

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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"Democracy is the best form of government, because it is the only form of government founded on the dignity of men, not on the dignity of some men, of rich men, of educated men or of white men, but of all men."—Robert M. Hutchines, president, University of Chicago.

'Free For All . . .'

THE Emerald from time to time runs letters under the head "Free for All." We say "from time to time," because these letters do not arrive daily; they are not a steady flow.

The Emerald welcomes all contributions, and will print them all, either commendation or condemnation. There are only two provisions: First, that all articles must be signed by the author, and second, the Emerald reserves right to edit long contributions to 250 words in length, this because of space limitations.

A free press is only the "safety valve of public opinion" as long as its columns present all student views. The Emerald through its editorial staff takes certain stands, as editorial policy from the standpoint of student interests. Other questions or comments are yours to express. Your contributions to this "safety valve" are rightly welcomed. Send them in. "For for All" is open for your views.

And the Gods Laughed . . .

THE gods of irony laughed last November 20 as a plane crashed in a lonely field near Versailles, Ohio. The gods laughed and the University mourned for one of its alums had come down, out of the blue for the final time.

Bob Clever, '41, United States army air corps, was navigator-bomber on that plane.

Bob Clever, United States army air corps, was bombardier last spring on a plane that followed General Jimmy Doolittle down the sky along a blazing trail which found its destination—Tokyo.

Bob came out unscathed from that daring raid, came through without a scratch; but he died on a routine flight which began exactly like thousands of others made every day all over our country—but ended a tragedy.

When Jimmy Doolittle went to Africa to take command of the air forces he asked all the men who went on the Tokyo raid to accompany him. Some of them did. Some of them went and braved the dangerous, flaming skies of North Africa, but some of them stayed behind—they could do more good here—for the moment.

* * *

BOB Clever thought about going, he wanted to go, but the gods of irony had a different plan. And Bob stayed home.

His folks probably were glad when they heard he wasn't going, they wanted him to stay and fly the safe skies of America. They didn't know about the gods.

Bob stayed and November 20 he was killed; but he was killed doing his duty for his country just as much as if he had gone down in that immortal Tokyo raid, just as much as if he had gone to Africa. Bob Clever was following orders. And it's with a spirit like this, self-sacrifice for the sake of cooperation, that the Allies will eventually win the war.

The gods of irony laughed last week and the University mourned. But while the memory of Bob Clever shall remain here always, the mourning shall not last, for there are hundreds, thousands, even millions more Bob Clevers to come and keep coming

Until the gods can laugh no more.—G. D. W.

Reader's Digest tells the story of the reporter who asked a German prisoner what his country thought of Italian soldiers. Came the alleged answer, in effect: "Oh, just about the same as the Russians think of the Americans and British."

Between The Lines

By ROY NELSON

ESCAPE

I've heard it more than once today,
No two tales were the same;
But rumor lit a match, I see,
And Oregon spread the flame.

They tell me that our boys must go,
To fight across the sea;
That all reserves will soon be called.
Egad! Why that means me!

And then I heard it said today,
Guys in reserves must wear
Brown sox, and shine their brass
and belt,
And primp, and comb their hair.

For, once again, if it is true,
Guys in reserves must take
ROTC, and they must march;
That really takes the cake.

And these are but a few I hear
Of rumors floating 'round.
I don't know which are true or false,
No basis have I found.

I'm sick of hearing stories told
About the war and such;
I wish they'd either call us in,
Or not talk quite so much.

Best rumor I have heard so far
Was one I helped to spread.
"Reserves will not be called up yet,"
Is what the rumor said.

It really doesn't matter much,
Which rumor's true, I mean.
I'm tired of school, anyway;
But don't you tell the dean.

My studies are a flop this year;
This math will kill me yet.
And girls treat me like income tax—
At least, the ones I've met.

I'm all confused, let rumors rage;
I don't care what goes on.
I'm thinking now of Christmas,
Not what will come beyond.

Let us be called to service;
Make us take drill each week.
What happens doesn't interest me—
No comfort do I seek.

All I care now is that I can
Go home for two weeks straight.
No studies, threats, or tales of war
Can fill my heart with hate.

I'll think of peace—of peace on earth;
The words that Jesus spoke.
I'll hear the Christmas carols sung—
And let the message soak.

For once I'll sense that what I hear
Is not a rumor. So
I'll not be in a turmoil like
I am right now, I know.

When I come back to school
With two weeks spent away,
I'll then have time to worry 'bout
The rumors heard today.

Name a Book . . .

Name any book and the University of Washington library can get it for you through a new bibliographic center. The center contains the holdings of 31 main libraries of the Northwest. If they do not have the book they can send to the Library of Congress or the British Museum in England. They will send the copy on microfilm.

AT SECOND GLANCE

By TED HARMON

Regardless of what the Thetaz might say, those who are leaving school this term can look back upon fall term as the strangest in the history of this institution. And there's a good laugh in it, too, especially the part doomed to fall on female's sororitas before the international mess is over.

Fall term began with "Sleepy Lagoon" and tanned backs and shipyard checks . . . at Open House instead of asking

I Cover The Campus

By FRED BECKWITH

They're pulling the curtains down on this school semester. Right now, we're blowing the dust off a few books and stocking up on that supply of midnight oil. . . . It seems that the rains this fall have not dampened the spirits of the pin hangers and hangees . . . This month's planting activities have reached a tremendous quota. Maybe it's the war, or sumpin' . . . Jo Ann Supple, that glamorous Theta, (Sigma Chi Sweetheart in 1940) left the eligible list when she accepted Don Cauley's Kappa Sig pin . . . Fred Lloyd also got rid of his jewelry, Kappa pledge Ann Walker being the lucky gal. . . The Sigma Nu boys had a two-for-three average this month, when they lost two pins and got one back. Don Seeley hung one on Stephanie Peterson, the Tri-Delt miss, Stan Skillikorn gave his pin to Martha Harrold, Gamma Phi freshman, and Bud Cote, gridder on John Warren's varsity, got his badge back from Alpha Phi Dorrie Stein. Incidentally, the latter is currently being rushed by none other than the ATO's genial house manager, Og Young. Speaking of the Taus, smilin' Bob Aiken made a gift of his Maltese Cross to Fee pledge Jean Burrell. Johnny Lauc, freshman, is going steady with Joan Taylor, another Fee. Don't look now, but that ATO-Alpha Phi combination is closer than this. . . . Beta Dick Davis crashed the roamtanic headlines this week by hanging his pin on Mary Mercier, that super-smooth Sig-
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each other what their major was, the question was usually "what's your status with the draft?" . . . the Emerald turned thumbs down on a campaign to boost the squatty dachshund as the ideal dog for children because they could all pet him at once . . . sophomore brains instituted the idea of an escalator in the library to save manpower for McNutt instead of walking up the stairs . . . most coeds were worried more about the lack of coke syrup than anything else, several sororities planning to brew dandelion wine . . . ex-students began to drift back from St. Mary's Pre-Flight schooling with a sober attitude and trim bodies . . . A wisecrack cracked that youth must have its Flynn.

Students found out that an ashtray was a thing to put cigarette ashes in when the room had no floor . . . architecture-minded ones began to wonder if a line would be a dot if one looked at it endwise . . . what one headlight on a Phi Delt car said to the other headlight: "Well, I'll be dimmed!"

* * *

It was one of those Thursday mornings, when the events of the previous weekend in Portland were just beginning to catch up in a form of a headache. This sophomore friend of ours ordered an egg in one of the campus way-sideries. On her way to his table the waitress dropped the egg, screaming, "Now what'll I do?"

The sophomore raised his head and said slowly, "Cackle like the devil! You'll have a helluva time doing it again!"

* * *

People who live in glass houses should go into the florist business . . . a coed is just a minor under 18 but after all she's a full-fledged gold digger . . . the awful ordror in the library is the dead silence that they keep in there, while he who goes out for wool often comes home clipped.
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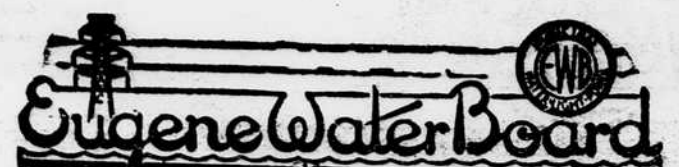
THE SEASON'S GREETINGS



1942 is about to enter the pages of history, marking the end of another successful year of service to Eugene on our records.

AT PRESENT, others, the world over, are working, giving, serving . . . for the benefit of our country. It is our wish that we may do our bit in giving the best of service possible in the coming year.

WE TAKE this opportunity to extend our wishes for a Merry Christmas and good fortune in the New Year.



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