

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Take it Easy, Jupe...

(The theme is old, but the problem is ever-new. It's nearly Junior Weekend time again, and chairmen are already casting their eyes skyward in hopes for good weather. Since the following plea to old Jupe Pluvius gained such remarkable results last year, we reprint it in behalf of the Junior Weekend chairmen of 1942. It first appeared in the Emerald May 6 last year, and was later reprinted in Portland papers.)

WHEN the occasion demands, and in truth it has on numerous occasions, the Portland Oregonian and Oregon Journal have resorted to their editorial columns in an attempt to influence weather conditions. Now there is no exact procedure for a journalist to follow when he is begging for rain for poor farmers gazing at the sky with parched throats, for verily it takes a combination of subtle demanding, varied pleading, and good-natured hoping to achieve such desired results.

The Emerald, although of course it adolescently blushes when compared to such time-honored organs as the Oregonian and Journal, is driven to adopt such editorial tactics, however, by Jupe Pluvius, that old gentleman who loves the Oregon country so well and so much that he delights in spraying it often and thoroughly . . . especially when asked to by the Portland papers.

But now, Mr. Pluvius, the Emerald asks you politely, but firmly, to shift your schedule in such a manner so as not to spoil our Junior Weekend . . . The farmers have had their misty blessings, and the Oregonian and Journal have received their just due, and the city pavements, too, are washed clean by the sweet Oregon mist. What the University asks now is for you, Mr. Pluvius, to rest on your laurels for a while and visit somewhere else.

THERE is reason to believe that you intend to scare us a bit. In fact, you have. The rain clouds have chased our baseball teams hither and yon, our track meets have been held in semi-windy weather, and our golf and tennis teams have been forced to completely abandon their frolicking.

But please, Mr. Pluvius (or Jupe, for we know you but too well), don't come around with your clouds and your tricks . . . Our Moms will be down for the Weekend festivities, and forsooth—they will be attired in their springiest of spring outfits, and their hats will be of the kind to bring male smiles. But we want to take them to the campus luncheon to see the queen and her court of beautiful princesses crowned, and my goodness how the raindrops do raise havoc with even a proud mother's finest apparel.

THE Portland papers have more important advertisers and have more influence, perchance, Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, but not even they will praise you with more honest enthusiasm and open-mouthed admiration if you will but take your vacation . . .

And if you have to take that storm which is declared by some pessimistic meteorologists to be coming from out Newport way somewhere, perchance you could deposit it at Stanford, California, or even USC.

Just for the weekend, you understand. We want you as our permanent resident up here in Oregon, Jupe, to freshen our flowers, to clean our streets, and to keep our soil rich and red.

But not Junior Weekend, please.—B.B.

To Philosophize on Sugar . . .

THE sage banged his spoon despairingly against the side of his cup and gnawed his nether lip despondently. What, he wanted to know, are all of us coffee drinkers going to do? No sugar, no coffee, and for those benighted individuals who have yet to see the light, no coke. He sighed gustily, and sunk his head on his chest.

Suddenly he roused himself, dragged a pencil stub and an envelope from the depths of a pocket and began to figure feverishly. Ha, he snorted, do you know how many cokes this emporium sells in an average day? His pencil waggled frantically. He consulted his figures again, and announced with a triumphant air, 896 cokes. That's seven gallons of syrup, he muttered hoarsely. Think of the gunpowder seven gallons of syrup would help make.

THE connection wasn't clear, but there was no point in asking for an explanation. The sage (the title is purely arbitrary) prepared himself to make an announcement. D'you know, he questioned importantly, I think this sugar and coffee rationing will be good for

us. As a matter of fact it would be a Godsend if there were no sugar at all, for if there weren't we would be forced to eat more whole grains, meats, milk, vegetables and other foods which give us everything that sugar does plus much-needed B-vitamins and other necessary food elements.

ONE of his listeners made a remark that sounded somewhat like "boloney," and another said he talked like a textbook. Whereupon the sage appeared hurt and subsided. He brightened after a few minutes' thought to state that sugar's only importance to our diet is its fuel value, which may readily be replaced by a host of other foods, many of which provide more than mere fuel. Maybe, after all, we'll come out of this war a tougher, better race than we went into it, just because of having gone without some of the things we thought were indispensable. Nobody seemed to be listening any more, as he scowled darkly at his coffee cup and muttered epithets about the shape of things to come. But he knew he had worked out for himself a "philosophy of the war." The war had come close to home. It was his.—F.T.

Trade Last...

By MARY WOLF

Fraternity men the country over rank higher in scholarship than nonfraternity men for the twelfth consecutive year, according to a survey covering colleges and universities throughout the country which has just been released by the National Interfraternity conference.

On the Pacific coast Oregon State fraternity men lead the pack with an average of nearly 10 per cent higher than all men, followed by WSC, the only other coast school to have a higher fraternity grade average than that of other men. UCLA, Stanford, California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Southern California follow in that order.

—U. of Washington Daily.

An information center to which students and citizens may turn for information about the war has been established on the campus of the University of Kentucky.

Gullible? America Must Learn What the Soviet Is

. . . New Horizons

Out of the chaos and mass hysterics of the last twelve-month, one significant fact emerges—the challenging, Herculean performance of Soviet Russia. In the excitement and heat of the battle, especially now that we, too, are in the fight, we have overlooked the importance of the dynamic proof which the Russians have furnished of the fundamental power and strength of their country, their realistic leaders, and the basic philosophy which sustains the whole experiment. If we do not favor their political-economic policies, we should at least examine their Soviet structure carefully for whatever lessons we could apply expediently at home.

Behind the Scenes

Beyond the military horizon where Russia has shouldered surprisingly to the forefront, there are other portentous signs of the destiny of the land of Tolstoy to assume a leading role in the post-war recuperations of this mixed-up world. Unless the United

States manifests a more dynamic faith in its heritage of democracy and shows some capability of being able to cope with its internal problems in a democratic way whilst participating in world affairs—unless we do these things, the twentieth century will not be the American century—it will be the Russian century. These are blunt words, but we don't wish to be platitudinous forever.

The average person in this country knows nothing and cares less about Russia; however, we as college students should make a real attempt to get at least a picture of the Russian experiment. To my mind, the outstanding phenomenon of the twentieth century of frustration is the realistic approach to the needs and desires of man by the steely Russians and the miraculous success of that philosophy in the face of opposition, disbelief, distrust, suspicion, and misunderstanding by the rest of the world.

What Is Known?

Let's be specific. How many of the average American students in this school have more than a cursory understanding of the Russian political structure, the industrial technocracy, the educational system, or the position of women in Russia? A study of the Russian foreign policy is in itself a worthwhile project, leading to a better appreciation of the power politics of the last ten years. Perhaps I am gullible; perhaps I am too enthusiastic, but again there might be something to this that we could profitably utilize for our own country.

"One thing is certain; change will come, and it is better that we ourselves should make appropriate changes willingly because they are right, than do so under compulsion because we can do no other," this, according to Hewlett Johnson, the dean of Canterbury.

