

# Oregon Daily EMERALD

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## -- Letters to the Editor --

### Law Students Say

Emerald Editor:

In effect, the Emerald has committed itself to the policy of condoning (and possibly even encouraging) under certain circumstances the commission of acts which have been made misdemeanors by law in the state of Oregon.

Instead of reprimanding Oregon students for committing deliberate acts of fraud and violating the law, you only say, in effect, "don't put slugs in the phones, fellows, because you and your brethren will have to foot the bill in the long run anyway." The editorial certainly infers that in situations where the telephone company must stand the loss, the use of slugs and pennies would be justified and encouraged. Such an attitude has no place in our society.

Again we strenuously denounce the lack of objectivity and "fair play" in the news reporting and editorial policy of the Emerald this year. For the future, we would suggest that you spend less time worrying about the telephone situation on the Oregon campus, and a little more time instructing your associates with regard to the canons of conduct allegedly governing your profession.

The following subscribers speak only for themselves as individuals, and do not, in any way, purport to represent the views of the law school student body, the law school administration, the student body of the University, or the administrative officers of the University.

(Signed:)

William E. Love, Robert W. Hill, Robert B. Abrams, Pat Young, Duane Graska, Kenneth A. Poole, Robert A. Boyer, John R. Sabin, William E. Dunhalme, Lester D. Pederson.

(Ed. Note: The point of the 10 law school students is well made. And, we hope, well taken.

We did not mean to encourage or justify the use of pennies or slugs in the pay phones. The Emerald is unqualifiedly against such practices under any and all circumstances even though the Wednesday editorial implied otherwise. It was a thoughtless remark on our part and all credit is due the future lawyers for blasting it to bits.

We were wrong, carelessly wrong, and we owe an apology to the phone company and the University. We got caught with our galley proof down.—B.C.)

### Pay Phones a Swindle

Emerald Editor:

I thought that slot machines were outlawed in Oregon!

Yet every day, dollar after dollar is poured into machines that are nothing more than legalized swindle boxes. Yes, pay phones are a swindle. They are nothing more than slot machines.

Tonight I parted with 40 cents for one person-to-person call from fraternity row to Carson hall. One dime after another went down the slot.

For six months now the ASUO and various student committees have been promising "positive action" and so far—nothing. One reason is that the administration has not given us one word of support or approval.

Let's blow this thing wide open. Let's have more rallies, demonstrations, and letters of complaint. We'll build a fire that's really hot under the people who are in a position to get these machines out of our frats and dorms.

Gr. . . . . Morque. . . .

5 YEARS AGO

Feb. 11, 1947 — Dr. Robert Dean, new chemistry professor recently arrived from the University of Hawaii, declares that Hawaii is ready for statehood "but congress is just too busy."

10 YEARS AGO

Feb. 11, 1942—"Come to McArthur Court" is announced as the slogan for a dance in Mac court. The dance, in honor of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's stand in the Philippines, will be used for "some defense project."

## Semi-public Phones No Bargain

You might think semi-public pay phones are more advantageous to the campus than public pay phones. But they're not.

If a living group or other organization is designated as semi-public, by implication it is also semi-private. And we profess great respect for private rights in this country.

Elsewhere in Eugene (hotels, for example) the pay phones are public phones and as such they are the sole responsibility of PT&T. Generally, says Alfred Vogt, assistant manager of the PT&T in Eugene, such pay phones return a commission on receipts to the business establishment where they are placed. In no case does the proprietor guarantee a fixed fee to the phone company as is the case on the campus.

This is no special trap devised for the University but has been in effect for some time. It's all very legal and proper. Public phones have one set of operating rules and semi-public phones another.

We are not advocating the installation of purebred public pay phones. What interests us is the disadvantage of being classed as semi-public. The phone booths in the railroad or bus stations are a better deal than the ones we now have on campus.—B.C.

## Beer is Bad...for Rats

There is a certain pressure group on campus which has urged us to launch a crusade for beer in the Student Union. But we're about crusaded out.

Naturally, we refused to discuss such a proposal. Beer drinking is immoral. And very dangerous. To prove our point we wish to quote from an editorial published in The National Voice in 1935. The National Voice is supposed to be the oldest prohibition weekly in America. We quote:

"Beer business is a queer business. There is death connected with it any way you take it. Do beer guzzlers know that every year thousands of rats leap into the beer vats, die and rot there? That fine flavor in your favorite beer may be only the essence of dead rats.

"You have all heard about the brewery rats. It is impossible to make a rat-proof brewery. It will be a matter of special interest, now that beer is back, to know that rats are crazy about malt when it is fermenting. They will even climb a ladder to get near the malt in the beer vat.

"Climbing to the top of the vat, a hungry rat, crazy to get to the fermenting malt, would lean down toward the beer and presently would fall in. He would go to the bottom and drown, and under the foam on top of the beer could not be seen.

"Some months ago a bootleg vat in Pennsylvania was raided and it was decided to clean it out to see what it really contained, and in this big beer vat they found 69 dead rats. Not only rats, but the dead bodies of two men came out of a huge beer vat in a brewery in St. Louis, Missouri, according to a reputable physician who watched the vat being drained into a sewer.

"Many persons have wondered why beer has a bitter and acid taste. May this peculiar taste come from the flavor of the rats that have lost their lives through their fondness for fermenting malt?

"Persons who are thinking of cultivating a taste for beer would do well to make sure that all the rats have been destroyed in the vicinity of the brewery they intend to patronize. Be sure that there is no rat taste in the beer you drink. If the poison has been taken out, it is not real beer.

"But we have got to drink beer, rat essence and all, to balance the budget. Soak the nation's flag in the filthy slop to raise revenue to meet the extravagance of a beer administration. Drink beer morning, noon and night. Drink it until your stomach rebels against its deadly poison. Until your nerves are shot. Until your brain is on fire and tremens drive you to the asylum.

"Drink beer until in your madness you see the flashing tongues of snakes or hideous faces of dead rats leering from the foam. For beer is filled with the souls of dead rats that have drowned in the brewery vats." We unquote.

Let that be a grim warning to those thirsty souls in the pressure group.

Incidentally, this is a nice job of slanted editorial writing. And it's aimed at a very specific audience—those who hate beer. That's why we thought it worth printing. All of us hate beer, too.—B. C.

## A Day at the Zoo

### Impressed Columnist Finds Libe But He Still Likes Foyer Best

By Bob Funk

We have always been tremendously impressed by the persons who went to the library to study in the evening. "If anyone wants me, I'll be in the Rose Brocade Memorial Study Room, annex level 3 1/2, stack 818.11," they would say. They did not really think anyone would want them. They just wanted everyone to know how studious they were.



BOB FUNK

At another time, we overhear someone asking someone else to "meet me in Humanities." This was one of the great questions of our dim life until we discovered that Humanities was a part of the library.

The other evening, just to inflate our ego a little, we, too, went over to the library. After various misunderstandings with the turnstiles, we made our way up to Humanities. There were several persons there, reading Humanities books with Humanities expressions on their faces.

We also explored stack deck 5 and stack deck 4. We are saving the other decks for some other time. The big part of the library population, however, was not in any of these places. It was in what we imagine is called the foyer. There was a great crowd of people in the foyer, smoking feverishly against the time the scholarship chairman would come and whisk them back to Humanities.

The foyer seems to be some sort of purgatory between the paradise of Taylor's and the inferno of the Rose Brocade Memorial Study room, or whatever we called it in the first paragraph. That there are more people in the foyer purgatory than in either paradise or the inferno is perhaps a commentary upon the general fence-sitting tendencies of the times.

This discovery that most of the library people spend their time in the foyer has somewhat abated our inferiority complex, however.

It is undoubtedly only a matter of time until a Coke machine, a refreshment bar and (this is most important to the atmosphere of the place) a cigarette vendor are installed to make life in the foyer more lush. They could use a couple of good ventilators, too.

Besides smoking, the chief interest of the foyer crowd seems to be love. "How to Make Love in a Public Place" is the general theme. It is not really too public a place, at that. The smoke conceals a multitude of minor sins.

## Any Rats in There, Worthal?



B. C. C-29