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Nuf Sed

By CHAS. POLITZ

(This is the last in a seemingly endless series of articles on Jane Russell, her life, times, draft classification, and a survey of the vast latent potentialities of her plays—political scene)

(Thank you, Miss Russell. The check came yesterday.)

Jane Russell as an actress is like the granddaughter of a wooden Indian with sex. Any resemblance between her and Helen Hayes is pure fantasy—thank goodness.

In "The Outlaw" she shows a lot; but acting, fortunately or unfortunately (from the male or female point of view), is not a visible part of her "lot."

To offset her lack of skill in Bette Davisian "orgy-astics" (again we utter "thank goodness"—with rationed sugar on it) she comes up with three inestimable assets: A pout, two arched eyebrows, and a peek-a-boo blouse.

The Pout

The pout: Throughout "The Outlaw" Miss Russell looks as if she is trying to blow bubble gum through a piece of macaroni. You can never tell if she's pouting because she couldn't kiss her ERC goodbye or because the braces on her front teeth are too tight.

Or maybe she was against making LaGuardia a brigadier-general, too.

Or maybe she pouts because she is a very bad girl—which she is (in the picture). Private life upon request.

She achieves this sizzlingly wicked, "droop-around-the-mouth expression with the aid of a mass of the most fiendishly inviting "come hither, and on the double" lipstick we have ever seen.

With these Theta (don't-they-wish-they-had-them) lips she manages to hold your interest and make all the girls in the seats around you look like her twin sisters. It was dark in there.

The Eyebrows

The eyebrows: Not much need be said about the famous ussell eyebrows. They are terrific in either raised or lowered attitudes.

When in good working order, these streaks of broad, black lightning are capable of leer, fear, and need we go on.

They are the first pair of eyebrows we have seen in a long time that were not painted on with a violin string and a cessation of breath.

At least she uses a stubby pencil.

The Best

The blouses: They are of the best materials—imported Irish linen, pedigreed-silkworm silk, and Bergdorf-Goodman calico.

They were designed in the finest Parisian black markets under Herr Goering's personal supervision, and tailored in the finest American sweat shops. Their colors are as brilliant . . . as they can be on black film.

There is one thing wrong with them. As Mr. Hays might say, and no doubt joyously overlooked, "She wears too many blouses, the better part of which are definitely out to lunch."

Astonishingly enough, nowhere in the entire picture does Miss Russell show her leg above the ankle.

And we stayed the whole show too, Miss Lamour.

Bibliography for Russell thesis: (We're going our doctorate on Betty Grable) Pic—Feb. 16, '43; Time—Feb. 22, '43; rare book research shelf at the Lemon O).

Mildred Wilson Spies . . . Leonebel Jacobs, '07

Occupying a place in the front rank of American portrait painters, Mrs. H. Downing Jacobs, '07, more widely known as Leonebel Jacobs, is also noted for the delightful parties she gives in her studio apartment. Always numbered among her guests are distinguished personages from the world of arts and letters.

With silver walls, many balconies and a grand entrance with specially wrought iron doors—Mrs. Jacobs apartment is one of the most famous in the Bohemian district in New York. A specific interest to Oregon students was one memorable gathering held in 1936—at which 34 New York alums were well-entertained guests.

A New Front . . .

By BERNIECE DAVIDSON

Women are rapidly taking advantage of the national emergency and are firmly establishing themselves in positions that were formerly held almost exclusively by men. One of the most recent fields they have entered is engineering.

Because of the depleted supply of engineering man power many governmental agencies are asking the United States civil service commission to replace these vacancies with women.

Civil Service Course

To help meet this demand a course entitled "Engineering Fundamentals" was prepared by the civil service commission and the United States office of education.

Women completing this course successfully will qualify for civil service positions as junior engineers and will receive appointments in such federal agencies as the United States Maritime commission, the United States geological survey, the national advisory committee for aeronautics and other positions.

B.A. or B.S. Needed

Those eligible to take such a course must have a bachelor's degree from some college or university of recognized standing. They must also be a citizen of the United States to meet the civil service requirement.

Tuition is free, the only expense would be the cost of subsistence, textbooks and travel.

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According to ACP . . .

ONE of the services subscribed to by the Emerald is the Associated Collegiate Press, an organization which gives a week-by-week review of college thought and action on important topics of the day.

The Emerald uses several of their features regularly. Their "Parade of Opinion" is a good example, as is "Capital to Campus," an editorial page feature. Sometimes the Emerald uses a few of its news and feature stories about other campuses throughout the country.

But one of the services of ACP that readers are not as aware of is their editorial ideas and all-around newspaper suggestions. The Emerald uses these, too.

* * *

THIS week, for instance, ACP tells us that the pre-war student who worked his way by selling magazine subscriptions, shoveling snow, firing furnaces, and jerking sodas has been replaced by the student working on a job that will help him make good in a career even before he is graduated. This conclusion was drawn from a survey of student jobs on the campus of Northwestern university, but is probably true of any major campus in the nation.

Here at Oregon opportunities for students to work their way through school were never more plentiful and students have their pick of jobs offering valuable experience in essential businesses and industries.

In the past it was the job of the employment bureau to find jobs for the students. Now they can't find students for the jobs. This situation provides the placement bureau with an opportunity to become a vocational guidance center. Before the war, in most cases, it was all the office could do to see that the students got some kind of a job. Now they can try to adapt different students to various kinds of jobs that coincide with their occupational interests.

—J. L. B.

Same Song . . .

THE late Bishop Shipman swore he knew a man who went about at a cocktail party remarking, "My mother killed herself yesterday," to which everybody replied, "Really? How charming!"

Somehow or other this is reminiscent of the girl who shook hands with herself at a rushing tea, and said hello sweetly. Or the individual who exclaims "Hello, Joe, how are you?"—and then swishes up the road before you can tell him about math quiz tomorrow.

A century or so after Christ, Plutarch wrote that "A prating barber asked Archelaus how he would be trimmed; he answered, 'In silence.'" Some time in the future, a statistician will figure out how much this war has added to our total verbiage. And the total will be terrific, not because of new vocabulary, but because of the orators in miniature, the arm-chair generals who never read a history, and only scan the headlines.

* * *

BOMBARDED from the press, newspapers, magazines, and radio with set phrases—what the sociologists call stereotypes—it becomes hard to really listen to anything. When a flick of a radio dial can give us exactly the same news, prepared and phrased the same way, ten times in one evening, true listening and consequent understanding become real accomplishments.

However true are the general ideas we get through these mediums, they can, and often do, trap us into monotonous talk, meaningless repetition.

A social greeting is pleasant only if some attention prompts it—a bull session is stimulating only if it brings out good, solid talk. Otherwise it resembles the chattering of monkeys, or that sly song title . . . I've Heard That Song Before."

—M. M.

Larsen Says--

(Editor's Note: The opinions expressed are those of the author.)

By AL LARSEN

Prospects for revolutionary upsets in all fields of knowledge and belief seemed very possible last week when Prof. Sudo Siefert of socio-geological fame revealed from his mountain laboratories in Southern California the most startling scientific discovery of all ages—a method of direct communication with the earth itself.

"New laws of the universe, new human values, new sources of energy—all may be possible, and more," gasped tired Professor Siefert to incredulous reporters who were first to know the fruits of the early phases of an exhaustive undertaking.

Volcanic Discovery

For years the professor had made seismographic records of the shocks and motions of the surface of the earth. Only recently, however, during the violent eruption and formation of a new volcano in Mexico was he able to confirm and make use of his discovery of the actual messages conveyed by the seismograph.

"Because those push-and-pull lines which so delicately record

any movements of the earth, were enlarged by the terrific vibrations of the eruption it has been possible for me to decipher the messages which the earth wished to convey," he explained.

First Message

"And, though my method is not yet thoroughly developed," continued Professor Siefert, "I am happy to pass on to you the gist of the first deciphered thoughts."

Before he revealed his findings, the professor cautioned reporters to assume an historical perspective of the source of the communication. The earth, he said, is millions of years old. It has few emotions about singular and momentary things. Only in the sense that what we do or don't do may affect many other people at some place on the globe is the earth concerned about you and me."

Who's Wrong

"University students and their feeble claim to an education apparently have nauseated the earth," began Professor Siefert.

"For centuries catastrophes have periodically befallen mankind. Scourges and minor military scraps have been reduced by the appearance of science and a

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