

How Near Is a Neighbor?

A neighbor is as near as there is understanding, and caring, and a common purpose.

You will hear that question and answer many times this week. It will be posted on billboards, broadcast on the radio, maybe even sent to you through the mail.

It is part of the advertising for World Fellowship week, celebrated by the YWCA this week.

World Fellowship week is admittedly a fund-raising scheme. It will be climaxed by a worship service in the National Cathedral in Washington, D. C., conducted by The Reverend Francis B. Sayre, Jr. In this ceremony Y-teens will form an altar processional to present funds gathered in the drive.

Like most fund raising schemes from beneficent organizations, it is in support of a worthy cause—relief abroad.

We hesitate to declare that this cause rather than any other is most worthy of your support. Nor do we subscribe to the claim that the YWCA is "a little like the United Nations," although 65 nations are observing Fellowship Week.

But we will tell you how some of this money is used.

In Korea it finances schools. Students in Korea now sit on wet mud floors or stand up. They share books and paper.

In Italy it is used for rehabilitation of teen-age prostitutes, who have fallen into the profession because of inadequate food and housing, and ignorance.

In India it provides maternity centers, pays for cod liver oil and vitamin pills.

In Brazil it pays teachers who teach Portuguese to refugee immigrants.

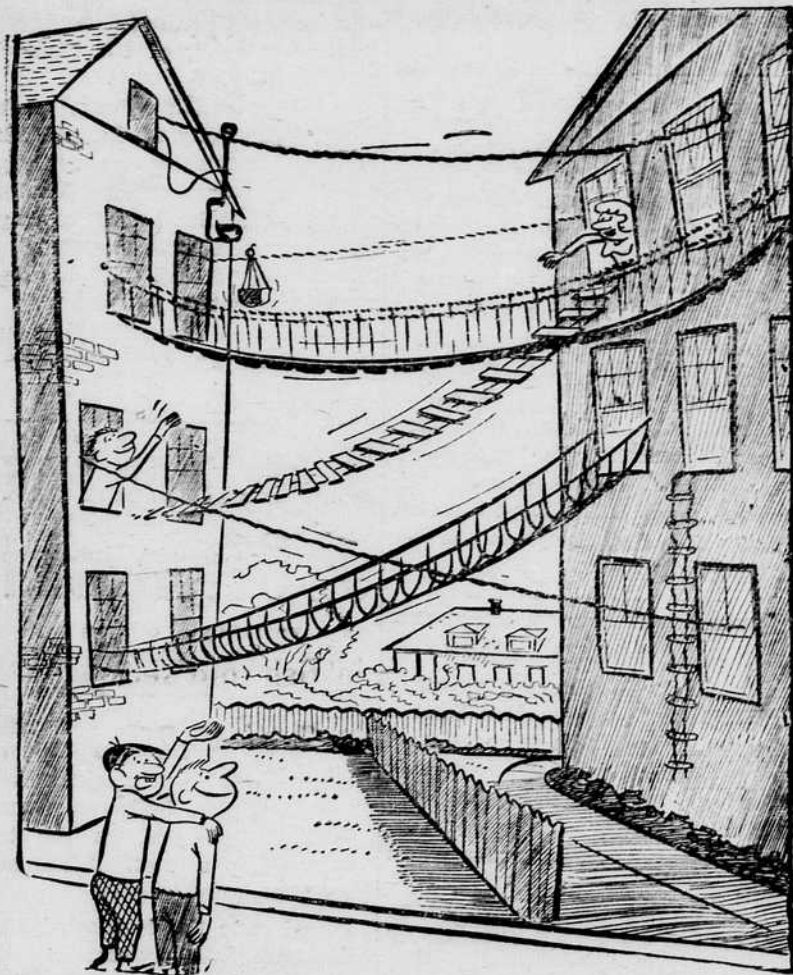
In Lebanon it is used for an education program for better rural living.

The World Fellowship program is not one of charity from wealthy Americans to the rest of the world.

In Germany, Y members decided to give some of their own much-needed funds to flood-stricken Italians.

That is the real spirit of world fellowship. That is how the distance between neighbors is measured. (H.J.)

Limited Social Contact



"And if you join our 'club' you have an opportunity to enjoy a real unique spirit of friendliness with th' sorority next door."

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

The OREGON DAILY EMERALD published Tuesday through Friday during the college year except Sept. 17 and 19; Nov. 27 through Dec. 1; Dec. 4, 9 and 10; Dec. 12 through Jan. 5; March 5, 10 and 11; Mar. 13 through Mar. 30; and May 30 through June 4, with issues on Nov. 8, Feb. 7 and May 9 by the Student Publications Board of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 per term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial page are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or of the University. Initialed editorials are written by editorial staff members. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor.

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Other Editors Say

College Press Should Both Puff and Pout

(Ed. Note: In the column below are printed two articles concerning freedom of the press among college newspapers. The first article is taken from the Michigan State News of Michigan State, East Lansing, Mich. The second article appeared in the Daily Kansan of the University of Kansas at Lawrence, Kansas.)

Michigan State News

College editors across the nation have been having trouble expressing themselves, according to an article by Tom Tomizawa in the Masthead.

He cites many examples, a few of which we have space to print:

"Miss Sara Woods, editor of the University of Oklahoma Daily . . . this spring went corruption-hunting in the student governing body, and called its elections 'rotten, stinking and filthy.'

"When six students of a small eastern college recently were reprimanded for drinking, the editor of the school paper took advantage of the opportunity for some barbed comments. 'A lot the college has to holler about student drinking,' she said in an editorial blast, 'when the school owns shares in a tavern and when it goes around soliciting funds from local pubs.'

The article points out that most college newspapers are very loyal to their school administrations and often bend backwards to support them.

"But," it continues, "it is the school editor's occasional flights into criticism that get him into hot water. That is when charges of student editor irresponsibility are made. And that is what the campus Greeley despairs of. He wants to be free to criticize, as well as to puff, his school."

Tomizawa stresses the fear most colleges have of "bad publicity" as a result of campaigns by student papers. "Schools are sensitive to pressures of public opinion . . ."

The editor attempts to refute this with the claim that "it is the responsibility of the school administrators not to get into embarrassing situations."

Probably never before, says the article, have so many college editors been so sharply aware of the problem of college press freedom. Campus editors from all parts of the country are writing editorials expressing their abhorrence of controls.

Daily Kansan

A news story by the United Press a few days ago reported a row at the University of Minnesota because it concluded an editorial with a statement that Adlai Stevenson would make the best president.

The student editor who wrote that editorial was reprimanded by the school's editorial committee and was told he should not have endorsed any candidate for president. The incident ended with the editor agreeing to publish an editorial favoring Eisenhower.

Despite the phones calls and letters recently received by editorial writers of the Daily Kansan saying its recent endorsement of Gov. Stevenson for president was out of order, we were generally encouraged in taking our stand, not for political rea-

BOB FUNK A Day at the Zoo

Harry was not the sort of person who complains.

It was not that he didn't have anything to complain about. Hardly. It was just due to something his mother had said when Harry was very young which had caused him to be intrapunative rather than extrapunative, which meant that Harry had quite a lot of trouble with indigestion.



These were difficult times. Today Harry was looking out upon the world with sad and sunken eyes. He felt, somehow, that the world was not exactly his baked potato.

There was this business of studying. Harry meant to study; he would have liked to study all of the time. There was going to be a test in Shakespeare, and for some reason or other Shakespeare was not Harry's baked potato, either, or anybody's baked potato as far as he could determine.

Harry had started to read the play for the test. It had a good, concise title: King Lear. Harry had just about mastered the title when fame fell from high place. He was named to be one of the celestial company which was in charge of house dance decorations.

The house dance was going to be formal with sophisticated decorations. Harry was deep in the basement executing what he hoped was a very sophisticated decoration when word came that the anti-formal party had just taken control of the government, and that the theme was now "Chow Time" and everyone was going to come as some sort of comestible. The coup had been led by a young man who wished to attend the dance in the guise of a pickle. Remembering the last house dance, Harry decided there would be quite a few of those there.

He had just finished making a large paper mache frankfurter to be hung over the fireplace when the newly formed anti-comestible party came to power and declared that the theme was now

sons but because most people believed we had the right, if not the duty, to express our honest opinion.

We believe it is the newspaper's duty to publish fair editorials as well as objective news. Our columns were declared open to both sides of the election although the editorial writers' preference for Gov. Stevenson was announced. That the editor of the Minnesota paper may have neglected to do this does not forgive the reprimand he got for publishing an endorsement.

It is not necessary to restrain from publishing one's personal preference in order to be fair to both sides of an issue. We believe we were justified in our endorsement as long as we also published the criticisms of the writers and of the candidates that were received.

A student newspaper is a learning process. The writers are training for a job and the readers are training to be citizens. It is too bad when a University cannot see its student newspaper as a responsible publication or its student body as mature enough people to read a newspaper and form their own opinions of it. To take away such freedom at the college level is a cramp on both academic and intellectual freedom.

"South American Hayride, etc." The decorations committee worked through five different sets of decorations. Finally the dance had to be postponed because it was not registered with the office of student affairs.

Harry returned to King Lear with nothing akin, or akith, for that matter, to relish. King Lear and Harry were not compatible. Harry's idea of literature was a story which had been negligently splattered into a movie script and made into a musical comedy. He had a rather fatalistic feeling that King Lear would never play at the MacDonald Theater as a musical comedy. Jane Wyman might pass as Cordelia, but Bing Crosby would never make the grade as Lear.

There was not much time to dwell upon such things. Harry was wrestling with act one when the matter of the Homecoming sign was brought to his attention.

The sign was a masterpiece of subtle humor. With moving parts. The moving part was a duck which sadistically jumped up and down on a furry object which the fraternity hoped would be taken by everyone to be a Cougar. There was one problem which perplexed the genius who had thought up the sign; what was going to move the moving part. A motor was out of the question, since no one knew just how to hook the duck up to a motor or just what the duck would do if hooked up to a motor. The answer was Harry. Harry stood behind a large rectangle of cardboard which said Hi There Alums and moved the Duck.

It was, he thought, sort of like King Lear in the storm. (Or rather, he might have thought that if he had read that far. You get awfully confused writing one of these columns.)

That was on Friday. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, and the dusty pace skids to a stop and it is time for the Shakespeare exam.

The eve of the Shakespeare test settled darkly down upon the campus. Harry sat, illiterate and alone, at his study desk, fingering his fraternity badge, wondering who was this Goneril dame anyway? It was the eleventh hour; he thought with regret back upon the ninth and the tenth, spent in the name of duty working on the house dance moving the moving part. It was the eleventh hour, and King Lear was an unconscionably long play.

The rushing chairman entered "Harry," he said, holding a photostatic copy of the fraternity bond with Harry's signature affixed to it, "I realize that you are busy, but between now and tomorrow I want you to go out and meet the following fifteen men and . . ."

Harry smiled a fraternity smile at him, gave him the sign, word and grip, and pulled out a small revolver which he always kept close at hand for mosquitoes, flies, and rats, and shot the rushing chairman neatly between the eyes.

Harry was not the sort of person who complains.

The California Sun, published by the graduate school of the University of California at Los Angeles says "America's Weekly Daily" on its nameplate.

The Emerald is a four-day daily.

If this is confusing, you can find consolation in William Allen White who said of his co-workers, "doctors bury their mistakes; journalists publish them."