 sistants, Jim Kopp, Jim Tuttle, Hannah Yashan, Lynn Ward, Pat Evans.

## Segregation: The Answer to Women's Woes

Now that the women are all in an uproar
about choosing rooms it's a good time to make some concrete suggestions about how to improve the whole housing system
It seer.ss a shame to make pledges move out
of one dormitory into another, then still have to walk half way across the campus to get to their suites.
So we suggest that a future room assign-
ment procedure allow the sophomore pledges ment procedure allow the sophomore pledges
to move into the dormiory where their suite is located and let the sophornore independents to segregate women according to sorority affiliation rather than by class status.
Making this separation in the beginning of the second year might meet with the disaptogether with "all the girls". but we believe the change would strengthen both groups. of unity among the individual chapters and should also give the independents the help they need to overcome their geographical diversity: As it is now with Greeks and independents to-
gether in the same dormtiory units. Women's gether in the same dormtiory units. Women's ly boil down to a race between the two soror ities in the unit, and independents are seldom If all the independents were in Atherton they would be competing only among themselves and would have more delegates in the WSGA The nature of this proposal is such that it can not be put into effect right away, but if
the Dean of Women's office will work on the
details and gradually introduce the new scheme
to the women, a more dynamic women's government will evolve.

## A Time for All

A method of selecting dormitory rooms in alphabetical order was used for the first time
yesterday in Atherton Hall by sophomore
The distribution began at 8 a.m. Without assigned hours. Naturally, because of classes, only
a partial number of students were able to take
their turn in the assumed order The rest setheir turn in the assumed order. The rest selected rooms whenever they had a free hour.
Instead of a systemized drawing, it practically
resulted in first come, first served. The students were not pleased.
The alphabetical-order method is good be-
cause having a low initial is just as much chance as would be drawing number one in the num as would be drawing number one in the numbution center in a central dormitory is also good because it omits crowding the dean of women's office.
However, if alphabetical order is to be used their place in line. Having the selections during a class day makes this impossible. The fairness of this new method is not questioned. But it is defeating its own purpose if it pulsory confliction, such as an evening or a Saturday or Sunday afternoon.
week. Let's give them the benefit of an next -Judy Harkison

Little Man on Campus

pebbles on the shore

## The Vale Drips Over

(Yesterday we found our State songstress, Trixie D., at the crossroads of her life. Would the cup of coffee her greedy roommate, Sadie, had given her work, would it return her to her old seif? Tomorrow," she would have been forewarned of the natural results. But Trixie didn't know. .
The coffee was tasted_-"Ugh" -slowly downed-"We Il" and
sometimes. And, what's more, he polished off with a gagging choke. kept using her money. The impli Sadie; she was sure it would But Trixie, who was satisfied
work. Trixie was trembling but folt an merely to please her stomach inner warmth fee was hot-arter anl, the cot-her heart-a need for male.com dropped away. It was strange. It putting it A fewe gentle way of was magic. She was a typical, pull for another guy. Oh, he was
care-free State coed once again. As the days sped by, slowly a her, not her money, it seemed craving for the steaming warmth Suave, smart, and single-he was of the mud-colored drink began all three.
to settle into Trixie's inner seli. He gave her his AIM pin, sure She couldn't do without the wonderful, relaxing effects of coffee She drank then to here. With out it, she began to tense up, to She bought a larger handbag. to hold a thermos bottle, Yes, although Trixie didn't know it she was becoming a caffein addici, or what was known among State's secret addicts as a "cofShe bo
She bought a contraband cof ing fellow she met who called himself simply c.. V. Secretly, at night, in fact, all though the day,
she would sit in her room and she would sit in her room and contently percolate coffee. When ever she went out she carried the
thermos. With her and secretly snitched drinks in the women's restrooms
She never sang anymore. She didn't care either-she had buil up a fortune from her singing stands. She rarely-studied, rarely
went to classes. She was out of it Several weeks before she had moved out of her spacious double room and left sadie and most o her belongings behind. Irixie top floor of Mack the Knife Hall Here she was content to drink.
along without hèr. One day of a fellow in the coffee line of the HUB snack bar. It was Saturay afternoon: He made a play for her and while she did
Ten hours later she awoke from her usual somnolescent state and found she had been pinned. Wa it a big mistake? She wasn't sur her a lot and this she liked. He more. It was heaven to find some one like this.
But their love didn't last. The slob got too wild and started actdrank too much: He beat he
one of the most importan Bups on campus, she thought
But she was wrong about this guy. He was worse than the last. The only thing he did want was her hard-earned dough-and that was dwindling. She was What under his keen eyes. What could she do? Her marics She drank more and more cofe. It was the only thing she She couldn't stand it anymar and ran away from him. Trixie ow - the steam tunnels under
How many knew that wander Heaselessly through those long Society were the Coffeholics. Trixie Time dragged. She lived down nkempt moles with coffoggard lators. They only came out at night to steal food and retire again beneath the ssidewalks. And again benearh the sidewalks. And
they were so careful to avoid the
maintenance men who occasionmantenance men who
spised by the Pipe Men as ther
liked to call. themselves. It's
name was whispered and only a few knew of its whereabouts.
Coffeholics Anonymous Trixie almosi clambered into a pipe one day, hoping to be scalded o death. But she chickened out. it was then she went for help She found its little hut squeezed
under the basement of her old home, Mack the Knife Hall. The (Continued on page five)
Tonight on WDFM


