

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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Avoid the Rush

As of Tuesday, November 5, it won't make a great deal of difference whether you thought Mr. So-and-so a better candidate than his rival, for the position of state dog-catcher, unless you register for voting between right now and this coming Saturday.

Qualifications are simple and certainly non-restrictive. Eligible voters, of either sex, must be 21 years of age, and must have resided in the state of Oregon for at least six months.

At writing, Eugeneans must register at the county court house. However, AVC men are attempting to locate a registration booth somewhere on the campus for convenience sake. Evidently AVCites are political realists. They know that citizens are not in a hurry to inconvenience themselves for good government's sake.

Whether or not the veteran's organization makes possible a registration blank with every cup of coffee, it is suggested that eligible voters on the campus register immediately.

If you miss out on the big election . . . who knows . . . you may miss the chance to legalize daquiris in the O.C. And it's obvious that you'll never be able to tell the "communists" from the "fascists" without a ballot. Hurry! Hurry! Get 'em while they're (the issues at stake) red hot.

Telling the Editor

To the Editor:

In the opinion of many, one of the greater features of the Emerald is its all-potent editorial page. It is to this page that Emerald readers turn to receive a candid appraisal of the editorial function of media of communication which proves fruitful in a crisis-crowded epoch in which Oregon marches through the portals of a new era.

Your editorials, letters to the editor and columns, with the exception of the Sept. 25 and 28 issues, proved sufficient and satisfying. However, in the aforementioned issues, what brought on the pack of frivolity which appeared as a column under the title, "Trial by Lau"? "A Flaw by Law" would be a more appropriate heading.

After reading such frippery one is left with the desire to actually drink a gallon of the benzedrine.

—Hugh Davies

Ed. Note: It's hard to drink; you can sniff it—like Copenhagen. S'nuff said.

To the Editor, students, and anyone else who wants to get a seat in the student section at the football games:

Each year the time worn custom of saving seats arises. The blame is usually placed on the Greeks and especially those little pledges who are ordered to save the seats "come Hell or high water."

Now this is absolutely the wrong approach. First, the pledges aren't to blame for they are only the slaves of the upperclassmen or members of the particular houses and must do what is ordered if they themselves want to become one of the upper class of the feudalistic regime.

The blame does not lie with the Greeks, but with the individual who holds a student body card and is therefore entitled to a seat in the grandstand.

After all, whether it is a Greek organization or maybe an Independent (although I know of none) which does sponsor such actions,

Emerald Open House

This is National Newspaper week.

Most national advertising campaigns in recognition of Be Kind to Animals week, Remember Your Junior High School week, Buy Flowers for the Sick week, Can Peaches week, ad infinitum, seem to be unnecessary promotion schemes endured by a long suffering public.

This week, emphasizing the part of newspapers in our society, seems like a fine thing—to newspapermen. Newspapers promote themselves for the same reasons florists promote Flower Week—because they feel too often they are taken for granted by the public.

"Too many people accept their daily newspaper and the benefits it brings in the way of information, ardent support of community projects, campaigns for better governments, and efforts to improve the general welfare as they accept all the other vital necessities of life—taking it for granted that these things belong to them as a right, without a realization of the fact that free people have such rights mainly by virtue of their constant defense by the newspapers," W. G. Chandler, president of the American Newspaper Publishers association, observed.

This statement applies not only to urban dailies and country weeklies. It describes the attitude of many students toward the Emerald. The University daily is taken for granted until, as last Saturday when mechanical difficulties caused publication later than usual, the Emerald suddenly doesn't appear. Then a howl of protest is raised and the editor's telephone is kept ringing by students asking plaintively, "What happened to the paper?"

Most students have no conception of the work involved in publishing a newspaper. Many do not know how the Emerald staff operates. It is for them that the Emerald is holding open house this afternoon.

The Emerald believes that every week should be newspaper week. Newspapers should be on their best behavior every day, not just when the public's attention is renewed once a year. Newspapers often publish long editorials or articles lauding their own value, pointing out their service to society, and complaining of the lack of appreciation. The Emerald believes that a newspaper's value must be evident to the readers as inherent in its everyday content, its approach to problems as they arise, and its actual policy-in-practice.

Thus this newspaper week, 1946, is receiving no extraordinary attention. The open house today is not a promotion scheme. It is an opportunity for students to see for themselves the inside workings of this newspaper.

TRIAL BY LAU

By LARRY LAU

"Tell me a story, father," Junior gargled.

"Spit out that damn mouthwash," I demanded. "If you'd pay as much attention to your abacus board as you do to Dick Tracy . . ."

Morphine made a gesture which indicated that he wasn't interested in hearing me continue. "Either you tell me a story," he threatened, "or I'll spend the evening downtown."

He had me there . . . I couldn't afford it. "All right, son," I said, "mix yourself a glass of bicarbonate and try and keep quiet."

Junior curled up at my feet, heads resting comfortably on his heels. "O.K., Pop," he drawled, "shoot!"

I drew my gun instantly, but decided the kid would die a natural death soon enough, and so began . . .

"An Indian told me once that, according to an old legend, a squirrel was responsible for the fall of one of the biggest animal kingdoms ever to exist on the North American continent. A long time ago the animals all lived together, some on one side

why shouldn't they if we, the students, will let them get away with it?

—Richard L. Tretheway

and a bitter feeling because he was so small no one paid much attention to him. Teddy used to brood over the fact that everyone played up to Gorgo, the Greek wolf. That Gorgo was the most powerful animal in the kingdom didn't occur to Teddy.

One day Teddy decided he'd had enough of this one-sided adulation, so he went running through the woods, shouting at the top of his little lungs that Gorgo was running amuck and meant to kill them all. Joe Duck continued to swim calmly around in the great river, told Teddy he'd known Gorgo for years, that he wasn't a bad guy, and what was Teddy hollering about? Teddy said something about Joe Duck being blind, and rushed off to see if he could upset Mr. and Mrs. Beaver who were hard at work on their new dam. Mrs. Beaver told Teddy that while she thought he was a nice person, would he please go away as they were trying to build the best dam ever. Teddy next tried Harry Bear, who was the oldest and wisest in the forest, but Harry refused to become alarmed, and said he'd never had any trouble with Gorgo before. Teddy then confronted Austin Fox, who was scheming against Joe Duck and his crowd, but as soon as Austin Fox found out that this wasn't a new means of trapping Ducks, he lost interest.

Teddy hung his head and went tralling sadly home. When he got there, Gorgo, the Greek wolf, was waiting; Teddy was at once enraged and terrified.

"What's all the fuss about, son -Gorgo asked.

Teddy leaped high into a tree and, once safe, snarled, "I don't like you . . . you're bigger than I am!"

Gorgo laughed and replied, "Why, that's foolish, young fellow . . . Harry Bear is twice my size, and we get along fine together."

"Don't try to make up to me," Teddy said illogically, and the Greek wolf trotted off, disgusted, and not a little bewildered at his strange attitude.

Day after day Teddy made the rounds, circulating vicious stories about Gorgo and sure enough, pretty soon the people in the forest began to believe Teddy. They shunned Gorgo and were unexplainably afraid.

(Please turn to page 7)

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