

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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## Letter to the Campus

Two letters that minced no words came Emerald way this week.

The main point in one was: "I know the purpose of the new freshman rules is to make the girls study, but if they are going to study they will do it of their own accord. Regardless of what public opinion says, some of us are here to get an education, and we will get our education without being forced."

Strongest statements in the second letter were: "We believe in studying, yes! But we think it should be left to our own good judgment as to whether we should continue our studying until we feel like beating our heads against the floor."

This is a world with four freedoms, one of them is freedom of speech, but how can we do it? Who would listen to us and see it from our point of view? Freedom of speech, yes, and WE WANT TO BE HEARD."

"Another irate freshman" signed the first letter. The second was signed by "The Voice of the Freshmen" or "The Frustrated 400."

No names were signed to either message, so, much as we would like to print them in "The Campus Answers" column, the entire letters will only be filed away.

For protection of the writer, reader, and publisher, the Emerald must ask that signatures come with letters to the editor. We reluctantly will withhold the names from publication if requested, and will release the names to no one without the writer's okay. In this, we ask your confidence.

When a signed letter presenting a valid gripe or criticism comes our way, the editorial crew will either contact the powers who could remedy the situation or will dig into it itself.

When a signed letter commending some phase of campus or off-campus life comes our way, we'll welcome it.

To the "irate freshman" and "frustrated 400," we can only say "signatures, please," and mention that the rule-making committee, representing Panhellenic and the inter-dormitory governing board, meets sometime today. What steps will be taken . . . we can't predict.)

## Low Pay--Not Laziness

We are not the lazy bunch of galooks that an article in Sunday's Oregonian infers.

The article relates Student Union Director Dick Williams' difficulties in getting student help for the Student Union. It blames heavy class loads for the lack of help; but also the article quotes Williams as pining for the "good old days when almost everyone had some kind of job." And as adding, "I never thought it would come to this."

There could be two inferences:  
1) Oregon is a college in which there is much opportunity for those students who wish to work, or  
2) Oregon students are a bunch of playboys who won't work when opportunity is pounding at the door.

The first was probably intended. The second made us feel sorry that we ever read the Sunday paper.

Oregon students are as ambitious a lot as you'll find at any large university. If they aren't working at the Student Union, there are two good reasons—classes interfering with the work hours available, and (we are convinced) the low pay of 70 cents an hour (if you fulfil the contract—60 cents if you don't.)

Now, if there are to be complaints about students not working at the Student Union, let's not put the blame on student laziness—not even inadvertently. D.S.

**THE DAILY 'E' . . .**  
goes to Buzz Jackson and James H. Martin for submitting the winning entry in the Homecoming Slogan contest: "New Union and Reunion."  
**THE OREGON LEMON . . .**  
to John Brogan and King Block for scoring those two touchdowns against us Saturday.

## Letters The Campus Answers

Reiss Retaliates Emerald Editor:

Every argument has two sides. In the question of the soda bar at the SU, Messrs. Bob Funk and Bob Cushman formed their views from a customer's standpoint. Anyone who has ever purchased a doughnut, drink, or anything else at the SU fountain is quite familiar with the viewpoint of these gentlemen.

Most of the customers will agree that the service is slow. I do. They will further contend that the slow service is a result of incompetent help and faulty administration. This is where I disagree. Constant effort is being made to speed the service.

The people behind the fountain are as efficient as circumstances will allow. It is from their standpoint rather than the customer's that I form my argument. It is not easy for them to be courteous to an irate customer.

However, they realize that they must be. If one of them should return anger for anger, the self-righteous customer would take his business elsewhere. Naturally, the managers of the SU fountain don't want this to happen.

As Mr. Cushman recently stat-

ed, the help are paid for their work. They earn every cent of their wage.

He also pointed out that it is the customer who pays. Please, remember that the customer pays for his coffee or whatever else he buys. He does not purchase the servitude of those behind the counter. They are human and can only do their best to please. No more should be asked.

The primary reason for slow service seems to be the small quantity of soda dispensers as compared with the large quantity of customers, and does not necessarily reflect upon the efficiency of those employed.

In a previous letter to the Emerald I criticized Mr. Bob Funk. This was not intended to him personally, but rather to all those who see only the customer's viewpoint without regard for those behind the fountain, and for that matter behind the desks, of the SU.

Mr. Cushman proposes a dare. He is letting his personal feelings enter an impersonal argument. He seems to lose sight of the matter in question.

Alvin K. Reiss.



Re: Hash

By Bob Funk

Although this Student-Union-soda-bar-business seems quite invigorating, we were never quite the type to lead a crusade. The other morning we came down to breakfast (or maybe it was just a little after breakfast) to find the people at the place we live rocking with laughter at this letter that got written to our boss.

The letter contained a deft analysis of our mental state. All the people at the place we live were quite ready to accept the statement that "his view is as egotistical and as immature as that of a four-year-old child." They, in fact, are usually not so kind.

There is—we were told by an outraged member of the Student Union staff soon after our criticism hit the SU doorstep—another side of the story. It is impossible, it seems, to improve service. And so early in the season, too, to be coming to such a pass.

We were also told that no one really waits very long at the soda bar. Ha! Anyway, we who are not fortunate enough to get food there should be nourished by the pleasant smiles which the staff members wear while laying linoleum on the floor and doing other jobs which impair prompt service.

We were told a great many other things, which are best not enumerated. And now that we consider, we realize that it was downright audacious of us, in our egotistical, four-year-old state, to be criticizing the soda bar.

Hereafter we may (this is not a promise) stick to politics and beer—fields in which you do not encounter so many impossibilities.

## The Second Cup

On the past—  
O God! Put back thy universe and give me yesterday—Henry A. Jones.

I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes—Sandburg.

## The Word

### Resign of the Times-- Roofers in Black Shrouds

From Stan Turnbull



Random thoughts after an extremely random weekend . . .

This certainly isn't an opinion backed by anything more official than several hours at the Side—but how about, instead of requiring white shirts between the 35-yard lines at home football games, change this to more appropriate black shirts and shrouds?

The other day someone asked us if there wasn't something around here that pleased us. Hadn't realized we were quite that acid, but yes, there are several things we are happy with:

Congratulations to the student affairs committee on 1 o'clock closing hours Fridays; also congratulations to the planners of the Whiskerino on their theme, "Nine O'clock Shadow"—a very fine choice. They've promised that decorations will be in keeping with this theme; let's hope this includes the lighting.

Now that we've worked those compliments out of our system, there are a few more onions to be handed out:

Onions to whatever powers have turned the one-time "Noise Parade into practically another Junior Weekend float parade—here are the judging points—"Spirit of those on the float and following it" counts 30 per cent (you tell us how to judge this); appearance will count 25 per cent, as will "the ingenuity of originality in noisemaking" (whatever this odd group of words means).

Then, last and as near as we can see, least, will be sustained noise in the one-block judging area—a whopping 20 doggone per cent.

A final batch of onions, with garlic cluster, to the "group of Senior women" (hard-bitten old dogs that they are) who wrote the letter to the editor in Friday's paper telling the "dear freshmen girls" (this was a very sub-

tle reference—they billed themselves as "women," but no matter). Where were we? Oh, yes, telling the "dear freshmen girls" to cheer up, things were worse in their days, in regard to weeknight dates, daytime study hours, etc.

This is a very fine line of reasoning, which asserts that "because things were bad in our day, we don't want them to improve; It's your duty to suffer what we suffered through." Well, onward and upward, ever—progressing backwards and sideways.



"Thanks Alice, for filling my classes—better run over to Miss Snarf's desk, she's been asking for you."