

Jam for Breakfast

By TED HALLOCK

Today is Thursday, and isn't it ever grand though. Makes you want to laugh and shout and commit suicide doesn't it ever though. You'll all be bohemian if you read this long enough.

The Frosh aren't getting a name band for Glee, which illustrates how meticulously incorrect this column makes a point of being. They are after a Portland band, but after all, they are the Frosh and are therefore forgiven in advance.

MacArthur Rides Again

Friday is not just Friday at all. Friday, beside being just Friday is General Douglas MacArthur day. So now we sincerely hope that our valiant military leader feels sufficiently honored for one war. After all, it isn't every man in the street that gets a day and a dance step named after him, thank God.

But anyway, Friday has a good dance ready. Grandfather Holman will turn in his usual polished performance, and it will be the initial hop of the term so go. You would have anyway without this plug.

House dances are much fewer than ever this term. Everyone is busy boosting morale by making sure that everyone else will not waste time going to dances and relaxing, but instead, will make with the solid study so that they will be prepared adequately to lead the nation. (we've been using the New Republic lately for reference work and got side-tracked)

Another Rookie

Art Shaw is with the army now. Got re-classified from a safe 3-A (those who support fourteen third cousins) to a neatly 1-A, which is going to make the Fort Bragg Artillery band happy as Hades.

For the benefit of those individuals, and we trust you will not resent the title, who loathed Ken Baker, we would like to cite several incidents which prove that Baker has something beside a large bottle of Fitch shampoo. Namely: during the past four years the following have been under the Baker flag fighting for God and thirty-five dollars a week; also the following men are all now playing with the following name orks who have a large following. Keddy on.

(1) Nick Buano, now plays lead tram with James; (2) Hoyt Bohanon, now second and hots tram with James; (3) Joe Howard, hot tram with Pollack at present; (4) Eddie Davis, piano for Gus Arnheim; (5) Louis Paino, drums for Sonny Dunham; (6) Frankie Wylie, hot horn with Johnny Davis; (7) Ralph Collier, tubs with Benny; (8) Chuck Gentry, baritone and tenor with Jimmy Dorsey; (9) Phil Gomez, now on lead alto with Will Bradley's new crew. Which should prove something, if only that you ought to read another column.

There is some fine Bush in ivory on Tommy D's "Hallajoolyah." Which is sad and good, cause Joe is in the Air Corps now, and this is the last recorded sample of his work with Tom. Milton Raskin is in with Tom for Joe. And incidentally we know you will be glad to hear that Johnny Guarneri is in with Jimmy Dorsey for Joe Lippman who is also now armed to the teeth. Cheerio.

Trinity College has a history class conducted by a blind instructor.

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A Challenge . . .

THE deadline is approaching. In less than a month, this year's first 12-man executive committee of the Associated Students turns in its final record, and hands over the reins of student government to a dozen newly elected representatives.

The deadline is approaching. There is less than a month left in which the 1942 ASUO exec committee can complete the projects it has begun. Less than a month in which to remove the "tabled" items from their layers of dust and finish them up in a creditable manner.

This year's executive committee has shown definite interest in student affairs, has uncovered a great deal of valuable information which should be used as the basis of reform, has shown an uncommon amount of responsibility for its job of student governing. In the words of one faculty member, the council "is the first in years that has shown a sense of responsibility for the policies and the results attained by activity chairmen which they appoint."

THEIR beginning is worthy. But there must be a winding up of worthwhile beginnings in order to make this year an outstanding one. Executive committees since time immemorial have "started things." Not very many have completed all of those projects.

We challenge this year's council to round out its year by taking final action on the following vital problems which were "tabled" sometime during the year for "further discussion at a later date."

TO COMPLETE its record, the exec committee should:

(1) Complete and publish the constitution assigned to Law Student Gene Brown for revision and organization early in fall term. Student government can never be more than a hollow term until the group of conflicting constitutions are combined into one that gives students a logical and legal basis for delegation of authority.

(2) Take some final action on their effort to do something worthwhile about freshman class politics before another fall term arrives with all of its disgusting antagonism, dissension, and disorganization. The committee has discussed two possibilities: doing away with class cards or moving class organization to winter term.

(3) Provide some sort of a budget for the activity chairmen which they appoint, even though they do not actually furnish the money. By that arrangement Dads' Day chairmen and those for other ASUO events will know where their money is coming from and how much there is, so that such chairmen will have no reason whatsoever for overstepping budgets.

(4) Obtain some sort of a legal interpretation on whether the 2-point cumulative requirement for activity participation applies to anything more than ASUO offices and appointments. For example, honoraries, publications, and class activities.

If the committee can say, "We settled those four al-important problems," they can say that they have completed a successful year.

Trade Last

By MARY WOLF

Next year's proposed income tax schedule was announced just in time to make this year's seem a pleasure in comparison.—Indiana Daily Student.

my parents told me not to smoke, i don't
or listen to a naughty joke, i don't
they told me it was wrong to wink at handsome men
or even think about intoxicating drink,
i don't
to dance or flirt is very wrong
wild girls chase wine and men
and song

i kiss no men, not even one
in fact, i don't know how it's done
you wouldn't think i had much fun
i don't—Barometer.

An Irish potato and an Idaho potato met, fell in love, and got married. Later on, they had a sweet potato. The sweet potato grew up and went to New York, where she met a radio news broadcaster, but her parents wouldn't give their consent to the marriage because he was just a "commentater."

—Panther Scratches.

Nippon's Ambition . . .

The Tanaka Memorial States the War Policies of the Nipponese

... Our Watchword

By TOM PICKETT

The recent news of the war reveals no radical change in battle-front structure of the war. However, the arrival of Cripps in India, and the appearance of the brilliant MacArthur in Australia are two events of importance. For these two men are the bold, resourceful, intelligent leaders that can equal and outdo the devious Germans and Japs. MacArthur, the military leader, and Cripps, the militant statesman: such men will save lives, nations, and precious time.

The type of leader that the Japanese have is utterly opposite from the statesmanlike MacArthur—there is no element of humanity, no speck of altruism, no spark of Christian constructiveness in the Jap generals who follow the Tanaka memorial of 1927. Sugiyama, Yamamoto, Itagaki, Takahashi, and Yamashita . . . these are the complete militarists who will pour their destructive venom on anyone, anywhere, who gets in their way of empire.

The Tanaka Memorial

It would be worthwhile, as well as interesting, to consider this little known Japanese Mein Kampf—the Tanaka memorial. In 1927, the Tanaka memorial to the emperor was only a plan on paper—today it is a campaign partly carried out. These documents reveal Japan's fixed purpose to strike and keep on striking until her war is won. Surprises far more startling than anything thus far seen are in store for the United Nations unless Japan's offensives can be smashed, these writings indicate. Japan's present conquests are shown to

be minor when compared to her further ambitions. She plans to conquer the continent of Australia, to overrun India, to put China under the yoke, and to attack Russia. Her purpose is to push on across India to the Near East and into Europe itself. Her plans call for knocking out U. S. naval bases, for striking at the Panama canal, for invading American coasts, and for destroying the centers of American military power. Japan's offensive strategy, as described to her own naval officers, calls for smashing the U. S. navy, as insurance of permanence of Japanese domination of the Pacific, and as guarantee of Japan's position as a world power.

Military Basis

The military basis of the whole Japanese plan is to seize the offensive and keep it. This is made especially plain in book of instructions for Jap naval officers obtained by Senator Gillette. Their idea is that Japan with a weaker fleet can win against the more powerful U. S. fleet. An am-

(Please turn to page three)

Joe College 1942

VITAL STATISTICS 1922

Born—when the flurry in human affairs had barely settled down after the terrible devastating whirlwind of the World War.

Born of parents who had suffered all the tragic experiences of the world catastrophe, but who emerged from the conflict, confident and enthusiastic concerning the future. They (the parents) sincerely believed that the war to end war had set up a guarantee that their boy-child would never be called upon to carry a gun or fight an enemy.

Born within a period of post-war reconstruction when poverty was endured with patience because hope was up-surgng and prosperity certain. All felt that the new generation would be forever free from international hate and intrigue.

1927

Started school—when the rose tints were dominant in all human experiences. Parents were worried only because they could not decide on the particular road to riches. Stocks, Florida land, new companies—all promised country estates, sea going yachts, streamlined cars, everlasting annuities and days of ease and pleasure. The slogan was, "Hot Dog—Let's go!" The immediate scene featured flappers, boot-leg gin, whoopie parties and telephone calls to the broker. In the minds of Pop and Mom, Joe was "sitting pretty."

1932

Ten years old—fifth grade—rose tints gone—big ideas gone—money gone—prosperity around the corner—family living with grandpa and grandma—long division in school and long dissertations at home on "The mess we're in." Not much interested in world affairs but hearing much talk about blame, fault, and failure. Ph.D.'s pumping gas. Joe was not sitting quite so pretty.

1937

High School—football and debating teams—lectures on the curse of war—let Europe go to pot—vocational guidance but no vocations—W.P.A.—prosperity still lurking round corners but a few glimpses of the lurker now and again—six feet tall—high I.Q.—well informed—hoping for a new suit for graduation—thinking some about college.

1942

College—but not the college he had dreamed about—part time job (75 cents per hour)—preparation for war—questions—questions—uncertainty—confusion—a basic patriotic urge but no enthusiasm for hating other human beings—trying to remember Pearl Harbor but with the memory getting mixed up with other memories such as (love thy neighbor), (interchange of letters with foreign students), (international relations clubs), (missions in Japan), etc., etc.—trying to think and act as a Christian gentleman when the boys to whom he had written letters and with whom he had talked in convention halls and whom he had aided through contributions to the Red Cross and to the mission schools suddenly decided to act like savages and barbarians.

By Raymond E. Manchester,
Dean of Men,
Kent State University,
Kent, Ohio.