

# OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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## Auld Lang Syne . . .

"SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot" . . . the million boys who are overseas tonight.

"And never brought to mind" . . . they may attack, but they'll remember too it's New Year's Eve.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot" . . . whether they be the dead or the living we think of them in Tunis, Bataan, or Guadalcanal.

"And days of auld lang syne" . . . may those days return soon in peace.

"For auld lang syne" . . . we remember the dead who were our schoolmates not so long ago.

"For auld lang syne" . . . we remember the living and may they return from over there to be our friends again.

"We'll drink a cup of kindness then" . . . and hope to drink another when they do come back.

"For auld lang syne" . . . war cannot dim hopes for days of peace, for they are the best of all.

## Look at the Scoreboard

THE all-important fact of World War II is that the United States, with every advantage of natural resources and manpower, is actually the underdog.

Japan did not attack Pearl Harbor without a knowledge of our potential strength. The Japanese knew we had the steel, the minerals, the men, but they attacked in spite of these things. They attacked because they planned that we would be lethargic, that we would waste our economy of abundance, that we would haughtily underestimate their ability for making the best of their shortages.

Because of our overconfidence, we were caught asleep at Pearl Harbor, and also because of our over-confidence, we face shortages of essential war materials in the midst of plenty.

\* \* \*

JAPAN has utilized every ounce of steel whether it be scrap we sent before the war, or from their own picket fences. Conquered territories are stripped of metal. The Japanese know they face shortage, so they take every ounce on which they can lay their hands.

Our job in winning this war is to do the same. We don't have a surplus of steel if it is not in war plants where it is needed. We do not have a surplus of tanks, if they are not delivered to the fighting line. Ours is the uphill battle now, if we are to win. The Axis has been in the position of the under-rated football team, which with no reserves and no star players, rose psychologically in attempt to bat down the "unbeatable" team. All the betting odds were in our favor, but for some reason the Axis nations didn't listen to the "prognosticators" and thought if they had enough courage and organization they could pull an upset.

The contest today is barely through the second quarter. Unless our half-time talk peps us up to realize that we are now the underdog that must crush the Axis odds our team is still in danger of defeat. The fight will be long, harder in the second half than in the first. But like Notre Dame, the United States has always been a good second-half team. We must come from behind to win.

It may be hard to get up for that eight o'clock Friday morning after New Year's Eve, but it's not nearly as tough as getting up at five like the boys in the army.

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The government wants pennies put into circulation. The quickest way would be to take out all the nickel pin-ball machines, and substitute them with penny games.

\* \* \*

Another reason it would be nice to have the war end, we would no longer have to hear the slogan, "Lucky Strike Green Has Gone to War."

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The new ROTC "victory rifles" may be made of wood, but they look enough like the real thing that we'd hate to take a chance against them on a dark night.

## Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

When you're alternating between dates and classes it's every day for months, it's a little hard to keep freshly in mind the hectic business that goes on just outside the gates of the campus. Sure, you read and see and hear your fill and more of war. But, after a certain amount of reading and hearing about it, the sharp edges are worn off the words, and, after a point, the more you hear the less important the whole thing seems to become.

Christmas vacation was a terrible reminder.

When every place you go eyes are saying "Why the hell aren't you in the army?" you begin to understand why Goodman's releases sound like they shouldn't and Dorsey's releases sound like they do and Miller doesn't sound. Whether it's a Buescher or a Conn, somebody has to supply the musicianship — besides the wind. There are still plenty of boys around who can play their scales and read the little black notes on the big white page, but nine out of ten young men whose bodies are as robust as their ideas are doing battle for the rest of us.

And what does all this add up to?

It adds up to the reason why Krupa stinks consistently and Goodman stinks mostly and Dorsey has begun to make with the unpleasant odor. It adds up to the fact that we all might as well resign ourselves to hearing an awful lot of music with our noses before this war is over.

\* \* \*

That great man of the tubs, G. Duncan Wimpres, has now appeared in a motion picture. Yet, for anyone who will pay the dollar projector rental he will gladly show the 8mm. masterpiece of cinematographic art, "Man Eating Oatmeal While Giving Vent to Certain Very Vulgar Emotions." Really, kids, he's just playing drums—but the expressions. Blub, blub. You can imagine Krupa with the D.T.'s?

## How Time Is Made

By DOROTHY GODKNECHT

Time in the making, or how it's done!

That's the secret told by an exhibit recently on display in the hall of the journalism building. It didn't cover the making of more time for exam-cramming, but demonstrated what goes on behind the printing of a typical story in Time magazine.

Time prepared a step by step description of work done on "There is the Man," a story of Douglas MacArthur and his position in Australia. It explained the stages of the story—from the time of its birth in the minds of the Time editors to its printed appearance.

Time's research staff spent two days gathering the facts for this four page article. During this two-day research, thousands of words of background information were produced for the editors' guidance. The material for this particular story included data on MacArthur, his personnel and professional history, and information on his Australian base of operations.

For such an article the fact finders drew from Time's own reference library, and the New York public and private libraries. Through these sources more than five million mooks are made available. Time's morgue, containing facts on almost any news name and story of the last fifteen years, is also combed for details. Over 300,000 envelopes holding

## Al Larsen Tackles Hot International Question

Churchill the politician and Churchill the statesman should get together, and Churchill of Britain and Churchill of the Atlantic charter should have a conference. If they don't, the prime minister who is fighting England's war may not be the same prime minister who makes the peace.

This is a war to end empires — the military, political, or economic control of one nation by another. Mercantilist economics and balance of power politics are being replaced by live-and-let-live or good neighbor economics.

World War I, in which England found herself in the contradictory position of fighting both for and against empire, side-stepped this fundamental issue. We face the ghastly possibility of a World War III if we again ignore the trend of history that gives solid recognition to man's need for freedom.

Freedom is not merely a weapon for winning this war. It is a reality wanted for different reasons by all nations. America thinks primarily in terms of the preservation of freedoms, but also of the right to develop new ones. The people of England, France, China, Russia, Norway, and all the attacked and oppressed nations know what freedom means and know that they want it. And history cries out, trying to tell us that all peoples want freedom from outside oppression, direct or indirect, and that until nations take positive steps toward satisfying mutual needs war will continue to haunt us.

"Liquidation" of empires and progress toward freedom are definitely in harmony. We were the first modern people to oppose the concept of empire when we separated from the world's greatest empire. The Monroe Doctrine excluded designs of empire from the American continents, and the "Open Door" policy excluded it from the Far East. Progressive plans for Philippine independence and recent renouncement of extra-territorial rights in China are evidence of a definite attitude in this country towards empire. And we are willing to suffer the heavy sacrifices of a global war to pre-

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## Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

About Christmas vacation—or "Ten Gory Days in the Ship-yards."

We didn't work in the ship-yards.

Had a good job for a couple of days biting counterfeit money in the local bank. That ended abruptly, however, when we got over-zealous and bit the president as he passed our cage.

We then got a job in a tailor shop picking lint off blue suits. This ended disastrously when the owner caught us hiring bad little boys from the reformatory to blow the lint back on so we could work overtime.

We finally bribed a clothing man with a dram of coffee grinds and a pair of nylon heels and toes to give us a job in his exclusive shop—"Pancho von Glickenstein's Ye Olde Toggery and Welder's Supplies." Here we spent ten glorious days selling size 14 shirts to size 15 necks, and swearing by the five hairs on Henry Kaiser's bald head that OUR woolen shirts WOULD NOT shrink in hot water.

We featured Marrow shirts with the death-grip, breathe-I-dare-you collar. Also Intercloven hose, the sox with the My Sin scent (life-time guaranteed until the second wearing), the only sock whose holes are approved by the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval.

Sweaters were our specialty, however. We had one size—medium—which fit everything from itinerant bedbugs to walking editions of the Chrysler building.

"They wear them that way," we always said, tongue bitten black and blue in cheek.

"Which way?" they always said.

"Good question that," we always retorted, trying to cover up that moth hole on the right sleeve with our sales book.

We sold brown sox to Navy mothers because "a color contrast is smarter this season"—and we were all out of blue sox.

We sold cuff links to sweethearts of army privates and gift certificates to sisters of brothers on Guadalcanal.

Our store's motto: "Our chiseling's patriotic. How else can we pay our income tax!"

While in the land of the bouncing woman welder we saw "Arabian Nights," that great epic of the South Pasadenian desert where sloe(gin)-eyed, native (South Chicago) slave girls are auctioned off like bags of bones. What bags—what bones!

The picture is noteworthy because of the emergence of Jon Hall from his pre-shrunk sarong and death grip on film-curdling Dorothy Lamoo-r into the veiled nightgown of a sheik, and the gorgeous curves of the desert camels as they waddle seductively to the nearest desert liquor store. Maria Montez is also in the picture.

We wept big wet tears to see Sabu without his elephant for the first time. We know he would

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