

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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How About a Solution?

In case you haven't noticed we're paying through the nose again.

All living organizations are blessed with nice, new, shiny pay phones, and the best that can be hoped for is that the toll remains at five cents a talk instead of going higher.

But before anyone calls down the wrath of God on the university administration, we want to point out that the university opposed such a move and did everything possible to prevent this new wrinkle in the higher cost of living.

As a matter of fact the blame cannot even be put entirely on the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. Maybe you can blame the Oregon Legislature. At any rate the move is in line with a ruling of the Public Utilities Commission in Oregon which requires pay phones in any public building where their probable users number more than a half dozen per instrument. They call this the telephone tariff.

Two years ago the telephone company notified the university that pay phones were bound to come just as soon as the necessary equipment could be found. And now they've found it. Louis Eade, manager of the PT&T company, says pay phones have been installed in all other campus living organizations throughout the state. Oregon State College has had pay phones in the dormitories for two years.

Each of the university buildings will have a business phone which is reserved for the exclusive use of university employees or other key personnel for calls connected with their work. Each fraternity, for example, will have a business phone connected with the campus exchange which will be available only for the house manager.

In that light, we wonder if each dormitory will have a business phone for the use of the resident assistants and sponsors.

Perhaps the university has plans for working out this problem with the telephone company. If not, the sponsors, interdormitory council, and interfraternity council should pool their influence and see if some sort of solution can be worked out.

It's bad enough to pay for your own phone calls. It's downright undemocratic when you have to pay for a call made in the interest of another person.—B. C.

So THIS Is Oregon Athletes' Intellect, Phi Thetas' 'Atmosphere' Questionable

W. F. G. Thacher, once a fine teacher of short story on this campus, now retired, told this one more than once.

Big time athlete faces a chemistry final which he must pass to play the big game and, to the surprise of all, does just that. His teacher was asked to explain the phenomena and replies:

"I asked him two questions. What color is blue litmus paper and what is H₂O. As you know," the learned gentleman continued, "I only require 50 percent as a passing grade."

"The first answer was blue," replied the professor in answer to a fellow professor's query. "As you know, I only require 50 percent of the answers correct so he passed."

The fellow prof., having heard that somewhere before, continued. What about the second answer?

"Ink", replied the first.

"At least," said a friend of mine following the West Point shakeup, "At least we don't have an honor code to worry about." And we don't.

Phi Theta's, members of the junior women's honorary, received interesting orders during freshman week. They were told to be "atmosphere" for incoming freshmen.

And just how does one go about this wearing a baggy, blue sweater with a conglomeration of greek letters tacked across one's bosom? Or do I have atmosphere mixed up with something else?

Haven't heard the official reason why fraternities and sororities are now blessed with pay telephones. Anyway, maybe a lot of gals will discover they're not worth nickel to the old man now.

There are supposed to be solutions to the problem. The American penny, when inserted just so, reputedly has a brazenly honest sound to the operator. The Indian or Jefferson nickel, dangling on a thin piece of string of leader, and lowered a certain depth into the guts of this one-armed bandit with official sanction, is also a free ticket. That's what they tell me, anyway.

Internationally Speaking Intrigue Generated by Soldiers, City Residents Impressive at Recent Japanese Peace Conference

By Pat Dignan

Most of us are familiar with the outcome of the recent Japanese Peace Conference. But there are few who are aware of the intrigue and suspense that was generated in San Francisco before the opening session. We were drawn to San Francisco in the hope of seeing a great exhibition of diplomatic skill. We left impressed with the proceedings. We were also impressed with the happenings and the feelings of the people in the city. These are often overlooked when speaking of the conference.

Plans for a quick conference and equally sudden signing seemed doubtful before the conference began. Many of the people in San Francisco believed

that the arrival of the Russian Delegation meant sure delay.

They resented the Soviet intrusion and openly showed it. In the exclusive Hillsborough district, where the Russians had rented a mansion, people gathered in large numbers. The local residents were up in air over the presence of the Russians. No incident occurred, however, and the police were out in force to prevent any trouble from the "onlookers."

Still in another section of the city other signs of hostility were present. While we were viewing the War Memorial Opera House, the site of the conference, the Japanese Delegation arrived. Mingling about were

many soldiers who showed their dislike of the "Imperial Japanese Delegation," in the words of one of them.

It was evident that many would not be quick to forget the recent World War. It was interesting to note this because at that time it was generally felt that Russia would capitalize on such a feeling at the conference. Several countries had already showed their dissatisfaction with the "easy" terms of the treaty.

The streets of San Francisco seemed barren for a Labor Day holiday and a peace conference. There were many MP's and SP's on the streets, but few other military personnel. Upon inquiry, it was learned that soldiers of the Presidio, Sixth Army headquarters, were restricted to base.

We believe the purpose of this was to keep the soldiers out of contact with communist sympathizers. The pro-communist element in other American cities had managed to start riots to discredit groups. If they could have done this in San Francisco, then the theme of the conference, "peace," when attacked by the Soviet Delegation, would have lost its effect.

We received information that banners were being displayed near the Presidio entrance. Such signs as "Do not sign the Treaty" were carried. Was this an effort to stir up trouble with the soldiers? Or was this the famed communist propaganda machine in operation?

Whatever the purpose of the sign-carrying, one thing was certain. It had its effect. It helped create an air of intrigue and it added to the feeling of speculation in regard to the Russians and their strategy.

The "San Francisco News" in an editorial of Sept. 3, intimated that Russia held many of the strings that would decide the conference. Your writer doubted at the time whether they held any strings. We know now they didn't.

The United States and Great Britain were prepared to upset anything the Soviet Union offered. They solidified their allies through pre-conference pacts. As added insurance they drew up rules of procedure that made it impossible for the Russians to use their famed "Stall."

We proved that we were prepared to match the Soviet machinations with peace-loving settlement.

A Day at the Zoo

Dr. Jekyll's Mr. Hyde Returns, Pens Tragic Farewell to Bird

By Bob Funk

Here beginneth the third year of our being served at breakfast in lieu of a tablecloth.

Why we continue to write this ridiculous column is something that is nobody's business but our own. Possibly Mr. Freud could explain it if he were here.

At first we hoped to rise above this column. There are a number of other aspects of our life, such as

cheeseburger-eating, which are more important and dignified than writing a column. However, the wages of writing for the Emerald is being introduced by fraternity brothers as "that—er person that writes that column." This is unfair. Here we are quietly pursuing our lives as Dr. Jekyll—and then being introduced as Mr. Hyde.

We even tried to find shelter in the lee of a pronoun—referring to ourself as we instead of I, in this way confusing the reading public. Nevertheless, at the last count there is still only one of us, smiling a saccharine, ink-smear smile out from under the toast crumbs and syrup on various disenchant-ed morning.

Actually (we feel a tide of sentimentality sweeping heavily over us) our journalistic career on this campus began three years ago, when everyone was much younger and the ribbons on the Emerald typewriters were new.

There is a big hole behind the SU where the Bird used to be. To us, that hole is tragedy. Following are ridiculous lines written in a mood of pathetic dejection.

Bird that occupied the coffee and doughnut thought of all of us, now you are gone; The place that you occupied being left to progress, history, nostalgia, and a new and exciting portion of the University of Oregon lawn.

It is perhaps an ill omen to those whose lives are still centered upon thing archaic and gastronomic

That you should not have been chosen to survive this age atomic.

Rendezvous of lovers, sorority freshmen escaping the scholarship chairman, peripatetic girls from Carson and boys from Straub,

Who came and were for a moment pathetically happy over their simple cup of coffee or

first-of-the-month cheeseburger and never asked for squab;

(NOTE: it is just a little difficult from time to time To find words that are logical and still fit the rime.)

Haven for ROTC officers and their students, the latter frequently watering down after six pages of multiple choice (A,B,C, or none of these) had been done—

Wondering whether it is the hoozis or the thingus that you take off first when dismantling a gun.

Bird that was the Falcon, but could have been the Pelican or the Trumpeter Swan or the Dodo (an extinct herd)

And still have been called by the run-of-the-mill, overwhelming majority of us by that somewhat cryptic, if undistinguished title, the Bird.

It was Fate, and the advent of the Erb Memorial Student Union that dictated that this lore-ridden beanery Should be so untimely ripped from off the campus scenery. Ask not for whom the bell tolls, ye that are coffee-bound—ye know full well;

It's hail to thee, blythe spirit, Bird that wert: Hail and Farewell.

