

A Safe Move

Further recognition that the University has expanded came this week from the Eugene City Council.

By a unanimous vote Monday evening the Council banned parking on both sides of 13th Ave. E. between University and Emerald streets.

University officials made this request because a larger number of students are crossing the campus further east on Thirteenth Ave. That is, it's just as dangerous to cross Thirteenth in front of Emerald Hall as it is by the Co-op.

Parking on the south side of 13th between Emerald and Beech streets was also banned. This area is adjacent to the newly-constructed women's dormitory, Carson Hall.

The survey, made by the Public Safety committee of the Council, was approved on the basis that the University had provided parking space for 150 cars in the Emerald lot.

By contrast only 20 cars could be accommodated on the streets which have been closed to would-be parkers.

We're glad that Council realized the necessity of such action. The council's attitude has been consistently helpful to the University.—H.S.

Home Sweet Dorm

The cost of living in a dormitory has risen like over-warm dough from the \$26 a month of blackest depression days to the present 63 dollars. Last Monday night Orville Lindstrom, University Business manager, told the executive council why. (A complete report of his talk is in today's Emerald.)

As best we could tell, his explanation of why it costs more to live in a dorm than in many rather sumptuous sororities was logical. Living costs have gone up, maid wages and maintenance costs have gone up—and the quality of the food has not been lowered. In truth, \$63 a month is not a staggering amount, at current standards, to pay for decent food, a roof that leaks only occasionally and maid service of a sort. It's less than many Universities charge for the same.

But here's the rub. It really doesn't cost \$63 a month—\$68 if you live in Carson—to pay for these necessities. From each student's bill \$11.40 is taken out to pay for Carson hall. Earlier, it was to pay for John Straub.

When these buildings are payed for, they become the property of the University and as profitable enterprises, they build more dorms.

To get to the bottom of things—why doesn't the University pay for its own dorms? Because the state does not appropriate money for any but classroom buildings. Why doesn't it? For many reasons. But mainly because it is poor—relative to some states—and because some legislators feel that because dorms benefit only some of the students, they shouldn't be built on state money.

But now something new is coming to the University—deferred living. All students will live in the dorm one year. Therefore everybody will benefit from University living accommodations. It would seem, then that the next few years would be just the right time for the legislature to kick in some money.

We hope somebody graduating from the political science department with the vow to become an Oregon legislator will give this some thought.—B.H.

Anniversaries we missed: NAVY DAY—Soon to be replaced by Atomic Bomb day? It dawned on a Navy fighting desperately to keep its honored place under the Flag. It recalled the swaggering tradition born of the British, bequeathed to the Americans, of a ship in every sea, a gun on every port and braid on every shoulder. Perhaps grand navies will next be bequeathed to history books.

CHOPIN'S CENTENNIAL. Old Chopin almost went without notice on this campus where tunes filched from his works are sung just as lustily as elsewhere. Congratulations, then to Professor George Hopkins of the music school who soon is to present an all Chopin recital. The dreamy, fiery Pole deserves a bouquet or two on his tombstone.

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Our Readers Speak

Twin Beds, Separate Seats

First it's twin beds in married veterans housing, now it's separate sections for husbands and wives at football games. In order for married students to sit together at the impending OSC football game it's necessary for the already badly bent husband to dish out \$10 for two reserved seat tickets. The only rub being that all a student can buy is one ticket.

It is surprising how few wives want to go to a football game unattended, be pushed around finding their assigned seats, sit lonesomely through sixty minutes of something the majority doesn't understand, be pushed around for forty five minutes while leaving and spend some such time hunting for their husbands for an explanation of what happened. All this for five bucks!

It is also surprising how many wives dislike the idea of being left at home for the biggest game of the year while their husbands trot off to the ballgame. Result—many married males will be home listening to the sportscasters' version of the game.

Has the U. of O. gone completely commercial? The price policy of "all you can get" seems to prevail. How is it that our northern neighbors last year could sell tickets to the "civil war" contest for only —\$ to U. of O. students? By using the U. of O. policy they could have cleaned up.

Two loyal boosters for television.

L. E. Whealy
 N. A. Wicks

You're Prob'ly Right, But...

The Emerald is suffering from a bad case of divided sympathy. We know in most veterans' homes \$5 bills can't be pulled like Kleenexes out of a box—but we also realize that there is little choice for Athletic Business Manager Howard Lemons in the matter of tickets.

Oregon State had to be seated somewhere. They were put in the general admission seats in the south end of the court. It could hardly be expected that they would be ushered to the \$5 reserved seats, because, in the first place, not enough of those seats could be saved to accommodate the mob from the north.

There's a big waiting list now for the 585 seats that were set aside for veterans wives. And towns people and alums want to go to the game too.

Secondly, football IS a commercial enterprise, and Oregon State pays the University a sum to seat its students just as we pay Oregon State when the Homecoming game is held in Corvallis. And that wad of dough does not cover a \$5 seat for each Aggie.

Again, there would not be enough \$5 seats to go around if the reserved section were opened to both veterans and wives.

It's a touchy situation. To repeat, we sympathize with the prohibitive price of \$5, and we sympathize—a little less—with the enforced two hour separation of husbands and

wives. But it must be remembered too, that the argument for husbands and wives to sit together in the past has been a courtesy and not an obligation of the University. The wives are not students. Looked at through the University's commercial eye—and it is commercial—they are just so many more townspeople who want to go to the jammed Homecoming game.

The only means we could suggest to make the situation less unpleasant would be to offer the block of reserved seats set aside for veterans' wives to the ladies for the general admission price of \$1.80, since they are the ones to whom the buck of a big crowd has been passed. But again, that would be a courtesy and not an obligation on the part of the University. And it is too late now. The 585 seats saved are going on sale to the waiting list today—with only 50 sold to veterans wives.

And now, to our good friend and columnist, Jo Gilbert, the no-longer confused wife of a veteran. In yesterday's Emerald, Jo, you seemed more concerned with the possibility that the husband would drink the fifth in solitary joy in the students' section, than you did with the separation of wives and husbands. Our solution is to pour half the fifth (a tenth) into an old medicine bottle before the game, and go divvy.—B.H.

Free Lancin'

Shuffle That Drop Card

By Bill Lance

"Seagrams 7," the Fiji dog, felt very offended because he was left out of the Emerald story on campus mascots last week. Really this was a hard thing for the pooch to take as he is a very intelligent dog. He can read! Why just the other day he read a sign on the front porch which said "Wet Paint." He did.

Freshmen were giving seven-minute orations in speech class the other day. Near the end of the period the instructor called upon pretty Rosemary Vaught. She gave a very fine speech about the annual Pendleton Round-Up. Even the Pendleton chamber of commerce would have been very proud! However the class bell sounded near the end of her speech and it must have rattled her a bit as she made a slight slip of the tongue. "If you ever want any fun or excitement come up and see me—I mean the Round-Up!" concluded she.

Conversation overheard in the Spudnut Shop:

"So you say the water in your fraternity is unsafe due to the polluted millrace?"

"Yeah!"

"Well, tell me, what precaution do you take

against it?"

First we filter it."

"Yes."

"Then we boil it."

"Yes."

"Then we add chemicals to it."

"Yes."

"Then we drink beer!"

How do you tell the difference between a shaved sophomore and one who just can't grow a beard? As the age of underclassmen is steadily decreasing due to less veterans, this is becoming a very real problems for many young sophs.

"Mid-terms already," sighed Phil Thorn, as he sat in the Rush Inn shuffling his drop cards.

Claude 'Machine-Gun' Young showed might prowess as a hunter last Sunday. Unaccustomed as he was to an automatic shotgun he still journeyed forth in search of the mighty pheasant. He made a beautiful shot on a bird! In fact, Young made three beautiful shots, as he didn't realize he was supposed to release the trigger. Consequently he got a rather heavy bird.—This isn't the best hunting story this columnist has heard. You should have seen the one that got away!