

OREGON EMERALD

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Peculiar Prankery

UNIVERSITY law students have at least one claim to distinction. For in one certain field they are indisputably "tops." When it comes to dishing out an utterly fantastic type of folly which has come to be tabbed as "law school clowning," the campus barristers are acknowledged masters.

The law school weekend invariably hits new highs in ridiculous behavior. Each succeeding year inevitably sees some new innovation, beyond the usual election of the most masculine male in the law school as queen, which sends the folly appreciative portion of the campus into new spasms of delight.

Nobody has ever dissected a law school student in order to find out just what it is that makes him tick as he does. The experiment would probably be highly informative as well as entertaining. But a number of theories have, from time to time, been advanced to account for their behavior. One is that you have to be completely crazy to be a law student in the first place. If you weren't cuckoo, you wouldn't be a law student. Another is that the local barristers, who reportedly must labor very, very industriously over their ponderous tomes, resort to their own peculiar brand of prankery as an escape. Other explanations too long or too fantastic to describe here have been suggested.

Possible methods of curtailing the more radical activities of the "campus loonies" have repeatedly been offered. Some Puritanical soul has even suggested that all law school students should be forced to wear a muzzle for the protection of the rest of the campus. However, we feel that we must, without equivocation or hesitation, oppose any such move. The antics of the lawyers are, at their worst, harmless.—H.O.

Take It Easy, Jupe

WHEN the occasion demands, and in truth it has on numerous occasions, the Portland Oregonian and Oregon Journal have resorted to their editorial columns in an attempt to influence weather conditions. Now there is no exact procedure for a journalist to follow when he is begging for rain for poor farmers gazing at the sky with parched throats, for verily it takes a combination of subtle demanding, varied pleading, and good-natured hoping to achieve such desired results.

The Emerald, although of course it adolescently blushes when compared to such time-honored organs as the Oregonian and Journal, is driven to adopt such editorial tactics, however, by Jupe Pluvius, that old gentleman who loves the Oregon country so well and so much that he delights in spraying it often and thoroughly . . . especially when asked to by the Portland papers.

But now, Mr. Pluvius, the Emerald asks you politely, but firmly, to shift your schedule in such a manner so as not to spoil our Junior Weekend this Friday and Saturday. The farmers have had their misty blessings, and the Oregonian and Journal have received their just due, and the city pavements too are washed clean by the sweet Oregon mist. What the University asks now is for you, Mr. Jupe, to rest on your laurels for a while and visit somewhere else.

THERE is reason to believe that you intend to sear us a bit.

In fact you have. The rain clouds have chased our baseball teams hither and yon, our track meets have been held in semi-wintery weather, and our golf and tennis teams have been forced to completely abandon their frolicking.

But please, Mr. Pluvius, (or Jupe, for we know you but too well), don't come around with your clouds and your tricks this Thursday, Friday, Saturday, or Sunday. Our moms will be down for their weekend festivities, and forsooth—they will be attired in their springiest of spring outfits, and their hats will be of the kind to bring male smiles. But we want to take them to the campus luncheon to see Queen Annabelle Dow and her court of beautiful princesses crowned, and goodness my

Counterpoint...

By GENE EDWARDS

Mother told me long ago not to point . . . but she didn't say anything about counterpointing nor did she reckon on my getting a shot in the arm of printer's ink. Enyhoo . . . this is COUNTERPOINT number one coming to you through the back door of journalism. Unorthodox at the outset, there are a few items that might be stated before the typewriter keys jam in the flurry: First of all, I think that we (and I do mean you and I) can dispense with the so-called editorial WE. That stuff is okay for Ye Ed., the Lindbergh of pre-purge days, and God the Father.

However, I insist that you can't point without being personal . . . so let's face facts. If I say I, I mean I and not also Joe Gidget or myself and the L. M. W. W. T. That eliminates passing the 98 (marked down from a buck because of the war) and in case anyone has any objections to register I can tuck my tongue firmly in my cheek and proceed to repel the invader with linotyper's shrapnel.

Indiscreet

It would be highly indiscreet at this point to announce any preconceived "policy" or arbitrary set of doctrinary formulations; for COUNTERPOINT is a substance variable to its theme and as such should devote itself to the avoidance of static judgments and the peddling of absolutes. To prostitute a phrase, its whole purpose should be "to castigate and amuse" and as long as that purpose is accomplished I won't be stealing too much space from the ad men.

Most of us do not very clearly conceive of the poet's place in these troublous days, much less become aware that the scribbler of verses might possess a utilitarian germ plus a philosophic drive equal to the international problem. But such an exception is not completely unique by any means. Milton was full of political sentiments, Byron wore himself out in the Greek cause of his day and many another has taken to himself the "mighty pen."

But the latest effort in this direction to come to my attention is a very slim volume by Edna St. Vincent Millay entitled "There Are No Islands, Anymore." This poem is described in her own words as "Lines written in passion and in deep concern for England, France, and my own country." Released by Harpers', the booklet was printed and distributed "in the cause of democracy" without royalty to Miss Millay or profit to the publisher and the proceeds were directed to war relief work.

how the raindrops do raise havoc with even a proud mother's finest apparel.

And Chairman Jim Carney of the canoe fete would be heartbroken if his cherished, nurtured, and adopted canoe fete was in competition even for one evening with some of those Oregon raindrops that have often caused us to rush to the Bible—and make sure the Big Boss wasn't just kidding when he said there wouldn't be any more floods after that Noah thing.

THE Portland papers have more important advertisers and have more influence, perchance Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, but not even they will praise you with more honest enthusiasm and open-mouthed admiration if you will but take your vacation this week.

And if you have to take that storm which is declared by some pessimistic meteorologists to be coming from out Newport way somewhere, perchance you could deposit it at Stanford, or California, or even USC.

Just for the flowers, you understand. We want you as our permanent resident up here in Oregon, Jupe, to freshen our flowers, to clean our streets, and to keep our soil rich and red.

But not May 8, 9, 10, and 11, please.—B.B.

"Coeds to Go Oriental" reads a recent Emerald headline. Good gosh, first it was wooden shoes a la Holland, then Mexican huaraches. What next?

Last Friday the women journalists rolled up their sleeves, chased the men out of the shack, and proceeded to turn out their own special edition. The result was an editorial headline which read, "We're not Flirting." So-o-o-o?

Couplets Vivid

There are, in particular, a couple of couplets that make this piece very vivid for me. They are:

"No man, no nation, is made free
 By stating that it intends to be.
 Jostled and elbowed is the clown
 Who thinks to walk alone in town."

Which is just about as neat a disposal of the isolationist attitude as it has been my pleasure to find. Fancifully wishful arguments to the contrary, the fact must remain that this is a social world and that there is, in reality, no such thing as practicable isolationism personally, socially, or economically. And it seems to me that the most difficult of all times to defend the insular attitude is that in which the international balance is thrown off center.

In times of peace and comparative security, the isolationist has a harmless right to his ivory tower, (provided of course that the bureau of sanitation approves his plumbing facilities) but in these days of violent social aggression there seems only the thinnest possible validity that can be summoned in the face of facts.

Nazi Schemers

To those who cry for a self-sufficient America and even generously extend their interest to the Monroe-defined western sphere, I direct this reminder that although the Atlantic is indeed very wide the distance between the respective "humps" of Brazil and West Africa are separated by a mere 1600 miles. Nazi schemers have their eyes on these narrows with the idea of establishing a base on the African coast. They realize the short distance between the continents and the acute vulnerability of Brazil, as well as the fact that the United States will need plenty of time to furnish the weapons which the now unequipped Brazilians are expecting to import from us.

With our shipping to South America and South Africa dependent on these waters, can it be logical to imagine that we can afford to ignore the Axis designs upon these territories? The answer is emphatically "NO"; and fortunately those experts who realize the insatiable quality of the Axis aggression are moving to maintain the front yard of this hemisphere.

The bigger our front yard and the stronger the fence, the less we will be troubled by street gamins.

Selah.

From All Sides

By MILDRED WILSON

One coke, complete with ice and Carbonated water, consists of 599 parts of sugar and water and one part of essential ingredients.

The herbs that combine to make "the pause that refreshes" come from Peru, Jamaica, West Africa and other tropical countries. Coca-Cola contains 27 different extracts that arrive at the syrup plant in 9 compounds, discreetly identified by number. One smells like string beans, one like cinnamon, and another smells like, and is, vanilla.

Very few men know exactly what goes into Coca-Cola, but chemical analysis by government experts has determined that it contains no harmful drugs. Also that there is less than one-third as much caffeine in a coke as there is in a five-ounce cup of coffee.

Every day the American pub-
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