

Oregon Daily EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD, published daily during the college year except all Saturdays but Junior Weekend, Sundays, holidays, final examination periods, and the Monday preceding Junior Weekend in May by the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$4 for two terms; \$3 per term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial page are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or of the University. Initialed editorials are written by the associate editors. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor.

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SU Soda Service--Or Lack of It

It's our building—that Student Union—and if we think service at the soda bar is not what it should be (and it isn't), it's our job to find out why.

That "we" includes students employed at the SU students buying from the SU, and students helping to pay for the SU.

The key to his soda bar problem is more student help, according to Director Dick Williams. It has been next to impossible to hire students for the Monday, Wednesday and Friday hours from 8 to 4.

Volume of business at the bar has already been as high as the estimated average for the entire year. And—contrary to the letter appearing elsewhere on this page—business has not been falling off, records show.

So why don't we hire more students if quantity is the question.

Classes conflict with these daytime hours, and students just aren't applying for the jobs.

Williams says there has been no complaint on salary, but we wonder if that isn't discouraging applicants. Rate of pay is 70 cents per hour if you sign a contract for the entire term, 60 cents if you don't finish the term. This will be raised when the student works his second term.

Salary problems are out of the hands of the Student Union administration. (Another day—another editorial on University pay for student employees.)

Quantity of the crew may not be the question. Maybe it's the organization or lack of it, training or the lack of it, experience or the lack of it.

It's all these—we think Director Williams will agree. Because of the lack of workers, new inexperienced students have moved into jobs normally requiring training. With more help, these few wouldn't be so rushed and would have time to learn the soda bar business.

What about hiring full-time experienced persons outside the student body?

Two staff members are already working each 8-hour shift behind the bar. That should be enough. Student Union salaries should be going back into student pockets as much as possible.

So—the bosses of the "fishbowl" definitely have their problems. They're not crying on any shoulders, nor are they promising any immediate solution to this situation common to the infancy of many student centers.

Nor are we blaming anybody. We're still coffeying at the soda bar, still hoping for improved service, and still griping.

Best we use this energy to find six or seven more student soda-jerks with free hours from 8 to 4. It's worth a try.

Half a Cup of Poison Can Kill

Two more national fraternities caught up with the times this past week.

Exhibit one, Alpha Gamma Rho, chose to eliminate all restrictive clauses from its constitution.

That's progress. It's also common sense and sound judgment. Alpha Gamma Rho isn't the first fraternity to sweep its closet clean of this shameful skeleton, discrimination.

One of the members said half the national college fraternities still have restrictions. What he meant was that one-half of them still are germ carriers embodying warped ideas.

That's one-half too many.

Exhibit two, the Pi Epsilon Pi chapter at the University of Connecticut, threatens to withdraw from the national if it is not permitted to pledge a Negro.

That's progress, too.

That's what we must have. More progress—less prejudice. T.K.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .

to Wah Chun, international affairs chairman of the YM-CA, who is responsible for the series of foreign student luncheons which began this week.

THE OREGON LEMON . . .

to Charles C. Ralls, national commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, who objects to United Nations flags being displayed with the Stars and Stripes. He thinks this is an effort to "sell" the United Nations flag as a symbol to supercede the American flag."



The Word

By Stan Turnbull

Meet all your friends for a day of fun and enjoyment at the U.S. Recruiting and Induction Station!

Monday we dragged the physical shambles that is ourself down to the Armory for our "armed (we have two) forces physical examination"—and just everybody was down there.

The notice stated that if we failed to report for the physical as directed, we would be delinquent and would be immediately ordered to report for induction into the armed forces, as well as subject to all sorts of fines and imprisonment.

Just to show them they couldn't scare us, we were there a half hour early.

We hope we aren't giving away any military secrets or giving aid and/or comfort to the enemy, but here's how it was. The first thing we did was wait, the last thing we did was wait, and in between we waited.

The second thing we did was listen to about 15 minutes of instructions on how to write our names at the tops of several forms. We filled out the form: no insanity, rabies, or hangnails in the family that we could think of. Then we waited for a while.

Next they brought out several hypodermics the size of grease guns and took "samples" of our blood—among other things. The guy that "sampled" our blood took so much we figured he was planning on refueling the whole darn army. He remarked gayly that we had blood about like water; we pictured ourselves bleeding to death on some foreign battlefield after cutting ourselves shaving.

Everybody was joking about what proof their blood was—but they stuck the needle into one guy and an olive with a toothpick through it popped into the glass tube of the hypodermic.

Next was the intelligence test. Honor system just like at the University, alternate tests for alternate men and guys posted around the room with machine guns. Tricky questions like, "The general told the men to advance—he meant (a) stop (b) drop dead (c) go forward (d) desert."

Then we marched, through red lights and traffic—very few were seriously injured by speeding cars—to a downtown restaurant, using the term loosely, for lunch, using this term just as loosely. Then back through red lights and gaping civilians.

The next examination was formal; everybody wore suits. Birthday variety. Talk about the colonel's lady and Rosy O'Grady—(this is a very subtle reference. We will gladly explain it to you personally, but not in a family newspaper.)

Everybody was asked what branch of service they'd take if they were given a choice, but we didn't like the way they kept looking at our feet.

Then we all held out our hands and a guy in a white coat asked us to count our fingers to see if any were missing. We managed to locate roughly ten, give or take a couple.

Then we waited some more. Then one at a time we listened while our selective service records were read to us, to see if there were mistakes. There were. Then we waited a while and went home.

Letters

The Campus Answers

Boomerang—Mr. Reiss

Emerald Editor:

Now wait a minute, Mr. Reiss.

When you wrote about the snack bar service in the Union, you mainly attacked Bob Funk and mainly forgot the snack bar service. That's an old trick—but you don't get away with it this time.

Forget your tears for the poor, tired, weary souls behind the counter, Mr. Reiss. Consider the customer—yes, consider him, even though you don't care to.

The guys and gals behind the counter are paid to work there, aren't they? Mrs. Coffey, the head of the food service, is paid for that job, isn't she? Dick Williams, the SU director, is paid for his work, isn't he?

Who does the paying? The customer, Mr. Reiss, and don't you ever forget it. And the customer in this country still has the right to do business where he pleases.

The Union presumably was paid for by students to serve students. If by mismanagement or less-than-expert help it doesn't serve students well—yes, even in superior fashion—then those students have a right to gripe and/or take their business elsewhere.

And a lot of that business HAS been going elsewhere, hasn't it, Mr. Reiss? Or does that make you happy?

Answer this letter—if you dare—and we'll put the finger on some more places in the Union that aren't functioning as perhaps they should be expected to, even in this first year.

Bob Cushman.

Tahatchope Comes to UO

Emerald Editor:

Something new has been added to the U of O campus. No doubt most of you are familiar with Tahatchope, the famous women's prison in California.

One could venture to say, without too much fear of being wrong, that the rules and regulations imposed upon the freshmen women, are no less binding than those enforced by the matrons at Tahatchope. These young women are free mature citizens and are being unjustly subjected to controls and restrictions ordinarily reserved for criminals and juvenile delinquents.

While it is realized that some must be enforced, it is not unreasonable to ask that these women be allowed the same freedom they enjoyed under their parent's control.

It is time that the powers that be at U of O realized that they are in control of a group of free American citizens. These women should be allowed to meet with the ruling powers, in order to agree upon a set of regulations, that will be satisfactory to all parties concerned.

This is a just and democratic way of setting up controls upon the lives of individuals. As long as we live in America let's practice the American way of life.

An Indignant American College Student

The Second Cup..!

On ignorance—a commodity that is being dispensed behind the scenes at some Universities—

Ignorance, when voluntary, is criminal—Johnson.

The more we study, the more we discover our ignorance—Shelley.

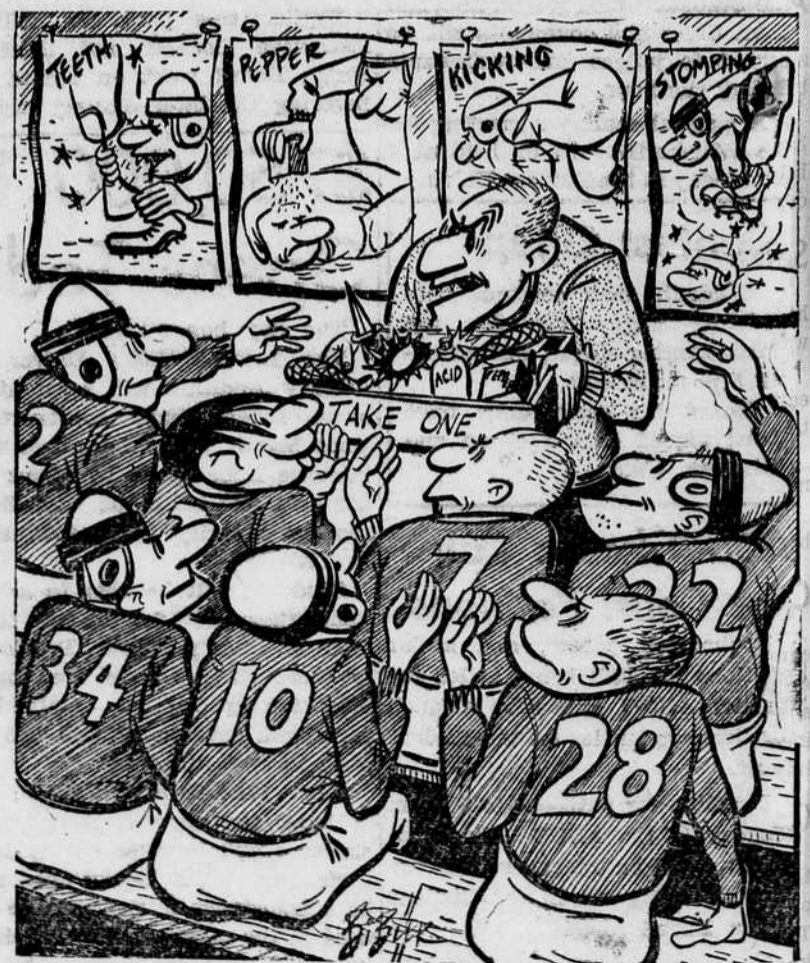
Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise—Gray.

Generalities on life—

If you can smile when there is cause to weep, deceit is easily within your grasp, should you desire it—Fidman.

One good hatred is mentally healthy, since you can draw out all the poison of the mind and expend it on one mental target—Anonymous.

It Could Be Oregon



"And remember what I said about clean sportsmanship—don't use 'em unless you have to."