

# 'Time Begins At Forty'

A Bill Mauldin Feature



Cartoonist Bill Mauldin, inspired by the company of "Harry" Luce, "Art" Sulzberger and others, recently stepped off his regular political beat just long enough to dash off the impressions attached to Time Magazine's 40th Anniversary party in New York. The Emerald publishes this article as a special bonus feature.

Almost two weeks have passed since Jack Dempsey, Jock Whitney, Bob Feller, Morrie Fishbein, Jim Doolittle, Lev Saltonstall, Wally Reuther, Jim Byrnes, Dave Lillenthal, Stu Symington, Hank Medina, Ed Rickenbacker, Art Sulzberger, Matt Ridgway, Mort Adler, Ez Benson, Al Dulles, Nate Twining, Gussie Busch, Ave Hariman, Jim Hagerty, Chuck Goren, Ted Kennedy, Hu Humphrey, Doug Dillon, Ev Dirksen, and I—along with several hundred other assorted fellows and ladies—sat around in the Waldorf lapping up refreshments and staring at portraits of ourselves from old Time Magazine covers projected on a screen 10 feet high.

Now I can talk about it. I needed a little time to get my perspective back.

It all started with a letter from Harry Luce. He invited my wife and me to join other former cover subjects and their wives—or husbands, of course, if the subject was a lady—at Time's 40th anniversary party in New York. Only a couple of months ago he was Henry R. Luce to me, and his letter began, "Dear Mr. Mauldin." But referring to him as Harry Luce is the inside thing to do. Besides, it would be hard to speak formally about anybody after a blast such as the one we all shared at the Waldorf.

**Note to Editor:** How about calling husbands of female subjects "consorts"? It would add class. B. M.

**Note to B. M.:** No dice. Ed. Actually, the blast, which occurred on a Monday night, was preceded by two distinct earth tremors, either of which could have qualified as a pretty good affair on its own. The first was a

Saturday night cocktail party given by Bernard Auer, Time's publisher. Your correspondent didn't go to this one. At the last minute, my wife had to change her plans and stay in Chicago, and I am no longer man enough to survive three whingdings in a row without her dear, gentle, steadying influence.

It was just as well that I saved myself. The Sunday sociable was at the Westchester County home of James Linen, president of Time, Inc., who, with his firm's usual flair for logistics, had provided 150 or so chauffeured Cadillacs to bring his guests from town. I had declined mine, with thanks, having elected to pile up some extra status points by riding out to the party in a Rolls Royce. This magnificent machine belongs to my colleague, Milton Caniff, who purchased it out of a dependency allotment from his child, an Air Force colonel named Steve Canyon. The Caniffs had gone to the Auer party the night before, then Milton had stayed up the rest of the night to work on a story plot, so I ended up driving the car.

It rained on the way. A mile or two before the Linens I stopped, got out, and removed several splash marks from the bonnet with the handkerchief. This entire production was wasted. The cops at our host's gate waved us sternly past. We had to park the Rolls in a field down the road and ride back to the house in one of the limousines, which acted as a shuttle bus. When Time, Inc., expects you in a Caddie, that's how you come.

There were about a thousand guests in the house, the barn, and a couple of striped circus tents with clear plastic walls. The bartenders were backed up by medical personnel, and there was a persistent rumor, never verified, that a USO troupe had been brought up to entertain the chauffeurs. All the cover subjects had a wonderful time staring at each other. I hoped Gina Lollobrigida would be there. She was. So were Jennifer Jones, Olivia deHavill-

and, Althea Gibson, Ginger Rogers, Bette Davis, and Margaret Truman Daniels. Wow! It was a good party by anybody's standards, but possibly the high point was reached with the arrival of Mortimer Caplin, director of Internal Revenue, former Time cover subject, and final arbiter of whether this deal would be deductible. His presence was reassuring, and the festivities continued far into the night.

Nobody offered me a limousine for the Monday night banquet, but fortunately I was staying in a hotel only a block away, so I made it all right on foot. The dinner was very elegant. It was enlivened somewhat by the chronically unabashed Waldorf waiters, who approach *Filet de Boeuf au Foie Gras avec Sauce Perigourdine* with the same slam-bang aplomb as they use in handling plates of desiccated turkey for politician's testimonial dinners.

"Who's that character?" demanded a redecoated at my table, slowly flavoring my *Consomme Fantome* with his thumb as a prominent educator three tables away took a bow.

"Beats me," muttered his partner, whipping an unfinished dish from beneath the upraised fork of the lady on my left. Both worthies then turned their ample backs on us to stare at a nearby actress.

"I bet she sold more magazines," the first waiter chortled knowingly.

There were no U.S. presidents, past or present, at the banquet. JFK was busy minding the store, but sent a long, constructive telegram which told Harry what was wrong with his publication. Ike was busy playing golf in Georgia.

## OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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General MacArthur came. Several unsuccessful past presidential candidates were there, including Dewey and Stevenson. A whole covey of current aspirants came, and you had the feeling they would pose for another cover at the drop of a brush. Governor Rockefeller had meant to come, but was suddenly busy. Vice President Johnson made a speech. So did Dean Rusk. Everybody listened to them, and both men seemed to appreciate it. Bob Hope, Henry Cabot Lodge and Helen Hayes took turns helping Harry introduce cover subjects as their pictures were flashed on the screen.

The most remarkable thing about this whole affair, as with the party at the Linens, was that the guests really had fun. You'd think that the very qualities of raw ego and ambition which drive people onto thrones and scaffolds in one era and magazine covers in another would preclude their enjoying each other's company. Maybe the answer lay in sheer numbers. Scramble 300 odd and

## NSA . . .

(Continued from page 1) changes into effect. It states that all senators presently serving on the Senate will finish their elected terms of office and that any new seats will be filled as specified in the changed constitution.

A PETITION asking that the co-op living group be given two representatives, a man and a woman, will appear as a separate measure.

McKeel said that an entirely rewritten constitution should be ready for approval by next fall. He criticized the current document, saying "A constitution should be a declaration of powers and officers. Ours is this and by-laws and a lot of other things all in one." He said he felt that the new constitution may not be more than a page in length.

## CORRECTION

The "Wailers," not the "Walters," will be featured at the Sophomore Whiskerino Saturday night. The name was listed incorrectly in an ad in Monday's Emerald.

## Meetings

• Delta Nu Alpha, transportation fraternity, will meet at 1 p.m. today in 167 Comm.

• Hiking Club meeting is cancelled for this week. Instead there will be a film, "Trout in the High Country," at 8 p.m. Thursday in 150 Science.

• The Hiking Club will be active this summer. The first meeting of the summer term will be at 6:30 p.m. June 20 in the SU. All members are invited to attend whether attending summer session or not.

• Profs Are People Committee meeting will be held at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday in the SU. The room number will be posted.

• A White Caps meeting will be held at noon Wednesday in the SU. Miss Olson, nursing advisor, will speak.

• SU Games Committee will meet at 7:15 p.m. today in the SU. The room number will be posted.

• The Alpine Club will elect officers at 6:45 p.m. Thursday in \*37 Comm.

fancy dishes into one pot and you get a sort of Mulligan stew, which is pretty good eating.

Once again the party went on far into the night, with generals drinking with theologians and boxers dancing with gossip columnists, and it might turn out that Harry Luce—for all his preoccupation with individuality and achievement—will get himself known as the Great Social Leveler.

## Freshman Dies In Local Hospital

Bruce H. Niedermeyer, a freshman in liberal arts from Medford, died Monday evening at Sacred Heart General Hospital.

The 18-year-old student suffered a blood clot in the brain early last week and had been hospitalized since last Monday afternoon. He remained in a coma since Tuesday morning.

An autopsy was to be performed today and private funeral services will be held in Medford later this week.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Niedermeyer, Medford, and a sister, Nancy A. Niedermeyer, a senior at the University.

Niedermeyer lived in McClure Hall and was a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity.

## Students Accepted For Italian Center

Four University students are among the 42 who have been accepted for a year's study overseas at the new Italian Studies Center in Pavia, Italy.

The four students are Ross Anderson, Junior in Pre-Law; Dean Chiotti, freshman in Business Administration; Mary Ellen Patterson, junior in General Arts and Letters; and Kimberly Frankel, sophomore in Journalism.

The center was established recently by the State Board of Higher Education to provide study-abroad experience to students in the system of higher education.

The center is arranged so that it costs the state system no more than if the same students were studying on Oregon campuses. The students pay their own way.

Five state institutions are represented by the 42 students accepted for the year. They will leave Portland by air Sept. 25 and arrive in Pavia in time for fall term classes beginning Sept. 30.

Advertisement

## Aarrgh! It's Terrible

The mere thought of staying inside on a nice day like this is, as far as ghastliness goes, perfect. It's repulsive. It makes you uncomfortable. Stay outside. Walk around in the nice weather. Buy a Dairy Queen in the nice weather. They're good for you.

