

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## As the Family Goes . . .

With the great majority of the University's social customs, traditions, and annual events gone by the board because of the war, it is significant to note that Dad's day is scheduled as usual this year, complete with its usual luncheon and festivities. From this fact we may draw quite a pleasing picture of the permanency of family life in America.

In other countries, notably in Germany and England, this solidarity does not exist. Therein lies the heartening feature of Dad's day. The unity or disunity of the family is a pretty good indication of the solidity of the nation. More, it is a yardstick by which a people's morals, education, and general contentment can be measured, since these things are all rooted in the family. If we don't learn how to get along with our fellow beings while still within the bosom of the family, where shall we learn it?

But in Germany the family has been destroyed as the core of society. The state has tried to take over, with what disastrous results to both it and the individual we have seen and shall yet see. In England the pressure of war has caused thousands, millions, of homes to be split up by evacuation. Broken families and tearful parents do not build or maintain a good nation.

Even in America the closeness of the family structure has been weakened, not so much by war as by the increasingly brisk and diverse routine of life in a modern industrial age. But the war seems to have driven the members of the typical American family closer together. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" is trite saying, but far from being an untrue one, as many an anxious, loving mother and worried father will testify.

Moreover, the warming of family friendships and the cementing of the family ties with the boy overseas helps to make those who remain at home much more alive to their own luck. Who can tell how discordant couples have been brought together again by the mere strain and suspense of having a son overseas? How many "wild" sisters, wayward younger brothers—how many broods of small children, neglected while both mother and father are off doing war work have received better and more care after that first letter arrived announcing that Big Brother was now overseas?

We do not know how many. Nor have we any way of knowing. We do know, however, that as long as this war looms like an ugly shadow over our peaceful lives, the American family will stand firm and close-knit. And we also know that as long as the family does stand close-knit, neither Heaven nor Earth nor Hell can shake us. Well may we say: "As the family goes; so goes the nation."  
N. Y.

## Is It His? . . .

They called it Hitler's Europe!!

Yes, a few weeks ago two of the foremost news analysts of the United States opened their daily broadcast with, "The R.A.F. roared over Hitler's Europe again last night to drop some 800 tons of bombs and return without a loss."

Hitler's Europe, indeed!! A Europe almost entirely engulfed by a power-mad Germany. A Europe filled with the sweat of slave labor, the agony of tortured Jews, the moans of dying Serbs, the cries of starving Greeks, the bodies of countless Poles, the thousands of imprisoned Frenchmen, the smouldering hate of betrayed Norwegians, and the embers of fire-gutted cities—Warsaw, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Stalingrad and Naples. A Europe of swayed but far from broken countries—but never HITLER'S EUROPE!!

\* \* \* \*

There's Austria, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Hungry—all German satellites on the outside, but befuddled and wondering on the inside; there's Poland!! Poland, 1-7 of whose population has been wiped out by murder and starvation, Poland with every living Pole a constant threat to Nazidom; and Norway, betrayed, down but not defeated, openly defiant to German oppression; there's Belgium, quiet, seemingly dormant, but a

## The Cutting Room

By BILL BUELL

"Government Girl," is a rough and tumble comedy of war-confused Washington. It also contains a rather feeble cheer for FDR's "win the war" administration.

Olivia de Havilland, the government girl, looks delicious enough to trade in a two months' supply of red stamps for. She spends most of her time in such charming activities as crawling around on her luscious stomach beneath the furniture in a crowded hotel lobby, running frantically down the corridors of a Washington office building in her stocking feet, wildly waving a shoe in each hand, and getting so crooked on champagne that she falls over the back of the sofa she is standing on.

Sonny Tufts, the government girl's boss, is a big and forceful, but shy and awkward Detroit production man who comes to Washington to build bombers. Poor Mr. Tufts is exasperated by red tape and completely baffled by that mysterious and all-powerful force referred to as "PI" (Political Influence.) At Washington social functions he is about as polished as a well-trained chimpanzee.

But he is determined to build bombers. So he just goes right ahead and builds them. Little

technical irregularities like swiping a trainload of steel belonging to the navy don't bother him a bit.

This industrial giant takes time out from his flurry of production to fall violently in love with Miss de Havilland. He expresses passion by secretly reading a book entitled "How To Be Happily Married" and by standing on his head in his private office.

(Miss de Havilland also falls in love with Mr. Tufts.)

Tufts's determination to build a record number of bombers no matter what influential toes he might happen to tread on in the process finally lands him in the vivisectional clutches of a Senate investigation committee. But government girl de Havilland saves the day by bursting into the committee room in a fine flare of heroics and delivering an inspired but conventional oration on how Tufts's production is winning the war.

Other dramatic highlights include Miss de Havilland's unsuccessful attempt to smuggle a sergeant into a girl's rooming house.

## Letters to the Editor

United States Naval Flight Preparatory School  
Monmouth, Illinois

Dear Shack Rats—

This project has been hanging fire some time, but it took a day's Christmas vacation and the prospect of a little free time to put the thing into operation.

College is wonderful, the way it is at Oregon. There are two ways of doing things, so the story passing about the base says, the right way and the Navy way! No doubt you have an idea which way we follow. This "Navy Way" doesn't resemble the "Oregon way" in the least.

The first difference is the habit of arising. It corresponds to the journalist's bedtime, 0545. Another is the 7:30 classes, try figuring out radio bearings and relative movement in the middle of the night. Don't ask what the above are, I'm not sure.

At 5:30 p. m. we are through classes but, not unlike Oregon, by that time the professors have taken their toll of free time which we are supposed to have. So we study after chow. This goes on till taps at 9:45 and there lies the other great difference between the Navy and Oregon—

No sleeping porch bull-sessions. In the first place, we have no sleeping porches and in the second place you just don't talk after taps, it says in cadet regs.

Monmouth is a town. That is about all one can say for it. The founders were very inconsiderate, they built it over 50 miles from

Chicago which puts that town out of bounds for the weekends.

Yes, weekends, there too is another difference from Oregon. Our liberty starts at 5:30 Saturday afternoon—we have classes until then—when we can, unless restricted, we get overnight liberty within the 50 mile zone. Quite the tales come from the towns in the zone.

Illinois is a damp state, but it doesn't rain here. Sure miss the rain. Oregon men are rather scarce here. "Scotty" Mindolovich, from the "House of Characters", is now at Kemville, Texas, Ken Luckey, a Chi Psi, is now at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, both at the W. T. S. schools. Mark Pond, the Fiji sports writer, is here now having been transferred from Pasco December 1st. There are several others here too but I didn't know them and can't remember their names just now.

If all goes well I'll be leaving here soon. To where I have not the slightest idea. Men who have left the last two months are scattered from Chicago west. Here's hoping this kid gets sent WEST a helluva long way.

Have a lot of studying to do and what's more I'm going to do it—another difference—so must sign 'ol for now.

Good luck to all and a happy new year. Looks like we'll be in bed at 9:45 New Year's eve and in class at 7:30 New Year's day, but that's life!

That's thirty for now—

TED BUSH

smouldering hazard to the super-race nevertheless; there's Czechoslovakia, betrayed by a modern Judas and the home of destroyed Lidice and of a flaming hatred toward the fuzzy-lipped paper-hanger and his crew; there's France. Divided by the traitor Laval, sold to slavery for a promise of power, a symbol of broken treaties Frenchmen await the day of revenge; there's Holland, in which the memories of bombed open cities remain embedded in vengeful minds; there's Yugoslavia, home of two underground armies who keep 500,000 German troops from other fronts; and Denmark, stripped of food and clothing, another threat to the new order.

And most of all there's Germany, a virtual time-bomb of unrest and sabotage. Filled with growing home distrust and constant underground activity in occupied countries, the probability of losing the war is creeping into the minds of the madman's crew. And they called it Hitler's Europe!!

—ERVIN WEBB

## In Futures Past

In futures past beyond a hill  
Whence comes the bugle long and shrill,

Whence comes the tramp of marching tread  
Of homeward steps in peace, not dread

Beyond that hill where millions march

Abreast the reviewing stand of time

There comes a swift, unnoticed guest—

A spirit blanketing from above  
The spirit of a better race,  
A race of men of tolerance,  
A really truly human race.

In futures past when children rise  
from trundle beds

And people walk through crowded streets

That spirit always follow will  
And life will be a mixture strange,  
A mixture that is bright and dull  
A mixture that is life at full.

By CHUCK POLITZ

The DePauw, twice-weekly publication of DePauw University, has been published since 1852.

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