

OREGON Daily EMERALD

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'Give Me Liberty to Know'

THE Oregon Daily Emerald joins with newspapers throughout America to observe "national newspaper week."

It is one of the noteworthy principles of this much-discussed American way of life that there is a voluntary bonding together of thousands of differently-motivated newspapers to re-dedicate themselves to one thing for which they all stand, freedom of opinion.

In a year marked by the pressure of force, by censorship of action as well as thought, this American right to think and expound freely becomes more coveted, more respected than ever.

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IT is with a tinge of fighting spirit, outside the realm of the usual commemoration of the week, that newspapers this year reaffirm Milton's cry, "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to my conscience, above all liberties."

It is with a sense of awe that college journalists realize the blood that has been spilled, the men that have suffered, the years it has taken to bring to reality that revolutionary demand of seventeenth-century Milton.

In October, 1941 we approach with determination the job of protecting that right to investigate, to report, to condone or condemn . . . which to the newspaper man is the first line defense of this thing we call democracy.

Someday It Will Be You

ONE day someone will be run down by an auto and killed at the corner of University and Thirteenth streets. Useless tears will flow; ugly accusations will leer out at the alleged offender; brazen denials will be disgorged with desperate abandon; arrests will follow; and eventually, perhaps chastisement will crown the orgy with a harsh and cruel justice.

A gruesome prophecy, yes, but apparently inevitable in view of the horde of inadvertent drivers who roll implacably along Thirteenth and dash across the intersection of that and University streets with utter disregard for the stop sign that issues its mute warning of caution.

There is nothing wrong with the stop sign towering there at the corner: huge black letters spell — S-T-O-P — held in bold relief against a yellow background. The color combination—yellow and black—has been proved most conducive to vision. Also, one doesn't approach the intersection from a 20 per cent downgrade which would hinder stopping. Faulty brakes? . . . some part of the mechanism gone berserk? For that the operator of the vehicle alone is responsible.

* * *

OBVIOUSLY, then, the fault lies with the individual driving—human imperfection. Perhaps he is cloyed with adolescent daring and houses an immature mind unable to grasp the responsibilities and liabilities of one behind the wheel of a car. Perhaps he is incurably selfish and won't, stop-sign-or-no-stop-sign, yield the right-of-way to a crossing pedestrian. And perhaps he just "plain forgot." All of these are equally damning when measured in terms of possible effects.

What then can be done about the situation? The device of fear, scorned by "progressives," can be utilized with telling effect. Invoke laws that bite and bite hard. Detail a conscientious body of law enforcers to apprehend offenders. Now then, upon whom does the burden of this task fall? Obviously, it rests primarily on the city of Eugene's administrative officers, and secondarily, upon every other citizen here, who should make it his obligation to demand action on the situation from the aforementioned. There was another collision on Thirteenth yesterday.—J.K.

Almost as many romantic legends have been built up about the millrace as about the Blue Danube. In the near future the millrace of our alumni will be turned into a campus green but for piggers of tomorrow there will be a new "race" plus an Emerald lake.

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

Just got a letter from Harold Oxley in Nyork. Oxley is a big gun manager of the larger type colored bands and his letter related that a couple of his outfits would be in this vicinity during the coming months. Names he mentioned which might be of slight interest included Jimmie Lunceford in late October, Fats Waller, and Horace Henderson.

Portland was all agog musically this last weekend enjoying the longhair "Rigoletto" and the strictly groovy Ken Baker catering to both young and the other kind. We found Tibbett a little hard to dig, but Baker proved to have immensely the right idea.

Take That!

Interesting to all avid Art Shaw followers should be the news that Shaw has cancelled 32 bookings in the south as the result of complaints from "way down" concerning "Hot Lips" Page, Artie's sepi trumpet star. Musicians all over the land have heralded Shaw's action as a fine example of the tolerant attitude

Leading With His Chin U.S. Privilege: Criticism

By DON TREADGOLD

Each Friday a small group of students meets on the campus as a history club to discuss historical problems and their bearing on our time. An instructor, recently arrived from the East, told us the other day that this kind of group could be duplicated twenty times in certain New England colleges, and he wondered why there seemed so little interest in current events in western universities.

We suspect a larger proportion of Oregon students than meets the eye is pretty well acquainted with the progress of world affairs. Usually plenty of diverse opinions are offered in bull sessions held in living organizations. However, it seems understandable that many have a desire at times to get as far away from newspapers as possible. They are full of bad news these days for those of us who lean toward the Allied cause.

Nothing but kicks are forthcoming if Orson (he of the scare-heck-out-of-listeners-school) continues with tentative plans for a movie dealing with the history of jazz. Already under contract to play themselves on the silver screen are such immortals as Louis Armstrong, Jimmy McPartland, and Pee-Wee Russell.

Incidentally, Hollywood is getting au reet as of late. Studios are at long last "latching on" with manys the swing pic in production. Well's cinema attempt is shooting at RKO. Jimmy Dorsey has been handed a neat pile of scratch for Paramount's "moom pitcher." Lunceford's crew is featured in Warner Bros. "Blues in the Night." Lastly, Jackson Teagarden and Bing Crosby co-star in Para's "Birth of the Blues." California is but solid.

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The Future

What Hitler may do tomorrow can affect directly the course of our lives in the immediate future. Yet for some it becomes a duty to remain well enough informed on the present situation to make a few intelligent judgments. Soon the American public may be called upon for a decision with regard to active participation in the war; almost surely the American people will be consulted in making the peace. It may rest with our nation whether after the war some sort of equitable international system can be set up, making it possible to stave off a third war at least for a generation or so.

Welcome! Criticism

We welcome criticism of those who agree or disagree with us. It is regrettable that so much discussion in these times is filled with bitterness and intolerance. We see how this affects the big-time professional columnists; Dorothy Thompson is cursed with fury formerly reserved only for Madame Perkins. The columnists themselves do not always keep their tempers; you may remember a while back when Hugh Johnson called Willkie "just a big Hoosier hick." Nevertheless, a few writers still manage to use temperate language and try to reach impartial conclusions. These men and women are rendering journalism and their nation a real service.

At Second Glance...

By TED HARMON

We'll wager this morning's breakfast against a sophomore's ego that not one student in five is at all aware of the weekly broadcasts that are presented from the campus studios in the extension building.

Furthermore, probably not one student in five know what kind of programs are put on. Just because they're aired over KOAC is no sign that this week, Professor Ella Phant will speak on the "Love Life of the Tibetan Yak" or that the next voice you hear will be that of weather forecaster. (In which case his data might be "Monday, mist; Tuesday, mist; Wednesday, bullseye!")

But seriously, once a week, each Thursday night at 7:30, the University Workshop presents an hour program of varied entertainment. Especially this year, ether-minded students are lending their talents via the air waves, for the University program has built up a large listening audience.

Chosen actors do not read poems, play Chopsticks under the guise of Chopin, but rather do really pretentious work in dramatic plays and skits. Many of the scripts have been presented before on network productions.

Marvin Krenk took charge of the workshop this year, introducing several new innovations into program procedure. So, if you're in the mood, if you want to experience one of the University's best medium of advertising this school, listen tonight at 7:30 to KOAC.

RADIOBOLIC: Which all brings back the sad story of Charlie Haener, who in airing his sports broadcast via KORE, became impatient to start. The time for him to go on the air had already past, and still the announcer in his glass booth was giving a commercial the works. "Hey!" yelled Charlie. "When the hell do I go on the air?" The announcer shuddered and pointed upward to the control light. Charlie had been on the air for the past fifteen seconds.

LA BIRTHDAY! Leona La Duke, already known for her success in the music school, was eating supper at the Alpha Phi house Tuesday night, when a ring at

the door brought two dozen red roses to her, with a card, "Phi Gamma Delta wishes you a happy birthday, Leona." Naturally she was thrilled by the roses, but in less than five minutes, nearly fifty Fijis ran into the dining room, forced Leona into a corner and kissed her, each one, in a birthday greeting.

VILLARD BELFRY? Then there was the little black bat in Mr. Stovall's geography class the other day that seemingly drove everyone . . . away from the lecture. No sooner would some one shoo it out of the room and close the door, than some late comer would open the door and into the room the bat would flash. The rodent-with-wings evidently got a kick out of the squeals of squirmish coeds by his power-dives and pulling out at 2G; that is, two inches to spare.

GOOD SAMARITANS: The little black cocker spaniel that was hit by a car in front of the Co-op is now enjoying the best of care, thanks to three Alpha Chis, who, after hearing the squeals of the injured pup, rushed to a telephone and called a taxicab. Within 15 minutes, the little pup was at the veterinarian's and being treated for his injuries.

SHORT STORIETTE: The tale's told about the draft registree who went to his doctor for the physical checkup. The Doc tested his reflexes, ears, nose, teeth, but when he came to the registree's eyes . . . "I can't see a thing, Doc," was the protest. "Well, I'll decide about that; look at this chart in front of you!" was the command. "What chart?" was the answer. The Doc looked perplexed; maybe this fellow was serious after all. "Well, sit down in that chair," the Doc said. "What chair?" was the answer. The Doc was puzzled until he finally thought of a way to see if the registree was really near-blind or not. "Come with me" the Doc said, and took the registree to the theater around the corner from his office.

Two hours later, after the feature was over and the lights came on, the registree turned to the Doc with a puzzled look on his face. "Say, Doc, tell me; when do we get off this bus?"

Trade Last...

By MARY WOLF

The rule forbidding women NYA employees from pledging a women's fraternity has been cancelled by University of Pittsburgh's Pan-Hellenic council. Complaints from women employees, who felt that they had as much right to join a sorority as women who work outside school, have been made for several years. Some women were withholding NYA applications until after rushing, and then applying immediately after being accepted by a sorority on the campus.

New transfer students at Oregon State college spent last Sunday afternoon at a local park playing games, swimming and hiking. The afternoon was climaxed by a get-acquainted circle around a big bonfire with singing of state songs.