

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Spark That Set the Frosh Afire

A group of "very dissatisfied" freshmen women wrote to the Emerald Monday that they want to be treated as young adults rather than juvenile delinquents.

Columnist Fidman today rouses these freshmen women to "throw off your chains—arise."

Rumblings of dissension are heard from Carson Hall—both from freshmen and upperclass residents.

And half the campus is asking why the first-year women are so irate.

Today we'll aim at objectivity and try to answer the "why."

A committee composed of five sorority women and five dormitory women—all leaders in their respective living organizations—met last week to make uniform rules for all freshmen women on the campus.

These rules—the crux of the controversy—are:

Freshman women will remain in the dormitories Sunday through Thursday nights, except for recognized cultural events or when special permission is given. This cuts out week-night coke dates.

Pledges will be allowed to eat dinner at their houses every first and third Monday, staying there until 10 p.m. to avoid disturbing dormitory studying. If dormitory meetings or study hours aren't missed, pledges can go to their houses for dinner and lunches any time.

Pledges will be allowed to spend one weekend per term at their houses, over and above the three allowed off-campus weekends. These may be spent at the sorority.

Sororities will use their pledges for Junior Weekend (with the exception of the all-campus sing), and intramural sports.

Build a Bigger Boxcar

One of Oregon's biggest issues in this year's political campaign is the freight car shortage.

But it's more than a political football. It is a very real shortage that threatens Oregon's vital lumber industry. Huge stockpiles of lumber exist at almost every sawmill in Western Oregon. Reduced production schedules and layoffs of lumbermen exist throughout the state.

There are several reasons for the shortage, which reportedly is the worst in the history of the Northwest.

One is the fact that the lumber industry in Oregon is producing more. The Southern Pacific company claims it is breaking all records moving lumber out of the Northwest.

However, lumbermen counter with figures to show that fewer cars are being supplied. They also claim they are being discriminated against and threaten legal action.

Relief from the present shortage is expected by the SP sometime in November. In the meantime, producers are going to have to manage with only 15 to 25 per cent of their requirements being supplied. More freight cars have been ordered, the SP says. But it takes time to build them.

Both Oregon's lumber industry and the Southern Pacific company must look ahead to next year to prevent a similar shortage which threatens the life blood of Oregon's economic structure.—K.M.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

goes to the Eugene-University Civic Music Association for bringing Pianist Artur Rubinstein here Saturday night. Students seldom have an opportunity to hear such an artist.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

goes to the PA announcer at the OSC-Stanford game in Corvallis Saturday. He gave this as the final score of the contest here: Montana 21, Oregon 13.

The Second Cup

On ships—She walks the waters like a thing of life, and seems to dare the elements to strife—Byron.

On sheep—A leap year is never a good sheep year—Old English Saying.

On shapes—She walketh the terrain, a warm thing of life, and someone walketh close behind—Anonymous.

On and on—Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye diet—Beymer.

. . . And a few thought provokers: To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved—MacDonald.

When we have not what we love, we must love what we have—Bussy-Rabutin.

Anger blows but the lamp of the mind. In the examination of a great and important question every one should be serene, slow-pulsed, and calm. Ingersoll.

Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors. Voltaire.



Sky's The Limit

'Columnist's Manifesto' Given to Frosh Women

By Sam Fidman

The first guaranty of equal suffrage to women in the United States was contained in the Act of 1869 of the Territorial Legislature of Wyoming.

That was nice for the women of Wyoming—and ultimately for women throughout the land. However, here at the University of Oregon, where it is a long time between "firsts" there is some attempt to gain national recognition by limiting the personal liberties of the female populace.

Latest reports indicate that the situation that has been thrust upon University of Oregon freshmen women—whereby their simplest social activity has been withdrawn—is being dealt with. The ruling will probably be beaten to death by public opinion, and eventually withdrawn.

We would here like to add impetus to that beating by setting the bludgeon in motion.

Therefore, we will set down the "Columnist's Manifesto."

If suitable action is not taken to relieve the oppression, arise; throw off your chains—but come what may, get those middle-of-the-week coke dates back. The U. O. M. (University of Oregon Monastery) will be turning out hardened criminal women by the sophomore year.

Let's face facts. You freshman wenches in yon Carson tower are going to get mid-week evening dates no matter what regulations are set down. It has been going on here since before way back when—and that is one heckuva long way back. Let this gathering of legislators who were responsible for the frosh femme persecution speed merrily to the Oregon coast and set down a rule whereby the tide is forbidden to come in.

Tides coming in and girls going out are two natural phenomena—the moon affects them both) and they cannot be stopped except by severe enforcements of the rule—and that is where totalitarianism sets in; at any rate, that is where Oregon's enrollment will suffer greater slashes—Also, you may be able to lead a horse to water, but that is where he becomes a horse of a different stable.

The incoming gals are paying board and room rates—and they are supposed to receive a little moral and study guidance as sort of a tossed in item. We are arriving at the situation where the cart is pulling the ox—and where the devil is your progress in a hook-up like that.

But maybe it is a good idea to let the cart pull the ox for a while—or just release the ox and let the cart roll by itself. The frosh gals—who are deprived creatures in question—should approach the source of their aggravation—and students are not that source.

Re: Hash

Don't Wait Up, Mother; My Coke Is On The Way

By Bob Funk



Dante and Virgil were a couple of literary gentlemen who, in the former's "Divine Comedy", made a progress through such well peopled regions as purgatory and the inferno. We wish to state right now that Dante missed a real bet in the way of unpleasant-places-to-visit by being born too soon to witness the most wonderful torture meted out the patrons of the Student Union soda bar.

No—we are not going to criticize the architecture of the place. We are not going to haul out that rather over-worked idea that the music on the classical section of the Erb juke box would be classical only in a skating rink. The part that interests Dante and us is the bar itself—and the accompanying torture.

This is the way it works. You arrive at the bar—that is, if you just don't give a darn and have three or four hours to waste, too—to find that there is a large section apparently free of customers. False hopes. This section is adorned by a sign stating "This Section Closed." On the other side is another large section, also closed. In the middle, about two yards of bar are open for (if you'll pardon the word) business. There are two hundred persons sort of knotted up in the two yards.

Behind the counter a young lady is looking wistfully kitchenward, saying, "I certainly wish they would bring out some glasses. We haven't had any glasses in three hours, and I get so tired of serving people coffee when they asked for cokes." Another young lady is attempting to figure out who ordered a cheeseburger.

"Someone must have ordered this cheeseburger," she moans. "It was ordered last week, but I can remember the order as if it were just yesterday."

This goes on for a long time. Several hours later you get waited on, if you have a good constitution and can stand the horrible pressure of all the hundreds of persons behind you.

We might end this diatribe right here with a bitter sob, but

we have more to say. In regards to payment. No place is such unusual prices charged as at the Student Union. You pay four and one-half cents, five pesos and two rupees for coffee. If you order a soda, you get back twenty pennies in change and a chance on a straw (drawing to be held in room 310, Thursday evening).

Are we bitter? Little, sweet old us? Hah! Are we EVER bitter. Note to our professors: yes, we missed our classes yesterday morning. We ordered a cup of coffee at the soda bar, and felt committed to stay until three that afternoon, when we were served a green river with two cubes of ice.



"I'd better say good-nite, Elsie Mae—I think some of the other boys in the house wanna use th' phone."