

Oregon Daily EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD is published Monday through Friday during the college year, except examination and holiday periods, with issues on Homecoming Saturday and Junior Weekend Saturday by the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year, \$2 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.

LORENA LARSON, Editor
 ABBOTT PAINE, Business Manager
 PHIL BETTENS, Managing Editor
 GRETCHEN GROUNDHILL, BILL CLOTHIER, DON DEWEY, Associate Editors
 GRETCHEN GREPE, Advertising Manager

A Clean-up or a High Board Fence

We'd like to play a few off-key notes from the same old song—different words. Some one strikes up this sad tune every year and then when they discover how difficult it is to bring harmony out of noise they promptly forget the whole thing.

We wonder if we'll ever get that eyesore across the street from McArthur Court made over into a respectable looking plot of real estate?

With the exception of the cemetery, the grounds around the university campus present a very handsome appearance. We have a beautiful campus and it's being made more beautiful all the time. We're proud of it.

But that jumbled mass of weeds, tin cans, bottles, poison ivy, and blocks of granite certainly shocks the aesthetic sense of anyone who has an eye for simple neatness, let alone beauty.

We haven't the space on this page to examine all the reasons which make cleaning up the cemetery so difficult. There are plenty. And if things ever progressed to the point of actually moving the cemetery, it would require an act of the state legislature to make such a move possible.

Here are a few reasons. The plots of ground are owned by individuals—they alone can authorize any work to be done on the specific graves. (It's not even known who owns some of the plots.)

The university doesn't have the title to any of the cemetery grounds. Neither does the city—or state. The only group with any authority over affairs conducted in the cemetery is the "Oddfellows Cemetery Association." To further complicate matters, the Oddfellows have nothing to do with the cemetery now. The name has just hung on from the time they did have.

There's still a cemetery association but it's rather inactive. It hasn't got any funds. Contributions are the only source of income the association has and contributors have become about as scarce as the whooping crane. No money. No manpower. Just trash and weeds.

Who's to blame? Who knows?

After threading our way through a maze of road-blocks and restrictions which prevent any adequate clean-up of this area, either now or in 1975, we have only one solution to offer.

Why not build a high, board fence entirely around the cemetery? There might even be another advantage to this arrangement.

The art school could let its students decorate the wall with murals. They might not produce any works of art, but how could they help but improve the situation?

Like the poor, it seems an unkept graveyard will always be with us.—B. C.

Five Lone Pencil Sharpeners

We've just made a startling discovery.

In the whole of the University library, there are but five pencil sharpeners placed for the use of students.

This revelation immediately brings to our minds horrible pictures of students laboriously taking notes with worn-down stubs, remnants of burnt matches, or surplus lipstick tubes from lack of a convenient pencil sharpener.

Admitting the extensive use of the libe for "soshing" purposes, it is to be supposed that the majority of its users do take notes at one time or another.

As soon as we heard about the library's sharpener shortage, therefore, we undertook as a public service to our readers to locate the existing five.

After an exhaustive search, discreet questioning of employees, and much tramping up and down, we found them: one on the first floor, on the door of what is popularly known as the "freshman room," by the open shelf reserve; on the second floor of the old building, on the bulletin board of the science division (this can only be reached through the stacks); on the third floor of the old building, in the Oregon room; and attached to tables on the first and second levels of the annex, near the information desks.

Ah, well, one can always use a pen—or have you ever tried a wax tablet and stylus?—G. C.

-- Letters to the Editor --

Wait Till Next Year

Emerald Editor:

A question of momentous import is to be placed before the Oregon student body. It seems that the students are to decide on various aspects of the Homecoming celebration, which this year unfortunately coincides with the Thanksgiving holiday.

To add to the organized confusion regarding the subject, I propose that this year's Homecoming be postponed till 1952, at which time two such events could be held, thus putting to shame all other universities in the country.

To demonstrate the full significance of such a double Homecoming, a broken-down fraternity house could be used as the site for the traditional bonfire, thus making the affair one of the most successful on record.

Martin Meadows
 B 24 Stan Ray Hall

Attention Bob Funk

Emerald Editor:

I'm glad to say I missed getting a paper early Wednesday, which is just as well, for I have since been afflicted with a slow burn. It has happened before but I learned to protect myself—merely to recognize the picture of Bob Funk and ignore the article. After all, I told myself (trying to be tolerant), it's just one person's opinion and if I had my picture plastered along with my words of wisdom (like a big-time columnist) I'd probably do the same. I had hopes of simmering quietly, but this time he hit too close to home and I've seen others hurt, so here goes—

He mentions there is no offense for his former sarcasm. That's real big of him! I presume no defense. Since he expects a "multitude of explanations," I hope he's not disappointed, but hate to think that journalism is so desperate for material it is necessary to print at random merely to fill space—in this and future issues.

"Poor service" one might also consider poor reporting. I had always been under the delusion that a good reporter investigates the facts—for and against—even before drawing his own conclusions (open for a change of stand if the facts warrant it). Since Mr. Funk admittedly writes in self-inflicted ignorance, surely we can feel that the students are not getting all they deserve in the way of reporting.

"Poor quality of new employees." Three weeks of school may have passed, but there is a continued turnover of new help. Face the fact! There will always be as long as students are employed. Some find it impossible to manage their studies and work, others find they have more time

or need the money. Perhaps for better service he would prefer full time civil service help. This would warrant a raise in prices to offset the increased cost and rob students of needed part time employment, but it may make some customers happier (I hope there are few of these).

As for poor quality, just who is Mr. Funk to judge? Did he ever stop to consider that some of these kids are away from home for the first time, holding down their first job, but sincerely trying to do their best? As for asking a customer where the milk was kept—the customer could have been an employee off duty helping a green horn in a moment of need, or does that stretch his imagination too far?

"Haggling over prices." A rare instance!

"Private exchange of jokes." You would find with a little experience that a laugh amongst the attendants, even at their own boners, creates a better feeling in them and the customers. Speaking for myself, I often look like a thundercloud, but the exchange of a light remark has often resulted in a pleasanter expression (and who likes to be served by a grumpy person, even if it is faster?)

He may be proud of himself to realize a new ruling has been adopted as the result of his "40 customers waiting." In the future there will be no exchange of words behind the counter except in the passage of business. You may quote me as refusing to abide by such a rule. I may be a student behind the counter but I refuse to be a robot mechanically turning out orders even for the better service to individuals like Mr. Funk.

And while I'm on the gripe department, was he aware that persons in uniform are not allowed to sit out in front, even on their own time, eating food they paid cold cash for? This does not hurt the male faction, for they merely remove their jackets, but the females are banished to the commuters' room or the back banquet room.

I'll readily admit that there is always one or more in every group who overstep the privileges granted them, but why banish the group because of a few? I for one enjoyed sitting there (and, though I'm not breaking my arm) more than once have checked in early because of sudden demand, which wouldn't have been possible if I hadn't been in uniform and available. People don't object when they see a soda clerk downtown having her coffee break, and they don't always banish them like poor relations either. You'd think people would use a little intelligent reasoning.

Point one. It may interest you and others to know that giving your order as...large or small, plain or carbonated, coffee black or white...without being asked, is a definite help and speeds up the service. I have had customers refuse a drink that they didn't distinguish. Asking each person (and I've been told that Funk comes in this group, though to my knowledge I don't recall waiting on him) takes time especially when some take time to decide.

Point two. "SU shorted." His sarcasm doesn't do him credit.

Point three. "Ten minutes... wrong order." He could have become so interested in his conversation at the other side of the room that he forgot or didn't bother to listen for his number. Then too, a person can't order a hamburger and expect it immediately—there are two sides to grill orders. As for hurting her feelings—he could have ordered wrong, but granting it really happened, for each dissatisfied customer how many are satisfied?

Point four. "Customers asked how to operate cash register." Funk's off the beam.

Perhaps if he stood in a few "service" lines he would learn a little patient tolerance. Often some long suffering person has to wait too long for service because some "pushie" character who has never learned the hard way or via plain good manners, insists on service out of turn. But that's a problem customers will have to suffer out. It's impossible for us to know who came first.

May I suggest to Mr. Funk that there is still time to apply for a fountain job and get a good picture behind the scenes. Even one week would broaden his education.

Adele Leonard

More on SU Service

Emerald Editor:

Although I do not work on the soda bar at the Student Union, I do work in a related department, and am familiar with those who do work there and their problems. Therefore, I feel qualified to comment on Bob Funk's very inconsiderate and, as he mentioned "sarcastic" column of October 17.

It was obvious that he did not know the reasons for slow service and that he made no attempt to find any. I rather feel that he drew hasty and blind conclusions, and very shallow ones at that. If not, on what facts did he base his comments?

For instance, you will find that the balances in the cash registers agree very closely with sales tapes at the end of each day.

Yes, at times service is slow, but usually for good reasons. I notice that Bob feels customers are always considerate, and present no problems. If he would bother to notice, he would find that customers often unconsciously hamper quick efficient service.

Nor did he notice the recent large turnover in student help, which naturally is accompanied by inexperience, and therefore slowness. Perhaps he would prefer full time non-student help, with the accompanying better service, higher prices, and loss of student jobs, which in the case of these students, they really need. Give these students time to become experienced, and they will do just as good a job at their work as you supposedly do at yours.

As for his "points to be kept in mind by soda bar customers," not only were they groundless, childish, sarcastic and unfair, but they bespoke of a very small state of mind in this particular instance. His column might have been informative and constructive had he taken time to gather facts, rather than creating the bad feeling which he obviously has.

If he wishes to hear more, I will be most happy to discuss the matter further with him at the Student Union, where I am easily found. Also, I have it on good authority that he is entirely welcome to work a few nights behind the soda bar, at his own convenience of course.

Alan C. Kershaw
 1841 E. 15th St.

Student Union Problems?



"Say, waitress, how's about a straw for Carolyn's root beer, huh?"