



## No Halfway Mark...

AMERICA'S sixth war president, America's first third-term executive, yesterday stood before Congress and asked that body of lawmakers for \$56,000,000,000 to carry on the war program during the coming year. The figure asked was momentous, completely out of the scope of understanding of the average man.

The chief executive's address, like each of those he has made since the fateful December 7, was a memorable one in that it successfully gave the people of the United States added impetus toward union.

Unlike the fictional fairytales of Premier Tojo, unlike the god-like promises of victory for which Hitler is famous, President Roosevelt talked straightforwardly of what the Allies hope to attain in the next two years, their ultimate aims, the need for a united people, and the need for sacrifice. There were no hollow promises of immediate victory because of innate superiority, no expectation that war could be won without many losses.

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YET the spirit of the address was an indomitable one. To give the Axis "a little idea of just what they accomplished in the attack on Pearl Harbor" was not just a phrase to make another oratorical mark for himself. Mr. Roosevelt was saying what is in the heart of every real American today.

It will take taxes and more taxes until it appears that the people can stand little more; it will mean, in the words of the President, "cutting luxuries and other nonessentials . . . and 'all-out-war' by individual effort and family effort in a united country."

The Congressmen of the United States, completely aware of the rate of the pulse of the nation today, cheered his stark realism again and again. The first hysteria was over. America took a deep breath yesterday, prepared to put forth more money than its constitution-makers thought would ever exist in this nation for protection of its right to exist. It had stood enough. America was out to win a war or spend its last red cent and its last breath trying.

## Seniors Have Been "Benched"

THE 1942 graduation class of the University of Oregon will be a long-remembered one . . . not merely because it will be the first one of World War II.

It will be the first class in oh-so-many years that has not individually or collectively sat upon the senior bench opposite Fenton hall. Of course, there is still a senior bench. That is, they say there is a senior bench, but do you know positively anyone who has actually sat himself or herself upon it?

Prior to this year, one of the fondest pleasures of any senior was that day on which he was allowed to, slowly and very nonchalantly, cross the street from Johnson hall, very casually sip a drink from the faucet near the law school, then with not much more than a shiver or two and a blush of self-consciousness, slide into a half-reclining position on the bench.

You could be sure then, that all the law schoolers would stop their tom-foolery for a moment to watch the noteworthy performance, and you could be sure then, too, that the sophomores and juniors would stare at you and the bench with a longing gleam. Even the freshmen, when put up to it by the moleskinners and juniors, would display their envy ever so often by dabbing a bit of green paint on the revered stone bench. The seniors could then bellow their rage, but all the while pleasantly glow inside because the glamour of the bench was thus being enhanced.

\* \* \*

NOW the bench has been moved, they say, in back of the library. No one can substantiate or disclaim the assertion for the very good reason that no one ever goes to the library, least of all the seniors, until the last week of the term, and then too much is to be done to sit around on hidden stone benches.

No senior has yet been caught sitting on the "senior" bench, if there is such a bench, and freshmen—who visit the library often in conformance with their house rules—have not as yet this year been taught the respectful attitude of former years toward the seniors and their old stone bench.

Thus, truly, passes the glory of the world.—B.B.

## At Second Glance

By TED HARMON

### WEATHER FORECAST:

Can't find our thermometer, but red never looked good on us, anyway.

Yeah, we're surprised, too. That is, we didn't exactly expect to be back on page two of the Emerald, but here we are. And another thing, we'll only appear twice a week, instead of the usual pre-war tri-weekly column. Something to do with priorities, we guess.

As long as this marks the second day of school, and we face a cold and icy winter term, we'd like to get another thing off our muffler, too. Mainly, that this chatter does NOT pretend to be a gossip column. It never has, although some persons gave us the compliment. It's more spontaneous than that. We merely write what we think, see or even hear. So if there are a few pins planted, or a few given back that we don't mention, we probably know about it, but just don't jot it down on paper.

As a matter of fact, there will be another column before long to fill the pages on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, so we can all be happy . . . but cold!

WINTERAVINGS: When most of the Webfoot gang returned home again, they found cold, dismal houses awaiting them, except the Chi Os who were smart enough to hire a boy to build fires three days before they came back. To top this off, there's a shortage on oil and sawdust, with the possibility of the extension of the cold spell for another week or so.

We found one sophomore on the steps of Johnson yesterday, just standing in the 'icy rain. "Why don't you step inside," we asked. "Can't," was the answer. "I just swallowed my gum and I feel Wrigley all over." His corpse is at the base of the third pillar, underneath the carved initials, "Chuck loves Nelda."

Someone else tried to crack us with the story that smart and energetic freshmen, who are cleaning up their rooms after vacation, merely mop the floor well and let it set overnight. A shining, gleaming ice-coat is the morning's reward.

We're almost in a state to believe that tale because last night we opened our window and influenza.

At any rate, as far as we can tell, without asking the weatherman and violating war-time restrictions on such reporting, there will be twelve hours of day and twelve hours of night today.

SOCIALIGHTS: This'll be a gay, merry term. In fact, starting next week, there'll be a whole change of dances and events to satisfy anyone. The Senior Ball will roll along about January 31, a day after midterms are over. February 14 will see Dad's Day and the Alpha Delta Sigma hop, (Please turn to page seven)

## Looking Ahead

# The Campus Plays It's Role

By BILL HAIGHT

Despite the prospects, Happy New Year!

Students on the way to McArthur court Monday to register may have noticed Dean Eric W. Allen, school of journalism, pedaling to work in a stately persistent manner on his bicycle. The mode of transportation is not an idiosyncrasy of the dean's. He is like the first flower of spring, the promise of plenty to come, for as time goes on the sight of grown men and women riding bicycles will be common.

The government's restrictions on rubber, gasoline, oil and automobiles lift by necessity the bicycle out of the realm of childhood and places it firmly in the adult world as a means of transportation.

### Much to Come

There are other changes around the campus, all tangible evidence of this, our nation, at war. As the harsh hard days ahead unfold there will be many more revisions in the American way of life.

In addition to the regular course of study we students this term will carry an extra load of defense work. During vacation university officials set up a defense council and completed plans for training us in aircraft observation, police work, fire fighting, first aid, radio and signaling and other branches of civilian service.

The reasons are two-fold. The first is that we may need to be prepared here at some desperate moment and if we have a job to do there will be less chance of a panic developing. The second reason is that we will be able to aid our home towns in their defense set-ups when we return. There is no age limit for service in this war.

### What "Blackout" Means

The sixty-second alert blackout in Lane county means, watch the lights. With street lights not burning and the town partially blacked out there is no longer the feeling of the conflict being remote.

In the athletic activities world drastic curtailment is to be expected.

## Trade Last...

By MARY WOLF

It seems he was walking into the stadium at the last minute, and the crowd was so large that our friend was forced to squeeze in sideways. As he oozed into the stadium he had to pass the bleachers on the very top of the stands. It happened that he was on the outside of the aisle and his nose fitted just on top of one of the bleacher boards. And somebody walked along the bleacher seat—and, well, the rest is history.—Michigan Daily.

\* \* \*

Some high government officials from Washington were hiking in the mountains of Virginia where they happened to meet an old mountaineer. As the only watch in the hikers' party had mysteriously stopped, they asked the mountaineer what time of day it was. After sizing them up for a (Please turn to page seven)

pected. Many of the players, football, basketball, tennis, etc., have either been inducted into the armed forces or are making plans to enter soon.

The government has cut off the purchase of golf balls, tennis balls, squash balls, football and basketball bladders! Probably the curtailment will not effect this year's schedule too much.

In every segment of our life the fact we are at war is becoming increasingly more noticeable. The road to victory is going to be the hard one.

But remember Pearl Harbor!

## 'bit' parts

By ROY METZLER

### Fantasia Release

Large chunks of the narrative by Deems Taylor and symphonic music in the Stokowski score are to be sliced from Walt Disney's "Fantasia" before it goes into general release late in January or February. It is probable that the elaborate Disney fantasy will be shortened by about 45 minutes from its original roadshow length of 125 minutes.

### No Publicity

The many requests notwithstanding, there will be no pictures of Jimmy, the new character on the Amos and Andy program, mailed out by the soup-selling blackface team. He is a negro lad, which fact is being withheld from the publicity.

### Mickey's Partner

One thing that Walt Disney should certainly do is to resurrect the seven dwarfs of "Snow White" and contrive a picture around them. He is quick in discovering bright, new characters, and he makes them stars in a hurry.

Anyway, Disney has decided to make a full-length feature starring Timothy Mouse. Timothy is the personage who supplies solace, sympathy, and even help for Dumbo, the disconsolate elephant, in Disney's latest release. Disney has installed writers on preparation of a feature which will have Timothy as hero. He's not to be confused with Mickey Mouse.

### Poe's Mysteries

All too seldom is Edgar Allan Poe brought to the screen, and yet there is such power to some of his mystery tales that one wonders why they are not adapted oftener. "The Tell-Tale Heart" is reported a winner in the short film field at present. It was a dramatic affair produced with top-flight players.

Universal has now reached the point where it will launch "The Mystery of Marie Roget" which was taken from a real mystery of France and which reached naught except a theoretical conclusion in its original form. It was a demonstration of the art of deduction.

Kadiark, the Eskimo, was sitting on a cake of ice telling a story. He finished and got up. Said he, "My tale is told!" —Mills College Weekly.

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