

# Edits

Writer Wonders

## Where's US's Optimism?

By DON TREADGOLD

We get tired of having only bad news to comment on, day after day, month after month. Yet usually we can get some relief from the sports page. (We still read the comics, but with Raven Sherman dead and Li'l Abner apparently beheaded, they don't exactly clear the air.) But when an event like Saturday's gridiron defeat even invades the sport page, we feel we must take time out to look over the situation.

Let us first ask, how are we as a people taking our steady diet of bad news? With this month's *Fortune* comes an astonishing answer. Comments *Time* on this report of the *Fortune* survey: "The evidence of national pessimism, a trait entirely alien to the U.S., is exceptionally well documented."

Though 72 per cent of the people expect the Allies to win the war, over 60 per cent expect that after the war people will have to work harder, pay will be lower, and there will be much unemployment. Ever since 1776 Americans have built their success-seeking lives on the hope they can leave a better world for their sons and daughters. Yet now only 37.3 per cent of the people think their sons' opportunities will be better than their own. Half the people think the war will last from two to ten years longer.

The American character has always borne many of the combined qualities of Jack-the-Giant Killer, the Biblical David, and Little Orphan Annie. That is, Americans have faced desperate situations before, but have always had almost childlike confidence in their own ability to surmount all obstacles. If their armies bogged down, they knit more socks and bought less sugar.

### Around the Corner

Throughout the terrible depression of 1929 and after, they clung to the conviction that "prosperity is just around the corner." America has never given up and has seldom become discouraged. But evidently the bad news of 1939-41 has done to us what wars and panics of 150 years could not do.

Last week's *Time* carried this letter: "Sirs: On the cover of your Nov. 10 issue you portray Rita Hayworth. Our nation is facing its gravest hour, and you put Rita Hayworth on the cover. Men, women, and children are dying by the thousands of martial violence, and you give your Number One spot to Rita (in a Petty drawing, at that). Half the world is in flames, and you go for glamor girls. Please renew my subscription immediately."

Maybe this is too flippant for you, but it at least shows a mind unwilling to be smothered by bad news. We need to get a new slant on things, and realize America's abilities for solving problems are as great as ever. Let's not let it all get us down.

## Trade Last...

By MARY WOLF

College Pro: (viewing a large number of vacant seats): I don't know why so many should be absent today; the weather's somewhat wet, but goodness only knows the subject is dry enough."  
—McMinnvillian.

### Harlem Harvest

One of the latest war gags. Listen: "Two American volunteers from Harlem enlisted with the British land forces. Out on the battlefield one day, rifles were distributed to the men, and the officer in command shouted for a charge over the top.

But one of the Harlem lads refused his rifle. He said he preferred to be armed with a straight razor. So armed, he and his colleague advanced with the rest.

They heard an enemy machine gun nest. Our lads from Harlem chanced to overhear the two men in charge of the lead typewriter say that they would fire at the backs of our friends after they had passed by the nest.

But foiling the gunners, the two Harlem boys sprang upon the trap. The one armed with a razor, unsheathed his weapon and with it made a swift sweeping motion at the neck of a machine gunner.

But the gunner did not stir. He just grinned and said, "You missed."

"Oh yeah," said the darky. "Just nod your head, bo."

—Northeastern News.

Stanford University — has "hatched" an idea for a unique radio station whose operation will depend upon the use of "hot air." As the plan stands now, the station would broadcast over steam heating lines that are distributed throughout the campus. A regular transmitter would be used with a radio frequency output connected to the steam pipes. All radios within 250 feet of the steam pipes would be able to pick up the Stanford station. Broadcasts of campus meetings and activities are planned as the main material for the programs.

## Jam For Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

If you get as far as the Bowl January first, then of interest should be the news that Tom Dorsey opens the Palladium New Year's eve. Till then Kenton's on the stand.

Cootie Williams left king Goodman two weeks ago to form his own crew. No sepi members in B.G.'s ork at present. Babe Rusin into Glenn Miller's mob on take-off tenor with Tex Beneke shoved up to the lead alto slot. Chu Berry colored "Chicago Style" tenor man, killed two weeks ago in an auto accident near Evanston.

### Duke Here

Biggest news to arrive by pony express for days is the info that the Duke will play at the armory in Eugene next Sunday eve. Loud of ex-Willamette Park will spon-

sor the affair and let's hope Ellington doesn't get the same baptism by fire as was accorded our mutual friend Holman. The Duke is also slated for a week at the Mayfair theater in the big city upstairs which makes me very happy.

### Long-Hair Dope

Further big news for this campus comes the announcement that Bela Bartok will speak here. Now, as you know, I am not wont to flipping my lid over longhairs, but in this case I make the grand exception. Bartok is a noted pianist and composer. So what, you ask? Is he groovy?

And then I make with the larg- er bombshell. Yes, I say, Bartok is a cat. And I am telling strictly the truth. Two years ago Bela  
(Please turn to page seven)

At  
Second  
Glance  
By TED HARMON

It's all over except the studying, last weekend, we mean. By Sunday night the campus had once more returned to normal and most students were in bed by midnight.

Here's some belated weekend data that might prove interesting: After the swell rally program Friday night, and with the air of the big event still hovering around the fog-wrapped students, we found one couple walking slowly up University street. As a direct contrast to the cheering of other students, he held her hand tenderly, and whispered into her ear-muffs: "Just think! In Germany they can't do this any more..."

With more alums than usual back for the Homecoming festivities, one was telling about the overcrowded fraternity house. "By the time that I got in," he said, "all the beds, couches and chairs were taken." Being polite, we asked where he finally did sleep. "Well, the next best place was the bathtub in the guest room, but the house mascot was in that," he laughed. We laughed again and asked, "What did you do?" "Let out the water," was the answer.

And on the porch of one sorority, a couple had just said goodnight. "Thanks for the hug," she said, opening the door. He waved his hand in farewell. "Not at all; the pressure was all mine." . . . At the dance, during intermission and Friar tapping, one campus gigolo murmured, "everything seems brighter after I've been out with you." She smiled, looked up into his eyes. "It should! You never go home until morning."

And by this time Chairman Russ Hudson is probably turning back to his neglected books after a job well done, even though Monday morning on Johnson hall steps there were two signs. One read, "Yehudi Menuhin"; the other belatedly announced "Home to Honor Oregon." The two together, however, made a strange combination.

**SHORT REVIEW:** At last night's concert, Yehudi Menuhin's bow artistically touched the strings of the campus' heart. The 100-minute concert was one of perfection.

PIN PRICKINGS this weekend were in order for Pifi Mary Jane Rabbe, who now wears Bunny Potts' Thetaki brass; Pifi Leone Spaulding made Jim Bennison happy by taking his Fidelt pin.

AFTER THE GAME last Saturday, and being resolved that if Oregon couldn't whip OSC, then we were glad that an Oregon team could play in the Rose Bowl, we found ourselves ardently gabbing with two OSC students. One of them, declaring himself in the know, said he knew why Tommy Roblin was injured on his second play.

Accordingly, Stiner drilled his players, particularly the ends and tackles, with the sole purpose of hampering Roblin as much as possible. In closed drills during the week, Stiner ran off Oregon plays, using a man as Roblin for bait. The stand-in was unable to play in Saturday's classic as a result; what happened during the actual game is obvious, as far as Roblin is concerned.

MEMO JOTTINGS for the week include a reasonable facsimile of Custer's last stand at the Side Friday night after the dance. We've never seen so many people grouped together in booths . . . the chagrined alums staying at sorority houses, having to abide by the dean's 12:15 rules . . . Pat  
(Please turn to page seven)

Page 2 DAILY EMERALD Tuesday, December 2, 1941

## Here to Stay . . .

THERE are instances, even in connection with such tradition-conscious occasions as Homecoming, that modern revolutionary changes produce more old-fashioned pep than the old customs themselves.

Such is the case with the snowball rally which wound its way through the campus Friday night on the eve of the biggest game of the year. There were protests when the annual noise parade, Oregon Homecoming feature for years, was done away with this year in favor of the less difficult rally parade and dance. The noise parade had been so much a part of Homecoming that students and faculty alike, although none pretended to enjoy the affair, hated to see it go. It was like moving the senior bench or tearing down Deady hall.

BUT campus opinion of this year's Homecoming weekend indicates that the pajama-top rally which moved from one living organization to another collecting enthusiastic Webfoots and ended in a mass meeting in McArthur court was a success. Spirits were relatively dampened by the prolonged length of the radio program. As an air presentation for alum consumption the entertainment was good, but it lacked the fire which puts over a student pre-game rally.

But that is the natural mistake of a "first attempt." The idea was good, the pep was there, and the Homecoming rally has assured itself of a permanent place in the festivities honoring returning alumni. It is by far a better expression of Oregon spirit than the old noise parade.

## Saber Rattling . . .

FOR the first time in American history, war in the Pacific seems inevitable. The past few weeks have seen an astounding maze of diplomatic conferences between the two nations come to naught. At least, that is the only possible interpretation of the information that is released to the American press.

It has been almost impossible for Americans to believe that Japan could be so foolhardy as to openly defy the United States. It has been almost impossible for Americans to believe that, as a certain faculty member expressed it, Japan would "tell the United States to get out of the world." And it has been even more impossible for the Americans to conceive their government failing to answer such insolence and open defiance with actual hostilities.

BUT now it appears that an outbreak of hostilities is likely to come about within a few days—perhaps within a few hours. Yesterday morning newspapers carried stories telling of the shipment of American pilots and planes to Asia to serve with the Chinese forces and under Chinese command. Japanese troops are moving into French Indo-China and British battleships are massing at Singapore.

Perhaps the most ominous sign of all lay in a short paragraph which appeared in the news last night stating that Admiral Harold R. Stark, chief of naval operations, had been called in for conferences with the president and Secretary Hull. When diplomats call in the military heads it usually means trouble.

There is one bright ray. It is not difficult to glean from the newspaper clippings and magazine articles of the past couple of years the one fact that America has been preparing for this war. Stories of increased fortifications in the Philippines and new fortifications at Wake island and the Aleutian islands have not been uncommon.

If Japan insists on war, America is ready.—H.O.

The Oregon Daily Emerald, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays, and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon. Subscription rates: \$1.25 per term and \$3.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

HELEN ANGELL, Editor FRED MAY, Business Manager  
Associate Editors: Betty Jane Biggs, Hal Olney

Ray Schrick, Managing Editor Jim Thayer, Advertising Manager  
Bob Frazier, News Editor Warren Roper, National Advertising Manager

UPPER BUSINESS STAFF  
Helen Rayburn, Layout Manager Alvera Maeder, Leota Whitlock,  
Dave Holmes, Circulation Manager Classified Managers  
Maryellen Smith, Special Issue Manager Helen Flynn, Office Manager  
Peggy Magill, Promotional Director

UPPER NEWS STAFF  
Jonathan Kahananui, Lee Flatberg, Herb Penny, Bill Hilton, Assistant  
Co-Sports Editors Managing Editors  
Corrine Nelson, Mildred Wilson, Joanne Nichols, Assistant News Editor  
Co-Women's Editors Mary Wolf, Exchange Editor