

Oregon Emerald

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We Women Journalists Take Over

EVEN women's editions have to have editorials, even though we can't find any women who are in favor of writing them. It seems that this is one phase of journalism for which the women have no aspirations.

In the other departments we find plenty of eager workers—eager to try their hand at columns and beats that they have been crowded out of by the men. But the editorial department remains bleak.

As a whole the women are an earnest and capable group. All year long they work without ever expecting a reward. Has anyone ever heard of a woman editor of the Emerald? No, and they probably won't, because public opinion is against it. There have been women that could have done it but the odds have not been in their favor. In all campus publications this is found to be true.

THE men as a rule look with tolerance upon newspaper women. Just enough tolerance to keep them plugging away on their beats. And while they tolerate they think "There is another society editor." Practically every woman revolts at the idea of being a society editor, but she usually admits that she will take such a position, because she loves the profession. It fascinates her and there is always a chance she will get a break.

This same thing holds true in most fields where women are competing with men. Perhaps in a few years women will be able to build up confidence in their work and be more generally accepted in those position which their talents warrant.

And so we, the women in journalism, take pride in presenting this edition, because this is our break. Many a date for the house dance was abandoned, because such a chance comes but once a year.

A New Goal for Women's Activities

FOR many years now, there has been a concerted effort on the part of the dean of women, and various AWS presidents and women campus leaders, to get women on the campus, particularly freshmen who need contacts, to take an interest in "activities." Various programs have been offered to attract and absorb the freshman girl, to help her become oriented to campus ways, and acquainted with other girls of her class and upperclassmen.

The need to give direction to the aimless search for helpful activity and the desire for service that has always been evidenced in women on the campus has prompted the formation of many societies, organizations, and hobby groups. These groups have been sincere in their effort to open to the underclass woman who wishes to meet others of common interests and ambitions a vista of service. They have honestly tried to fulfill the ideals that prompted their formation—the ideals of fellowship and service and common endeavor.

THE fact that many of these groups who attempt to offer a full, well-rounded activity program have cracked up on the rocks is no indication that they were worthless, or that their ideals weren't commendable—it is more easily attributable to the fact that the freshman woman especially, and those of upperclass groups as well—have become "activity-conscious"—not because they feel the activities they are engaging in will help them or the group with which they work, but because they feel they must have a long list of committee appointments to their credit to be "in the swim."

And it is a tragic fact that many of the most

from where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

Every year when we gals over here at the shack try to put out a paper all by ourselves, we realize with greater force and intensity just what nice guys men are, after all. Now usually we are very prone to malign and scoff at the whole sex, and we feel very self-reliant and independent indeed when we sit down in a manless and unprofaned Shack to put out a whole paper by ourselves.

The woman usually gets it so cruelly in the neck regarding her ability, or lack of the aforementioned quality, in the newspaper field, that she is inclined to feel right happy when she has a chance to prove she can put out as good a paper as any man. And so we elect our editors, muster together a bewildered sports staff and a more bewildered night crew and try to muddle through somehow. We remember working on last year's women's edition until four o'clock in the morning, and walking home through the grey of dawn smudged with printer's ink, unutterably weary and heavy-eyed—but happy!

Happy, that is, until the next day, when we looked at the paper and discovered two captions under the wrong pictures, and mistakes in the headlines. Of course we blamed it all on the makeup man, cursing him for a stupid lout; but deep down in our heart we had the sneaking feeling that if there had been a nice, competent man in the night editor's post it wouldn't have happened. Aw shucks, we'd worked so hard!

Even more puzzling to us poor gals is the problem of the sports page. Now usually the sports room is a sort of no-women's land. Oh, occasionally a hardy woman sneaks in to bear the brunt of the oppressively masculine atmosphere, but she doesn't stay long. The conversation is unspeakably dull—all about basketball and track and such. You'd think a bunch of boys as smart as our sports staff could find something a little more constructive to talk about, now wouldn't you? But there they sit, stupid things, arguing for hours over whether Hardy's blow in the third inning should have been an error instead of a hit—and so on, ad nauseum.

Tonight, though, even their obnoxious presence would be welcome. Women are such helpless things when it comes to editing a sports page. And of course we women always hit the nights for our edition when the baseball team's out of town, and things are comparatively quiet. Maybe it's a good thing, though, because I imagine we'd really make hash out of a varsity track meet or baseball game if we had our way!

Another thing, men are always very handy indeed when it comes to taking copy from the Shack over to the press, and getting their hands dirty setting up headlines. They are nice, too, when it comes to such little details as making up the front page, and writing captions on the pictures.

There is no doubt about it—men are a fine institution around a newspaper office! No matter what Betty Hamilton reports the women say about their manners and rowdy habits (with all of which we agree) we grant them that, unconditionally.

God bless you, boys, we'll be happy to see your bright and shining faces around here Monday. With a graceful curtsy we will turn over all the dirty jobs to you again, and retire to our unimportant and secondary position with a sigh of relief.

Maybe woman's place IS in the home, after all!

worthwhile freshman women, who need help and companionship and direction the most desperately, are not drawn into the activity circle. They do not know the right channels through which to enter into the various groups, and though women leaders are glad and eager to help them, they remain lonely and dissatisfied, and many drop out of school because they feel the avenues of social contact have been closed to them.

Equally tragic is the fact that many of the most commendable activities, which have the most in the way of inspiration to offer, have died out, and been replaced by such dubiously "helpful" services as the sale of karmel apples and mums, and doughnuts—activities which might be necessary to raise needed funds, but are of no traceable worth in character-building and personality improvement.

Among the praiseworthy projects which lost their vitality and force were the hobby groups offered by the Philomelete, under the sponsorship of Phi Theta Upsilon. It is true their work has been taken over largely by the various YWCA groups and committees, but it seems sad that an activity which grew out of a vision of service and fellowship such as Phi Theta did should be permitted to languish, while others so doubtful flourish.

REALIZING the weaknesses of the present activity system, new leaders of the AWS, with the advice and help of Dean Hazel P. Schwering, have attempted to formulate a program for next year
 (Please turn to page seven)

Skippin' Around

By ALYCE ROGERS

POME

'Twas nearly dawn
 He stopped the car
 She was by his side
 "Some dew,"
 The gallant lad remarked,
 "Some don't," the gal replied.

So says the "Silver and Gold" which makes one wonder how much of such went on last night—seventeen house dances during one weekend really exhausts one—thinking of such a phenomena even tires us out. We're certainly pleased the Phi Deltas were given "One More Chance."

Never too late to complain, so it goes, and that includes the Canoe Fete decisions. Too bad the "Buddha" Theta Chi float had to glide to second place. It was perfection in every etail, even with Queen Cleopatra (or was it Catherine the Great) putting "all she had on the horse," to quote headlines.

A terrific struggle is herein represented considering it's Friday night and the women's page has no sports staff to offer inspiration to a group of ambitious women journalists. Is there a reward for activity hounds?

The "Foo King" of the law school really took a beating at the law school moot trial Thursday night. Such a pity, with such hefty-muscle-bouncers as "Button Nose" Milligan and Johnny Thomas having left their identification marks on his trousers. We notice students responding loyally to these barrister-tryouts and it's plenty fine!

BITS: "Make it two biers," said the undertaker's assistant as they drove the hearse up to the morgue.

New Waiter: How did you find your steak?
 Diner: It was by-the merest accident. I just moved that piece of potato and there it was.

—Los Angeles Collegian.

There seems to be a lot of worry as to whether the salmon will be able to get over the Bonneville dam on the Columbia river, but no one seems to be worrying whether the taxpayers will get over it.

Which reminds us of the old joke about the service station attendant wearing a Phi Beta Kappa key, but now he uses the shield staff to clean his fingernails!

"Pulse," undergraduate magazine of the University of Chicago recently complained that "there hasn't been a beautiful woman on Midway since Little Egypt reared her skirts in 1893."

According to Time magazine, Northwestern university students guffawed at this admission. Therefore, Chicago university students decided to proclaim their prettiest girl and did so after three judges pondered at length on a file of pictures. The winner was Joy Hawley—a Northwestern girl, queen of that university's Navy Ball, whose picture had slipped into the files by mistake.

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.
 —More deffy deffunishuns portraying nochalant humor.

Sally Rand, fan and bubble dancer, was the principal speaker at the Harvard freshman smoker last week. Her subject was "How to Be Intelligent Though Educated." No doubt there was very little smoke in the eyes of those present that night.

Sounds odd to hear an ancient-sounding curfew announcing the deadline again. Ought to be a louder one at 10:30. Maybe by the time I'm a senior, and a spring term one, I'll understand how those fems get in. Let's have 10 good reasons for an open window at the top of a fire escape. But what puzzles me is the long step from the ground to a griphold. Ah for a tall, strong athlete.

Many requests are around and persistent concerning the unbelievable acts of University students in removing lovely cut flowers from graves in the near vicinity, and the whys and wherefores of such reproachable bits of gift-giving. Of course, torture acts in Marco Polo would be a bit severe but then again, maybe not.

Gossip has a bad-sounding name so I won't say a word, but Cushing reports such "hard batting in the Shirley Shean league"—apparently the "love bug" has really bitten Hartley "Cowboy" Kneeland and maybe Rosemary Geneste—in fact Cupid's got his arrows in a machine-gun and they're really coming fast—according to the "playboy." Too bad Portland isn't in Eugene, or vice versa, so a certain Fiji wouldn't have to spend five days out of the week in Portland and the other two at the Arc.

IN CONCLUSION

As all good things in this fine world,
 This column finally ends;
 And if we've stepped on any toes,
 Hope something makes amends.