

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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A Junior Fourth Estate

IN a year in which news and its treatment is one of the most vital factors in the lives of more than a hundred million Americans, education of a younger generation of the "fourth estate" takes on added importance.

For it is generally conceded that a free press is based on a constant vigilance against encroachment by censorship and pressure groups. It is the coming generation of newspapermen who will have to carry on the fight—and it will be a very realistic fight—to maintain the integrity of the constitutional right to express ideas freely.

THE 1942 high school press conference assumes special significance this year, for it is a refreshing reminder that there is to be another generation of thinking men and women in the journalistic field. There are more than 150 potential writers, editors, and reporters on the campus today and tomorrow for the seventeenth annual conference of Oregon high school editors and business managers.

The row of the newspaperman will not be an easy one to hoe in the next decade. But the interested attitude, the inquiring minds, the alert approach to the problem of a free press exhibited by today's University of Oregon guests indicates that America's journalistic future is in good hands.

Ducks Make Crime Pay

DEAR Sir:
My money is in the upper right hand bureau drawer.
Yours truly,
The Average Student

WITH such an unwritten midnight message, Oregon students "hide" their wallets and watches on the dressers, put out their lights, and hit the sleeping porch. Comes 8 o'clock's—coke and board bill money is gone.

If Superman were a member of the student body, maybe the mystery of "Sorority Row" robberies could be solved. But very human Eugene law officials are faced with the problem of stationing a prowler car in front of every one of the 40-odd living organizations and questioning every student who approaches the doorstep after women's curfew.

The job is similar to asking every fellow who starts up a car to show his ownership license.

FRONT doors wide open—there's no need for a welcome mat, city police complain.

Students know this "latch out" policy of their house and should be exceedingly cautious of their valuables. Along with their pledge lessons, freshmen should be warned of the danger of unguarded property and should be impressed with the responsibility of taking care of it.

The wave of robbery over campus living organizations is nothing new—practically a yearly event—and there is nothing peculiar about this one. The thief—or thieves—take cash and the few trinkets that are difficult to trace. No skill is wasted—any sneak thief could do the job. The theory behind it seems to be wait until the lights are off, enter through the fraternities' front door or the sororities' basement window and make yourself at home.

THE police are entirely out of sympathy with students on the losing end. Temptation of greenbacks in open drawers, jewelry boxes' contents strewn across the dresser add up to an engraved invitation to tomorrow's loss.

The police are anxious to do their job but they can only "help those who help themselves."—B.J.B.

White Lies

By WHITELY

Mr. Harmon has been on an extended vacation, and all the swains who have planted their hardware are griped, coz only an intimate few know it. (Less than twenty-five hundred).

ATO Norm Weiner put his Maltese cross on Mary Bentley, Kappa, last weekend at Portland. The ensuing party at Edwards was a tremendous success. Now that the Kappa "Home Guard" has been legally bolstered, a meeting was held to decide as to whom was going to be called Norm. One candidate was Norm Foster . . . the other Weiner. "Normie" Weiner lost.

Johnny Meade, Sigmanoo, and Betty Kincaid had a long talk, and the result was that Miss Kincaid has John's pin. It's a plenty OK deal. The crying towel was used in abundance when the news was broken . . . two fidejts, a beta, a sae, and three sigma chis wanted to commit hari-kari.

Dick Igle, Beta all-star intramural man, pom-pom waver and campus politico, put his oven door on Phyllis Collier, Kappa pledge. His brothers trundled Dick up in a blanket and deposited him in the Kappa front room, in his nightie. Frankly, he had a bad time there for awhile. The only thing that could have made the celebration complete, was to throw Dick Rathbun in the Kappa house, too, and let the both of them argue it out.

The mail has been pouring in by the hundreds, of letters, but by far the best letter was received today . . . Quote: Petition 54-40 or fight.

Due to Hitler's speech at Johnson hall on October 22, 1941, we the following signers, have formed "The Cooperation Girls" for the "cause." Signed: Jean Marshall, Laura Jane Rhoads, Carol Pageler, Mimi O'Donnell, Bea Shum, Betty Liest, Pat Chalmers, and Johnny Melvin . . .

Thanks, gals . . . I have decided to forego the usual Board of Directors meeting and have decided to handle the matter personally . . .

Some of the big gun sophomores are having one heck of a time when it comes to the beard growing contest for the Soph Whiskerino. Many a contestant has even skipped class to remain in front of a mirror and ferret out his whiskers. From the looks of things, they're going to have to dunk the whole class in front of the Side.

Mr. Morris Beers, aspirant to the law school, gets in dutch all the time. Professor Hollis asked him a question. After hemming and hawing, and getting obviously confused more and more, he blurted out with . . . "I . . . I guess that I'm a little dumb." Professor Hollis shot back with his slow drawl, "You might have something there." A short recess followed.

The Law School Whiskerino is rapidly progressing. They're not only going through with it, but are really planning a bust. Jack Wagstaff, "that grand old man" has imported a Powers model from Portland. Jack Boone has a girl, "whom her beauty dazzles him" that will walk off with the prize hands down, if she doesn't shave. Trapper Veatch can't get a date, and Carl Little's Betty Rathbun, has fudged on the girls, sprouting a magnificent "nut-tonchops" type. Dean Morse is flying back from Chicago with the grand prize for the contest, which is a carton of Burma Shave. Later developments will follow.

Pete Barnett, Delt, really has the brothers in a dither. It seems (Continued from page seven)

Columnist Queries

What Is a 'Foreign War'?

By WILLIAM E. HAIGHT

"In this hour when our actions grow madder while the emergency confronting us grows smaller, we owe it to ourselves to speak plainly." Gerald P. Nye, United States senator from North Dakota.

Plain speech: Rayville, Charles Pratt, Robin Moor, Sessa, Steel Seafarer, Montana, Pink Star, I. C. White, Lehigh, Bold Venture, American owned vessels sunk. Kearney, Greer, American destroyers fired on.

Trivia from the academic intellect: "The war tradition, however, cannot be regarded as a single casual factor. The tradition itself is a complex biological, psychological, economic, political, ethical, and philosophical factors and is symptomatic of the fact that Europeans have not yet succeeded in solving fundamental problems inherent in their civilizations." Herbert L. Searles. Tchh—those naughty continentals.

"Foreign War?"

"While I am talking to you fathers and mothers, I give you one more assurance—(your) boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars." Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Dear Mr. President: Backed by the humble belief "freedom is the right to be wrong" may I timidly suggest you mean that congress will declare war and then our boys won't have to go into foreign wars because the war then becomes our own native war?

Between Bites

Remembered bits of history while munching an apple.

"It cannot be to our interest that all Europe should be reduced to a single monarchy." Thomas Jefferson commenting on the epileptic Napoleon's aggressions.

"Oppressed nations have a right to be free, and we have a right to aid them." By then I was at the core of the apple.

Oddity in the day's news: Boston, the city of ultra-conservatism will find, beginning next Tuesday all aid to Russia cargoes being moved through her port. The social revolution marches on from tea to vodka.

Query: Why the cold-shoulder act by the Iceland government?

Pendulum staff: Evan W. Thomas, 21-year-old son of Norman Thomas, with his father's backing enlists in the American field service, under British jurisdiction in the far east.

Trade Last...

By MARY WOLF

I sent my boy to college
With a pat upon his back;
I spent a hundred dollars
And got a quarterback.

—The Huskian.

The fellow who says, "I don't see why you're worrying about that religion exam. You're a Catholic, aren't you?"

Varsity News.

—Who snatched the red wig off the fellow in the middle of the balcony in Royce hall in the Hi-Jinx Thursday night:

The wig isn't mine, girls, and the Western Costume company is charging me \$2 a night until I take it back. If I don't get it back, they are going to sting me for \$65! We all had lots of fun, but let's not carry it to the point of tragedy. Can you call me or drop me a card if you know anything about it? Thanks a lot.

Despondent.

—Daily Bruin.

Fall is here, the grass is brown
London bridge is falling down
Darn that Hitler.

—Varsity News.

TODAY IS FISH DAY

Quality Fish is our customers' satisfaction. Call us today for the best.

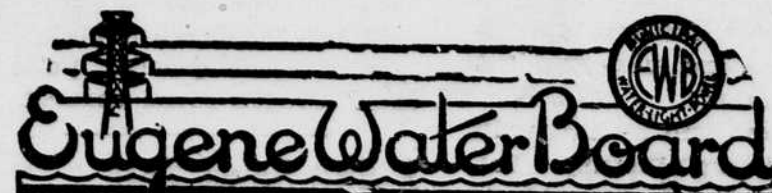
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