

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## EDUCATION

He who knows and knows not that he knows,  
Is asleep; wake him.  
He who knows not and knows not that he knows not  
Is a fool; kick him.  
He who knows not and knows that he knows not  
Is simple; teach him.  
He who knows and knows that he knows  
Is wise; follow him.  
—Dean Allen wants to know who is the author of the above lines.

## A Question of Policy . . .

ABOUT half of the "gripes" one hears around an editorial office are about errors in fact or proofreading, and the other half are about editorial policy.

The other day we received a copy of the Amherst Student, campus newspaper of the Amherst college in Massachusetts. In that issue the editor gave his readers a straightforward account of his editorial policy. Most of it can be applied as well to the Emerald.

Said Editor Warren Weaver, Jr.:

"THE FUNCTIONS of our editorial page are not difficult to define. Their purpose focuses on a value which is primarily critical and secondarily entertaining. By criticism, however, is indicated neither the labored wheeze of the professional cynic nor the feverish rantings of the stubborn antagonist; criticism involves the honest appraisal of both the good and bad aspects of affairs about us and the straightforward expression of that appraisal.

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"THERE are few individuals anywhere today who are capable of an intelligent discussion of either the national or international situation, and we have no claim to membership in that august group. With this failing in mind any reference we may make to the problems of the nation of the war crisis will be confined to their relations to the university student in general and to the Amherst college student in particular. Here at least we have, if not a complete qualification of knowledge, a sound backing of interest."—J. L. B.

## It's a Woman's World

SPECULATION runs rife o'er the feminine portion of the campus, gaining momentum daily. "How long before Oregon is a girls' seminary?"

Some jokester will quip, "Ah, we'll really have a woman's world!" But she's not being funny, everyone knows it; it's too true.

These speculators must not overlook the larger issue. It is a woman's world, more so every day. The man's world has moved to the battlefield. The world behind the lines is woman's, an indisputably essential one. The two are interdependent. Men have been forced to abandon their tools, the work heretofore exclusively theirs. Now they must depend on women to keep their factories, their business, producing.

\* \* \*

WOMEN dreamed of equality—social, political, and economic—for centuries. College women led the fight, and a measure of this equality was gained in the past century. Now full realization is in sight. The requisite is to produce the goods.

The role of the woman welder has received great play in production publicity. In the mechanical fields the feminine half has taken hold, and begun to produce.

Administrative work, personnel management, accounting, are among the business fields calling for women's abilities. Technical fields are wide open. To cite a few instances, tuition free courses are being given in personnel and labor relations at the University of Southern California; the government is sponsoring radio training courses, paying all tuition and laboratory costs; a bill passed by congress authorizes 50 scholarships in meteorology to be given each year to college graduates, preferably women, to re-build the personnel of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

Away from mathematics, one finds the linguistic demand great. Diplomatic services and special investigation offices are crying for women who know a foreign language. After the war, this field will be even broader. Further information regarding occupations is available in Dean Kaarl W. Onthank's office.

\* \* \*

The scope of the phrase "a woman's world" is illimitable.

College graduates have always been looked to as the leaders. Educated women led the struggle for equality; today's college women cannot afford to limit their thinking to the "seminary" aspect and student outlook. There is essential work to be done. They must lead.—J. W.

# Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

Next item of fare on the campus music menu will be the not-sufficiently - ballyhooed Thanks-for - giving jig tomorrow eve. Though the band personnel has not been definitely set, three of the most likely lads for the lineup are Herb Widmer, strictly top-flight tenor man from the Geo. Carey gang; Eddie Johnson, from his own ultra-fine outfit, and the number one trumpet man on the campus, Al Kasmeyer. If the rest of the rhythm, reeds, and brass give even decent support to these lads, the musical end of the affair will be a success.

\* \* \*

The 50 couples who dug the Sig Ep house potty at the Eugene last weekend were the luckiest souls on the campus.

Gene Leo, the great stone face, sat expressionless behind the 1917 Maytag and played some of the most electrifying choruses we have heard in many a moon. The guy is amazing. He sits there staring glassily at the third knot-hole in the 17th plank from the east end of the floor while his fingers strike stuff that will make your hair curl. Yeah, I know I've said he was good before, but he's worth all the plugging he'll ever get out of a small-time col'm like this one.

\* \* \*

Perhaps the least appreciated  
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## Siberia's Future--

By NICK RIASANOVSKY

Siberia is certainly a land of the future. Far from being as imagined by many a foreigner, a snowy waste, this enormous country is rich in almost every conceivable raw material. Many large rivers run across Siberia. Biggest forests in the world stand there. The climate is cold, and—in the north—very cold, but still the country is quite inhabitable.

Under Siberian soil there is gold and silver, coal and iron, oil and radium, to name just some of the mineral resources. Siberia is a veritable paradise for the furrier, the hunter, and the fisherman.

Siberia belongs all the more to the future because it has never been very important in the past. No great civilization has ever existed there. From times immemorial Siberia was peopled by nomadic tribes—shepherds and hunters. Even now its population is extremely scarce—twelve and a half millions for 4,831,882 square miles.

### Kossack Leads

Russian penetration into Siberia, led by the famous Kossack Ermak, began in the sixteenth century. The kossacks, the outlaws, the furriers were the first to move eastward. These pioneers often covered distances unequalled even in the American westward expansion. Only very gradually the churches, schools, universities, hospitals, theaters, museums, libraries, appeared in Siberia. The trans-Siberia railroad was completed in 1898.

The special conditions of life in Siberia produced the particular Siberian type, which for obvious reasons bears a considerable resemblance to the American frontiersman. A Siberian is characterized by self-reliance, independence, persistence, ruggedness, and a democratic attitude toward his fellow-men. Serfdom never took roots in Siberia.

### Only Beginning

The development of Siberia is even now in its early stage. True, Soviet government was quick to



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WAY BACK WHEN WISCONSIN FIRST PLAYED MINNESOTA IN FOOTBALL, THE WISCONSIN TEAM TROTTED OUT ON THE FIELD WEARING TOP HATS. THE STUNT SO INFURIATED THE GOPHERS THAT THEY DRUBBED THE BADGERS



ROBERT H. BISHOP WAS THE FIRST OF SEVEN CONSECUTIVE MINISTER-PRESIDENTS AT MIAMI UNIV.



JOHN & JAPA NAZI SINKING FUND BUY WAR STAMPS!

## Down Front

By BILL LINDLEY

One of the good ideas which Hollywood producers have had and have used to advantage for several years is that if you take a New York stage play, change the dialogue a little, add a few different sets, and then film it, you will have a smash hit.

Take "My Sister Eileen" as a slap-happy example. In fact it seems that practically anyone in New York will take Eileen, for that's the whole story.

Ruth Sherwood (Rosalind Russell) and her sister Eileen (Janet Blair) come to New York from Columbus, Ohio, all ready to crash the city in a day or two with their talents, but it seems that they are unnoticed by anyone of importance. Ruth falls for a magazine editor (Brian Aherne), leaving sister to handle the fifty-odd wolves who seem attracted to their small room in a Greenwich Village tenement.

### Line for Each

Sometimes they come one at a time; sometimes they come in droves, but sister Eileen has a line for each and every one of them, and the way in which she plays the whole field at once is nothing short of amazing.

The story seems to be built around the characters of the neighborhood. There is the too-friendly air raid warden, and the football player who runs around in shorts all day while his wife is at work, and the six Portuguese marine cadets who drop in to do the conga. And on top of all this, construction workers are blasting for a subway beneath their floor.

### Rates Good

Rating: Completely slapstick—but good. Rosalind Russell puts over her risqué dialogue with that certain punch which she

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## It's Our War . . .

By NORMA TREVORROW

ADP's Marty Beard, Mary Ellen Smith, and B. A. Stevens and AOP's Alice Chatman and Gladys Stevenson went beet-pulling Saturday a la Levi's under water-proofed raincoats and mud. Disillusionment came when beets turned into "mangle," used to feed cows, but was closely followed by the sublime revelation of 60 cents an hour.

A fine suggestion from Salvage Co-chairmen Bill Lilly and Marge Curtis: Give up having gravy for dinner for just two nights. Those fats and oils are really not good for anything but a spare tire

anyway. And just think of that lovely complexion in the days following. This little act would really double the amount of fats and scraps collected for salvage. Remember that the proceeds eventually come right back to you in another form of gravy after the war.

### Two More Enlist

Sig Eps Chuck Herman and Bob Wells enlisted Friday, were gone Saturday—just like that. Incidentally, it may be interesting to some that, stated closed are military police corps, ordnance department, quartermaster corps,

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