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Still Free . . .

Newspapers are like people. They are conservative and dependable, flashy and capricious, radical and crusading. Timid, little Mr. Milquetoast home editions, and bold, extroverted Huey Long tabloids rub pages on the news-stands every day.

Like people, newspapers have been reared in adherence to certain principles. That's why American newspapers believe in freedom of speech and the press. Ever since they had such a hard time in their infancy when the United States was just a babe-in-arms too, newspapers have valued their right to print the truth.

Things you fight for always mean more to you. The American newspapers have used plenty of adhesive plaster in their day, and they expect to keep on using it to patch themselves up after battles against graft, corruption, and threatened loss of liberty. But they also expect to keep on using their rights and prerogatives as members of the great American democracy.

Sometimes the press has had its mouth gagged and its hands tied behind its back, and has been told what to do. It has seemed helpless. But its belief in the rightness of its cause kept it going. Often on sheer nerve and fiber it has hung on tenaciously, biding its time, and at the psychological moment has thrown all its weight against the bonds, and broken them, and then has taken up the fight where it left off.

Newspapers, like people, are not always right. Intentionally and otherwise, they commit grave errors. A few gangster-like publications undertake a life of crime, but their career is usually put to an end with speedy force by respectable fellow newspapers. Editorial attacks, boycott, and public opinion can be as fatal to a Dillinger-paper as "the lady in red."

Newspapers are usually cynical, hard-bitten, old roués with the most sentimental interiors you ever saw. With relentless, brutal thrusts they will jab at the sandbagged protection of hypocrisy and pretense and sneer at the devious workings of politics. In the next breath, they will dig into their pockets for handkerchiefs with one hand, while the other reaches out across the country to find a rare medicine for a dying child.

All these components of American newspapers make them the voice of a democratic people. Although in the last several years restrictions have been placed upon them that many thinking newspaper people believe are smothering initiative and honest presentation of the news, the American press can still give thanks for its freedom.

Both journalists and readers should dwell a moment on the glorious history of our press, and realize how vitally essential it is to preserve freedom of expression for now and the time to come.—From the "University Daily Kansan."

Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

(This is the first installment of the third and concluding article on an interesting political system on the planet Margo. There will be three installments.)

The Baa-Baas spent all that summer plotting. Many of the leaders stayed on in Allsheep so their ears would not have to travel so far in getting to the ground at the sources of information. They earned board and campaign fund money by kissing labels on quart Mason jars in the local ivy cannery.

Others plotted as they lay on leather-clad tummies striking arcs in double-bottom sections at Uncorrelated Ship, a government-endowed yard. Many plotted through bubbling straws at sandwich counters in office buildings in the larger cities. Plots made the loveliest bub-

bles. All dates with the few available rams that hadn't tiptoed off to the Bleat-Bovina war LV were cancelled. Baa-Ewe plotting parties took up all their time. They could gather about 7 p.m. in groups of 10 or 12 and launch into their appointed task with a vengeance—plot plot plot—plot plot plot—straight through till 1:15 with oc-

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

I'm writing this letter as one of thanks for mailing copies of the Daily Emerald to me. Although many of my old friends are in some branch of the service and the students now at the U. of O. are unknown to me, I still enjoy reading the top college newspaper in the nation. It's quite a treat to hear or rather read news concerning latest developments in Eugene especially since I plan to get back there as soon as this "little global argument," better known as World War II, is settled.

There is a favor I would like to ask of you; would it be possible to send me the addresses of John Jensen, Jim Tyler, and Coe Roberts? I'll sure appreciate it if it's possible in any way to do so. They're all ex-Gamma hall men like myself and it's been quite some time since I last heard from them.

We're not Seabees, but we're assigned to this outfit from the regular navy. Many of them were transferred here from Farragut, Idaho; Great Lakes, Illinois; and San Diego, California. At the present I've been chosen as an instructor in chemical warfare which brings about the fact that Dr. Dedrick of the chem. department would sure like to see some of our gases and incendiaries. I remember once when we got him started on war gases in a lecture hoping that he'd forget about giving us a mid-term but no luck; we got it the next day, anyway.

As long as I've written so much already, I'll try to give you my opinion about the state of Virginia. First, the weather is damp with snow one day, rain and sleet the next, and a hot sunny day following. Second, the William and Mary college students do not possess any characteristics of Oregon kids. They're snobbish and dress (the boys) as though they were going to a formal (maybe they were); in other words, "give me Oregon and let someone else have Virginia."

And last of all, the towns in this state are overrun by the navy. Well, they say if you gripe in the navy, they're a good sailor. If that be the case, I ought to be an admiral. Well, thanks again for the Emeralds.

BOB GEORGE, s 2/c
S. D. 3019, Co. B, Pl. 5
Camp Peary, Va.

casional respites for a concise summation by the chairman of what they had been plotting about.

Neophyte Education

By the time school had rolled around their plans had been formulated en toto—their candidates had been chosen and shipped off to the country to commune with nature and engage in sporting contests involving the lifting and twirling in space by the pendentary appendage, of species of the larger and more virile domestic animals. This practice had become a vital part in the preparation of the Baa-Baa neophyte for political office, and its practicality was fully demonstrated in the nomination acceptance addresses of the candidates.

While the candidates were wisely held aloof from the undesirable influence of campus affairs, the Baa-Baas' interests were being looked after by the Borgia Girls quintet, a group of aging upper-classmen who had forsaken offers of high-ranking positions in the Bleatian stenographic and welding world to lead their party back into power.

They operated a Swedish massage emporium on the side which served as a front to conceal the presence of the powerful short-wave sending and receiving set by which they controlled the actions, decisions, and commitments of all Baa-Baa politicians in power. The "Swedish station" as it came to be known, was in constant operation advising the incumbent Baa-Baas on every important decision. Ac-

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The Corn Is Green

By WILL LINDLEY

"Ah" —From "The Raven" by Edgar Allen Poe

The above quotation brings to mind many things, as you may jolly well imagine and I may not jolly well print here.

Reminds me of the Riviera. It was a beautiful morning. The golden Mediterranean sun was sending ripples of heat across the gleaming white rooftops and all that sort of rot when I first met Lady Boswald Jerkensold of Stratford-on-Avon and Ham-on-Rye.

She was radiantly beautiful, which may or may not have been due to the huge neon sign she wore on her head, and her chief occupation seemed to be keeping

gay old dogs away from the family tree.

I remember well the day we first met, or, you might say, I snared her with my butterfly net. As we sat on the long sloping sands and she watched the blue-green surf crash to sparkling foam against the shore, I looked into her deep blue eyes—as blue as a newly-filled inkwell at the First National bank.

You take it from there, Dean Earl knows me too well.

On second thought, I don't trust you either, so I will continue. I bet you think this here is a dream, but it ain't.

Her father, I learned by discreet questioning, was Sir Flamboyant Jerkenwold, famed for his microcinematographical (Hey Mr. Franchere, lookit the big word!) research. He also had, as one says when digressing to unmitigated colloquial phraseology, plenty of fish and I don't mean salmon.

This then was the perfect opportunity. The chance to marry a young lady of unsurpassed personality and who was good looking too and whose father could afford to play poker with Morgenthau.

She named the day—February 30. Everything was arranged. I gave the wine cellar a thorough-checkup in preparation for the celebration.

Hey, whazamatta, you d*&@h1b K*1b?@&1b. Put that reel back on. This is the best "B" pitchur I ever seen.

Battle talk!



Battle Talk! . . . that is what he handles on this portable switchboard. Close behind our advancing troops, he holds the life lines of men in combat. Through these lines, flow reports from outposts, orders from command posts—helping to win objective after objective on the road to Victory, Home and Peace.

As the nation's largest producer of electronic and communications equipment for war, Western Electric is supplying vast quantities of telephone and radio apparatus for use on land, at sea and in the air. Many college graduates—both men and women—are playing important roles in this vital work.

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