

My Daze

By ELEANORA ROSEBELT

I awoke this morning dreaming about men. I awake every morning dreaming about men. I wonder why. Why should it be a dream? We had the rails on that laded to the sleeping porch neon-ed way last week.

"Say, Opal, do you have to bounce up there above me all night. It just cracks my mudpack disastrously. My face just looks like craters in the morning . . . well, people wouldn't have to look twice to mistake you for an armadilla either."

That girl has a lot of nerve criticizing her own sisters . . . After the kind of men she gropes around with.

"So he wasn't an escaped convict. Well, he wasn't any lace doily salesman either. Anyone who can trace his lineage way back to Errol Flynn . . . well."

(pause—grind of ungreased wheels is heard)

Purty?

Aren't I attractive, I sometimes say to myself. Has Elizabeth Arden been lying all this time? Why do the Gossard people send a representative around to rip out all our mirrors every month? Does my two-way stretch need retreading? A girl has such perplexing problems, you know.

"Say, Gracie, do you have a date for the Junior Prom yet? Yeh, I'm going to hang around the Side all day too."

Gee, don't I look beautiful—beautiful—beautiful . . . well, gee, girls, it wouldn't do any harm to bolster the morale around here.

"Really, Gracie, I don't eat as much as I used to. What's this I'm sucking? Oh, just a leg of lamb."

(ding aling dong—phone)

"Corona Corona Kappa, the girls with the shapes that make you gape! No, Olga isn't in. She's still out defending Stalingrad, how should I know. Won't I do? Sure I'm ugly. My Pop is too. You don't sound like Superman's brother-in-law yourself. It's a date."

Bottle Tan

"Hey, Mickey, you got your nerve using my leg lotion on your legs. Do you want to give my legs a bad reputation? You know that nobody but me has Murky Mauve. And then putting my Tunisian Tan nylons on, on top of the paint just so you could look like Virginia Wright. Well you have your nerve. Your sweater? Oh I got it. I'm awfully sorry about the lipstick on the collar. Horace is so amateurish."

I've been wearing other people's clothes for so long that I just couldn't bear to wear my own again—or did I ever bring any?

"Marsha, don't you think the food has improved around here? Soon they'll be down to their last eat though. It sure is a life-saver that Mother has a friend in the USO. I don't know what I'd do without my daily almond Hershey."

"Don't you think that soup was good last week? The one that was tainted with chicken breath."

"Did you see the solid platinum gum box that Lizbeth got? It used to be so conspicuous behind her ear."

Dear God, make a can call me up before I get ideas about starting studying, please. . .

(ding-dong-clonk—phone)

Dingle Ling

"Corona Corona Kappa— we exist and decay with enthusiasm. Naw, our girls aren't half as car-

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OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Womans' World . . .

YOU'VE heard the phrase tossed about quite a bit—"It's a Woman's World" and pretty soon it gets a bit trite—a little boring. As a slogan it was never convincing. But behind its four words, the bravado of its assurance, is meaning.

Some of the more touchy males take it to indicate the feminists are determined to usurp man's rightful place in the atmosphere—point with foreboding to be-slacked feminine figures, gaze ominously at the increase in the number of women welders. Speak gravely of the time of peace when soldiers will return to find their jobs filled by unbudgeable women. We doubt it.

Or—on the other extreme, the supercilious man laughs lightly. Puts the whole phrase down as just another perfumed murmuring of the flitter-brained "weaker" sex. Not to be taken in the least seriously. After all, he agrees with himself, it is an undisputable fact that man is the master of all arts, trades and allied sciences. It may take awhile—but inevitably women will find they have branched out too widely—will start on their return trek to the kitchen and fireside. We doubt it.

Somewhere between those extremes lies the true attitude of the women. It IS a woman's world—but any logical person, male or female, would have to admit that it is also a man's world. What women are fighting for, (with their all-inclusive tiny maxims) is the right to be treated on an equal basis with the men. The right to make it a truly cooperative world.

* * *

IT IS accepted, with reluctance in some quarters, that for the duration women must fill many a pair of size 13 shoes—must think as a man thinks—plan with male thoroughness.

As all over the nation women stride into position formerly tagged—"Exclusively Male"—as they are given chance after chance to prove or disprove their assertions—there must evolve an acceptance or rejection—of the feminine theory that the goose is as capable as the gander.

Perhaps after this testing period it will be possible to consider applicants equally on their sheer qualifications—without the customary nagging strings—"It's strictly a job for a man."

When we say—"It's a Woman's World"—we admit that we exaggerate. If for no other reason than to have the opportunity to eventually back down—and place our stand on the middle ground—where we are confident. Because half of this feminine world we advertise so glibly—is really reserved for men.

And probably, after the war, with customary womanish tact, we'll move over and give the men a little extra elbow room.

—M. W.

Neighbors . . .

WHAT do South Americans mean to us? How does this vast section of territory mixing ancient Aztec culture and modern day nations connect with Oregon students.

The carefree Junior Weekend theme, "South American Way" brings a chance for such questions, and campus impressions certainly go deeper than the mood of fiesta. But it is certain that a little is coming out of the deep confusion which exists in North American minds, and governments. For one thing, the nations below the border have chosen different sides in matters of war. For another, no matter how many Pan-American conferences are held, it is impossible to be deceived into complacency about "hemispheric solidarity."

* * *

RIGHT now, aside from political and world impressions, there are some little things which students know about South America. Late at night, when other stations are scarce a Mexican announcer from Tijuana will play rather tinny rhumba records for them. They have heard that Mexico City is cool in the summer, they have danced to "Brazil," the girls like to wear the bright reds and yellows borrowed from traditional South American costumes. They still remember and tap their feet to the song about the great big ranch owner.

What ever comes out of the war there are things we as "Norte Americanos" can learn from the long, vivid history of our neighbors, something of their sunshine, their singing, their great poverty, and most of all, from their siestas and their smiles.

—M. M.

Have It Around

By MARY ANN CAMPBELL

"Ah, me," we murmured, one morning, some days ago now, when the shadows were definitely noticeable and there seemed to be an unusual amount of light outside. "It must be spring, therefore it is time for some New Clothes."

With a light heart and a happy smile, we trotted off downtown, intent on Replenishing the Wardrobe. At the first shop we stopped and gawped at the Glammerous Models in the window. The Glammerous Models sneered at our little face pressed eagerly against the glass.

We entered the shop, creeping by the Supercilious Models. The saleslady looked like the models, drat her! She seemed to feel a Kelly green affair with a peplum and ruffles at the neck would suit our Personality exceedingly well.

Personally, we didn't.

At the next shop, the saleslady remarked, "Very warm for October."

We said that it wasn't October but getting-on-towards June.

"It's the Darlan affair that makes the delivering of clothes so slow," she explained. "The dressmakers can't keep their mind off politics."

Then she produced the Latest Shriek . . . It was made of two French flags sewed together like a sack. "Very chic," the wench commented. (She pronounced it "chick," for reasons best known to her own obscure mind . . .)

After we had been to three more shops, in which we were told Everyone would be wearing Blue, or Scarlet, or Bright Purple, according to the amount of clothes of the color that had come in; we found a fascinating saleslady.

"The last time I was in Bes-sarabia," she announced, "the Smart Thing was a dress built like a series of lampshades. They were best in pink when worn with hennaed hair."

She was a much traveled saleslady. She also mentioned that if the American women would bind their feet as our Chinese allies used to do, they would have immense amounts of shoe leather and perhaps end rationing.

We ambled away, vaguely considering pink lampshades, but the five and ten cent stores were fresh out of pink lamp shades.

"We have some lovely orange and magenta ones that would go nicely with your complexion," the gal behind the counted suggested helpfully.

Our mother always told us never to shop when the sun was over the yard-arm, and the sun was well over the y.-a., or if it wasn't, it should have been, by this time. (We do get so confused with all this daylight saving . . . although we personally can't see what daylight is saved. We think it would be MUCH more confusing to the Japanese if we called the East the West, and the West the East, to the North could be the South and the South the North . . . or maybe that wouldn't be so good. Think how confusing for the state department. . .)

Which brings us up against the necessity of ending this column with some Bright Comment about Having Something Around. . . The only idea which suggests itself to our simple mentality, is the problem of WHAT to have around, which might be any of the smaller necessities of life, from a date to the Junior Prom to curls which do NOT disappear in the mist . . . Whatever this cryptic comment may mean, who are we to go about being original, so we will simply and not very intelligently remark:

HAVE IT AROUND!

Free For All . . .

April 28, 1943

Editor of the Emerald,

An unfortunate interpretation of statements I made in the Emerald of last Tuesday has caused some students to believe that shadows were being cast on the work of Les Anderson, ASUO prexy. Not only do I want to erase that impression, but I should like also to express what I think to be Independent, as well as campus-wide sentiment.

From the day that Les took office last spring, and through the flurries of the campaign just past, he has shown a spirit of fairness and sincerity to be admired. His impartiality in executive action is a matter of record and is confirmed by other members of the executive council.

It is a pleasure to take advantage of this opportunity to congratulate Les Anderson for his good work as ASUO president.

Sincerely

Al Larsen,
ISA President.



Skeletons Needed

William L. McGettridge, Chicago area salvage director, announced that he was fresh out of skeletons, having sent more than 45 to army post hospitals where they are used for instructional purposes in medical classes.

Anyone harboring a spare skeleton in his closet will be doing the army a favor to turn it in right away.

—Daily Kansan

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Reading Taste

Effect of war upon junior college student's reading taste was revealed by a librarian at Santa Ana college.

Among the fiction group most often checked out during the past month by students and faculty were "Human Comedy" by Soyoyan and "The Robe" by Douglas.

On the non-fiction list college student showed a preference for Skinner's "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" and Sgt. Marion Hargrove's "See Here, Private Hargrove."

—El Don

* * *

Temperature Variations

Dr. Stephen S. Visher, of the department of geology and geography at Indiana university, wrote an article entitled, "Some Recent Temperature Maps of the United States." The article appeared in the Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society and is illustrated by six maps showing the variations in temperature through different years and seasons in the United States.

—Indiana Daily Student