

Oregon Daily



EMERALD

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Roll Call For Freedom

Signing your name to a scroll along with more than 5000 other University of Oregon students may seem to be a long way from "helping to lift the Iron Curtain" everywhere. But that's the goal of the Crusade for Freedom, now underway on the campus and across the country.

It's a "roll call of all Americans who love freedom." Lucius Clay called it a "spiritual airlift." President Truman labels it "a critical struggles for men's minds."

But how does a bunch of names accomplish this, the college student inevitably asks.

By counteracting the tremendous propaganda strength of the Stockholm peace petition—a Communist-backed demand for the outlawing of the atomic bomb.

By massing millions of American signatures and then enshrining them at the base of a Freedom Bell in Berlin. The bell is being manufactured at the same English plant where our Liberty Bell was born. Its first clap will be carried by radio to free people throughout the world on United Nations Day, October 24.

By stimulating a letter-writing campaign by those who know friends or relatives in Europe.

And, by encouraging contributions to "Radio Free Europe." This is a citizen-supported freedom station in Western Germany which supplements the State Department's "Voice of America."

It has the job of beaming the truth in answer to eighty-five Russian and satellite stations.

Any doubters who fear that this "Crusade for Freedom" may be another Stockholm petition fiasco need only realize that General Eisenhower opened the Crusade over coast-to-coast radio on Labor Day.

It has the support of such patriots as General Clay, Cordell Hull, and the President. In Oregon, F. N. Belgrano Jr. is chairman.

A signature is little to give to a crusade with such goals as this one. When you sign, the scrolls give back this Declaration of Freedom with its ideals more precious than any written name:

"I believe in the sacredness and dignity of the individual.
"I believe that all men derive the right to freedom equally from God.
"I pledge to resist aggression and tyranny wherever they appear on earth."

Student Voice in Athletics

The athletic director has taken unto himself a student voice, news columns of the Emerald say today. Components of the "voice" are holders of seven leading campus offices.

They will form what Athletic Director Harris called a student advisory committee—not to be confused with the old athletic board of control—but a strictly advisory board.

Two of these "charter" members happen to be athletes, but only one is on the committee by virtue of his athletic position. That's Don Peterson, president of the Order of the O. The other athlete is Herb Nill, also vice-president of the student body.

One meeting will be scheduled every term. Others will be called as Director Harris or members of the committee see fit.

Herein may lie one weakness of the new advisory body. Next to nothing could be accomplished with only one meeting per term, but the "see fit" clause leaves room for meetings to come up as needed. Therefore, committee members and Director Harris should see that the group goes past the "once a term" meetings.

Another possible defect can be corrected only by the student body. If the committee is to serve as a liaison between students and athletic department, Duck gripes and suggestions must go to these seven "advisors."

If the committee clicks, bugs such as the Hughes incident of last spring and ticket troubles of the foreseeable future will be removed. It's a step.

THE DAILY 'E'...

goes to Mrs. Margaret Kopp, assistant in the Office of Women's Affairs, for her all-Monday-night session helping rushees and sororities find each other.

THE OREGON LEMON...

to the professor who casually opened his first class of the year with "...we'll only have two book reports, weekly tests, a midterm and a final in my course this fall."

Let Us Believe In Something

(Editor's Note: Columnist Fidman's strong words, "Crusade for Freedom" and this borrowed bit seem to fit together so well that we're offering them in one serving. The following was written by Bill Johnston in the Lewiston (Idaho) Tribune. Appropriately—Johnston's column is called "Where Angels Fear.")

Now, while there is still a little time, let us believe in something.

Let us forget and discard this senseless, sterile defending, this timid hiding, this degrading retreat.

Let us forget for a moment the things we are against. Let us remember the things we are for.

What are we afraid of?

Communism? Nonsense! We are not sickly children to be herded into an orphanage to be spoon-fed our convictions, told what to think and what to read and what to say. We are strong and young and virile men and women marching forward. If we need to change our captains or our line of march, we'll change them, thanks, without assistance from the regimented men.

Fascism? Ha! Are our broad-shouldered men and our full-bosomed women going to stop their working and their laughing and their fighting and their loving to cry heils to a little, simpering Hitler?

Let them come! Let the communists and the fascists preach their doctrine of restriction and their prison regulations in the streets and let our roars of laughter answer them.

Let us believe in something while there still is time.

And what shall we believe in?

Democracy.

And what is that?

The people.

And who are they?

It's you and I, my friend.

The Second Cup...

External danger is the greatest uniting force to any numerical entity.

"No harm in trying" is a rationalization made with the eyes and mind fearfully closed.

To physically withdraw from the mass of society for a time is to erase the jumble from the mental blackboard and gain a fresher, cleaner aspect on the matter of life.

To make a decision is nothing; to act on that decision is everything. S. F.

Alley Music?

Says a descriptive news release on the latest production of the Virginia City Players:

"The Wells Fargo dining room was filled to capacity and the players were forced to make their quick changes between musical numbers in the alley."

Thank goodness for the new University theater.

One Man's Opinion

A Legislative Boomerang

By SAM FIDMAN

The witch-hunt is on. Admittedly there are witches, but just how the awesome new anti-communist bill is supposed to determine which is witch and which isn't is not immediately apparent.

The America of pre-McCarran measure was a far cry from "the America we once knew." That fair face, once radiant with the happy glow of personal liberties, has suffered a cruel, yet legal, smashing.

Agreed, fancy phrases and idealistic beatings are not in themselves powerful enough or real enough to stop a threat that is only too real.

Communism is in the United States. It is ugly and it is menacing, and we are living with it. But, we are now sharing the same good earth with the anti-communist bill—supposedly ugly and menacing only to communism—but even the blind can see the absurdity of such a scheme.

Congress has given its blessing to this bill that is so strong as to be a threat in itself through its great strength. The bill's prime weakness lies in its tremendous strength.

Seven provisions comprise the newly enacted legislation. Fundamentally the bill authorizes internment of spies and saboteurs in time of extreme national emergency; the citing of organizations believed to be communist, or communist fronts, and along with that a three-man subversive activities board to determine just what subversive is.

"Those labelled as Reds may appeal the decision to the court of appeals and to the Supreme Court." (By this time an appeal would be

too late to save the reputation of an innocent person so branded.)

Communist organizations are required to register with the Attorney General; it's a crime to conspire to perform any act which would substantially (a loose word) contribute to the establishment of a dictatorship in the U.S., knowingly employ a Red in the government or spread Red propaganda without labelling it as such.

To wind it up, the provisions for espionage penalties were stepped up to a maximum of \$10,000 fine and ten years in prison.

We have gone about adopting near-communist tactics to fight communism. Where does that leave you? Why fight against a foe if that foe's mannerisms are fine enough to be used by you!

The legislation that is designed to protect us can well smother us with that protection—and it is a challenge.

It challenges the America that was. If the public sleeps through this and waits until the police state takes root, then there is slim hope that the cause of democracy can continue to be championed here.

The first pledge on the Freedom Scroll reads, "I believe in the sacredness and dignity of the individual."

Hypocrisy will never reach a higher pinnacle.

Nasty Old Jupe

Those of us who had planned a quiet evening of moon gazing during the eclipse last night were disappointed.

For this we're almost tempted to give Jupe Pluvius his second Oregon "Lemon" of the year.

A Scroll to Sign



By D. R. Fitzpatrick. Reprinted through the courtesy of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

FOR A DARK WORLD