtedly this plan has some merit. It will make sure that the importance of studies is placed above activities. It will see that students know how much they have time for before getting involved in too many things to do.

All this would be fine if it would develop a new generation of students—this is, real students. But from four years of observation on the life at this school, we would find it more likely to produce people even more interested in the great pastime of "soshing."

Obviously no one is going to spend all his waking hours studying. Freshmen are famous for their willingness to expend their energies. Now, with no activities to extend them on, what can they turn to?

Sure, they can become more proficient more quickly at bridge. They can get to know the campus meeting places more intimately. And after six weeks of this kind of orientation, what will the rest of their college careers consist of?

Many people on this campus have found that the more they have to do, the better they get everything done. Now this may not hold true in all cases, but one gets a leisurely attitude toward work or studies, it gets harder and harder to break out of it.

Then, too, there are such activities on the campus as the YWCA, the Oregana, and the Emerald. Each of these has depended largely upon freshmen to carry them through the year. Under the leadership of older heads, the freshmen get to know the ropes.

But, as in any job, there is a period of training that must be undergone before the neophytes produce really good work. If they cannot begin until midterm time, they would have no real opportunity to learn the standard procedures before the end of the term was upon them. The relatively few upperclassmen would have the whole burden on them.

The Oregana, with its two terms of concentrated work, would be particularly hard hit. Freshmen would be able to help only a term and a half. And that isn't long when one is putting out an All-American book.

If freshmen are to continue electing class officers, there would be scarcely time enough for any possible candidates to show their abilities. Their elections are usually at the beginning of winter term. That would give them about five weeks to show their qualifications.

How would the sophomore honoraries pick their new members? In the past they have felt the difficulty of selecting their successors on the basis of only two terms work. Now this period would be shortened to a term and a half. Any kind of a fair selection would be just that much harder to make.

The reasoning behind this proposed ruling is apparent. Surely freshmen should not get themselves entangled in so many activities that they neglect their studies. But perhaps it would be better if activities were curtailed instead of prohibited.

Some schools have developed a system whereby no one student can hold too many jobs at once. A system like this would seem to have more merit than an outright prohibition of all activities. J.G.

## The Final Footnote--

# Columnist Totes Up Year's Balance Sheet

By Michael Callahan

The sweet young thing eyed us speculatively. We winced and got set to duck the old pitch.

"But why," she asked demurely, "would anyone WANT to write a column? What GOOD does it do?"

Toting up a balance sheet for for the numberless pages of words, some witty and some far from it, and for hours upon hours spent over a sold typewriter, would give an accountant gray hairs. The debit column is topheavy, and the credit side of the picture apt to be pretty slim. All in all it's a tossup what color of ink the answer will be.

Our distant cousins in the big syndicates have a plusher life. Regular as clockwork some government official buys Cadillac convertibles on a \$50 a week salary, or some high army brass flogs his troops every night before dinner. On a quiet little campus of 5000 disinterested souls, the scoops are scarcer than big name bands.

What then, is the footnote grade for this year of columns?

The one big achievement that perhaps made this column worthwhile was the statement of policy that we forced out of a certain member of the University administration on the question of music at our dances. For as many terms as we have been at Oregon, we have heard the same senti-

ments, printable and otherwise, before every campus prom. And for as many terms of the administration has gone serenely on, with little notice of the gripes of student ticket buyers.

We put into print some of the questions and opinions that we heard as each new small-potatoes combo was signed up for us. For weeks there was nothing but cold silence, until finally this term the statement of policy and rather hasty explanations began to appear. Nor is the question closed now, as shown by speeches in the last campus elections, where bigger and better bands were a plank in every platform.

For so much, at least, we feel that "Footnotes" has done its job.

The subjects which somehow wandered in and out of these pages are bewilderingly many. We tried to write the first personal analysis of the "deferred living" plan by going straight to Donald DuShane, the key man in the idea. Then there were the bits on such odd matters as street repairs, the faculty rating plan, the China river crisis, and so on.

Perhaps the only final measure of how successful a column is may be found in the amount of thought and discussion it provokes among its readers. For this there is no Oregon Gallup, so the columnist never really knows. We can only hope now, at the end of the year, that our words got a few laughs and some silent support.

Footnote: We leave to campus history the question of what GOOD we have done. It's safer that way!



## Men's PE Picnic

The men's physical education picnic will be held at Swimmer's Delight today from 4 to 8:30 p.m. All people in the school of physical education are invited. It is sponsored by the Men's Physical Education club.



By Red Beard

Back to the old mental cultivation. Farewell to those belated closing hours. Down the stretch to final week. Memorial Day weekend just a memory. Do we bore you too much with facts?

We stayed in the fair city of Eugene over the weekend and now it really seems good to see all the old gang drifting back. No more to see Taylor's empty. Once again to see the library doors swing open and sorority window blinds down again.

Football came out with all its splendor when the green wave swept over the whites Saturday. An antiquated sports for May but we sure enjoyed the gridiron fever it brought on.

The game didn't seem to take the dogs by surprise for they were there, and as per usual, delayed the encounter while they paraded across the lime-lined field. No Van Brocklin on the roster this year but the many new names indicated Saturday that we will have a lot to root for come autumn time.

Thanks to Mr. Holland we now can travel 121 plus per hour for 500 miles. What's the speed of the Crosley's these days.

Mortar Board comes with Carpenter Saturday. We hope you Portlanders didn't spoil the effects for this weekend by dropping in on him out at Jantzen. Rules and regulations for the week may not affect a few students for "We gotta put the shoes on Willie" has not changed to "We have put the shoes on Willie."

Carl Greve's Rose festival window has attracted hundreds of people in Portland. It shows pictures of the Rose court and the silver patterns they have picked out. Take a tip from the Rose Court, girls, and pick your silver at Carl Greve's too!

Box 215 Newport seems to be where Kappas, Thetas, and ATOs congregated over the weekend, thanks to Martha and Howard. A good time for a scared hundred!

One of your lovely pictures turned up in our room the other day, Zata, thanks a lot. Especially for the writing on it. (Paid Adv.)

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