

# Monday Morning Blues

A bright and cheery good Monday morning to you! And if you're surprised to see the Emerald soaking up the syrup on today's breakfast table, you can be no more startled than the staff.

The staff that used to work five days a week to put out a five-day-a-week paper, and now works seven days a week to put out a five-day-a-week paper.

But why the change to a Monday through Friday publication? Two reasons—financial and public service.

Financially, Saturday papers were a bust. The ad solicitors couldn't and/or wouldn't solicit. Monday should sell better.

In the way of service, most staff members feel a Monday paper can give the students better coverage. Saturday events won't be Tuesday-stale by the time they are reported. They'll be Monday-stale, instead.

And Sunday events will be reported rapidly. It's a shame so little happens on the campus Sundays.

As you can see, we do not jump with wild joy into a Monday edition. Rather we reluctantly approach it, hoping, that in time, all the lovely things we expect from a Monday issue will bloom forth into a beautiful panorama of dollar signs and service, and all our ugly fears will drop dead.

That a Monday paper is of value in relation to reporting the news, there is no doubt. Whether it is of more value than a Saturday issue we won't be able to answer until we have tried Mondays. There is some evidence to indicate that it will be more worthwhile in this respect; there is some evidence to show that it may not be.

Lying underneath the mentioned reasons for the change, there is the determined spirit of the Emerald staff. The staff, from night staff workers to editors and from office help to business managers, that will try anything, that will sacrifice their time—Saturday morning sleep and Sunday afternoon loafing—to keep the Emerald coming out five times (or more) a week; the staff that used to relax Saturday and Sunday, but must now always be under the pressure of knowing they have a paper to put out.

So, be a pal, will you? And handle today's Emerald with just a little more care than usual? Wipe that jam off the corner; when you sleep on the couch,—put The Oregonian under your feet; and use the Register-Guard to line the garbage cans today.

And if you have some Emerald workers in your house, hall, or class—let 'em sleep in this Monday morning, they earned it.

# Any Wolves Around?

It looks like the most unsightly building on Thirteenth Avenue East is here to stay—at least for some time. The men's pool is a bad thing. A virtual eyesore. We'd like to see a new pool in the area provided for it behind the PE building.

A new pool would cost approximately \$70,000 according to I. I. Wright, director of the physical plant. Such a project is included in the long-range building program of the University, but more essential building has top priority.

The BA school, the largest professional school on campus, needs additional classroom space; journalism labs are scattered in various buildings; and a new science building is a must.

So the much desired but not-so-easily gained appropriations should be spent for classrooms and labs. But the practical approach leaves the brown blemish too long.

Realizing that it is not even economical to improve the present men's pool (a reliable source even told us that it leaks), we have considered various means for destroying the building.

It isn't likely that it will soon crumble from decay. But an organized procession as Joshua used in the Battle of Jericho might cause the walls to come tumbling down. Or we might find the three little pigs' big, bad wolf who could huff and puff and blow the place down.

Then there could be fine landscaping around the new science building. And the men's swimming classes and teams could use the women's pool, seemingly with interesting results.—H.S.

# Gray Hairs

# College Students Get Their Share

By BARBARA HEYWOOD

Writers of young romance tales frequently miss one thing in their descriptions of rosy-cheeked, downy-faced collegians. They forget that not only do coeds and their accomplices have bags and wrinkles, but often they are well on the way to having fine heads of gray hair.

One would think that the advent of gray hair, whether early, normal, or late would be a matter-of-course or even a hush-hush thing surrounded by no circumstances worth recounting. This isn't so. The coming of a gray hair seems to be a dramatic event, creditable to everything but the hand of God.

The most pathetic report of the graying process comes from an ex-student who now works for a bank in Portland. He told it this way:

"Well, my father was a chemist, and he wanted me to be one, too. I didn't like the idea. Bubbling beakers always gave me the creeps. I had a feeling someday one would explode in my face—or that the whole building might blow up.

"Well, I took chemistry anyway at the University. I worried all the way through; I

heaved a sigh of relief every time I walked out of a lab in one piece. Furthermore, studies didn't come easily to me. I had to grind more than I think anyone should have to grind.

"Well, to make a long story short, I stuck it out and it finally came time for me to graduate. I walked across the platform in my cap and gown to receive my diploma, and when my hand closed around it I felt a cold shiver go from the bottom of my spine to the roots of my hair. When I took off my cap after the ceremony I found that every hair on my head had turned gray in that one tingling instant."

Many students admit to pulling out the gray hairs as they come—they go so badly with sweaters, cords, and antics—but the most outstanding case of yanking was told by an antique, semi-bald semi-gray student.

Said he, "My first gray hair came at the age of six months. I was in a bar, and I didn't know which bus to take home. This was such a problem for my baby mind that I got gray hair. I pulled it out, but it was followed in rapid succession by others. I pulled them out too. That accounts for my present bald condition."

# In the Bag

# Despotism in the Browsing Room

Letters

To Don Smith, Emerald Editor:

Mr. Editor, something has got to be done!

Despotism, tyranny, bureaucracy, have ruled this campus too long. It is time for the students to arise, and assert their will.

I was diligently applying myself to my studies in the Library Browsing Room Thursday night when, at 9:45 p.m., a loud alarm bell set up a terrible clamor, whereupon all the residents of the room picked up belongings and betook themselves elsewhere.

"What's this," I say to myself, surprised, "Is it 10 p.m. and closing time already?" And me with another chapter to go in Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire."

So I carefully check my timepiece, and it is only 9:45 p.m. I resume reading.

I am soon approached by an officious looking individual, who says:

"The Browsing Room is closing."

"How can that be," says I. "As it is only 9:45 and the Browsing Room does not close

until 10 p.m."

"I am sorry," replies Officious One, "But the Room is closed. You must leave. We always close at this time."

And he turns away in a huff.

Before making stronger protest, I, to be on the safe side, step outside to check the time schedule. Just as I thought, it says, "Thursdays—7 p.m. to 10 p.m." And it is Thursday.

I turn with a cry of triumph, to re-enter the Browsing Room. But it is too late! Officious One has locked the door, and is thumbing his nose at me. I am not permitted, as is my right, according to the sign, to study in the Browsing Room until 10 p.m. The door is locked—my evening of study is over.

I repeat, Mr. Editor, something has got to be done. My books are still in there.

Yours truly,  
Fred Taylor.

We are sure the student body will appreciate your contribution to the Browsing Room collection.—Editor.

# Modern Civilization

# Parking Meters Add to Life's Frustration

By BILL ROGERS

Parking meters, a tribulation of complex modern civilization, are coming to the campus area.

Human beings while having adjusted their lives to the clock, are having trouble in getting conditioned to both the clock and the greedy, demanding, parking meters. The law has made it possible for the cop, arch enemy of the private citizen, to promote a mass frustration neurosis by issuing parking tickets.

A typical example of slavery to the meter was observed at the corner of Broadway and Oak recently—a barber who was busily at work on the head of a customer suddenly dropped his clippers and sprang to the door. He whipped across the sidewalk and feverishly began to feed coins to the little neurosis-engine set in the curb.

This scene, which is probably repeated hourly by the barber during his work day, is a small counterpart of the anxiety, energy, and money consumed by the vicious parking meter. It is a rare driver who has not parked

his car and fumbled through a pocketful of keys and ticket stubs in a vain search for change.

The result is inevitable—the mad dash to the nearest store for pennys in a race against the traffic cop. Looking at the situation in its ultimate form, parking meters tend to lower the moral standards of society. For unwittingly or not, the motorist who does this is for a time cheating the government of revenue. And at the same time he is trying to outwit the law.

There is yet another aspect to this. Hot rod pilots invariably ignore the meters, thus starting early upon a life of crime. Or it may be that with the elasticity of youth they have made the adjustment to meters in the only way possible. Consider also the effect on small children, who may frequently be treated to the verbal outbursts of enraged parents.

If and when the neurosis builders are installed near the campus, the students, already hedged about with restrictions, may find themselves subject to new rules made by the administration in an attempt to protect them from the menace of the meter.

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