

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.
 Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

Postlude...

And so the war was finished and the nations made peace. Germany was thoroughly beaten, Japan nearly wiped out. And in order that there might be no future wars the Great Powers remaining established an International Police Force and combined their ships into an International Navy and set up a really efficient, ironclad, rockbottomed League for the everlasting perpetuation of World Peace.

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But the remakers of the world failed to take into account human selfishness, greed, and jealousies, of which they themselves possessed the lion's share among the countries of the world. And so it was that after a while difficulties arose. The Russians, with a small fleet had comparatively weak voice in directing the International Navy, and demanded a correspondingly larger vote in the affairs of the World Police. Britain and the United States denied this to her. Argentina, now a first-class power, led several of the South American states in a demand for greater influence in all three organizations.

China had been sold down the river at the peace table, being exhausted and in no condition to protest, as well as belonging to the "inferior" yellow race. As a consequence, she joined Russia in demanding a fuller share in determining world policy. The Balkan peoples, as dissatisfied with the boundaries arbitrarily fixed for them by the Great Powers as ever, began to fight among themselves again.

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When the World Peace League met to settle these Balkan quarrels, China, Russia, and what was left of Japan formed an Asiatic bloc and demanded more power in the organization. When the Western Powers refused (Europe and America possessed the superior races, the superior civilization!), the Eastern group broke away and declared a real "Asia for Asiatics." India, whom the West had decided should remain clamped tight under British rule, promptly expelled its masters and joined its northern brethren.

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The British demanded action, and the International Army was ordered by the League grand council to invade India. The Russians and Chinese withdrew their troops from the Army, and declared their intention of defending the Indians. Whereupon the world went to war once more.

Led by Argentina, the Latin American nations, tired of Yankee economic domination, saw a chance to break free. Eventually all of them except Brazil declared war on the U. S.

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When the ten years' struggle was over, the combined peoples of Asia and South America (over 1,300,000,000) had completely conquered the peoples of Europe and North America (about 500,000,000). The victors thereupon proceeded to wipe out the greater part of the white race. A solid, unshakeable dictatorship was set up by the consolidated peoples of Asia over the outlying races, who were far too few ever to hope to oppose the teeming Asiatics. And thus permanent World Peace was at last obtained and prosperity and unity were assured. N. Y.

Mealy Mouthings

By AL YOUNG

Bandannas, etc.—With the above well in mind, we are going to write about bandannas, etc. and their effect upon us (which ain't good).

Bandannas, snoods, and fascinators (a misnomer, to be sure) all belong in the same general class of sartorial atrocities, the useless class, though they are each characterized by marked differences. The bandanna, for instance, is a large rectangular piece of cloth. It comes in innumerable colors and patterns; however, it never comes in a color that will go with the wearer's other garments.

We know one gal who owns a black one that wouldn't look good on the late Neville Chamberlain's umbrella. Careful research revealed no logical reason for wearing the bandana other than to conceal whatever beauty the wearer may possess. We might add that it does an admirable job, too.

On the other hand, snoods are rather shapeless net-like affairs that are supposed to keep a girl's hair in shape—preserving the natural curl so that she won't require as many permanents. A snood keeps her hair in shape all right, but in what shape?

Thirdly, we have the fascinator. Here is a garment that defies description. It looks something like an indiscriminately shaped piece of cheese cloth, the coloring of which bears a marked resemblance to a used jelly cloth. This little non-descript de-icing garment seems to

Communique...

By SIEGFRIED BISMARCK
 Emerald War Correspondent
THREE FEET AHEAD OF THE FRONT, February 12—(Special)—
 All was quiet on the western front today, with the exception of the area east of Macaroni, where bitter fighting was raging to hold a strategic tavern which our troops captured last night.

A crack shock brigade from the Springfield Light and Power Co. took the tavern last night despite a rain of bottle caps showering upon them from the hills beyond. This morning the enemy withdrew, taking with them their artillery and 625 kegs of beer.

The 264th Townsend club regiment is reinforcing Father Divine's gam-ouflagé division, reports from a K-9 general indicate.

Nature Notes

By HOBART SANAFRANS
 Emerald Staff Naturalist

Early in the wintertime, when icy winds begin to pile up snow in the Pepsodent mountains, you may be lucky enough to glimpse that rare wadland creature, the Blue-eyed Fooblefooz lurking in some nook or cranny of whatever.

As Dr. P. Terwilliger Botts says in his dissertations on the animal: "The Blue-eyed Fooblefooz is certainly not an elephant." With this profound statement all nature lovers are bound to agree.

Later in the year the skies turn purple with green polkadots, and then the Blue-eyed Fooblefooz can be seen sitting on the edge of a mountain stream brushing his 2,368 teeth with snow from the Pepsodent mountains, which has a high irium content.

Or as one naturalist said when he saw a Blue-eyed Fooblefooz which had escaped from a zoo in his bedroom one morning: "Pass the Alka-Seltzer."

Appointments Made

Appointment of two committee members for the WAA initiation and dessert to be held Thursday at 7:30 in Gerlinger, was announced today by Social Chairman Bonnie Umphlette. Irene Jolivette is in charge of serving and Betty Bush is the head of the cleanup crew.

have absolutely no practical function other than perhaps catching flies or straining soup. One girl told us that she used hers to catch men with . . . but then you never know about those things. Anyway, we don't.



Give
Something
Gay for
Valentine
Day

ART NOVELTIES
PICTURES

wiltshire's

Next to Register-Guard

Poets' Corn-Ear

(Air corps Directive: "Men are encouraged to sing at all times when such singing is proper . . .")
 What was Proper for Pop'er is Goodenuf for Son!

Who could foretell the "Madamoiselle of Armentieres" would be gone
 The old "Parley Vous" has disappeared too
 tho' the parodies still linger on

A "Smile" was the thing of which they would sing
 In Democracy-Saving War One
 "Tipperary" was fair—(our hearts were right there)—
 To many a Chicago-born son

"Over There" had departed before this war started
 The songs they loved are no more
 So now Tin Pan alley can feature no sally
 To replace those ditties of yore

"K - K - Katy" has wilted, the gal has been jilted
 For "Bizerte Gertie" and ilk
 The lads from the sod have given the nod
 to scanties and satin and silk

The "Beer Barrel Polka" may be sung over mocha
 In USO canteens and bars
 But its counterpoint's ready when a soldier gets heady
 and he'll shout dirty songs to the stars

Though many tunes may pass into decay
 The songs most risque are immortal
 And the boys of this war like their daddies before
 Will sing them 'til Hell close its portal.

Alphonse Phlubbit

Vocal Portrait of a Young Man Eating a Black Market Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bar with Almonds Held in His Right Hand Four Days After His Twenty-First Birthday:

mmmm crunch
 crunch munch
 mmmm crunch
 mmmmmmmmm
 Chas. Politz

L' AMOUR

There once was a young man named Rex
 Who winked at the opposite sex.
 When asked why he did it
 He replied, "I'll admit it;
 I'm trying to find one who nex."

HOITY-TOITY!

There was a young lady named Moit
 Who was known as somewhat of a floit.
 "How do you get eyed?"
 She was asked, and replied:
 "It depends on the length of yer skoit."

THE SAGA OF FRANKIE

Croons tune,
 Groons swoon.

W. R. L.



In Abraham Lincoln's Honor

Words make but a poor tribute to a man whose devotion to justice and liberty, will be revered. Let us pay our tribute to his memory today, by helping to protect and preserve the democratic doctrines for which he lived and died.

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