

Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Letters to the Editor

INTERESTED parties, people with axes to grind and students with a word to say will have something to work for this year, when they write letters to the editor. Through the courtesy of an English newspaperman, the Emerald is offering a \$15 prize for the best letter printed this year. Anyone but a member of the Emerald editorial board can compete. Frequently constructive suggestions are made through the medium of the "Campus Forum" column and it is expected that the department will come to mean even more to the paper this year.

Gridgraphs and Disillusionment

WE OF the human specie are wont to cling to our illusions even though we know that they must certainly be dispelled, to fondle our hopes in our minds, even though we know that they cannot come true. And, though there is perhaps no just reason, we feel thoroughly resentful toward the person who is the first to show us the futility of our illusions, or to dash over our hopes the cold water of reality.

The truth of these rather general statements was never more forcibly proved than Saturday during the showing of the gridgraph of the Stanford-Oregon football game. This was the way it happened:
 The gridgraph, from all indications, was running about 15 minutes behind the game. It was about the middle of the second quarter and the score was 7-0 for the Webfeet, and the assembled fans in McArthur Court were in high spirits under the illusion that Oregon was the potential champion of the coast.

At that moment, however, a youthful and garrulous Sigma Sigma arrived and announced confidentially to a friend in the bleachers some 30 feet away that the score was 13-7 for Stanford at the end of the half. During the remainder of the period he explained in detail at the beginning of each play just what was to happen, thus relieving the rooters in his vicinity of the necessity of watching the board. But they did not appreciate his efforts. He had suddenly shattered their illusions, and they voiced their resentment in comments on his ancestry that are better imagined than quoted.

It was much the same near the close of the final quarter when the Oregon team came within scoring distance of the Stanford goal. The assembled students knew that there was to be no touchdown through the industry of a willing but misguided X. Y. Z. pledge who had appeared with the final score some minutes earlier.

Illusions, such as the one the Oregon football fans were under during the early part of the game Saturday, are, if useless, also pleasant while they last. There have been times in the history of our institution when the illusions were the only pleasant things the students had to look back to at the close of the football season. The Emerald believes that such illusions should be prolonged as long as possible and not prematurely dispelled.

The recent discovery of skeletons which were estimated to be 80,000,000 years old, found near Vernal, Utah, only brings to our mind how young the world really is in progress. The bones—those of a diplodocus and a brontosaurus—roamed the earth during the Jurassic period when the faintest semblance of man was yet unknown.

A Kansas college professor made diamonds out of sugar and iron filings. If they are that easy to make, now is the time to sell our diamond mines before they become mere holes in the ground.

The freshmen may not realize it, but the library tour they took rush week revealed possibilities of that institution which might be valuable to remember.

WE TAKE A BEATING

To the Editor:
 We read with much disgust the sickening rantings of one of your associate editors, Ron Hubbs, in his column, "This and That," which appeared in the Friday morning Emerald. Not only were we disgusted, but we were greatly surprised that you, Mr. Editor, would permit an associate editor to publish the last two paragraphs of his column on that day.
 Ron Hubbs' apology to Will Rogers is unnecessary. Will Rogers has made no pretensions of being a philosopher, (a few people marketing his material may have) but the public has acclaimed him as an entertainer, and every man in this country of ours is permitted to rise to such esteem in the public mind as that body sees fit to bestow. Ron Hubbs is not writing a column just to keep himself busy either.

An honest confession is good for the soul is often very truthful. We are not surprised that

the publicity given to Lindberg has irked Mr. Hubbs. We really did not think, however, that any Oregon student would begrudge Col. Lindberg an honorary degree.
 Mr. Editor, if the eighth column on the front page is going to be made the panning table for notable people who continue to hold the esteem of the public, then either eliminate it altogether or find a qualified person to do the panning.

N. S. N.
 N. B. Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh spells his name with an "h".

Y. W. Vespers Choir Tryouts This Week

Selection of members of the Y. W. C. A. "five o'clock" vesper choir is to be continued Wednesday and Thursday, with tryouts at the bungalow, Charlotte Brosius, choir leader, announced yesterday.

Tryouts will be held from three to four o'clock, she explained. A choir of about 20 is to be selected.



LEMON TODDY
 ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR THE FOLLOWING NOTICE IS USUALLY SEEN ON THE PLEDGE BULLETIN OF THE BETTER FRA TERNITIES: "PLEASE CUT YOUR TOENAILS, YOU'RE TEARING THE SHEETS."

IT HAPPENS TO MOST OF US

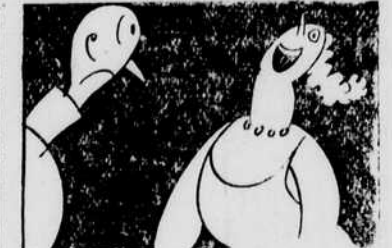


Will: Where's the vehicle, my good man, in the shop?
 Yum: Yep, having trouble with vacuum in the tank.
 Will: Mine won't run without gas either.

THE MODERN OPTIMIST
 The Ford owner who builds a three car garage.

Courtier: What Ho! vassal, the flytox, there's a moth in the king's beard.
 Jester: Nay, nay knave, then shall he have holy whiskers.

PAGE BRIGHAM YOUNG



Rat: Say bozo, what's the idea of telling me that old hen was a "young" girl?
 Tat: Well, pinhead, ain't she a Morman?

A Stanford humorist (?) has suggested that the Oregon Alma

Mater song be changed to "Am I Blue."

IDEAL JOBS FOR THE COLLEGE MAN
 Sifting ashes in a crematorium.

Only Natural

First Sprinter: Yes, sir, my feet are as strong as they make 'em.
 Second Ditto: I never change my sox either.

INFAMOUS EPITAPHS



Here lies 'till Moses comes once more,
 The bones of frosh McArp,
 He tried to kiss a policeman's daughter
 And woke up holding a harp.

The board of regents has recently justified the raise in registration fees by the extreme poverty of university professors and announces that they will now be able to smoke Herbert Tareyton cigarettes instead of Bull Durham. (This has nothing to do with high cost of lamplblack in Siberia.)

The Bartender.

MATSON NEW AID IN DRAMA DEPT.

Cecil Matson, former Oregon graduate, will take Connie Roth's place as assistant in the drama department. He also will help in directing plays.

Matson graduated from Oregon in June, 1928, and during the past year he has worked with the Bess Whitcomb players, a non-professional group in Portland, and also with the Henry Duffy players. Last year Matson was the play director at Lincoln high school of Portland.

Y Freshman Commission meets at Hut at 7:30.



Beta: These floating universities are becoming quite the thing nowadays.

Rate-a: Yeh? Well, I know a bunch of guys that are doing their best to float this one.—Utah Crimson.

She: I suppose you are on the football team?
 He (proudly): Well, yes; I do the aerial work.

She: What is that?
 He: I blow up the footballs.
 Lafayette Lyre.

Your hair needs cutting badly, sir, said the barber.
 No, it doesn't, retorted the student. It needs to be cut nicely.

You cut it badly last time.—Tennessee Mugwump.

Ticket Agent: This ticket costs fifty dollars and allows you a three day hangover in St. Louis.
 Buyer: And how much if I don't get drunk?—Missouri Outlaw.

There is something about the woods in springtime that gets under one's skin, isn't there? Yes, pine needles.—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.

Her voice: Whisper sweet nothings into my ear.
 His voice: All right. Sweet nothings.—Louisville Satyr.

Senior: What is it that lives in a stall, eats oats and can see equally well at both ends?
 End Man: By me.
 Senior: A blind horse.—Colby White Mule.

Theta Sigma Phi luncheon at Anchorage today noon.

Many Books Donated To Campus Library

Thirteen sets of books, to be used largely for research purposes, were added to the library this summer by means of the annual gift campaign conducted

among members of the faculty. Contributions made voluntarily by the faculty have for the past several years been an important factor in providing the university with research works that could not with expedience be purchased through regular library funds.

The Ideal Dessert is Ice Cream

This Week's Special
 (For the week beginning October 6 and ending October 13)

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