

Pay Phones Gone From Dorms

There are business phones in the dorms again.

Pay phones are still located throughout dorms but only for long distance calls. Dormitory residents no longer have to fork over a dime for local calls.

Pay phones were put in fraternities, sororities, co-ops and dorms during the summer of 1951 by the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company. The PT&T installed the pay phones on the basis of a Public Utilities commission regulation which stated that (1) public service will be furnished in semi-public and public locations and (2) flat rate service is not provided on public or semi-public premises where phones are accessible to the public in general.

The students squawked. They argued that Greek houses were not semi-public, that dormitories are similar to hotels and apartments, which are not required to have semi-public phones.

The Oregon Federation of College Leaders unanimously passed a resolution asking for abandonment of the phone company's policy. The ASUO senate organized a phone committee and prepared to fight the issue all the way through a public hearing.

Then PT&T agreed to take the pay phones out of fraternities and sororities while it made a survey to find an equitable solution. The University administration announced that it would work to get pay phones out of the dormitories. This August, after a conference with Oregon administrators, PT&T agreed to remove toll phones from dorms.

We'd like to congratulate:

1. The administration: For keeping its promise when it said that "The University's position is that all its students should be treated alike and that no distinction should be made in the type of service available to campus living organizations."

2. The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company: For seeking to satisfy the desires of the students. PT&T didn't have to give up the fight. The company could have held out, necessitating a formal complaint to the PUC, a hearing and appeals of the decision. But the company, even though it might have won its case, chose another course and left everybody happy.

It's Just One of the Chances You Take

Probably a lot of freshmen men are wondering just what they ought to major in here at Oregon, and it really is quite a problem. Here is a word of caution—no matter which field you choose, it is getting so a guy has got to be careful or somebody will snap him up when he has gotten to be a fairly solid and respectable citizen and want him to run for president of the United States.

As the Democratic nominee, Adlai Stevenson, said recently, any American boy may grow up to be President—it's just one of the chances he has to take.

Mr. Stevenson was trying his very best to keep on in his well-paid, satisfying job as Governor of Illinois when the lightning struck. He remained reluctant and did not sound at all willing right up to the the convention, although he never came out with a Coolidge-like "I do not choose to run."

Now, however, he has entered into the campaign with vigor and has brought to it his own Princetonian brand of sophisticated wit. So often has he produced such gems as the above, that columnist Robert Ruark was led to write that he thought Stevenson was bucking for a job as summer replacement for Arthur Godfrey.

On the Republican side, Dwight Eisenhower also was making a good honest living as NATO commander when he finally succumbed to what sounded to him a lot like the loud, clear call to duty.

So the way it turns out, we have two men up for the job who didn't really want it. Alben Barkley, who did want Stevenson's nomination, but couldn't get it, summed the idea up with a piece of homespun Kentucky wisdom: "You can't resist the clamorment of the people."

Keep a cool head, students, and don't put yourselves in a position where you have to try. Unless of course you WANT to be president.—B.G.

You Can't Have Everything



"Nice to have you in one of my classes again Miss — ah, Miss — I can't remember your name, but I never forget a beautiful face."

Bob Funk

Soda Bar Sophisticate Sips Drink, Ponders on Philosophical Problems

He was sitting in the middle of the Student Union looking wonderful. Everything he was wearing was new—his personality, his clothes, his suntan. He was smiling with an air of country club sophistication and the grip with which he held his lemonade was very much like the grip with which one holds a cocktail. The sun was shining, the most beautiful girl in the world was sitting at the next table, and he looked wonderful (which has been said). He felt singularly awful.

He had (poor place to break into a sentence, but this person is a freshman, and freshmen are traditionally supposed to feel awful, in case this is not becoming clear) signed up for fifteen hours of classes in buildings he had never heard of. He was still pronouncing Deady the way it was spelled; and his adviser had sadistically let him sign up for two courses which were scheduled (incompatibly enough) to be held at the same time. And he felt that there was probably not enough lemon in his lemonade.

Somewhere the juke box was playing "If You Loved Me Half As Much As I Love You." Probably I am going to be sick to my stomach, he thought. Which would not, of course, go at all well with sophistication and the "everything new" exterior. Probably I am going to flunk out of school because I can't tell which end of Commonwealth is history, and which end is business. Probably I am going to die of a surfeit of orientation meetings.

The last idea rather appealed to him. He could imagine himself lying magnificently in state in the foyer of the Erb Memorial Student Union, a gilded sign above him proclaiming that "Here Rests the Most Oriented Person Ever, Probably."

To top it all off, he had been hit by a sprinkler. There was no end to the indignities which were forced upon a person. He stared deeply into his lemonade. It was rather cloudy, like his future. The people across the table from him were wearing sophisticated smiles. They gripped their glasses of Coke as one grips a Martini, an Old Fashioned, and a Moscow Mule, reading from left to right. They looked wonderful.

And, naturally, they too felt awful. Postscript: Fear not, after a time it will pass. You get numb. And even if you don't, you aren't alone. Seniors feel awful, too. It's the weather or something.

New Slant Shown In SA Assembly

by Helen Jones
Associate Editor

A word of praise for the student affairs assembly—and for its directors Al Barzman and Bob Chambers.

The "Al and Bob show" contrasted the right, or student affairs way, with the wrong way to date, take exams and serenade. And it was as entertaining as it was helpful.

But it was more than that. It demonstrated a new slant put on the orientation program—by Student Affairs. It was an effort to show, rather than tell, new students that a combination of study and "soshing" is the best kind of of campus life.

Impressed by Change

We don't intend to by-pass the speeches by President Newburn and Dean Jones Monday night. They were excellent and necessary. But upper classmen who attended the orientation assemblies were impressed by a huge change. Instead of a series of good, lengthy speeches, there were jokes and skits. And both assemblies were shorter than last year's two-hour sessions.

Of course the assemblies didn't solve all problems for the bewildered freshmen. Probably few understood that the "student affairs way" to borrow money was to get a student loan.

Not Yet Perfect

Nor is the program itself perfect. Orientation meetings still leave too many questions about registration procedure unanswered. Women's rushing still overloads the weekly schedule.

Yet the program has improved. And the class of 1956 will profit accordingly, thanks to the new orientation program and to Bob and Al, who demonstrated the student affairs way, the right way, to orient freshmen.

Dear Reader:

(Ed. Note: The column "Dear Emerald Reader", will appear periodically in the Emerald. Through the column the editor will attempt to explain the operation of the Emerald, its policies and aims. Write or call the editor if you have suggestions for column topics.)

How do you get a news story in the Oregon Daily Emerald?

This is a frequent question asked by publicity chairman, campus living groups, clubs and other organizations. Here's the answer.

Contact the Emerald news editor, Kitty Fraser. You can call campus extension 218 or visit her in her office in the "Shack" next door to the journalism building. She will take down the information that you want published, or assign a reporter to the job, and the story will be written in news form.

For best cooperation concerning publicity contact the news editor early and talk over your plans.

A Quick Call

If you are a publicity chairman and the event which you are handling is of major importance to the campus, the news editor will assign a reporter to contact you and obtain the facts. But the news editor, however capable, can't know everything which is going on across the campus. A quick phone call to the "Shack" may save you trouble.

In the event that the publicity chairman desires to use fillers at the bottom of page columns as a method of plugging a program, he should contact the news editor.

On a large publicity operation the Emerald news editor will request that the publicity chairman work out a publicity schedule. This schedule will act as a timetable for the period preceding the event and will allow the publicity chairman to obtain the maximum effect from his news space.

The Publicity Schedule

The publicity schedule should contain a list of the stories to come in, the publication dates requested and the name and phone number of the person who will furnish the information. The Emerald asks that only one person be directly responsible for providing the information. This is a safeguard for both the publicity chairman and the news editor and will result in better coverage.

If pictures are desired, the publicity chairman should contact the managing editor, Al Karr. He will work out arrangements for taking the pictures, printing them and having engravings made. Cost of the picture reproduction will be charged to the organization or group requesting the picture.

Deadline is 4 p.m.

Deadline for all copy for the Emerald is 4 p.m. No copy will be accepted after that time. The Emerald news staff will be on hand at the "Shack" during the afternoon to receive copy until the deadline.

Copy must be typed or printed clearly. The Emerald will not accept copy which is not clearly legible.

News and Advertising

The Emerald will always reserve the right to decide what constitutes news and what is advertising.

There is a limited amount of news space available in the paper. That space must be shared by from 20 to 60 news items each day. Of necessity some stories will be shortened, some delayed and some never see the printed page. The Emerald will make every attempt to be fair and equitable in its allotment of news space.

Sincerely yours,
Larry Hobart



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